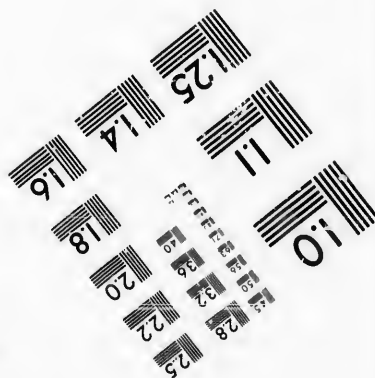
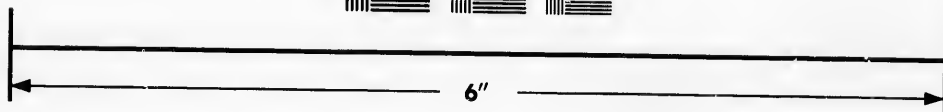
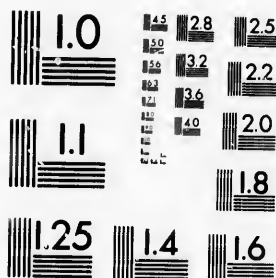


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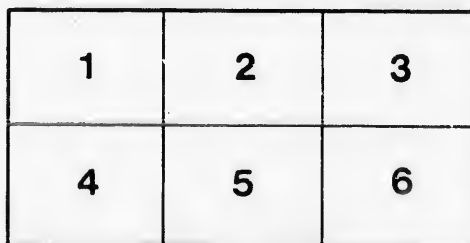
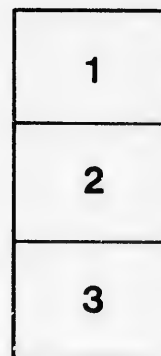
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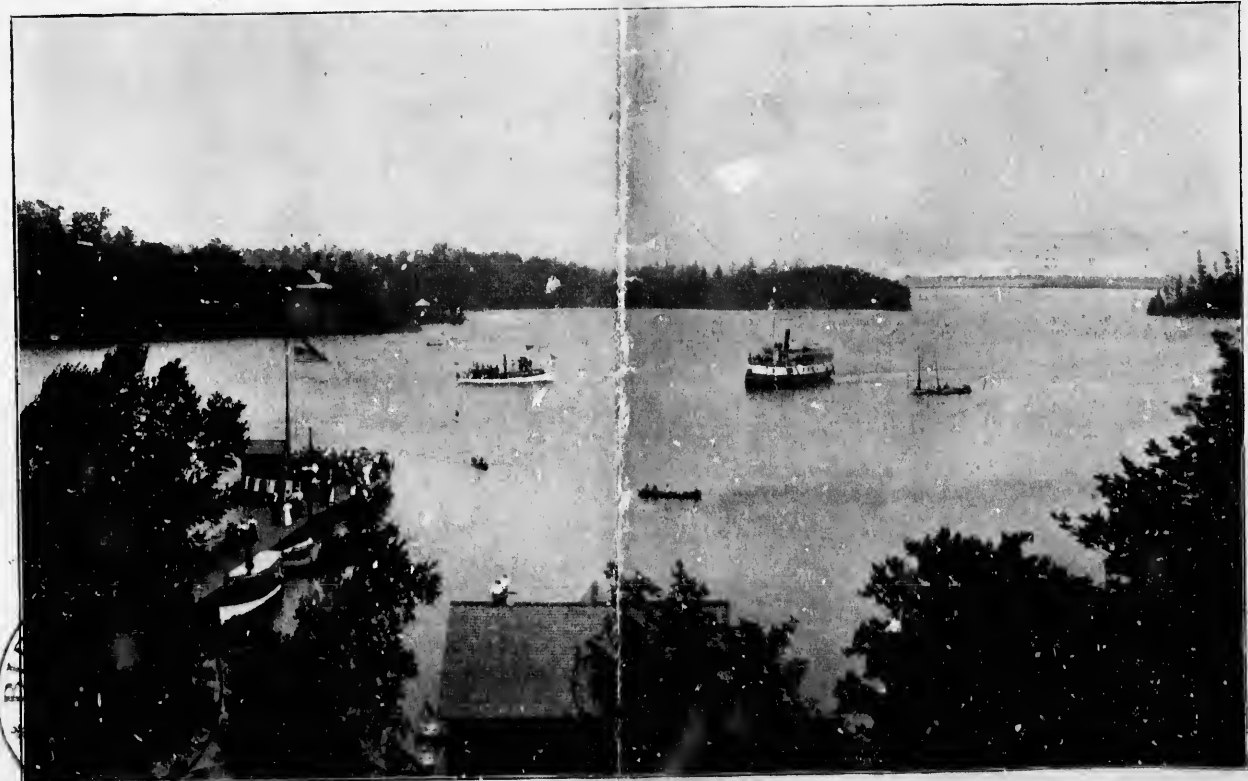
Maskoka.

