

extreme, while across the bay, the green shore washed by the incoming tide, the dense foliage of the trees and the profusion of wild flowers of every shade and hue, are subjects inspiring and fascinating for every one, and especially for those imbued with admiration for the beautiful.

But the Lake of the Woods offers a novel amusement which perhaps can be afforded by no other summer resort on this continent. That is, a genuine Indian pow-wow held and acted by real red-skins in typical Indian costume. One of the larger islands is occupied usually by some four score of Indians who remain all summer giving their strange dances at short intervals for the entertainment of the numerous visitors. Steamers are chartered by the proprietors of the hotels and placed at the disposal of their guests, and the party sets out for the war dance. Crowds of campers in canoes, sail-boats and small craft of every description have already assembled from all parts. Then the Indian dance commences, and to those who have never witnessed one before it is a sight both strange and fascinating. As seen by the light of a huge bonfire from the boats on the calm lake, the dusky forms look not unlike weird phantoms, as they go gliding to and fro, now in circles, now in squares, accompanied by the solemn tum-tum of the Indian drum. After assisting at one of these entertainments, the impression left on the mind of a stranger, due no doubt to the circumstances under which they are held, is one of awe and wonder, and it is only after some time that he can fully persuade himself that he has not visited another world. These pow-wows, though held less frequently of late years, are still enjoyed by the majority of the campers. But these are not the only occasions upon

which the Indians make their appearance. They paddle around to the camps in their birch-bark canoes each morning bringing fresh fish and blueberries. Rat Portage is the most remarkable place in the world for blueberries. They are found in such quantities that whole carloads are shipped away to all the large centres in the West. Very few of the Indians who come around can speak English and it is very amusing to watch their gesticulations in their endeavors to make themselves understood. The only currency they have is that of "bits." When they ask two bits for a pail of blueberries they mean fifty cents, one bit being twenty-five cents. In many cases it is useless to offer them, say thirty-five or forty-five cents, for you might as well try to cheat a Hebrew as to persuade them to accept a sum that cannot be expressed in "bits." But with all these peculiarities the campers are always glad to have them call. Anyone who has had the pleasure of spending a couple of weeks at the Lake of the Woods will readily admit that Westerners have reason to feel proud of possessing such a delightful retreat. Nor can it be doubted that within the near future this Saratoga of the West may prove a dangerous rival to the better known Eastern resorts. For if tourists and pleasure seekers from both Eastern Canada and the United States have not paid visits to this beautiful spot, it is because they have not as yet heard its praises sung.

It will be surprising if this ideal watering place does not become one of the most popular summer resorts on the continent, possessing as it does most of the splendid features of a Newport, a Saratoga, or a Thousand Island Park.

WALTER W. WALSH, '96.

