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There is nothing so irresistible for lovers of dainty confectionery as our assorted chocolates and bon-bons. They win the heart of the most obdurate sweethearts. Our nut candies, marshmallows, butter cups, taffey, etc., are all most delicious.

T. PETERS & CO.,  
184 Princess St., Kingston, Ont.



### THE BEST JUDGES

of the best confectionery have long since placed the stamp of approval on Peters & Co.'s, and they stand to-day without a rival. For the holiday season we have prepared many delicious varieties and flavors of these much sought for luxuries. We have put them up in the most attractive and appropriate form and shapes most suitable for gifts and presents.

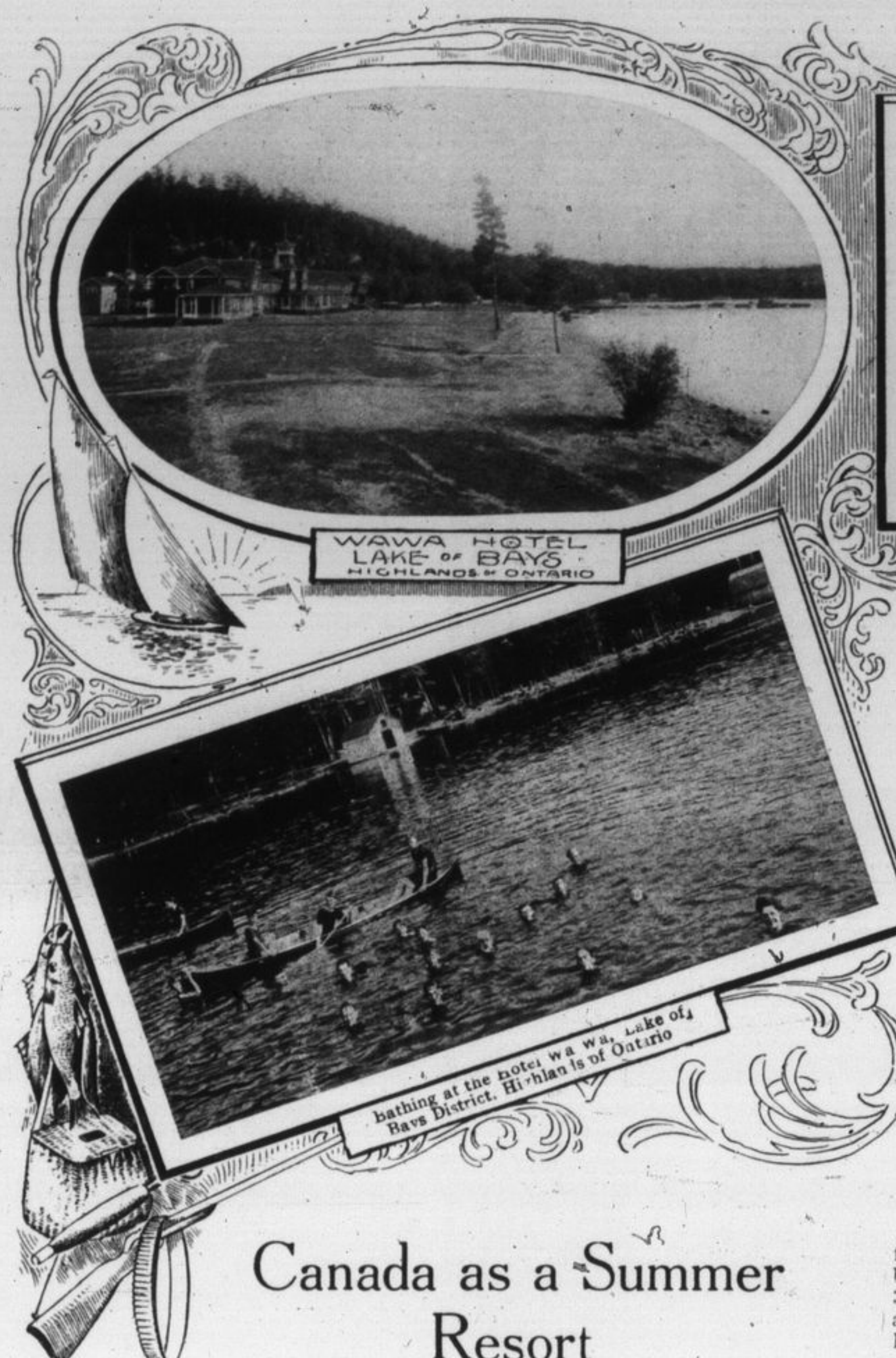
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### MOST ALL CONFECTION- ERY LOOKS GOOD