**GRAND
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**HIGHLAND
HOLIDAY.**

From "OUTING."

Maskoka.



A Glimpse at Part of Lake Rosseau.



Hepburn, Beaumaris—Lake Muskoka.

A HIGHLAND HOLIDAY.

(Muskoka.)

BY ED. W. SANDYS.

The following article appeared in the July, 1897, number of the well-known journal of out-door sports, *Outing*, and is reproduced herewith for the benefit of those who in a few weeks will be planning and mapping out their annual summer tour. The writer of the article is a well-known authority on sport, and the information given can be depended upon:—

It was all on account of the heat. Broadway had become a veritable fiery furnace; Fifth Avenue was so hot that the flagstones burned one's feet. Erstwhile dapper New Yorkers had degenerated into a half-dressed, red-faced, wilted-collar set of tramps, who barely possessed sufficient energy to creep from

one darkened resort to the next, and to gasp out an order for lemonade, or anything that was long, cold, wet, and free from spirits.

Three of us sat in the comparative coolness of the club, and grunted and swore at the weather. Style had been thrown to the winds; shirt-sleeves were good

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enough for us; and we calmly risked pneumonia by sitting in a regular whirlwind created by all the electric fans in the place being centered upon the same spot.

Upon the left sat Bige—fat Bige; he was making very poor weather of it. Upon the right was the Doctor, in the throes of a general thaw and much humidity. Facing the pair was the writer, with just sufficient life left in him to enable him to feebly guy the others. The weights of the trio totaled up to about seven hundred pounds, and they felt their responsibilities.

The writer was inane, and he knew it, but to save his life he could not keep still.

"I know a place," he began in a most aggravating drawl, "where a fellow'd want blankets over him to-night, and good old thick blankets, at——"

"For the Lord's sake, shut up!" roared Bige. "I know a place where a fellow'd want ice ten feet over his head, and I wish *you* were there this minute, with your fool talk about blankets when a fellow can't keep his hands dry enough to p'ay hearts!"

"I understand," continued the writer, "that Bige is deeply interested in the place he speaks of, and he'll get to know all about it some day, if he does not mend his ways. But meanwhile, I know a place where old General Humidity is not in command; where the air is dry and wholesome; where a midsummer night is almost *cold*; where the air is filled with the music of running waters; where silvery lakes extend as far as the eye can see; where little pebbles are plainly visible in twenty feet of water, and you can go plunging down until you feel as though you were in another world, a world of cool, green depths that draw the fever from your blood and send you

forth into the sunlight a new man; where the entire landscape is of surpassing beauty—one long succession of waterways spangled with uncounted fairy isles, bordered with lichened rocks and billowy leagues of ancient forest. In this place one can rove at will afoot or afloat; trace the runways of the deer or the trout-brook to its source; steal upon the toiling beaver, or just lie and loaf upon——"

He checked himself just in time, for Bige had got upon his feet and had grasped the back of his chair with both hands. His action was too expressive to be misunderstood.

The Doctor settled it. While the description was progressing he had gradually straightened up in his chair, and he now stared fixedly at the writer as he remarked, "I call you!"

"What do you mean?" queried the writer.

"Just this---'you're called,'" replied the Doctor; and he continued, "you've babbled about this *place*



Gibraltar.



Butler's Point.

long enough; / I don't believe there's any such place; if there *is*, I want to see it—steer me to it."

"By the shin-bone of my great-granddaddy, and he was seven feet high," retorted the writer, "I'll go you—provided Bige will go too!"

Two evenings later we started upon what proved to be the pleasantest pilgrimage we have ever known.

The heat continued. Even the resourceful New York Central could hardly be expected to *frappe* passengers to order in their berths; yet we fared well enough till a weird cry of "Wog-la-fouls!" warned us that we had reached the world-famous cataract. Here we breakfasted—and perspired! It was sultry even at Niagara. The wonderful gorge was filled with tremulous air-waves which almost made you dizzy to watch; the one cool thing was the white-maned galloping water.

"I'd like to come slithering down and drop with it; it's comfortable down in that white stuff," muttered Doc. Then we led him away to the depot, for there's no telling what may happen in such cases.

Aboard the Grand Trunk train we pulled across the triumph of engineering—the cobweb of steel which binds two countries together. A momentary glimpse of a tumult of angry water, of a hair-like parallel wire where fools have rushed though angels might fear to tread; then we were recalled to the commonplace by a request to open baggage. Her Majesty's official, a kindly gentleman who knew we were *not* smugglers, at a glance, chalked our pieces and the ordeal was over.

