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*Paraphrased this saying might read*  
 Be ruled by  
**ELGIN**  
 TIME  
 the truest time of all



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## The Crown of the Continent.

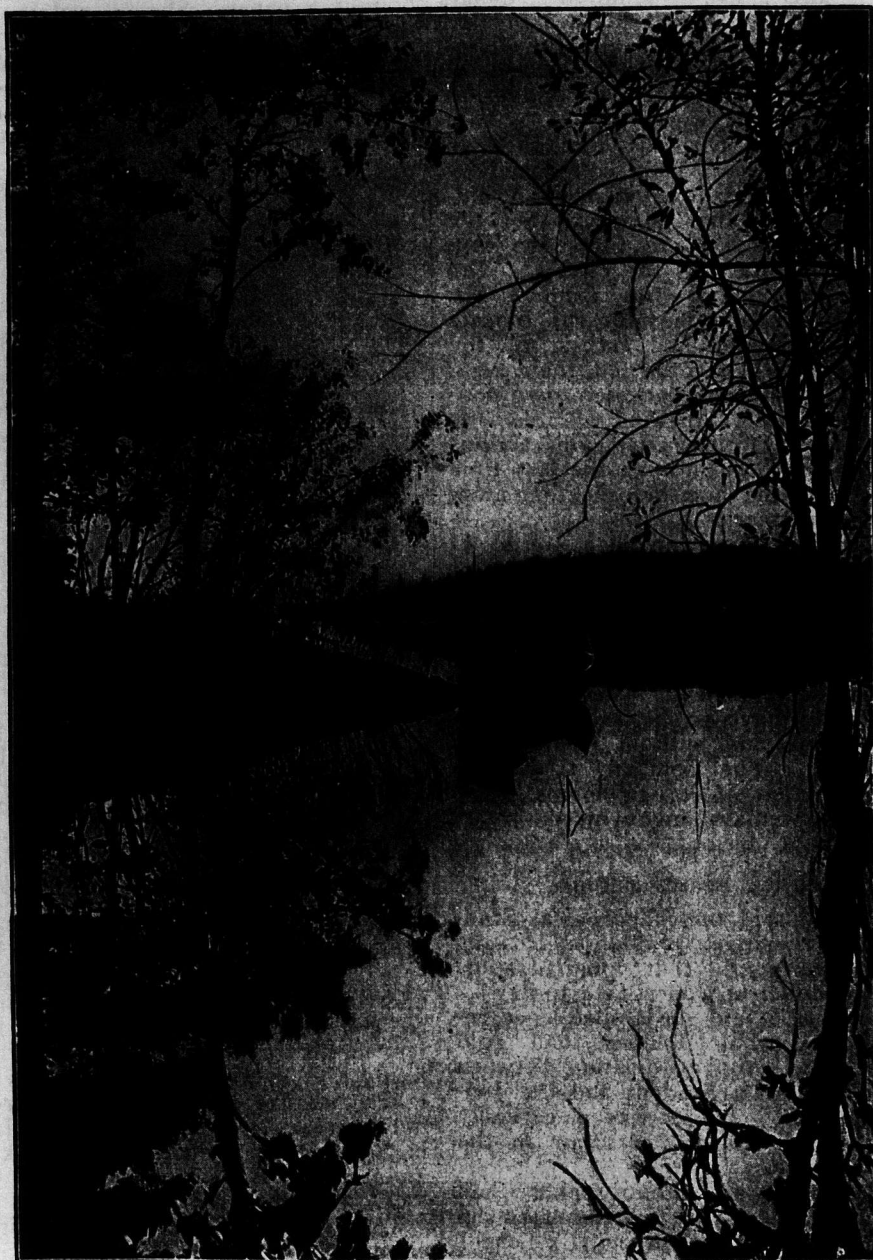
Blessed is he who is born in the wilderness. Thrice blessed is he whose early childhood was spent in the woods, learning the language of God's creatures, and peering with untaught eyes, and unafraid, into the mysteries of forest and stream. The greatest inheritance of all is to be allowed as a child to walk and talk with the wild things of earth and air; to have for playmates the flowers, the brooks, the sturdy trees, and for guardians the ever-watchful stars; to sit with solitude and hearken with eager pulse and tingling nerves to the call of the wilderness—to the long, low mother-call of nature to her children.

We are becoming over-civilized. The red blood is thinning in our veins and the marrow of our bones is drying up. With great ado we try in our narrow city-cells to harden the

handling of ledgers, and the eyes dim with the ever-present dollar sign, there comes like a tidal wave the desire to abandon it all and flee to the wilderness for rest. This call of the wilderness is insistent—the desire to heed it instinctive. But it must be the wilderness. No fashionable summer resort with its tennis, its golf, its parties and its hours of busy idleness will do. The call is to come back to nature—to come where the aroma from centuries of wilderness may soak into our being; where we may sleep within the vigil of the stars and wake with the scent of moss and fern and balsam strong in our nostrils.

### An International Park.

Along the international boundary line between the province of Ontario



A calm day, Lake of the Woods.

muscles and expand the lungs. But we are prisoners to custom—there are shackles on our wrists and at our heels clank the ball and chain. Back to the wilderness, is the imperative decree. Back to the wilderness—the never-failing spring of life.

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

This eternal hurry to get on, the brain with its schemes and the hand charged with their execution, make the night joint laborer with the day. But in the midst of it all, when the mind and body are tired and sick of the cant and quibbles of society, of the grind of duty and custom; in the agony of soul-repression that attends the eternal struggle of getting and spending, there comes, like the echo of a memory, the faint, far call of the wilderness.

When disgusted with politics and tired of theology, or when the fingers have become numb with too much

and the state of Minnesota immediately west of Lake Superior, lies the Crown of the Continent. Wrought of iron is this crown, and set with gem-like lakes and ribbed with glistening bands of silver streams. It is a realm of wooded hills and rocky gorges; of rapid rivers, roaring cataracts, and almost endless lakes, studded with green islands like the links of a broken chain—a veritable play-ground of the gods.

By design, nature in this, her first attempt at world-making, created an ideal summer resort. Anticipating the needs of a busy world, she placed here within reach of the great marts of trade and along the Great Highway of the world's commerce a gigantic park where the weary of the nations can find rest, health and recreation. Roughly speaking, this park is bounded on the south by Lake Superior and the forests of Minnesota, on the west by the Red River valley, and on the north by the chain of lakes which reach north to Hudson Bay.

It is to that part of this region