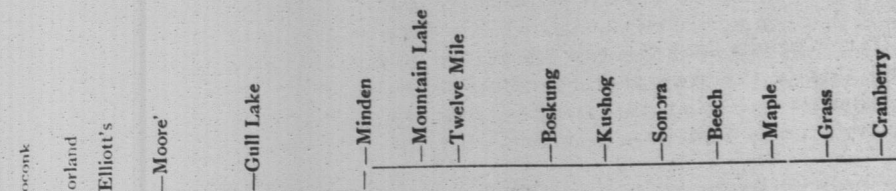




NATURAL DAM, NORLAND, NORTH VICTORIA

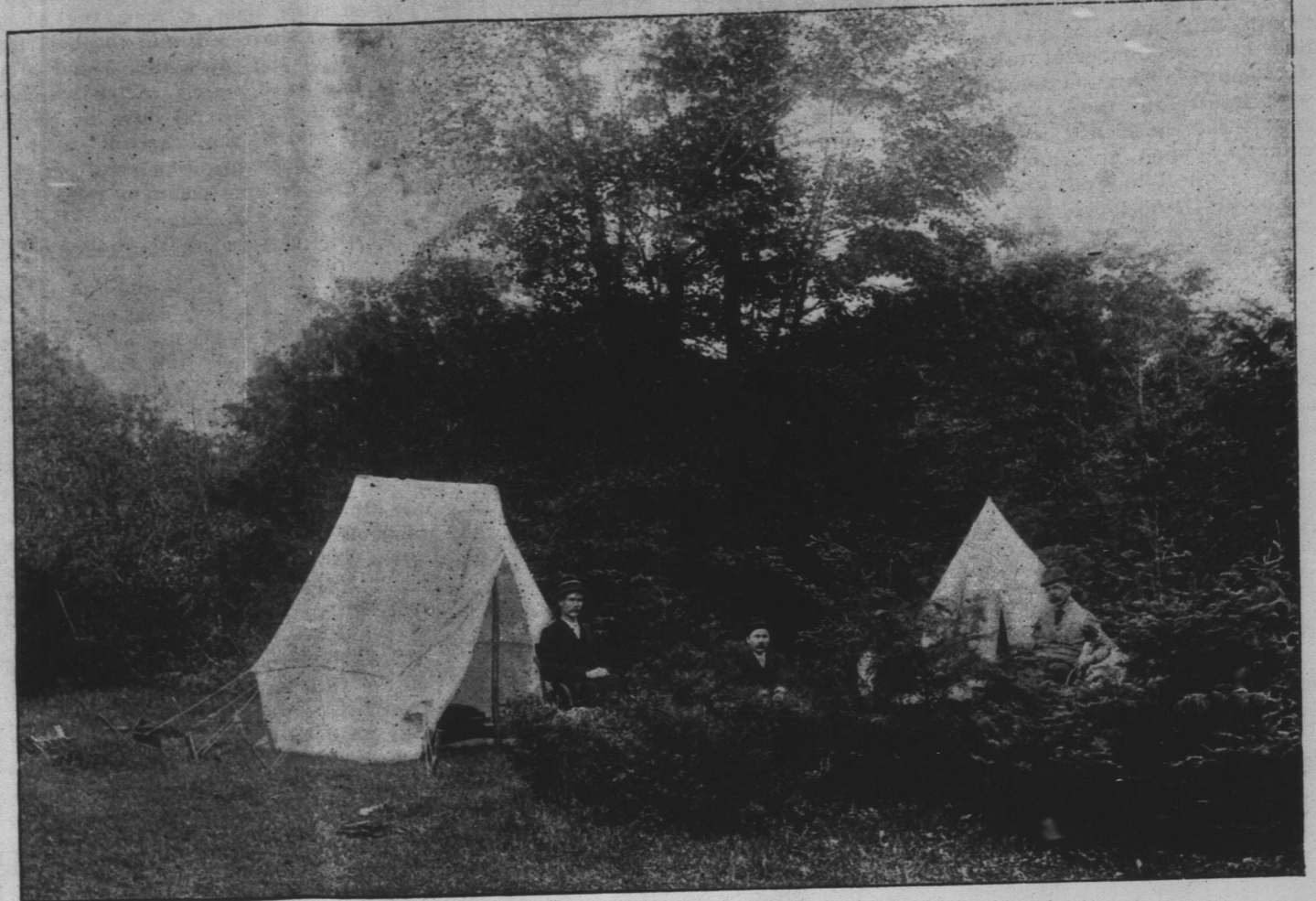


Profile of Navigable Route north from Coboconk, opening up Gull River waters. A reach at Coboconk, Norland, Elliott's, Moore's, and Minden, opens up the most beautiful waterway and series of summer resorts in America.