The next stage of the journey was interesting in a mild sort of way. The writer knew what the Doctor and Bige did not, that the quiet landscape that rolled away upon every side was one of the richest districts in all Canada.

"They appear to grow some fruit hereabouts," remarked the Doctor, as his eyes followed rows upon rows of well-trimmed trees and sturdy vines; then he shouted: "There's a ship in that man's orchard! What the deuce is it doing there?"

A moment later a passing view of the canal ex-



Couchiching Beach, Orillia, Ont.

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plained the vessel's presence, and the Doctor forked over two fine cigars as the price of his ignorance.

Some time later a vision of broad water, fringed with olive-tinted marshes, followed by clustering buildings, which gradually increased till they were lined in solid rows, told us that we had entered the "Ambitious City" of Hamilton. A roomy station, glimpses of well-kept streets, crowds of passengers hurrying to and fro, proved that Hamilton had good cause for being ambitious, and an excellent prospect of eventually making good her claims. Above all rose her mountain, delightful place of an evening, but now sun-baked and uninviting. Bige eyed it and its long flights of steps, and exclaimed, "Whew! I wouldn't climb up there to-day for Manhattan Island."

Out into the green country again, past farms, groves and villages, in swift succession; then the flash of open water, a run along Ontario's shore; and soon the warm glow of red brick and a slackening of speed announced that we were within the limits of Toronto, the "Queen City."

"This is something like a town," declared Bige some time later, after we had finished our meal at the excellent hotel; "but," he continued, "where the deuce is your *cool place*?—it's pretty near as hot here as it was in Gotham."

"We'll find the place all right to-morrow," replied the writer. "There's no particular hurry, and we will fill in time driving about here."

Jarvis, Bloor, St. George and Sherbourne streets rather surprised the visitors, but it was not until they had half done Rosedale that they betrayed anything like enthusiasm. Here, however, they waxed eloquent, both declaring that if the mysterious *place* they were

going to was any prettier than the ravines, it would be better than they had expected. The writer merely looked at them with gentle pity.

Next day away again, this time almost due northward. The Doctor is no fool in worldly matters, and he kept his eyes fixed upon the landscape. "Good-looking country—fine country," he kept muttering as farm after farm slid past, and well he might, for he was traversing the fat-lands of old York, which he might search long to equal even in his own Empire State.

"Hi! Bige," he suddenly exclaimed, "poke your head out; it's cooler, and I smell water."

"Barrie!" yelled the brakeman, as he passed



A Bit of Lake Simcoe.

through the smoker, and the next moment a welcome puff from Kempenfeldt's silver bosom filled the car.

"Ha! This is g-r-a-n-d! Guess he's right about his place!" shouted Bige, as we rolled along, with the refreshing breath of Lake Simcoe freely streaming through the car. And then came flashing Couchiching, next woods and waters in pleasing succession, and lastly Gravenhurst.

"Here we are—get your traps—tumble out; this is our steamer!" said the writer, and soon we were ready for the novelties to come.

Doc and Bige posted themselves for'ard, and stood, with legs wide spread, sniffing the pure air with the deepest satisfaction. "By Jove! he's right," said Doc; "I like this air, and I know some folks in New York that would fatten on it."

"You're nearly eight hundred feet above the Thousand Islands," remarked the scribe, as he folded himself up in a convenient seat; "and," he continued, "they don't require electric fans up here, like those poor beggars in the club."

Doc and Bige will not soon forget the cruising of that afternoon. The steamer steadily bored her way northward, till she had passed the Narrows. Then, as the full beauty of islands, shores and water of Muskoka Lake burst upon their view, both men uttered a long-drawn "Ah-h-h!" of delight. They were wildly enthusiastic before they reached the mouth of Muskoka River; after that they sat in silence, their faces flushed with almost childish pleasure, their eyes shifting from one vista to another, as the wonderful panorama was slowly unrolled before them.

At Beaumaris, Doc roused himself with a start, and exclaimed, "By George! it's all so beautiful that I forgot to light my cigar—and it's a perfecto at that; gimme a light!" And so to Indian River and Port Carling, where Doc anxiously inquired if there was more of it in front.

Once through Port Carling lock and fairly afloat upon Rosseau, these fickle Gothamites forgot the manifold charms of Muskoka Lake. Nor could the writer blame them, for it is his solemn conviction that there are "bits" of Rosseau which cannot be duplicated in the whole wide world. Wonderfully fair was the island-dotted breadth of calmest water, with its lichen-silvered rocks and masses of changeable greens; cool, restful and marvelously refreshing was that voyage, yet, in my opinion, it could not compare with the same tour taken in the fullness of autumn, when the foliage flames like beacon-fires from isle and point and rolling hillside, when the steel-blue water spreads like some gorgeous carpet rich with the matchless splendors of the turning leaf.

