

# The Key

## To the North

A Book of Information and  
Entertainment for Tourists.

1931

GATEWAY OF THE NORTH  
CITY OF NORTH BAY

I have blazed the trail and opened wide the gate.

My task is done.

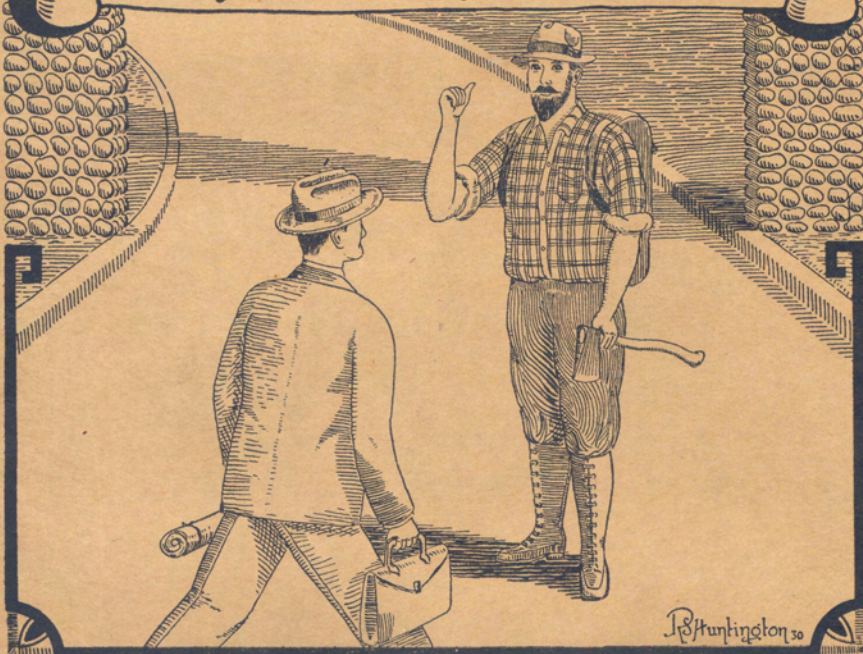
Welcome Sir Enterprize; come in and build,

While I press on!

'Tis mine to blaze the way but yours the mightier task.

Come in and build; here lies all Enterprize could ask!

I have three trusty helpers; two I leave with thee  
Courage and Faith Sir; Hope goes on with me.



By Huntington 30

# The . . . . Key to The North

BOARD OF TRADE  
INFORMATION  
BUREAU

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Designed and Written by

J. L. McEWEN

Manager Board of Trade  
Information Bureau

NORTH BAY, ONTARIO, CANADA  
1929-30-31

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Illustrations by Russell S. Huntington



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# *The Key to The North*

Sit down and read this little book. Let it tell you in simple chapters about Nature in the North Country. It will be the truth, however told. If it lacks polish, so does Nature, thank God, in the back corners man has left to it.

Nature is mother to music, poetry and painting. If Nature, then, must be advertised for purposes of profit, you should try to make your advertising as artistic as possible. In other words, pleasing, restful and interesting to the public eye. You are advertising the beautiful. Make your advertising beautiful, so when it reaches the object aimed at, it will cling there until its work is done, not merely glance off and be forgotten.

When the ambitious men of our day (and they are numerous) go after anything, they go after it with a mad dive. They certainly have gone after advertising; there is no rest for the eye, no quiet for the ear, bird-men paint it on the clouds; radios trumpet it across the continents. It is nailed to the trees in the forest, glares at you from dazzling boards along the highways, along the streets of cities, towns and hamlets, from green lanes and quiet meads, from the breast of the granite rock and the crown of the mountain.

You must advertise or you cannot succeed today in any line of business, you are told. Well, then, if it can be made a little more pleasing to the eye, a little more soothing to the ear and still answer the purpose aimed at, or further it, in the name of harmony let us have it wherever possible.

That is what we have tried to do in this little booklet. If we have failed, well, it is the failures that pave the way to success.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. caused the name, North Bay, to be painted on their first little frame depot, by the shore of Lake Nipissing, they opened the most important and romantic chapter in the history of Ontario.



The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway gave the historian the material to proceed with it.

