

A Woodland Sanctuary for Human and Animal Life

Algonquin Provincial Park, with an area of nearly two million acres, furnishes variety of sport, recreation and exploration possibilities.

By FRANK YEIGH

CANADA is a land of woodland sanctuaries; of virgin stretches of territory, awaiting exploration and study.

Each province can boast of these generous playgrounds and Ontario especially, where successive governments have been wise enough, amid the struggle for party supremacy, to set apart far-flung regions for the use and enjoyment of the people in perpetuity. The difficulty is to have its citizens realize that these play-places of the wild belong to them and not to any passing government. So Ontario has Algonquin and Timigami and Quetico and other provincial parks and forest reserves, each as large as many a country or state, and each possessing charms that no one has yet fully discovered.

And of all the garden spots in Ontario, it involves no invidious comparison to place the Algonquin Provincial Park first, in area, accessibility and wealth of attractions. Imagine a block of virgin territory of nearly two million acres, or 2,700 square miles. It is difficult to visualize such an ample region, for a million acre area is large enough to roam in, even large enough to get lost in, without a guide, especially where there is such a maze of waterways as to create a Hampton Court puzzle on an enormously increased scale.

It requires an immense stock of adjectives to adequately describe Algonquin Park and there is little danger of exaggeration. It would seem as if the Creator had here shown His handiwork in a variety of forms nowhere else duplicated and to leave for all the generations of men a garden of rare delight.

Up in the Yellowhead Pass country, on the way to Mount Robson, the

King of the Rockies, is the Valley of a Thousand Falls, and here, in Algonquin, is a Land of a Thousand Lakes, water gems studding the landscape in myriad forms, linked by clear-hearted and deep water channels of exquisite charm. As a rule, portages must be sought for, if a bit of land exercise is desired by way of variety, for Nature has opened up a way and ways, even



Off for an Outing on Cache Lake.

Photo by courtesy of G.T.R. Publicity Dept.

though tortuous, to the very remotest corners of the lake-dotted landscape.

Utilizing the western entrance to the Park, after a brief night run, tucked away in a berth, or enjoying the scenic panorama of the daylight hours, the visitor reaches Cache Lake station, the centre of the Park in several senses, for on one side are the buildings of the Government headquarters staff and on the other the Highland Inn, its bright front and wide porches and open doors welcoming the stranger, followed by an equally hearty human welcome from the staff.

The Fun of Exploring

It is great fun exploring a new Summerland, a new playground; even a new city. The world looks different and that first glimpse of a bit of the world becomes never-to-be-forgotten memories. Such as the first view of the Rockies from Calgary or beyond Edmonton, the first view of Florence or Rome, the first night at sea, or in camp, or on a train journey. So this first sight of the heart of Algonquin, from your hotel window, is at once added to your gallery of memories. There lies Cache Lake, bathed in the morning sunlight, looking as fresh as if just from the hands of the Great Architect, its waters rippling back to the caresses of the wind with sparkling brightness and its breath filling lungs and heart with the very elixir of life.

If Algonquin held nothing but this one gem of a lake, it would be worth coming near or far to see and yet it is only a sample of hundreds of others in which, as has been said, there are no duplicates. A bevy of islands make a cluster of green gems that melt into harmony with the dark,

brown of the waters and the bright blue of a cloud-flecked sky. The color-scheme is perfect, the picture a finished creation. One could be happy for many a day just here and hereabouts, with canoe or skiff at command, a fishing rod and some bait, a rain coat for wet emergencies and an old discarded umbrella to hold the sun off if he becomes too familiar. And where there's company, one—or even more on occasion, it simply means that the pleasure of it all is being spread over a larger number without any diminution of the supply.