Soon after they left Windermere behind, superb purple shadows began to steal across from isle to isle; and by the time they were abreast of Rosseau Falls, the lake presented a picture of dreamy beauty that might well have belonged to fairyland. Stars were twinkling overhead, while through the lower gloom



Bala Island.

camp-fires glowed like red eyes from jutting points and scattered islands, when the steamer made a brief stop at Maplehurst. Thence she moved through the gathering darkness to Rosseau, at the northern end of the lake, and the voyage was done. Before turning in at the snug little hotel, Doc and Bige admitted that they had never before realized the possible beauties of island scenery; and fat Bige shrugged his great shoulders in a comical fashion, as he asked the landlord—"Say, got blankets, good, old, thick blankets?"

Three happy weeks they spent, during which time they saw everything worth seeing; and after they had got home and back to the old club routine, they made bores of themselves by continually harping upon the marvels of Muskoka.

This season fat Bige will lead a large party thither during the heated term; but the Doctor has grown cunning, and he will join the writer in a quiet little quest for deer during the turning of the leaf. The reason for this is readily found. He had not been home from the first trip for more than a month, before he learned that the writer was going back for his usual fall shooting. Now, the Doctor is accustomed to having his own way, and he, at once, declared that he *must* have a deer. It ended by his going, this time not up the lakes, but by rail to the village of Huntsville. Of the sport we had, a word later on; mean-

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while to glance once more at Muskoka as a summer resort.

The third of the most important waters is Lake Joseph, by many considered to be more beautiful than Muskoka or Rosseau. This lake is reached by steamer from Gravenhurst, through the southern part of Lake Rosseau, thence, by way of a short canal at Port Sandfield, to Lake Joseph. The steamers upon this route are supply-boats, which call during each trip at many private landings, thus affording passengers ample opportunities for inspecting the summer residences and islands.

Lake Joseph sprawls like a silver cuttlefish in the midst of a wonderful picture-gallery. Its long tentacles embrace some of the fairest fragments of North America, and wind among islands too numerous to mention. Yoho is the center of summer life—the capital of the camps and cottages. Near the upper end of the lake is Stanley Bay, a beautiful spot for camping. Perhaps the best-known features of the lake are Echo Rock and Hawk's Nest. From Port Cockburn, at the head of the lake, it is easy to reach, *via* the Northwest Carry, a chain of waters which affords muskallonge and bass fishing that will long be remembered. This region is wild enough to satisfy even an Indian, yet the trails are plain, thanks to the operations of the lumbermen.

To those fond of canoeing, *a la voyageur*, Muskoka offers a magnificent field. One of the stellar attractions of Lake Rosseau, indeed one of the most fascinating things of the kind in the world, is the wonderful Shadow River, which enters the lake at its northern extremity, and is easily reached from Rosseau and Gravenhurst. The Shadow is quite a small water, but it may be styled the magic mirror of Muskoka. Your canoe seems to swim in space; upon either hand and

above is graceful foliage; below extends an inverted forest pointing toward a summer sky. Every leaf, every hair-like twig, is as distinct in water as in air.



Echo Rock, Lake Joseph.

A bird, or insect, flits unseen above you; its counterpart wings its way across the view below. The wealth of light and shade simply baffles description.

Good photos of the Shadow are as perfect if viewed upside down. A few miles of this wonderful water are available for canoeing, and near the turning-point is the pretty Bridal Veil Falls, located upon a small tributary stream.

With the exception of its beauty, however, Shadow River is a mere incident in comparison with the miles upon miles of canoe routes which net the forty town-



On Shadow River.

ships comprised within Muskoka's bounds. From the Severn River northward to French River and Lake Nipissing, which means a stretch of country as large as Belgium, the canoer may choose a route almost where he wills. Muskoka River, Moon River, Musquash River, and the Magnetawan River, are chief arteries by which one may reach Georgian Bay and its thousands of isles, or attractive lakes inland. The

Magnetawan especially will please the enthusiast with the paddle. It is best reached by rail to Burke's Falls. Steamers ply upon the Magnetawan from Burke's Falls through Cecebe and Ah-Mic lakes to Ah-Mic Harbor, forty miles west. This may all be comfortably done in canoes; and the voyage may be continued beyond Ah-Mic Harbor to Byng Inlet, where the Magnetawan pours its flood into Georgian Bay. From this point the canoer can return by steamer to Collingwood, Penetanguishene, or Midland, all important points upon the Grand Trunk Railway.

