

and along the Rideau Canal, which stretches from here to Ottawa, many quaint bits may be found.

Not far off is Amherst Island, to be noted chiefly as the residence of Mr. Daniel Fowler, the first water-color painter of Canada. His works obtained a gold medal at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and his still life, especially his flowers, are hardly to be excelled. English by birth he has long made Canada his home, and owns a considerable part of Amherst Island, where he has lived for many years. His drawing is always firm and good, his light and shade vigorous and effective, and his color is strong and masterly in its arrangement and contrasts. Many of his works are in Montreal, but most perhaps are owned in Toronto, where the late G. A. Gilbert took great pleasure in making him known.

Now advanced in years, he paints no more game or flower pieces, much to the regret of his fellow-artists of the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists, but he still produces some excellent and delightful landscapes, mostly drawn on the spot, on the island itself.

Napanee, on the river of that name, is a delightful little place for an artist, with some fine old willows along the river, old mills and many pretty bits. Almost to the north lies Harbor Lake, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and here the scenery is very rocky and picturesque.

Still along the shore of old Ontario we pass busy Belleville, well named from its situation, and Trenton, with its river dammed up till it looks like a lake, its big mills, and nice little town a good walk from the railway. Westward again, we come to Cobourg, and near-by Port Hope, with its fine residential hill overlooking the Lake, and its busy railway yards, the terminus of the Port Hope Railway. Then along a comparatively flat country, passing Oshawa, a rising town, and Whitby, perhaps a falling one, but having its own charm and its own pretty little river, where the salmon fry were introduced a number of years back to see if it were possible to re-stock these streams which, although so far from the sea, were at one time the haunt and breeding place of the sea salmon.

And now we begin to approach Toronto, in some respects the most favored city in Canada, if not in America, and one of the most progressive. But before we enter its boundaries we notice what an excellent tract of farming land we have been travelling through ever since we left Prescott and the limestone region; all along the lake shore we have seen no rock of any kind, and fine farms with good substantial buildings abound and bear witness to the bounty of nature and the prosperity of those who settled this region. Just west of Whitby is a settlement of Quakers and their proverbial thrift is plainly discernible in their buildings and surroundings. They, like all the farmers in this lake section, take pride in having good, well-bred horses and cattle. Some of them keep the pure breeds and take prizes with them, not only in Canada, but wherever shown in the United States. As in most good farming districts, no very striking landscape features are seen, but a few miles east of Toronto a very peculiar series of cliffs about on the lake, their feet being washed by the waves; although they are angular and precipitous they are not composed of rock, but of very compact clay and in consequence of the action

them they lose large masses every spring, and take on exceedingly grotesque forms which vary from year to year and make one wonder how far they projected into the lake in the long years gone by, as they lose ground and recede so many feet every year by the frost action.

One huge square cliff of which I made a moonlight study many years ago used to be known as the Dutch church and resembled very much a lofty tower, but has since crumbled away and lost its fine bold outline. These cliffs being so accessible to the Toronto artists, have been often sketched by them, but are not so highly appreciated now as formerly. From these heights on a summer day, a fine view of Toronto and the Bay with the Island and lighthouse can be obtained; it has been painted by H. Perre and on a larger scale by M. Hannaford, both formerly members of the Ontario Society of Artists and now deceased. Toronto, however, is not seen to the best advantage on a nearer approach from the east, as the high land sweeps away round to the north and then runs parallel to the present bank of the lake as far as the Humber valley, enclosing the city in a rough semicircle of what was once the old bank of the lake, so that the city proper is built on what was once the lake bed, at about the time perhaps when the water from the upper lakes came down the Dundas Valley into Lake Ontario and Niagara Falls did not exist. Entering the city from the east we see the oldest and the poorest part first, for naturally the first settlers built along the lake front and when the bay was sheltered by the island from the sweep of the waves: for although placid as a mill pond nine-tenths of the time, storms will occasionally happen even on the best intentioned lakes and a long continued south-east wind does send in some good wholesome rollers on the sandy shore. Some of the older houses still exist, and where they have been pulled down comparatively small buildings have replaced them, as those, whose success in business enabled them to do so, soon erected finer houses to the north and west, and Jarvis street, running north from the market which was evidently considered the centre of the earlier city, began to be considered a fashionable thoroughfare, as the northern portion of it still is in spite of the rivalry of St. George and Bloor streets with their suburban offshoots.

