

believe, John's father, and if he had not been of the aboriginal blood he might well have boasted to me that I had had the honor of being driven by a war-hero, a lad who had distinguished himself as a sharp-shooter in France and Flanders. But I only learned this afterwards from people who were not Indians.

From the hands of the taciturn John I was passed to those of another young man who was not silent but cynical. He was a finely formed chap wearing khaki breeches and an air of the educated back-woodsman, but his outlook on life was not cheerful. He took me aboard his little gasoline launch, for the remaining three miles of the journey to the Inn, and as we churned along through the roughish water he talked rather pessimistically about things in general, while he kept his hand on the little steering wheel. However he landed me safely at the Bon Echo wharf. And now I was to see the place I had heard of so often, and which I had only mentally pictured, because nobody had ever given me the slightest description. I had imagined a summer hotel of quite up-to-date pattern; a roomy sort of cottage with broad verandahs around it, something of the bungalow order, with slippery floors of hardwood, the sort I heartily detest, oak finished throughout, with electric lighting, running water, and all the modern fixings. I had seen myself going up to the polished counter and putting my name in a new-looking register as an addition to a small company of guests—for I supposed not many people knew even as much as I about this remote resort.

Well, I was charmed at the very first glimpse to see the whole pictured anticipation vanish away. As I walked up the little hill from the landing place, passing between the two restful old arbors that overlooked the water, I found myself following a beaten path through a delightful grove of beech and maple trees. Every tree standing straight and lofty as though conscious of its own beauty. Enough of these beauties had been sacrificed, however, to make space for a tennis court and a croquet ground; and a quaiting crease had been provided also—a playground that had a charming look of amateurdom. But here was the Inn itself, for the path was only short, and my pleasure was great to see a big, roomy, straggling, old frame building, instead of the artificial hotel of my dream. The spacious verandahs were there, on three stories, but they had a home-like look of weather-beaten wear and tear that no polish could match. And there was no disillusion on the inside. A large room with a wide, hospitable fire-place and a homey atmosphere; that of the days of the old settlers, created by the pillars and joists of rough birch logs and the wall-papering of birch-bark, with wainscoting of rough slabs of the same; and a friendly floor of plain oak, instead of the waxed dancing surface I had apprehended. So it was throughout the whole house—the rustic, camping-out idea, with freedom and comfort as the prime considerations.

I put my name in the register, but not as one of a small, select party. Yes, it was select, for the quality was of the very