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The Lakes of Northern Ontario.

EXCEPT when bound by the rigours of winter, the lake region of Eastern Canada is a veritable paradise for the dusky Indian. We possess the greatest variety of water waste in the world. And is it waste? The ten times ten thousand lakes that stretch as a neck-lace, or rather as an expansive embroidery, around our northern inland sea, an embroidery five hundred miles wide, will ever be nature's park reserve of America, and no more is it a waste than the city park or the town square. The fertile valleys in the Rocky Range bring inhabitants into these fastnesses, but the Labrador and the Kewatin are hardly likely to be similarly inhabited. As men in quest of minerals or lumber penetrate these wilds, the bittern and the wild goose have to retreat but one lake farther. There seems always a new lake beyond for them, when persecuted by the sportsman.

"Having seen one of these lakes you have seen them all," says the Pullman tourist, as he ceases to gaze on the northern lakes, and settles into the latest edition of Scribner's, or the novelette of Munsey.

"All lakes have shores and water and islands," says the weary mechanic, "They are all very much alike."

The enthusiastic maiden who has never been beyond the Muskoka lakes, declares emphatically that there is no other lake quite so beautiful as Joseph. What folly! Every lake has its individuality; all are worth seeing. There is none the most beautiful. As among women there are many beautiful types, so there are types of the beautiful among lakes with endless diversity. The aesthetic summer tourist luxuriates in the clear water, the living green of the island and the sinuosity of shore line. The romantic are charmed with the precipitous cliffs, fading in the distance into undulating landscape, or stretching off into sweeping, sandy beach. The sportsman glories in the shaded nook, the lapping shoal, or hidden deep: the naturalist finds nature's museum in the marshes, with pickerel weed and sedge. In this way every lake has its characteristics and respective charms, and in our northland, every type is found.

The lake region was the home of the Indian. It is fitting that the names of these lakes should perpetuate their Indian associations. It was he who showed the white man the trails and the long portages. Why should the white man burden these lakes with his names? The Indian names, while strange at first, soon acquire a euphony of their own, and excel the white man's names. Compare "Misstassine" with "Porcupine"; "Michakama" with "Groundhog"; "Wendigo" with "Buck"; "Gow Ganda" with "Big Pickerel"; or, "Wahnipatae" with sucker gut. These may be extreme but not unfair comparisons.