The St. Bernard Dominion Club, of Chicago, composed of members of St. Bernard Commandery, the largest, except one, commandery of Knights Templar in the world, has a fine club-house on St. Bernard island, one of the most beautiful sites in Lake Ah-Mic.

What better employment for a holiday than tracing out the intricacies of a watery maze which leads one into the lonely haunts of bear, deer, wolf and grouse; where one may go and come at will, camping where he pleases and by no man's favor, killing game or fish in thicket or lake, and surrounded ever by a wealth of natural beauties, unrivaled as subjects for brush or camera?

And now to return to the Doctor and our sport at Huntsville. Our host proved to be an excellent fellow, who between supper-time and bedtime made all arrangements for the following day. Doc is downright fat, while I am only big (catch me owning up to being fat!) and somehow, I think that our host noticed this. At all events he ordered a spring-wagon and team to call for us at seven a. m.; he also secured a guide, who had a .45-90 Winchester and two hounds. I don't believe in hounding, but Doc does—he's been trained in the Adirondacks, and he doesn't know better.

Now for the incidents of one day, and it must be borne in mind that I give them *exactly* as they occurred.

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We started in good time and drove about six miles over a fine road. The driver and guide occupied the front seat, Doc and I the rear one, while the dogs were tied under the seats. The first exciting incident occurred as we were passing a cabin surrounded by a few acres of stumpy pasture, separated from the brush by high walls of boulders. In this pasture were a dozen or more two-year-old heifers.

The stock was in fine condition, and the Doctor, with an eye to the good things of life, was just calling attention to the possibilities in the shape of prime cuts, when I noticed a man making frantic signals from the door of the cabin. He kept pointing toward the cattle and then shifting his arms to the position they would occupy if holding a gun, until we were sure that he was either drunk or crazy.

"What's the matter with the blamed idiot, anyhow?" asked the Doctor. "Does he think we're fools enough to shoot one of his beasts?"

"Reckon he's only smart," I replied.

"He's trying to roast us in his playful country way; what he means is that we're duffers enough to shoot cattle, or else that we'd better make sure of a heifer rather than run chances for deer further on."

"Well," snorted the Doctor, "he's a d— fool anyhow, and I'll punch his—."

To the Doctor's utter amazement I suddenly tumbled over the seat, out of the wagon, and began

to wildly fumble amongst the straw under the dogs. Somewhere—of course I couldn't remember exactly where—in the straw was the old "44," and I wanted it worse than I've wanted anything since.

"Why! what the—what—what—" stuttered the Doctor, as I savagely punched a dog and finally managed to get the rifle.

"Look!—you mud-eyed old pill-poller—look right



Tavernier's Point.

beside that black calf!" I hissed, while fighting with the canvas cover; "that man was trying to put us on without hollering."

There, not seventy-five yards away, and in the center of the bunch of cattle, stood the biggest, fattest doe I had ever seen! She had probably been watch-

ing us for many minutes, and had my eye not chanced to catch the wiggle of her restless tail, we might have driven on none the wiser.

Before Doc could recover his speech I had pumped a shell into place and had reached the fence. Here a difficulty arose. Immediately beyond the doe were several heifers, while the others were so placed as to prevent anything except a very fine shot. These latter I did not mind, but I could see that if I happened to overshoot I was bound to bag a heifer. I hesitated and—lost.

The doe appeared to realize that we had our eyes upon her, and in a moment she opened a brisk trot toward the fence. Then Doc gave tongue.

"Shoot! shoot! you infernal fool!" he howled. "She'll get away; give it to her!—plug her!—O! Lord, I could kill her with a brickbat!"

By this time he was standing upright and waving his hat as if he was trying to stop a train, while his voice might have been heard in New York. Naturally the racket scared the gentle doe and she broke into a rapid lope. I was as high on the fence as I could get, but still the cattle interfered. At last, when the doe was within forty yards of the side-fence, I saw that she would have to cross a comparatively broad opening.

There were cattle either side, but the risk was worth the running, so I swung ahead of her chest and cut loose. The result was magnificent. The ball must have grazed her belly, for she went up in the air what seemed at least twenty feet; then she darted ahead at a marvelous rate. For an instant I saw her a silhouette against the sky as she flew the carrier; then she vanished like a winged shadow, while the bawling cattle with tails like ramrods thundered up the field amid a cloud of dust.

The conversation for the next five minutes need not be dwelt upon. Doc wanted to turn loose the dogs, but the guide explained that the doe would surely make for a big swamp where we might watch all day in vain. As he appeared to treat the matter as a very ordinary occurrence, and promised *bucks* ahead instead of does, we finally drove on for a few miles to a point near the East River.