but all does not taste as good as it looks, so when purchasing a supply you must in a great measure depend upon the reputation and good name of the dealer for receiving candies that are pure and wholesome as well as fine flavor. Confectionery sold by Peters are dependable in every way, as none but the purest and best ingredients are allowed to be used and they are made and put up under perfect sanitary conditions.

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184 Princess St., Kingston, Ont.



WAWA HOTEL  
LAKE OF BAYS  
HIGHLANDS ONTARIO

VIEW FROM BLUFF AT THE REAR OF WAWA HOTEL  
LAKE OF BAYS

## Canada as a Summer Resort

Written especially for this edition.

ONE of the available assets of Canada, and a source of ever-increasing revenue to the Dominion, is her growing popularity as a summer resort. It has been stated that twelve million dollars is spent annually in Maine by tourists. This is because Maine is old, advertised, and famous as a place where weary mortals may rest, where the fisherman may fish, and the huntsman hunt; but when Canada becomes known to the people of the Republic, who, of course, make up the bulk of the summer travel, millions of dollars will be spent here.

This will not detract, in any measure, from other out-door places, because the more men go the more they want to go. It is becoming more and more a recognized fact, that every man, woman, and child should have, at least once a year, a holiday—a loafing season. Even Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world, takes a holiday every year and goes back to the simple life in the woods—loafs and lounges in the little country town up in New England where the people are quaint, original and honest.

Where the creeks are clear, and the skies blue,  
And the hearts of the people kind and true;  
Where folks do just as they want to do—  
Folks that are livin' in the country.

The Lake of Bays is far the largest lake in the Huntsville District. From the deck of the "Iroquois" or "Mohawk" can be seen some inland scenery unsurpassed. The wooded hills, billow away in every direction, not a rough, inhospitable shore always, for here and there are wide open reaches running down to the lake and sometimes away high on the hills are fine farms, from which the lakeside hotels draw new garden truck, fresh butter, buttermilk and sweet cream for the summer tourists. There is a ten-mile sail across the Lake of Bays, but many an enthusiast has taken off his hat long before he has reached the half-way island, and named her Queen of Lakes as she smiled up at the blue sky, her emerald island jewels glowing upon her quiet breast. The very trees that top the high hills that surround her shores seem to sing the praises of the Lake of Bays.

The natural charm and accessibility of this section are making friends year by year for the Huntsville District, of which the Lake of Bays is easily the chief charm.

Dwight Bay, with its green shore curving caressingly around it, and sloping gently and gradually back, sheltering groves with open evenness running down to the water edge, through which we get glimpses of open fields beyond, long reaches of slanting sandy beaches; where babes can bathe in absolute safety; cunning little cottages, picturesque summer houses, the white church, the schoolhouse, the hotel, and the "Iroquois" in the offing, that is but a faint hint of a picture of this beautiful bay. Dwight Bay is its own best advertisement. The fact that the first visitor to this comparatively new resort came twenty years ago from a certain city in the State of New York, went home happy, came again and again, bringing each year others from the same section of that interesting state, speaks well for the Lake of Bays generally, and for Dwight Bay in particular. The Bay, walled in on three sides, is as safe for the canoeist as the shallow beach is for bathers.

