



SUNSET AT POINT AU BARIL

Away in the Breezy North

An Ideal Spot for a Summer Holiday



THE days are coming when the "call of the North" will be so loud and insistent that human nature will be quite unable to resist its appeal. Even as we walk along the city streets there seems to come a breath of pine, a whisper from the waters that even now are dimpling in the summer sunshine. What a land of lakes we lucky Canadians possess! All the way

from Bras d'Or in Cape Breton Island to the jade-colored lakes which nestle near the Rockies, we have a wealth of inland waters of which no other land can boast.

In Quebec the lakes are often mountain tarns, darkening beneath the shadows of fir and spruce,

and exclaims: "Surely you do not call this a bay!"

The beauties of Georgian Bay have been discovered and every year a larger host of summer guests and holiday makers finds a way to the north. However, it is fortunately such a vast expanse of islands, channels and alluring inlets, that it is impossible for it to be spoiled by the greatest rush of what is vulgarly called tourist traffic. As soon as the warm weather comes, we know the signs of rush to the north—trunks, by the thousand, are piled on the vans, canoes, dinghies and row-boats are placed on baggage-cars by perspiring railway employees, who seem to be the only men to deprecate the popularity of the pine regions, and distracted parents gather children and parcels as the last call for the northern express is heard.

From Toronto, it is only a six hours' ride to one of the most delightful spots on the Bay—Point au Baril, where the summer days are all too short for the sport and fun which may be packed into them. The northern journey is a delightful trip, as one approaches the land of rocks and breezes. Barrie, on Kempenfeldt Bay, one of the prettiest towns in Ontario, smiles a welcome as one approaches; Craighurst is a picturesque bit of scenery and Bala, with its melodious waterfall brings us fairly to "the north countree." Then we pass through the magical land of the Muskoka Lakes, where the influence of Indian tradition and lore always seems to linger. Away past Lake Joseph, the most northerly of these limpid brown lakes, we come to Parry Sound, surveying the wide sketches of Georgian Bay and just a short journey beyond is Point au Baril, which has emerged from obscurity into the proud possession of a station, a post-office, three hotels and seventy-five cottages. "No better air in the world," declares the embrowned citizen, as he returns to the city after a fortnight or a month in the Georgian Bay.

To those who are familiar with the history of this great playground of Ontario, it is wonderful how swiftly it has been transformed during July and August into scores of summer hamlets or colonies, provided with all that is needed for comfort or amusement, yet surrounded by the wildest and loveliest of Nature's charms. In some of the inlets you could almost

imagine yourself an isolated adventurer, the first man who had fished in those waters, or the first white woman who had paddled up the lonely waters in search of birch bark for an "album."

Of course, to take an extended trip from Point au Baril, up the Shawanaga River, for instance, the services of an experienced guide would be necessary. On this delightful trip, you pass through a series of lakes which make each expansion a new enjoyment, as the beauties are unfolded of Five Mile, Birch, Partridge, Wallace, Trout, Le Vale and half-a-dozen other gem-like sheets of water. The portage, which takes us back to the days when we read "Indian books," is encountered on this trip, but not to such an extent or length as seriously to fatigue the amateur explorer.

Georgian Bay is a rather tumultuous sheet of water when one is out in the open; but its smaller channels and inlets are such as afford excellent rowing and paddling for even a feminine canoeist.

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A CANOE is one of the supreme joys of life, a dinghy is something to be desired; but, after all, what is a summer holiday without fish? May it be many a year before these northern waters are "fished out." Black bass, it goes without saying, abound in these regions, while pickerel, pike, and maskinonge are to be had for the fishing. This vast range of lake waters, quite unknown to the fashionable tourist and a paradise for the angler, prove an attraction which few who have tried such regions can resist. Summer after summer sees the exodus to the north in ever-increasing numbers. One can hardly over-estimate the pleasure which the true disciple of Izaak Walton feels, as he reaches such a territory and realizes day after day the reward of patient effort in the shape of a "string" of shining beauties. Even such as have not known before the delights of such a sport catch the infection and set out in search of tackle and bait. Later on, the hunters come up from the southern towns and cities, in search of deer or bear and make a record of which Nimrod might well be proud.

In these days, even our remote playgrounds are invaded by the latest inventions, whether these be aeroplanes or motor boats. The latter



"HOLE-IN-THE-WALL"

but in Ontario, especially in the northern section, they are so thickly strewn that a morning walk in the Parry Sound district usually reveals a string of such lakelet jewels, sparkling in their setting of stone. The Georgian Bay, beyond the Muskoka Lakes, is a sheet of water which is a joy to the heart of either sportsman or artist. It is no wonder that the visitor from the older countries pauses in wonder as he sees the dark-blue expanse, stretching away beyond the hills,



CAMP DINNER AT THE POINT

have reached Georgian Bay and its many channels and may be seen coursing gaily through the dark-blue waves on any bright summer day. The gasoline launch is also known, where in past centuries only the Indian glided in his slender birch-bark canoe. So, it is hard to escape entirely from civilization, which, in the form of motor boats, railways and telegraphs, is within easy reach and hail of the summer citizens of Point au Baril.



A TYPICAL HOLIDAY SCENE



SOME SHINING TROPHIES AT THE POINT