Here the driver took the dogs back into the woods, while the guide attended to the posting of the guns. I was told to follow the stream for about a mile to some clay-banks where was a runway, while the guide led Doc to some point within a short distance.

Having arrived at the clay-banks I found the run-

way, which from its appearance must have been constantly used. It followed the crest of the clay-banks and then crossed the river about fifty yards below my stand. This was all easy enough. Watching a runway, however, is a task not much to my liking, so within an hour I grew careless. Once or twice I heard the hounds pressing something hotfoot, but no deer came my way.

I smoked and lounged for a bit longer; then my eye caught a dark object moving across the river about sixty yards below me. It could be nothing else but a bank-beaver, and as I would rather have a beaver than a deer, I lined down fine on him and fired. The mighty kick-up in the water showed that the ball had been placed about right, so I ran along the bank to secure my prize. I saw him twice struggling in the swift current; he appeared to be somewhat dazed, but he finally disappeared in a dark pool near my feet.

I got a long pole and poked for him, and while I was poking a sudden clamor of dog-voices rolled over the bank. As I looked up stream, a tidy spike-buck splashed through a shallow and started to climb the opposite bank. Before I could reach the rifle he had mastered the ascent, and two hastily-spiced balls went somewhere into that hairless space where ninety-nine out of every hundred balls go.

The dogs chased through the river and away, and when I could no longer hear them, I resumed my poking after the beaver. At last I located him in a wee cave under my feet, and after churning him a bit with the pole, I fished him out. He was small, almost black, and very dead, so I peeled off his hide, which proved to be in fair condition. My ball had just grazed his spine.

While I was examining the pelt, the man who had let the dogs go came loping along. He told me that a big buck had passed Doc's stand without affording a chance; that Doc and his guide had gone to Rat Lake, which was about half a mile distant, and had sent him to fetch me over.

The statement that the buck which had come my way was a small fellow, elicited the information that three deer had been started, a big buck, a small one, and a doe; and that the big buck and the doe had made off to the north to some other lake.

"Thish yer leetle buck bound to come back to Rat Lake," said the man as we pegged along the trail, and so it proved.

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We found Doc and the guide stationed on the lake shore some two hundred yards apart, and I chose a big boulder about half way between them. The driver took himself off to gossip with some lumbermen, who were fixing up a shanty, back in the woods.

Something like an hour had passed before we heard the first whisper of dog-music. Nearer and nearer it steadily came, until we guessed that the deer was heading for a long point a quarter of a mile above our stations. Soon we detected a movement in the bushes, and this was presently followed by the appearance of the small buck. He was tired, but he bravely waded in, thrust up his nose, and struck out in a bee-line for where Doc was posted.

A deer is a beautiful swimmer, and this fellow made a fine showing as he sped along with his big ears nervously swinging to and fro. As he progressed, I stole a glance at my comrades. Doc was squatted behind a log, like some huge mud-turtle, and I guessed that his heart was thumping. The guide was kneeling behind a rock, and as I turned he made violent signals with his hand for me to keep low.

A second glance at the buck showed that he was edging in nearer to me, and was now not more than one hundred and fifty yards away. "Poor beggar," I thought, "you'll get the biggest surprise of your wild, young life, in about one minute."

I carefully watched his progress, with my eye measuring off the yards. One hundred and twenty-five, one hundred and ten, one hundred—then I stood erect.

"Get down!" warned the guide. "What ye tryin' to do?" "Aw, go on!" I replied. "Do you want to *murder* the thing?" At the sound of our voices, the buck swung his ears forward, then changed his course, so that I had him in profile. Swinging the Winchester ahead of his nose, till it traveled smoothly with him, I pulled the trigger.

The ripping report was immediately followed by a dull "f—futt," and I knew that the lead had found him.

"You got 'um—you got 'um!" yelled the guide. Then he turned loose the big ".45," and a spout of white water shot many feet into the air. The buck, meanwhile, had given a sudden convulsive lunge, as though, for one instant, his feet had touched bottom; then, sinking till his ears were almost under, he made straight for the Doctor.

Now began a general engagement. Doc's rifle was barking like a chained dog, while every now and then the crash of the ".45" and leaping jets of water told that the guide was busy, and, incidentally, overshooting the mark. The deer kept laboring shoreward until I suddenly realized that his progress was bringing me into



Sans-Souci Island, Lake Rosseau.

a crazy cross-fire, whereupon I promptly dived behind my boulder and lay flatter than a sample of wall-paper.

"Crack—crack. Burr—um! Crack—crack—crack. Burr—um!" big and small rifles roared out the death-song, until at last I saw the unfortunate deer slowly struggling up the rocky margin not fifteen yards from Doc. That worthy fired another snapshot, and the deer went down on its knees; then it fell over and died.