The opening paragraph in this description describes the scenes to the north at the head of the Bay. On the west shore the dark-wooded mainland rises abruptly, while the river comes singing in from the east. Sailed around the entire shore line, leave and sail all the other lakes in the "Highlands of Ontario," and there will remain with you the memory of Norway Point, Point Ideal, Britannia, and more distantly still, Dwight Bay, the beautiful.

Of course the people have been coming to the Lake of Bays for a good many years as they have to the Muskoka District, but until 1908 there was not sufficient first-class accommodation to attract a great number of the best class of tourists.

Last year a beautiful hotel called the Wawa was built at Norway Point Wawa is Indian for "Wild Goose," and as the wild geese go north in summer, so the tourists betake themselves to the Highlands of Ontario and to the Wawa.

When the proposition came up to build a beautiful hotel at Norway Point, where the beach spreads out on the sleeping shore, the Grand Trunk representatives predicted that they would be able to fill the hotel the first season, and with that promise or prediction, the work was commenced. To the surprise of the promoters and the builders of the hotel, the house was filled, not the first season, but the first month it was opened. During the month of June alone three hundred applicants were turned away, representing perhaps five hundred people.

In justification of the assertion of the opening of this article, that the more summer resorts we have, the more people will come, it is interesting to know that the new resort, opening a new pleasure land in the Highlands of Ontario, has actually helped the older resorts in the Muskoka District. Hundreds of people who were unable to find room at the Wawa, hastened to secure accommodation at the Royal Muskoka and other older hotels in the well-known district.

The Huntsville District affords every variety of scenery. The calm pastoral of Vernon, the romantic and rugged mountainous grandeur of Hollow, the fine bathing and quiet scenery of Lake of Bays, and the picturesque beauty, coupled with the unsurpassed fishing and hunting along the entire chain, lend to these waters an attraction and a charm. The ease with which any point along the system may be reached, and the facility with which from the solitude of primeval forests, deep glades, mountain dells, babbling brooks and enchanting lakes (the haunts of fish and game), the tourist may find a base of supplies, together with the superiority of the scenery, are among the causes rendering these lakes such favorite camping resorts.

The Rev. Edward S. Young, of Pittsburg, in an article in The Index, speaking of the Lake of Bays, says: "The Lake of Bays, where the cool breezes blow the purest air the Almighty has thus far manufactured; where groves of spice balsam lift their graceful minarets against the sky; where the old Laurentian rock, one of the oldest of this earth's formations, juts its bald ledge occasionally above the clearing; where the timbered slopes run toward the waters too rapidly for the accumulation of swamps; where the sandy beach gently feels its way into the soft, clear water, that the children may bathe in



safety and hilarity; where in the early summer the speckled trout, unwary, seeks the wriggling worm or the artificial fly, and through all the summer down in the cool depths the noble salmon trout awaits the whirl of your otter or archer spinner at the end of your copper troll-line; where the skies and the clouds at sunset make the fading light go farther than Russell Sage could make a ten-dollar bill; where the some or the call uttered in the twilight or under the moonlight is taken up by the circle of the surrounding hills and played into a melody of echoes; where you can on the cold nights gather around a fireplace crackling with Norway pine and cedar just for the blaze and fragrance, and plenty of beech and hardwood for solid heat; where all the children and all the dyspeptics suddenly turn into one group of appetites; where the insomnia wretch sleeps twenty-six hours out of the day, and still more out of the night; where there are no nerves and no worry."

Fish abound. Speckled trout, salmon trout and black bass are plentiful in these waters; while whitefish, salmon trout and speckled trout are found in great quantities in the waters of the surrounding lakes. As a field for the geologist and mineralogist, the district is interesting. Wahawin, a delightful resort consisting of one hundred and forty acres, has a frontage on the Lake of Bays. Beginning of a fine shelving beach, rises in natural terraces 70 to 80 feet to a plateau above, and is wooded on the slope with the choicest of hardwood trees. The location commands one of the finest views on the lake. Cottages are available here, also fine locations for cottage sites.