Discovery and Colonization: Bringing it under the British Crown; Confederation and the Building of the Great Canadian Pacific Railway, are the only chapters that surpass it, in romance and importance, in the History of Canada.

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## *Ode to The North Land*

The maple throws as wide a shade,  
The Beaver still controls the stream,  
In face of Man's too eager raid,  
Too avaricious dream.

So have you been,  
So will you be,  
From Southern fringe to Polar Sea,  
Unconquered North.

So have you been, wide, free, sublime,  
Since primeval man took count of time.  
So will you be, safe from their lust,  
Until their latest sons are dust,  
Unconquered North.

Some little inroads have they made,  
But far they cannot glean—  
Your granite ramparts shield the glade,  
The elm and the evergreen.

So have you been,  
So will you be,  
In all your wide immensity,  
Unconquered North.

So have you been since ice unbound,  
Slid from your long imprisoned ground.  
So will you be till time again  
Brings chaos to the hill and plain.  
Unconquered North.

Unfettered streams leap down your grade.  
Wild creatures fearless roam between.  
The care-free birds still serenade,  
Each morn's first essay o'er the scene.

So have you been,  
So will you be,  
Throne-room of Nature's majesty,  
Unconquered North.

So have you been since air's re-bound  
Flung back the first awakening sound.  
So will you be while echoes still  
Fling the rude call from hill to hill.  
Unconquered North.

The same since man's first course was laid  
Beyond your tangled screen.  
O'er wooded plain and step fascade,  
Where granite arches lean.

So have you been,  
So will you be,

While time defies Eternity.

Unconquered North.

So have you been, oh, wilderness,  
Of far flung height and deep abyss,  
So will you be till seas run dry,  
And clouds flit rainless o'er the sky.

Unconquered North.

I have not tried in this booklet to overdraw the splendour of the Northland. That, for me, would be impossible. The truth without side-step or flourish is its best advertisement.

When you have spent a Summer holiday in the heart of it, or even in the fringe of it, if you do not feel its pulling as I do, then be sure there is something wrong with the wire between your mental and physical stations. Ring up trouble and have it attended to at once.

Down the eight great rivers the motorist must cross between North Bay and the Sault namely: the Sturgeon, the Wanapitei, the Vermillion, the Spanish, the Serpent, the Blind, the Mississagi and the Garden River, flow the waters of fifteen hundred lakes and their tributary rivers, creeks, brooks and streamlets. Travelling by canoe making the portages, lingering for a day here and there in choice camping spots you might, by spending all the holidays of a long life-time, explore a fourth of this land of many waters which is only one section of Northern Ontario's great natural park.

The Ottawa River, along the shore of which you drive for a hundred miles between the beautiful town of Pembroke on Allumette Lake and the village of Mattawa, pours the floods of twelve hundred lakes and countless tributary streams into the St. Lawrence just west of Montreal, beginning the count at Petawawa River, ten miles west of Pembroke.

The St. Maurice, the Gatineau and the Ottawa rivers get their head about twelve miles apart in Northern Quebec. The Ottawa, from where its banks open wide to form Lake Temiskaming, becomes and remains for four hundred and thirty-five miles, the dividing line between the province of Quebec and Ontario. That is from the north end of Lake Temiskaming, to where it mingles its floods with the great mother of Canadian waters.

The Gatineau flows into the Ottawa near the City of Ottawa. The St. Maurice keeps within the province of Quebec to the end of its course at Three Rivers, Quebec. There you have the eleven main arteries that carry the waters of the nearer Northland to the St. Lawrence and the sea.



We might add the French River to the list, for, although its head waters are Lake Nipissing, near the foot of the great water-shed, it opens its arms to the Sturgeon and the Wanapatie with all their tributary streams. The Little St. Lawrence would be a more appropriate name for it than the French. Next to the St. Lawrence, it fills the most prominent part in the history of the early voyagers.

The bird-man, soaring on his artificial wings above this happy hunting ground, might get a bird's-eye view of it in a few weeks or days, but to him it would appear as a great landscape painting done by a master's brush. He has seen the immense panorama unrolled before his eyes, glimpsed its splendour and moved on to the next movie show.

