

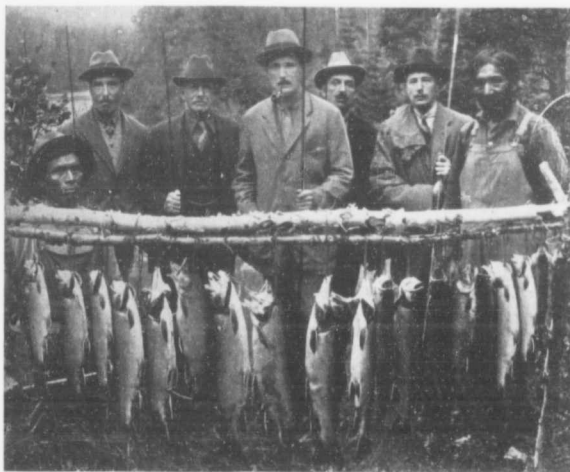


THUNDER BAY

The Head of the Great Lakes

NANI BOZHOU was the great creating spirit of the native Ojibway Indian. He piled up the rugged hills around, and planted the forest growth, and having arranged the scenery generally, turned on the cold water tap and lay down to rest. The water ran into the natural bath he had prepared, and formed Lake Superior. Whether Nani had miscalculated his levels or no, tradition does not say, but the water rose over his feet, and almost to his knees, and yet he slept on, and still sleeps. His recumbent figure, the Sleeping Giant, is plainly outlined. The cold water tap is still turned on, furnishing water of crystal purity, but the basin is full and has found an outlet at Sault Ste. Marie, where it flows down and fills another and still other great basins with connecting rivers which furnish Canada and part of the United States with some of its most valuable possessions.

The opportunity for inland waterborne commerce, water powers among the greatest in the world, fisheries such as are equalled only by those of the Ocean itself, and the purest of water supply for the use of the numerous and populous cities along its shores, Nani Bozhou had done his work well and deserved a rest. Why he should have chosen this particular spot to be partially submerged, Indian tradition does not tell us, but it is well to think that he foresaw the importance of Thunder Bay as a harbor.



Prince Arthur of Connaught and party on the Nipigon.



Possibly also finding that Thunder Cape and the adjacent islands still left too wide a gap in the open lake, and having run out of material, and too tired to go for more, he lay down himself where his great bulk would do most good in landlocking the Bay, thus keeping the angry surges of Lake Superior when swept by a southeasterly gale from disturbing the generally placid basin. This is what he does anyway, and the mercantile marine is grateful to him.

Port Arthur and Fort William, the western termini of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes navigation system, have on this account become commercial centres of very great and increasing importance. Winnipeg is generally spoken of as the gateway of the prairie country, with its enormous agricultural possibilities. Between it and the twin ports are four hundred miles of an almost virgin wilderness, traversed by the lines of the Canadian transcontinental systems of railways. This four hundred miles may be likened to the neck of a great bottle through which is poured the great and increasing volume of wheat and other products. Winnipeg is the inlet to this neck; Port Arthur and Fort William the outlet; and all are equally essential to the growth of the Dominion's commerce.

The "twin cities" possess all the essentials of a great lake terminal, enormous elevators, coal docks, extensive railway yards, and an endless procession of huge freight carriers constantly coming to and going from its wharves, such as may be seen in Chicago, Duluth and Buffalo. But they have something more than these and something more attractive, for at their very doors is some of the finest natural scenery in the world, still absolutely unmarred by the hand of man. The broad expanse of Thunder Bay has been compared with the Bay of Naples, perhaps because there was nothing else to compare it with. Thunder Bay has no Italian architecture, no wide sweeping curve of shore line, no Vesuvius smoking in the distance, no languorous breezes or semi-tropical vegetation, and no picturesque Neapolitan costumes or lateened sailed boats in its offing; but it has other attractions, all its own, which Naples has not. Naples is soothing and somewhat enervating. Thunder Bay is stimulating and invigorating, and hay fever sufferers have found in its atmosphere instant relief from their troublesome malady.

To the right of Thunder Cape is Pie Island, Le Pate of the French voyageurs, and still farther to the right McKay's Mountain, near the mouth of the Kaministiquia River watching over the City of Fort William; and to the left is the long rampart which connects Thunder Cape with the mainland. All these have the peculiar columnar structure of the Hudson Palisades, an almost flat top and vertical sides for several hundred feet, below which there is a talus slope of broken rock to the water's edge. The whole forms an amphitheatre which for grandeur and colouring it is hard to match in any part of the world.



THUNDER BAY

The Prince Arthur Hotel at Port Arthur, which "Prince Arthur" was so placed as to make the most of this panorama, is a most modern and comfortable hostelry, designed by an eminent firm of architects, built in the most substantial manner, and administered

by men who have made the care of the travelling public a life study. Two of the Transcontinental railways, the Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Pacific, stop their trains within a short stone's throw, and there is no long drive in a crowded "bus," no competition of greedy hack drivers for the possession of your hand baggage and person. You hand the former and your checks to the hotel porter, walk leisurely up the broad walk to the hotel, sign the register, and you are in the hands of those who will endeavour to make your stay as comfortable as possible. In fact, personal attention is the watchword of the "Prince Arthur" management.

A day's fishing for brook trout is within easy driving and the hotel is, besides, a most convenient base from which to make excursions into the real wilderness, and to make them in comfort and even in luxury, if so desired. The "Prince Arthur" has on its staff men who have spent their lives in this wilderness, men who know it and love it, and who can outfit you for a canoe trip through it, and arrange for guides who will take you to the best of fishing and hunting grounds.

Not only this, but in connection with the "Prince Arthur" has been established at Orient Bay, an outpost hotel, Nipigon Lodge, on the shores of one of the southern arms of Lake Nipigon, some three hours' run on the Canadian National from Port Arthur, a species of hunting lodge on the edge of the wilderness, where, nevertheless, all the comfort of home may be had, and some things, such as deliciously cooked trout and fish and game, and campfire stories, which cannot always be got at home, about as complete an antithesis to, and anodyne for, the business worries and cares of modern commercial life that can be wished for.



Virgin Falls, Nipigon River.