Doc executed a war-dance round it, and yelled, "I got him!—I got him!"

Somebody *had* got him; so to settle the point we told where we had held. The guide claimed to have bored him through the shoulder, which would neces-

sarily be the left one. Doc had aimed for the heart and, *of course*, had hit the mark. My one shot had been fired just ahead of the nose, and could be nowhere except in the left side of the head, or neck, as we had heard it strike. The deer was lying upon its left side.

We turned it over and found a hole a couple of inches behind the left ear. This mark the guide promptly claimed. He cut the buck's throat, dug out the ball, and found it to be a .44, and very slightly mushroomed. It was lodged against the vertebrae of the neck. Just what had been the matter with that



A Hunting Party in Muskoka District.

particular cartridge I do not know; the ball had traveled all right, yet it had failed to smash bone. There was not another scratch upon that side of the game, so the guide's claim fell through.

The other side told a different story. From seventy-five yards down to fifteen, Doc had been holding for the heart; part of the time while the deer had been swimming straight at him with its heart well under water, and the rest of the time while it had been tottering about the shore at a distance never more than twenty yards. There was a hole in the right hip, another in the flank, a rake across the belly, and yet another hole through the off forefoot!

This was marvelous shooting, and Doc seemed to realize it, for he looked at me with the triumphant air of a well-kicked dog. Finally he ventured to ask how many shots had been fired.

"Just fifteen, oh, mighty Nimrod," I replied.

This statement brought forth an angry protest, but I stuck to it, for I had counted. Before we could decide the point, the dog-man and the lumbermen swarmed down upon us.

"How many did ye git?" asked one bearded giant. Upon being shown the deer he exclaimed: "Lawd sakes, only *one* poo' leetle spike-buck fur all that shootin'—fifteen shots fur that leetle feller; ye must be *great* hunters!" Then the gang went back to work, laughing as they went.

"How many times did you fire?" asked Doc of me.

"Just once," I replied.

"Why, what was wrong? Why didn't you drill him as he left the water?" he continued.

By way of answer I led him over to the bowlder behind which I had crouched. Squarely in the center of it was a big splash of lead! The moment Doc saw this his face turned gray. "Let's go home," he gasped; "I've had enough for one day."

I gave him the buck, and also gave myself a task that I had not counted upon. Only those who have carried a long pole supporting a spike-buck, while two husky woodsmen took turns at the other end, will appreciate the enjoyment (?) I derived from that long, weary tramp up and down hills to the wagon.

When the confounded deer was at last in the wagon, I solemnly addressed Doc as follows:—

"You murderous old lard-factory, from this day forward you are forbidden to kill anything older than a spotted-coat, under penalty of having to pack it out yourself."

Then I got the kinks out of my shoulder, and we drove away home.

Over the last pipe that night Doc remarked: "There's one good thing about this country; it's chock full of deer. We haven't done so badly for the first day out, and to-morrow I'll have my shooting-boots on. I'll show you how to drop 'em!"

He did, too, but the subsequent doings may well be kept for another day, for they were much too interesting to be rightly dealt with in the limited space of a single article.

HOW TO REACH MUSKOKA.

The extensive region in which lies the magnificent country of which the beauties and attractions are dealt with in the foregoing article, is situated in the northern part of the Province of Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada, and is without doubt one of the most delightful pleasure resorts and one of the finest hunting and fishing grounds on the continent.

The Grand Trunk Railway System has opened up this part of the country to the tourist and sportsman, and is the only line by which the Muskoka Lakes can be reached. Fast Express trains run every week day between Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton and Toronto, for Muskoka Wharf, where connection is made with the Muskoka Navigation Co.'s steamers for the trip through the Lakes. Barrie, on the shores of Lake Simcoe (a beautiful stretch of water), is passed. Lake Couchiching, on whose shores the thriving town of Orillia is situated, is another point on the journey, and on through scenery diversified by hill and dale, beautiful streams which abound in speckled trout and other gamy fish, until we reach the shore of Muskoka Lake. The train carries the passenger directly to the boat, and here we must refer to the capital service given by the five fine steamers of the Muskoka Navigation Co.'s fleet. These boats are handsomely fitted up and equipped. Good meals served on board. During the season they make two trips daily.

Thousands of people take advantage of this charming resort, to enjoy their annual outing. Good hotels are situated at different points on the steamer routes, and ample and good accommodation is assured.

Passengers from **Eastern Points**, such as Quebec, Portland, and intermediate stations, proceed via the main line of the Grand Trunk through Montreal to Toronto, and those from Boston and all New England points by connecting lines via the same route, and thence on to Muskoka by the Grand Trunk Railway System.