I want to get under the green roof of the forest, not over it. I want to catch my trout with the fly, not on the fly. I want to hear them sizzling in a frying pan over the glowing coals of a camp fire built where there is just room for it between the granite bluff and the brook-side. I want to make my bed of balsam boughs and carpet my naked feet on brown moss when I am getting into it. I want to argue with the gabby little red squirrels and shoo the rascally Whisky Jacks away from my bean pot. I want to hear the Loon calling for rain, and the Blue Joint whispering to the Mud-hens in the swale. I want to be awakened by the birds at daybreak, roll out of my blanket in time to watch the sun pinning gold lace on the skyline, the green hill-tops peeping through the shimmering mist of morning like timid brides through their veils. I want to climb the hillside at sunset, and look into the west over the top of the forest, when it is a rolling green sea with a golden shoreline, when there are great piles of creamy clouds floating in the purple sky above, sprinkled with melted rainbows. I want to sit on a granite craig with my pipe going well and watch it all till it fades and the stars come out.

I don't know anything about the pipes of Pan; never heard them played upon to my knowledge, but I have heard a tiny brooklet playing on the reeds and pebbles, while half a hundred birds piped above it, and that music is good enough for me. It is all good enough for me, the whole wide, wide circle of it. I want to go deeper and deeper into the heart of it to see what is beyond the next hill and the next.

If you board a C.P.R. train at North Bay and ride to the Sault, take an Algoma Central train at the Sault, and ride to Hearst, a C.N.R. train at Hearst for Cochrane, a T.N.O. train from Cochrane to North Bay, you will have circled the territory I refer to in this article as the nearer North and you will have travelled nine hundred and eighty miles. Progress has flung steel hoops around it and crossed it twice from east to west, but the nature of its surface prohibits agriculture, except in the great clay belt and a few other fertile spots, so that the greater part of it will remain for many years, I hope for ever, a hunting ground for sportsmen, and a wide wilderness for nature lovers.

When the Government map-makers who are working from aeroplanes finish their work, if they have done it thoroughly they will have counted more than twenty-five hundred lakes in the territory I have here set aside and named the nearer North, looking from North Bay.

One of the most interesting and unbroken canoe trips one could plan in this circle is to follow the waters of Missinaibi River from Mattice, two stations east of Hearst on the C.N.R., to Michipicoten on Lake Superior, a distance of two hundred miles. You could spend weeks upon the many large and beautiful lakes reached without portage along this route.

Another wonderful trip could be planned for Fauquier or Jacksonbury (on the new highway from Cochrane) west, to Lake Wanapatie and on by the Wanapatie river to the French, a distance of about three hundred miles. Numerous splendid lakes would be traversed on this trip which, of course, could only be planned by men with plenty of time to spare. Supplies can be obtained at several points on these trips.

From Temagami through Obabika, Wakinik and Lady Evelyn Lakes and back by Latchford, on the Ferguson highway, is a worthwhile circle. Try it.

Biscotasi, Ramsay, Whitepine, Windy, Spanish, Upper Green, White Owl, Kashbogami and Indian Lakes are another wonderful group which can be reached at several points between Mattagami and Ramsay on the main line of the C.P.R. about one hundred and seventy miles west of North Bay. You can go by motor to Lavack one hundred and thirty miles.

A canoe trip from Timmins to this group would be a fine outing. From Timmins to the north-east branch of the Biscotasi Lake is about ninety miles, going by Kenogamisso Lake and the Kenogamisso Falls.

I would like, for the information of the lovers of the canoe and the evening camps on wooded shores, if space permitted, to dwell longer on the description of the wonderful water courses linked, link to link, that traverse this country from north to south and crisscross in all directions. One must see it to believe it, and to see it would use up the holidays of many Summers.



## *Holidays*

Away, away, where the wild things play;  
Let us leave the crowded city,  
With its brilliant glare and the haughty stare  
Of the eyes that show no pity.  
Urge the iron steed to its utmost speed,  
Put the fleeing miles behind us.  
We shall find our rest where the song-birds nest,  
And where only God can find us.

Where the sunlight spills on the rugged hills,  
As they guard the bending river;  
And the shadows race in a merry chase,  
O'er the plumed tree-tops a-quiver.  
Where the fleecy foam flecks the arching dome  
Of the deep blue sky above us:  
We will shut the gate to the things that hate  
And remember those that love us.

