THE Park is especially adapted for SUNDAY SCHOOL, SOCIETY AND PRIVATE PICNICS. Far from town or village carriage road or by-path, it can only be reached by the electric railway, thus securing to its patrons perfect immunity from intrusion. The park includes the grounds on both sides of the track, they are entirely fenced in and sufficiently extensive to accommodate the largest excursion parties. A caretaker is always in attendance and no pains are spared to maintain the proud reputation it has already been accorded, of being THE BEAU-IDEAL OF PICNIC GROUNDS.

With a reluctant farewell to IDYLWILD, the tourist boards the next car and is soon flitting through the long avenues of trees leading from the park and once more along the Speed, its pretty waters turbulent with miniature rapids and falls, past green fields and peaceful farms until the throb of machinery announces HESPELER and its great wool mills. Here the disciple of Isaac Walton can while away the hours catching the wily black bass which abound in the lake above the mills, or boating on its placid surface. A ramble through the picturesque town with its busy streets and quaint old world buildings will repay the effort.

To the tourist, picnicker, health-seeker or excursionist no line offers the varied inducements found along the line of the G. P. & H. ELECTRIC RAILWAY. The healing waters of PRESTON MINERAL SPRINGS the delights of IDYLWILD and the beautiful scenery of the Garden of Ontario, are all included in a trip over the GALT, PRESTON AND HESPELER ELECTRIC RAILWAY.
Idylwild Park

Queen Titania had no trysting place for her fairy revels more beautiful than this. Deep spreading maples and elms throw their cool shad-ows on a thousand leafy bowers, the sunlight sifting here and there through the interlacing leaves is subdued and mellow, while the breeze laden with the perfume of the balsam and pine carries health on its every breath.

Almost hidden by the surrounding trees a, large handsome PAVILION reveals itself, whose smooth elastic floor extends an irresistible invitation to the merry votaries of the dance, while close by a refreshment booth extends its solace for the inner man. But the children have not been forgotten; sturdy old monarchs of the forest hold on their stout limbs SWINGS here and there, while the picnickers have been provided with tables and seats in inviting shady places, COOL SPARKLING ROCK SPRING WATER springs from mother earth for the thirsty. A rustic bridge over the pretty stream that runs like a silver thread through the grounds, leads to other nooks deep in the shadow of the native forest. Following the winding path, the BALL GROUNDS, a level stretch of grassy award is disclosed, while the shrill laughter of the children proclaims that they have not been slow to take full advantage of the resources of these en-chanted grounds. As the shades of evening deepen MYRAIDS OF COLORED ELECTRIC LIGHTS burst here and there through the deep shadows of the trees and frame the pavilion in a softened glow of light. Fair Idylwild is transformed to fairyland.