

DOWN THE MOON RIVER.

L. S. WILSON,

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ONE day that overshadows others spent on a summer trip in the delightful Muskoka country, is Moon river day. Doubtless there are many streams equal in picturesqueness to the Moon; streams on which just as delightful days may be spent; but I have not seen them.

The Moon and the Muskosh rivers deliver the waters of Lakes Joseph, Rosseau and Muskoka into Georgian Bay. These waters fall 20 feet or more at Bala, at the extreme Western shore of Muskoka lake, over rocks and boulders, and for 2 miles from the Muskoka river, which, after that distance, is known in its northern branch as the Moon river, and in its southern stream as the Muskosh. Both are wild. They make their crooked ways through forests of pines, hemlocks, and oaks, these trees towering high above a mass of tangled undergrowth through which, it seems, man has never passed. Fires of long years ago, perhaps in Indian times, have left their marks in many places, and tall pines, straight as arrows, devoid of all green, lift their heads, which have been washed by the rain and bleached white by the sun, high above the second growth. They belong to the old guard. The beds and shores of these rivers are rocky; falls and rapids abound and add much to the charming wildness.

The Moon is a narrow stream. The impression is that it has literally forced its way through the forest, cutting its irregular course in many places through solid rock. You