Fido, and let me crawl into his bed and bite his toes every morning like a puppy-dog."
 "I don't see why boxes are so popular," said the Elephant, as he gazed about the arena. "I prefer a bag."
 "A bag?" laughed the Hyena.
 "Yes, a bag," said the Elephant.
 "A bag of peanuts."

EARNING A BREAKFAST.

"What we want is a breakfast."
 The remark came from one of three very hungry young men who were



IN THE "ORANGE GROVES" OF NORTH VICTORIA



BALSAM LAKE SECTION, TRENT CANAL
 Scene showing swamp work between Kirkfield and Victoria Road, North Victoria

aimlessly walking the streets of Paris. The other two agreed with the speaker, but wondered where the meal was to come from.

"Let us see," said the first; "a breakfast for us three will cost about ten francs. Now I have an idea, and all you've got to do is to follow me, taking the cue as I proceed."

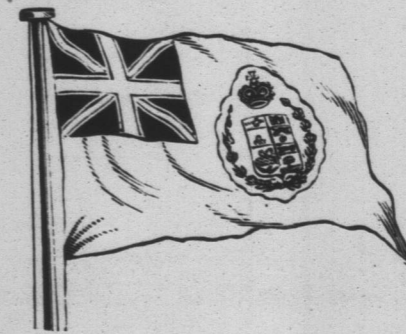
He entered a music-store, the other two obediently following him. "I wish to sell you a song," said he to the proprietor. "My friend here will write the music, and my other friend will write the words, and I will sing it."

The proprietor looked at him in astonishment, but agreed to listen to the song, and, if it had any merit, to purchase it. Finally it was completed, and the young man sang it.

"Humph! it isn't much of a song, but I'll give you fifteen francs for it," said the proprietor.

"Done!" cried all three young men in a breath.

Alfred de Musset was the author, Hippolyte Maupon the composer, and Gilbert Duprez was the singer. The song was a great success, netting the published forty thousand francs.



AN AWAKENING.

I used to think that Fido was a most exciting pet; He'd come up in the morning and beneath the bed-clothes get, And play that he was savage, and go biting at my toes; But now he doesn't scare me—little Fido no longer goes.

I used to think our gardener a hero great and grand, The biggest man of all the big in all our great big land; But now I take no stock in him; he doesn't interest, Although to make a wonder he just tries his level best.

You see, somebody gave me, not very long ago, A little book of fairy tales—it's wonderful, you know, To read about the fearful things they do in books like that, And it's what's made old Fido and the gardener seem flat.

I want a dragon for a pet—a dragon big and fierce— That feeds on fire and powder, with a glance that seems to pierce, I sort of don't get wrought up by old Fido when I read Of how that fierce old dragon takes in lions for his feed.

And as for John the garden man, he doesn't seem to me One half the hero that one time I thought he must be, For he don't kill off giants, like Hop o' my Thumb and Jack, And all my liking for his tales is growing very slack.

So, caddy, get a dragon that will jump into my bed Each morning when the sun comes up, and sniff about my head The way old Fido does, and let the market garden go To some real ogre-killer, like Great Jacky was, you know.

ON THE CELLAR-DOOR.

Five fellows held a meeting, and Tommy had the floor; Ned Parks was in the chair, sir, on Charley's cellar-door. We'd voted for a lot of things and ruled some others in, When Tommy's mother sent for him, which made no end of din.

Tom was in the middle of his speech, but Tommy had to go. For if your mother sends for you, you haven't half a show. The thing that we complained of was that neither just nor kind is the way a fellow's mother veers, and I dares to "change her mind."