Tourists from the **Maritime Provinces** reach the Grand Trunk via the Intercolonial Division of the Canadian Government Railways, via Montreal, and proceed over the main line as above described.

In the **West**, from Chicago and points in the Western States, passengers are carried over the main line of this great system by way of Port Huron and Toronto, passing through some of the principal cities of the United States and the western part of Ontario.

From points in the **East** located in or passing through Trunk Line territory, the route is by way of Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, thence Grand Trunk Railway.

From points in the **South** passengers reach the Grand Trunk either by way of Buffalo, Niagara Falls



Muskoka Wharf Station.

and Suspension Bridge, or by way of Detroit. From each of these points the trains of the Grand Trunk convey the passengers to Muskoka Wharf.

Between **Buffalo** and **Toronto** trains are run solid over the Lehigh Valley and Grand Trunk, crossing the Grand Trunk's new single-arch, double-track steel bridge over the Niagara River.

MAGNETAWAN RIVER.

The beauty of Muskoka lies as much in its rivers as in its lakes. The Magnetawan is situated sixty miles north of Gravenhurst, at Burk's Falls, on the Grand Trunk Railway System, and opens up another and entirely new region, to steamboat navigation, to the tourist, and particularly the sportsman, who can get with comparatively little trouble to a district which has hitherto been accessible only to those with ample



Among the 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay.

means and time. The Magnetawan River is just equi-distant between the Muskoka Lakes and Lake Nipissing, and drains a surface of about 4,000 square miles. Some idea may therefore be gathered of its magnitude and of the possibilities for canoeing opened up by the ramification of the numerous tributaries and their attendant lake enlargements.

The very heart centre for sport, for rod and gun.

Its rivers and lakes can be ascended and descended in canoes amid the best of sport, while the eye is fascinated by the fresh and unsullied wilderness of its forest haunts.

Burk's Falls stands upon the banks of the main Magnetawan, at the head of steamboat navigation, and about half a mile below the forks of the river where the two great north and south branches join.

From here can be taken either of the steamers of the Muskoka Navigation Company—the Wenonah or Cyclone.

For fifteen miles the river is followed, winding to and fro as all Muskoka rivers seem to do. Lake Cecebe forms the next link for ten miles, at the foot of which is the thriving town of Magnetawan. There are three good hotels here—the Magnetawan, River, and the Northern House. After passing through the locks the steamer continues for three miles more in the river, and then enters Lake Ah-Mic. This is another of the gems of Muskoka; most quaint in form. The lake is twelve miles in length. This is also another excellent route for boating, as there are no rapids to interfere, or portages to make, while a nice diversity of paddling or rowing in the river is interspersed with sailing on the lakes. The camping facilities are good. The pioneers who have penetrated this country and settled lake shores are all sportsmen, and boats and canoes and skillful guides can be found everywhere.

From here on the more adventurous can continue their canoe route by the Great River twelve miles to Lake Wah-wa-kesh, and thence to Byng Inlet, about fifty miles away on the Georgian Bay. In this distance there are twenty portages of varying lengths, from one of some two miles to most of only a few yards. It is a trip not to be attempted without first-class guides. These portages made, there are few difficulties to be overcome.

Visitors to the Muskoka Lake region should take a trip on the Magnetawan before returning home.

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Tourists' and Sportsmen's Literature.

The following publications can be obtained upon application to any of the agents
of the Grand Trunk Railway System:

"Muskoka: Land of Health and Pleasure," describing the picturesque Muskoka Lake region.

"Muskoka Special Folder."

"Thousand Island Folder."

"Gateways of Tourist Travel." An interesting guide book published by the Grand Trunk Railway System, containing de-

scriptive matter—towns, cities and scenery—along the lines of the Grand Trunk.

"Guide to the Fishing and Hunting Resorts" on and in the vicinity of the Grand Trunk Railway System, containing reliable information in regard to Fish, Game, Hotels, Livery and general facilities.

For all Information Regarding the Muskoka Lake Region, maps, etc.,

apply to any agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System, or to

T. WYNNE, Trav. Pass. Agt., 194 Washington St., - **Boston.**

J. D. McDONALD, City Pass. and Tkt. Agt., 285 Main St., - **Buffalo.**

L. R. MORROW, City Pass. and Tkt. Agt., 103 S. Clark St., **Chicago.**

R. McC. SMITH, Southern Pass. Agt., 417 Walnut St., - **Cincinnati.**

R. BUSHBY, Trav. Pass. Agt., 19 Main St., - **Cortland, N. Y.**

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F. P. DWYER, Eastern Pass. Agt., 273 Broadway, - **New York.**

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