

A strange sight may be seen in these wonderful days of the world's history. Far overhead an airman is sailing like a giant bird at a hundred-mile-an-hour rate, heading farther Northward as if a spirit of the air. One envies him his bird's eye view chances—to see this world of forest and stream, of lake and beach, of winding channels and sleeping tarns in their entirety. It must be a thrilling sight. But there is a lookout spot on terra firma, for Cache Lake may be viewed from Skymount which is sufficiently elevated to reveal the whole setting of the lake at a glance. It also reveals other alluring realms in every direction, and who does not feel the pull of the unknown, the desire to see what is on the other side of a hilltop, the grim determination to explore the wilderness beyond—some day?

I would advise, based on experience, that the some day be a soon day, that it be a part of your daily programme, after the first few loafing, dreaming, lazy days, to become an amateur Champlain or Mackenzie by penetrating farther and yet farther afield, preferably, indeed advisedly, with a guide. In fact the guide is part of the fun. The companionship of these men of the open, to whom Nature is a revealed book, is something to be sought and won, and splendid fellows they are, whether hitting the trail ahead of you in the mountains or guiding your canoe through the labyrinth of Algonquin's water chain. Then when the dark hours come and the camp fire enters into the spirit of the hour and the company, you'll discover this guide of yours is a many-sided chap, one with whom it is fun to go a-fishing, and that is the highest compliment one human can pay to another.

Fishing and Hunting

I mentioned fishing. That subject demands a paragraph by itself, especially in Algonquin Park. A real truly true Isaac Walton gives it as his opinion that in the variety of species of game fish, in their abundance as well as size, no fishing area of the continent affords better sport than Algonquin Park and this is his testimony after several years of experience in casting the fly or dropping the bait in this great lake world. As an amateur fisherman myself I'm willing to believe the expert based on the evidence of my own eyes of the brook trout—square-tailed, red-spotted, speckled and every other variety of these tasty beauties, of black bass with little and big mouths to trout, salmon and gray. The fish are there. It's up to

the angler to do the rest. What I can affirm without fear of successful contradiction, is that a serving of Algonquin fish, at a camp fire meal, is a dish fit for the most epicurean of kings as well as the most common of commoners. I care not who catches them; only let me eat them.

Hunting? Surely, for the two go together in a sense. Again I'm no hunter or the son of a hunter. No that's a mistake; I had forgotten Dad's stories of little and big game hunting even in old Ontario when he was a boy, but his liking for a gun did not descend to his offspring. Gun-hunting is not allowed within the Provincial Park, but all the hunter has to do is to roam the forest, in the game season, contiguous to the Park to get his legal quota of antlered beauties.

But there is a type of hunting allowable within the Park boundaries—with a camera, and many there be who indulge in the harmless but intensely interesting sport. Nowhere else may one get in closer touch with the animal and fur life in their natural haunts. The four-footed creation as well as the feathery tribes have long since learned that here is an ideal sanctuary. A vast city of refuge it is, for the creatures of the wild and under the protection of well-enforced game laws their increase has been remarkable. This is specially true of our truly Canadian friend, the beaver. I verily believe these flat-tailed little animals think this is the real Beaver Heaven judging by the way they have taken possession of it; so much so that the Park authorities are compelled, every once in a while, to reduce the number by a few hundreds and thousands, selling the furs by auction for which there is keen competition.

The Busy Beavers

Beaver houses and dams are on every hand and in dam-building they overdo the business. No eight-hour law is recognized in their industrial order nor do they know what the word fail means. Broken dams fail to discourage them in their engineering plans as they attempt to repair them. There is no prettier sight than a glimpse of wild life of any kind. Those who are fortunate and quick-eyed enough to catch the members of the beaver family at work, and capturing the scene with a true camera, are to be congratulated on their luck and skill although many do so succeed. But any visitor to the Park is almost sure, during the canoeing trips, to catch unawares a graceful deer or fawn, coming down to a lily-pad bay for lunch. On such occasions I am always too excited to

shoot the camera. But many a glimpse I have had of the hurrying-scurrying folk of the forest, in otter and mink, martin and coon, not to mention the members of the squirrel family who claim full possession of the wild domain. Cruising quietly over a rippleless stream I have also been fascinated with the insect life—not only fascinated but pestered with the myriad forms of creation whose wings are their means of aerial transportation and who seem to enjoy their brief existence as they fill the air in the sunshine time.

There are wolves, too, in Algonquin, though they are kept well in hand by the park rangers. Is there any sound quite so haunting and weird as the howl of a wolf? Seated around our camp fire one summer night, the almost unearthly stillness of all the world around and above was suddenly broken by the howling far off of a timber wolf.

"He old one" remarked my guide.

"And how do you know he's an old one?" I asked.

"No teeth," came the equally terse reply, displaying a knowledge of Nature that was denied the city dweller. What a heap of things we town-folks don't know.

Another of the innumerable attractions of this Algonquin playground is the tameness of the deer life. Becoming unafraid of the animals on two legs they once dreaded, the beautiful creatures cross one's path in swimming across a lake or using the trail or portage. The sight never fails to thrill the lucky beholder.

The Nights at Camp

But then the Park is full of sights other than those already mentioned. I'll never forget the nights at camp, when stealing away from tent and fire one finds himself alone in a great big quiet world. At such a time even the most indifferent of mortals feels he is a little closer to Nature and Mother Earth and that if he will but listen she will reveal some of her secrets. The stars seem to hang so low in the dome of sky as to be touched from the tallest tree. Who ever dreamed there are so many, just as in the daytime if the eye is cast on the floor of the earth, to take notice of flower and fern, the infinite variety of creative skill, in this one little corner of the globe, impresses one anew with the Big Things of life and the world, and the exceeding pettiness of some of the little things we put in the first place. It is a good corrective of certain forms of human conceit to be alone in the woods, by day or night, to