Old Tommy said his mother said that he might spend the day A-slaving by that cellar-door; then would not let him stay, But thought of errands he must run, and broke our meeting square in two just at the height of fun, and I tell you 'twan't fair.

Grown people have such funny ways. If we should change our mind, when we had made a promise, why, they wouldn't be so blind, They'd call it fibbing, if you please, or something worse than that. A small black word of letters three; I've heard them plain and pat.

But we left our ruined meeting and went to playing ball, And kicked it well, with might and main, there by Tom's mother's wall. For we couldn't bear to stand around the dreary cellar-door When Tommy's mother changed her mind just when he had the floor. M. E. S.

OVERHEARD AT THE ZOO.

"You didn't shoot the lady through the hoop to-day," said the Hippopotamus to the Cannon.

"No," replied the Cannon. "They discharged me yesterday."

"I didn't think the Clown was very funny to-day," said the Kangaroo.

"No," replied the Hyena. "I was the only creature that laughed, and I only did it to prove that I was a real hyena."

"I had a bully time yesterday," said the Monkey.

"Did you?" replied the Giraffe. "What was it interested you?"

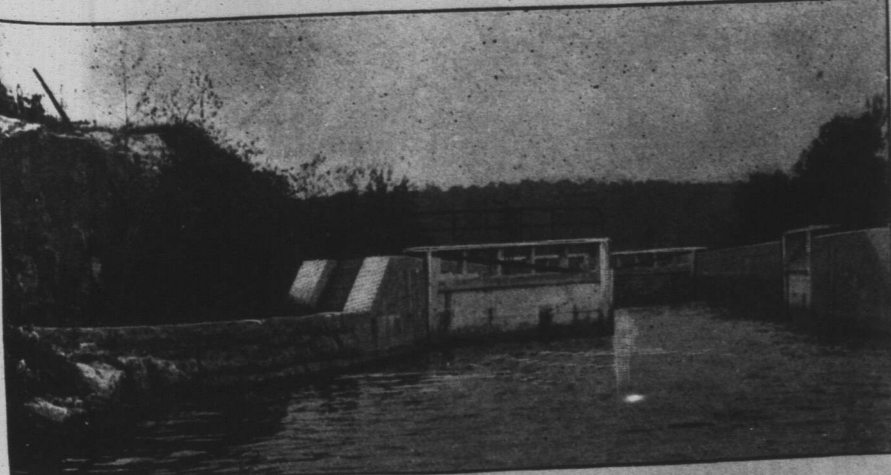
"What interested me? Why, looking at the children, of course! They're too funny for anything."

"Humph!" said the Elephant. "I'm going to resign from this circus."