Not the least on the charms of Wahawin lies in the many woodland walks radiating in every direction from the cottages. There is a daily mail service by steamer.

Another popular resort is Britannia (on Lake of Bays). Britannia is the first calling point of steamer after leaving South Portage. Located on a fine bay on a sloping hillside, with fine bathing beach, this resort includes some 300 acres of land, part wooded and part cultivated. Extensive additions and improvements have been made here during the past year, and this resort has room capacity for 100 guests; beautifully cleared walks through the woods, along the lake shore, tennis courts and croquet grounds and a fine baseball ground situated on the brow of the hill back of the house overlooking the lake; a large covered pavilion, 100 feet by 42 feet for dancing, musicales, etc., electric lighted, has been erected, and weekly evening excursions to this point are run by the "Iroquois" for social hops or other amusements.

Christmas should be a day of joy, but joy should not be allowed to die out of our lives when the day is past and over. It should stay with us ever after. We should sing the Christmas refrain through all the new year and keep our hearts bright with the cheer, and glow of the Christmas thought. We should carry continually in our hearts a deeper sense of the presence of God. We should from this time learn to find the beauty and good in all things and show to all the world our belief that since God loves us, and Jesus Christ is our eternal Friend, "all's well with the world" and with us who are in his tender keeping.—Anon.

CHRIST, the perfect babe, is born,  
HOLY, holy is the morn,  
ROYAL gifts the wise men bring,  
INCENSE for immortal King,  
SING His praise O angel throng  
TILL a world repeats the song,  
MAKER, God of Heaven and earth,  
"ALL shall glorify His birth,  
SINGING, Holy is the morn.

The babe lying in a manger, heaven's gift to earth, is the picture we most easily understand of how the glorious life was literally given in love of our race. But the fact of the love that gives itself is none the less when we see that life being lived for others in later years, and at last, as a necessary part of its true and full living, dying for the world.—Henry F. Cope.

In one of the German picture galleries is a painting called "Cloudland." It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and at first sight it looks like a huge, repulsive daub of confused color, without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it, the picture begins to take shape, it proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces, which somehow or other immediately rivet the attention, like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's "Mary, Anna, San Sisto." If you come close to the picture, you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubim. How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But if that soul instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, will only draw up near to God, it will soon discover that the cloud is full of angels of mercy.—(By the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.)



TOURING IN THE SUMMER PARADISE OF NORTHERN ONTARIO.



## THIS WEEK'S STORE NEWS

GIVES some valuable and interesting hints about a last offer in Millinery, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Garments and Gloves. The newest things in Silks and Dress Goods, and pointers in money-saving offers in Ladies', Children's and Men's Underwear, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Blankets, Carpets, Oilcloths, Lace Curtains, Etc. : : : :

## CRUMLEY BROS.

MAIL ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

### Three Great Helps for Christmas Buyers

#### —Tom Smith's— Santa Claus Stockings

Always cause great excitement and give the children genuine pleasure. We have them for both girls and boys in all sizes.

Stockings at 5 Cents	Stockings at 50 Cents
Stockings at 10 Cents	Stockings at 75 Cents
Stockings at 20 Cents	Stockings at \$1.00
Stockings at 25 Cents	Stockings at \$1.25
Stockings at 40 Cents	Stockings at \$1.75

#### —Tom Smith's— Christmas Crackers

No dinner party is complete without them. They help wonderfully to entertain at children's gatherings. Just the thing for Christmas trees. In boxes, each containing 1 doz. crackers at the following prices:—20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75, 85c., \$1.00, \$1.25.

#### Rowntree's and Cadbury's Celebrated Chocolates

The name on the outside tells of the good things inside. In plain and pretty boxes:—10, 15, 25, 30, 35, 50, 60, 75c., \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00.

## Jas. Redden & Co.

Importers of Fine Groceries