And a most delightful abode for an artist Toronto must have been in its earliest days considering that it still possesses such picturesque surroundings. On the south lie the Bay, the Island, and the Lake for marine painters who, however, are exclaiming "Sic transit gloria mundi" over the disappearance of the old schooners, all of which it appears are being altered by new-fangled rigging and transformed into some other kind of craft that does not pose so artistically in the nautical painter's view. To the east lies the lovely valley of the Don, still beautiful above where the civic mind has tried to improve it and the railways have bridged and abridged it; enough, however, is left to show how beautiful it must once have been. Farther north or north-east are beautiful groups of elms, hill sides covered with trees of every kind reflected in the winding streams, broad meadows of lush grass laid up for hay or dotted with deep-breathing serious eyed cows oppressed with the anxiety of supplying Toronto with milk, and conscience smitten, perhaps, when thinking of the Don water. Picturesque, although they be almost hidden among trees—paper

mills are more useful to the city editors, than beneficial to the streams that wash the pulp. And what a place it must have been for wildflowers. Even yet when all summer the city population conduct periodic raids with basket and trowel there remain, if you go far enough, myriads of trilliums and the lovely wild phlox (*subulata*) worthy from its graceful beauty, scent and delightful color to be the national flower. And what delicate hepaticas in every little shady nook and sanguinaria, so fragile and so evanescent, blooming among the dead leaves and the moss with its one leaf coming up to open and enclose it as it dies like the martial cloak that shrouded the hero on the plains of Corunna; and later on, among the long grass waiting to be cut and sharing in its fate, multitudes of the lovely Canadian lily that the writer used to gather in great handfuls where now the Don Brick Co. presses the very soil itself into its service and stamps away from Monday morning to Saturday night on every brick the famous name of "Don."

Coming from the west and passing along a few miles north of the city to where it joins this beautiful stream is a tributary nearly as large as itself. It crosses Yonge street at York Mills about four miles from the present northern limit of the city and occupies a valley in some respects more beautiful than the one just noticed, inasmuch as it is more unsophisticated and still contains remains of the ancient forest, while little of it is cultivated but remains chiefly as pasture for cattle and sheep. In one of these fragments of the old time cedar swamps there are yet to be found specimens of the noble orchid-Cypripedium Spectabile, Cypripedium Pubercescens, and Cypripedium Parviflorum, but they are unfortunately doomed to extinction now the electric cars run from the city to York Mills, and picnics with botanical accompaniments of basket and trowel are the order of the day. In the same wild wood there are yet ruffed grouse and in the winter season woodcock and snipe, and in the winter the snowy owl may be occasionally heard crooning from the tree tops. But the farmers are erecting placards and warning the sportsmanlike school-boy that no shooting is allowed, and I occasionally see some fresh arrival from the Old Country out with a rifle, positively a rifle, and I believe looking for bear, and have great pleasure in warning him of the tremendous penalties for trespassing and shooting out of season; he is generally easily frightened and glad to get safely home and I go on sketching with a clear conscience.

Of York Mills itself, the most picturesque village within many miles of Toronto, I must confess to an admiration amounting to affection. It seems to me it should be to Toronto artists what Barbizon is to those of Paris, but I think few of them are acquainted with it and I have perhaps seen it only from Yonge street, being unacquainted with the highways and byways that surround it, the paths through the woods and by the river, the groves of beeches and elms that lie off to the east, and the winding valley, of which peeps are seen by going up the hill to the north.

Close to Toronto it is as primitive a village as it was perhaps almost before Toronto was a town, for it is said to be the older, its water power having attracted early attention. Its one store is as usual a universal store, selling a little of everything required by man, and has a postoffice as well, and long may it be before it is swallowed