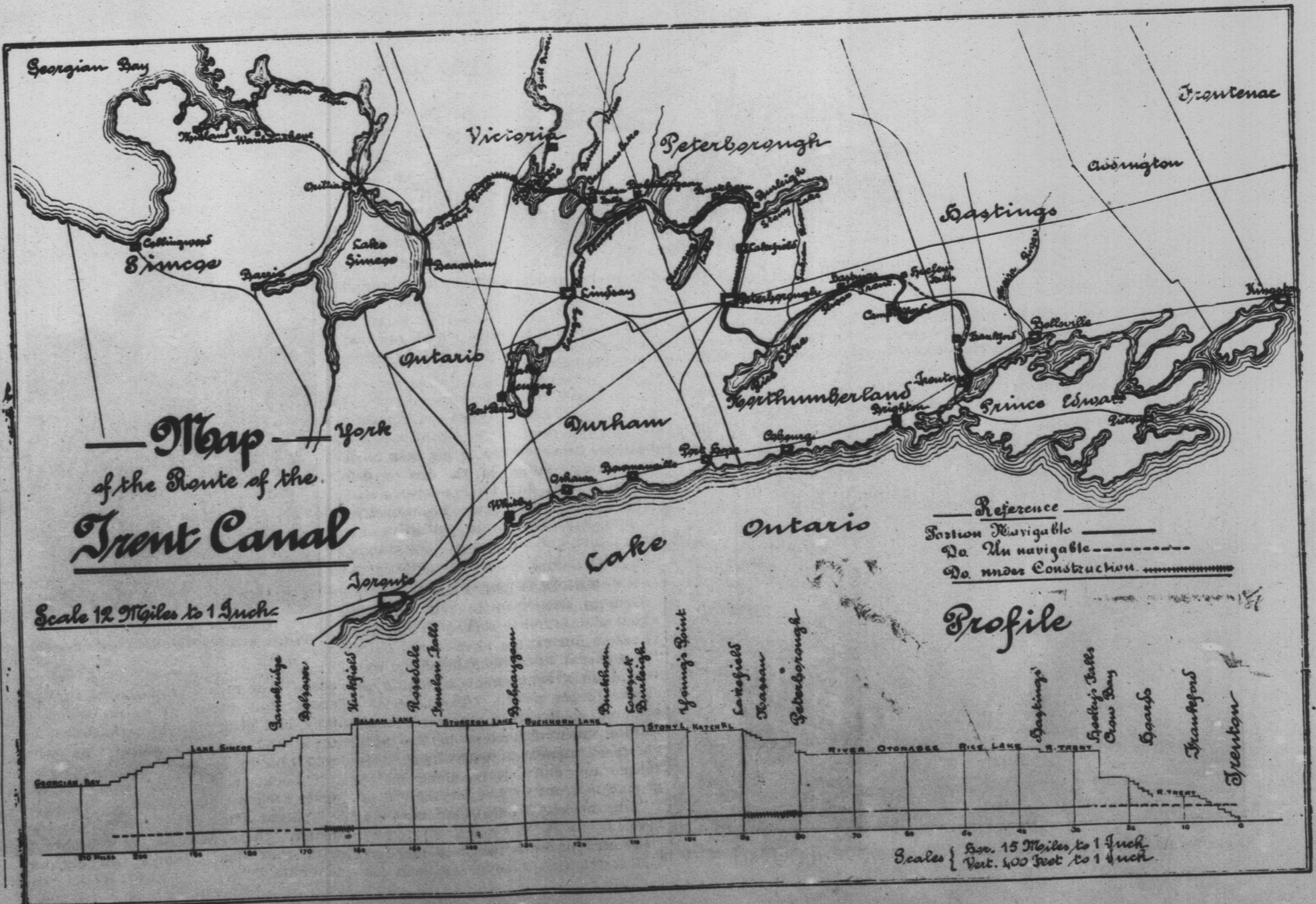
"What's the matter?" asked the Leopard.

"I only received one peanut yesterday," replied the Elephant, "and that got mislaid in my trunk."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the Hippopotamus. "I am so tired of this circus life. I wish some nice little boy would buy me for a pet. I'd love to sit in a little boy's lap and have him call me



LOCKS AT LOVESICK LAKE, TRENT CANAL, EAST PETERBORO



illage are the most beautiful. From Coboconk north through a chain of lakes is a favorite canoe route. The groves, drives, walks, and every hand, coupled with the scenery, render it one of the most charming, and most cleanly spots for a holiday.



VICTORIA

and fishing accommodation and of the riding. Five miles north of Coboconk a lovely drive along the shores of the lakes, is specially adapted for the groves, drives, walks, and every hand, coupled with the scenery, render it one of the most charming, and most cleanly spots for a holiday. Even miles from Gelert on the north, is on the Gull River, and for reaching Gull Lake below the chain above. It has good accommodation, and from its romantic amid high hills, rocky ridges, and ledges, offers great attractions. On the head of the Burnt River, Kushog Lake, is also a charming surrounding lakes. At the junction with the Ironstone, Ottawa Railway, near which are several trout lakes. Three good fishing villages. At the junction of the Burnt River, is reached from Bracebridge to Bay of Quinte by boat. It is also reached from Minden, and by road from Peterboro. Its surroundings are most beautiful.

in South Victoria, on Sturgeon Lake, is described. It forms a most beautiful summer resort, its magnificent scenery, and its comfortable accommodations, seeing to tourists every comfort. The chain of lakes the finest fishing spots. The Lakes, in Carden, are reached by boat, and present a scene of great beauty. ISLAND, on Lake Simcoe, is reached by boat from Lindsay, or by drive and boat from Peterboro.