

Break the shore line into a thousand curves and frame them in overhanging trees and easy slopes of sand with here and there a rock that tells of the time when Mother Earth played ducks and drakes with her fortune and turned out something new.

Lift the waters five hundred feet above the level of the tides whose lapping you can almost hear in the distance. Waft over it, day and night, the balmiest air that finely complexioned women could wish to breathe. Furnish it with a place of luxurious repose. Supply it with a dozen adjuncts of youthful pleasure and mature ease—boats, rods, nets, courts, guns, links, drives, music that maketh the feet to dance; and indeed with the things men and women most desire; and you have summertime the ideal; you have Lake St. Joseph and its ministers of comfortable peace.

The hotel speaks for itself. It is as good as it looks—which is sometimes not true of hotels. Outside, it is exactly what the camera tells you. Inside, it is all that, and more. There is plenty of room, as becomes a summer residence purposely prepared. Oppressive July and August nights are unknown on this side the St. Lawrence. If they were, the Lake St. Joseph Hotel would make refreshment out of affliction. If you happen to be around