



Bellevue Hotel, situated on Lake Temiskaming, where the River Ottawa makes its beginning.



An Artificial River used as a Log Chute, from a small lake near Lake Temiskaming.

Summer at Sixteen

"WHAT are your plans for the holidays?" wrote Nancy in her last letter, and the date above said the fourth of May, which shows that Nancy's mind is already mapping out the months to come with characteristic eagerness. "Is it to be L—, or are you going to desert us and look for a new summer resort to conquer? We have taken the cottage again from the first of June. Father says the Merry bungalow is to be vacant as they are abroad, and if your mother still thinks she would care about it, he will arrange to have particulars sent to her. It is right next door to us, honey, and although there never could be another summer like the last, still we might manage to have some sort of a time."

Yes, Nancy is right! There never could be two summers like the last. One thing necessary to holiday happiness is that everybody should be congenial, and that probably was the secret of last summer's success. The question always was, "What shall we do now?" and no matter what the proposition it was hailed with enthusiasm. We were what Nancy's brother and the other boys called "the right sort of sports" and rather than risk the loss of this flattering reputation we never dared throw cold water on even the most thrilling suggestion.

A couple of hours in each morning were spent at the bathing beach where the yellow sand sloped for fifty yards before the water covered your head. Beyond that was the sand-bar lying shallow and warm in the morning sun, and at the first plunge there was always a cry of "Who shall beat to the sand-bar?" and a cheer for the victor. But oh! the misery of it if you are only a beginner and scared to go beyond the end of the wharf without the water-wings or a strong arm to hold you. And those who swim seem to have such a peculiar sense of humour and think it funny to let you "go" just when you are out of your depth and chuckle gleefully when you come up splashing and choking, with your nose and mouth full of water and your heart full of rage. They will tell you what you lack is nerve, and you will tell them that you know now why they are so proficient in the art, and return to your water-wings until your confidence in human nature is restored.

The arrival of the steamer at 11.30 was an event not to be overlooked. There was always the de-

lightful uncertainty of some person exciting disembarking—there even might be a package for you—or, failing that, there was the mail. By the time the post-office had been visited and the letters read, luncheon was ready for you, and you were ready for it.

Later, when the sun became more merciful, there were the cliffs to visit, and if you had a wandering spirit, beyond that the gypsy camp with its dusky-eyed babies, barking dogs and beady-eyed old women who would tell your fortune for a silver coin.

There were glorious fishing trips with luncheon on shore when the boys built a camp fire to boil the kettle and fry the catch while the girls spread the cloth and unpacked the moist sandwiches the cook had so generously provided. There were afternoon cruises on the launch, gliding in and out of the tiny islands, with tea on board and a moonlight sail home, the still air broken by merry choruses from last season's operas, and the plaintive tinkle of Jerry's mandolin.

At night the great casino of the hotel was filled with a throng of white-frocked maidens and their sunburned partners, and woe to the lass who "skipped" a barn-dance or a waltz! Dear me, it was a serious affair, this filling of programmes.

All too soon the days grew short and the nights cold, and as the little white steamer carried off boat-load after boat-load of the big family that we had been, a loneliness came over us, and we too, hurried to depart.

Soon the cottages will be opening up again, but there will be strangers in them; strangers who will paint their piazzas red where last year they were green, whose hammocks will be stiff and new, whose—well, they will be different, and after all, I think I must tell Nancy that we will not go.

Temagami Inn

By S. A. WHITE.

IT WAS early evening when the steamer "Bell of Temagami" swung into the wharf at this wilderness hostelry, and the sun's mote-filled rays fell aslant through the firs upon the rock-fringed shore, lending additional enchantment to an already ideal scene. The Inn itself presented an appearance wholly unique and altogether pleasing.

It is framed entirely of large and symmetrical logs, smoothly barked and perfectly sawn, an architectural gem of forest house construction. The window frames and door jambs are of smooth boards painted white; across the front a wide verandah runs, and its pillars are enclosed in small sapling trunks put on somewhat in the way of veneer. Probably no other building of this nature can claim a nicer harmony, a more perfect restfulness. There is some strange charm about it, all in keeping with the great expanses of trees, waters and rocks which surround it.

Inside, the place is fitted up to accommodate guests as they would expect to be accommodated at any modern hotel; and, truly, there is no disappointment in store for even the most fastidious. Everything is charming, refined, picturesque, yet homelike. The lounging-rooms, dining hall, the sleeping-chambers, bath-rooms, all are excellent in their furnishing and leave nothing to be desired in the way of service.

Although everything is what might be called perfect, the big, homelike sitting-room, into which the front entrance opens, appeals to one perhaps more strongly than anything else, and it deserves a descriptive space of its own.

Black bear skins are strewn on the floor in front of the fireplace, inviting a dreamy contentment in sitting gazing at the symbols of the chase. Above is a beautifully mounted deer-head on whose antlers hang the meshes of the fishing-nets. His great eyes look out above you as if he would pierce the confining walls and see once more the Temagami wilds he roamed.

Around Lake Temiskaming

"THE call of the wild" is one that comes to most well-regulated men at least once a year. In this connection there is no spot on this continent which occupies such a commanding position of "splendid isolation" as the Kipawa and Temiskaming Lake district. Here is a virgin wild, easy of access, in the heart of New Ontario, and skirting the wilder portion of the good old Province of Quebec. It is a district of magnificent water stretches, virtually teeming with fish, while its forests are yet alive with game of every variety from the partridge to the stately moose.

The Kipawa and Temiskaming Lake district, which comprises some thousands of square miles of primeval wild, is bounded on the south by the Ottawa River, on the west by Lake Temiskaming, which is really an expanse of the same river, and on the north by the Ottawa River. It lies north of Lake Ontario, and due north of Buffalo. Temiskaming Station is the rail end of the Canadian Pacific Railway branch line from Mattawa, and the trip from the latter place carries one through forty miles of as picturesque country as could well be imagined. Temiskaming Station is situated on the south end of this famed Lake Temiskaming—a magnificent body of water from one to seven miles wide, and extending north for a distance of fully seventy-six miles, navigable by the largest steamers. During the summer season daily trips are made over the lake by the commodious steamers of the Temiskaming Navigation Company, the starting point of which is at Temiskaming Station.

A short distance from Temiskaming Station, in the heart of beautiful grounds overlooking the lake towards the Quebec shore, is the Bellevue Hotel, commodious and modern in all its equipment—electrically lighted throughout, and with a supply of pure spring water piped some thousands of feet from the Laurentian Hills.



Temagami Inn.



The Steamer "Belle of Temagami."