



A Maganetawan Scene that Makes Cramped, Noisy City Streets Seem Like Prisons.

nestles on the hillside. The loneliness is gone, and you wish all your friends could enjoy it with you. A sunset on Katrine leaves upon the mind an indelible impression of fantastic beauty.

Another asset of Parry Sound District is the Maganetawan River, which rises in Algonquin Park and winds its crooked way over an area of four hundred square miles. Burks Falls is situated on the main branch of the river. During the summer small steamers leave the Falls for Ahmic Harbour every day. For fifteen miles the Maganetawan winds in and out between sloping wooded shores and pasture lands, bounded by distant bluffs, many of which have been robbed by the lumberman of their clothing of timber. In many places the river is very narrow, the turnings are so abrupt that the whistle is blown frequently to warn approaching boats. To all, save the Captain, the prospect of finding a navigable course appears hopeless, but a sharp turn in the river reveals Lake Cecebe; the view of this lake amply repays you for the entire journey.

At the foot of the lake you pass through the locks and village of Maganetawan. Everywhere rocks abound, and, strange to relate, huckleberries are plentiful. After leaving the locks you follow the river for three miles. It just seems to be going anywhere, but from a bewildering mass of woods we enter Ahmic Lake. Ahmic is about



A Bit of Unspoiled Nature Work.

twelve miles long, beautiful little bays are to be seen along its shores, while on many of the points pretty cottages are erected and the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes adorn the landscape.

Tourists can go from here to Georgian Bay, but the portages (twenty in number) are difficult, so we did not explore further, but retraced our way to Katrine. On our return trip the boat called at several of the cottages. The whistle of the steamer was the signal for a gathering on the wharf, and we delivered the supplies and the much-longed-for daily paper. The happy, sun-burnt faces of the cottagers exhibited an acquaintance with the joys of life which the writer wishes all the Canadians could cultivate.

No longer is it necessary to complain either that the north country is a relic of lumber-camps or a resort over-crowded by pleasure-seekers and tourists. Years ago some people began to say that the North was crowded. But there are people up there on big islands who say it's getting too promiscuous if they see another house two miles away. The extension of railway service and steamboat facilities has opened up new vistas of exploration for the tourist. Paradoxically the more people go to that region, the less crowded it is, because of the discovery of new areas. And the more beautiful a country the less crowded it feels, because real beauty in a landscape is always novel and interesting. And Maganetawan is—superbly beautiful.

The Bras D'Or Lakes

By KATHRYN MUNRO TUPPER

THE Bras d'Or Lakes, or Arm of Gold, a lovely inland sea lying in the heart of the Island of Cape Breton.

The great natural beauty of the Bras d'Or, its ease of access and navigability, and the quiet charm of its rural surroundings make it an ideal summer retreat. Stretches of sloping farmlands, dusky hollows and sun-clad hills, form the landscape, with here and there a wandering rivulet, half hidden. A spirit of deep rest is everywhere, languorous, compelling.

The trip through the lakes may be taken from various points and in various ways—by steam, sail or paddle. Should one possess the trifling matter of a yacht the Bras d'Or, with its broad runs and sunny bays, affords delightful manoeuvre. Canoeing along the interior coast-line, with attractive camping-ground always at hand, one may paddle at will by groves of silvery birch and tapering fir or explore limpid creeks that mirror the loveliness of woodland and sky.

Those on short holidays make schedule time by taking the inland ferry from Sydney, the eastern terminal of the Intercolonial Railway. Leaving the Atlantic the steamer turns into the lakes, passing through the Great Entrance close to the beautiful Boularderie, an island of considerable length lying between the two Entrances. It takes its name from the Sieur de Boularderie, a French officer of pioneer fame to whom it was granted by the French Crown prior to British possession.

In these pastoral waters Nature reaches her highest art. Here she creates a masterpiece. Mountain-peaks, with intersecting glens, ravished with the rare loveliness at their feet, rise in jealous guard. Here and there appear islands, some wooded, some fern-clad, others lie nude and brown in the amorous sun. Along the way stretches of white sand-beach curve out into the sea, forming lagoons and miniature coves.

A few hours' sail and far-famed Baddeck is reached. Baddeck, immortalized by Charles Dudley Warner's charming classic, outvies the fairest fancy.

The bay, smooth and shimmering in the sun, imaging in its clear depths fir-clad mountains and picturesque islands; along the shore lies the village shaded by tall elms and flowering hedges; and in the background a range of low, grassy hills. On the south jutting out into the sea is Beinn Bhreagh (Beautiful Mountain), and on its cliff stands the summer residence of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Here, also, are Dr. Bell's laboratories and experimental plant.

SAILING in a westerly direction from Baddeck the beautiful land-locked bay of Whycocomagh is reached. Whycocomagh, shut in with its verdured islands in the silent fastnesses of the hills, the air soft and narcotic, is indeed the ideal land of the lotus-eaters.

Coming again by the inland steamer to Baddeck and continuing south, we pass through the Strait of Barra, spanned by a bridge on the Intercolonial Railway nearly a mile in length, which cost the Canadian Government a million and a half dollars. On the eastern side of Barra is the Grand Narrows district, with its lofty wind-swept headlands. An old-world majesty rests upon these hills, the stamp of ancient and unwritten epochs, the very touch of the Infinite. Upon these treeless heights the waning sun tarries late, calling up long purple shadows from the ever-plaintive sea. Across on the western side is Iona, a small settlement named after the historic isle of Scotland. Along the shore deposits of gypsum protrude in huge white boulders.

The lakes now broaden out, following the lure of the hills and running away into numerous bays and inlets. The largest are East Bay on the left and farther south, on the right, West Bay dotted with small islands. Before reaching St. Peter's a group of unique-looking islands are passed of a deep reddish colour. Perpendicular cliffs of the same hue mark the shore-line. At low tide long, red beaches run out, making a striking landscape feature.

The approach to St. Peter's Canal, the terminal

of the lakes, presents a charming vista, the steamer winding in and out among wooded islands of varying size and outline. In an inlet on the left is seen the site of an old fort erected by Monsieur Nicholas Deny, a noted French habitant who, during the brief sway of the Golden Lilies, carried on an extensive trade with the Indians. It is claimed that prior to the French St. Peter's or San Pedro was settled by Portuguese.

From here direct communication is made with the main line of the Intercolonial at Mulgrave.

THE Bras d'Or Lakes cover an area of not less than four hundred and fifty square miles. Several rivers taking their rise far back in mossy glens and deep ravines flow into them. Some of these, apart from their artistic value, are noted trout and salmon streams, such as River Denv (after M. Nicholas Deny already referred to); the silvery Wagamatcook or Middle River, and the Baddeck River. The gold-bedded Margaree River, known as the best salmon stream in Eastern Canada, takes its rise in this vicinity and flows into the Atlantic on the eastern side of the Island.

For several miles en route to Sydney the line of the Intercolonial skirts the Bras d'Or, revealing glimpses of rarest beauty. This inland Sea of Gold, stretching as it does through the heart of Cape Breton, is unrivalled in lake scenery on the American continent.

POINT AU BARIL is one of the newest and most attractive summer resorts in Ontario. It is situated on the Georgian Bay, about half way between Parry Sound and the French River. Access to it is by boat or by the Sudbury branch of the Canadian Pacific. The altitude above the sea is 638 feet, and the air is dry, cool and invigorating. There are already three hotels, more than one hundred cottages, and numerous camping sites. Boating, canoe trips and fishing are the chief attractions. There are more than twenty lakes of virgin fishing waters in the immediate vicinity.