There no hardened street spurns our weary feet,  
But the moss is soft and yielding:  
And the bending grass rustles as we pass,  
All its timid creatures shielding.  
There the air is filled with the music trilled  
By the singers that never sorrow:  
And the sun is red when the day has sped  
With the pledge of a fair tomorrow.

Then as darkness falls with its quiet walls,  
And the earth is wrapped in slumber:  
We shall lift our gaze to the starry maze,  
With its host that none can number.  
Where the guiding lights of earth's darkest nights  
In their pathless orbits shining,  
Circle in their spheres for a million years  
With a courage unrepining.

There we'll seek to learn with each day's return,  
That to trust is a peaceful resting.  
Though it brings its need that demands our heed  
Our strength and our courage testing,  
For we also share in the wondrous Care  
Which to birds of the air and heaven,  
And the fish that leap from the waters deep  
Each day is so freely given.

—J. C. Cochrane.

Built on the north-east shore of Nipissing (Big Water), a beautiful lake, eight-five miles in length, and from twenty to thirty miles wide, North Bay's location was chosen by the men who blazed the great trail from sea to sea, across a continent and on around a world, the Dominion of Canada's most persevering Pathfinders, first-born sons of the C.P.R. They had run their try-lines as far north of the Bay as Fort

Matachewan, a Hudson Bay post on the upper waters of the Montreal River. They had blazed south-west of Lake Nipissing across the French, but Destiny whispered "You must pass here," and so the foundation of a new city was begun on the spot where Champlain stood among his savage allies centuries ago, and foretold its coming. What he prophesied, and what these wise pioneers of the C.P.R. foresaw, when they marked North Bay upon their maps a little over half a century ago, has come to pass.

Mighty engines hauling passengers and freight, steam through its gates from the four points. Broad highways are in the building, already well advanced. Where the savages of many tribes met the pale-faced priest many years ago and learned the story of the white man's God, men of many nations meet today, on the paved streets of a healthy young city, buoyant with hope, confident in the strength of its position.

Little remains to remind one of the displaced savage, except wide Nipissing, their beloved big water, kissed by the rising sun, warmed by its generous rays, as it traverses the southern sky, and hallowed by the glory of its setting. So the savage children of the forest saw it centuries ago, so the enlightened children of the Gateway City will see it centuries hence, mirroring a great city in its crystal depths, as it mirrored the great forest swept from its shores by the axe of the pioneer, the onward sweep of civilization.

North Bay stands at the crossing of the two great highways, over which thousands have motored in the past few years, over which tens of thousands will motor in the next decade. Two hundred and thirty-four miles north of Toronto, seat of Ontario Government, two hundred and fifty-four miles west of Ottawa, Canada's beautiful capital, two hundred and eight-five miles east of Sault Ste. Marie, where Lake Superior pours its mighty floods into the Georgian Bay, and two hundred and seventy-six miles south of Cochrane, gateway to the far North.

Let me say to the tourist who seeks rest and quiet among wild and beautiful surroundings, and to the sportsman who would fish and hunt, come to North Bay, get your bearings there. Information will be freely and heartily given you. When you pass through its gates you will have entered an up-to-date city, where you will find accommodation and entertainment to satisfy the most fastidious. At the same time you will have entered the portals of the widest and most splendid natural playground on the continent of America.

Ten minutes' drive eastward will bring you to the shore of Trout Lake, Ontario's Lakes of Killarney, the starting point of the famous Mattawa River canoe trip, forty-five miles through woods and waters, teaming with fish and game, splendid in natural scenery.



Take the steamer Miami Beach at the city dock, sail over beautiful Nipissing, and down the wide French into a tourist Eden unsurpassed in the Northland, or elsewhere, far removed from the slightest sound of life's busy whirl.

Drive up the Ferguson Highway north. In twenty minutes you are passing through a hardwood forest. In half an hour you are among the whispering pines, in a wilderness of lakes, streams, and islands, the beauty of which no brush could paint.

Eighteen miles south-east you find the sleepy Nosbonsing, the Red Man's Medicine Lake, where, centuries ago, the tribes of the Nipissing gathered after battle, to bathe their wounds in its healing waters.

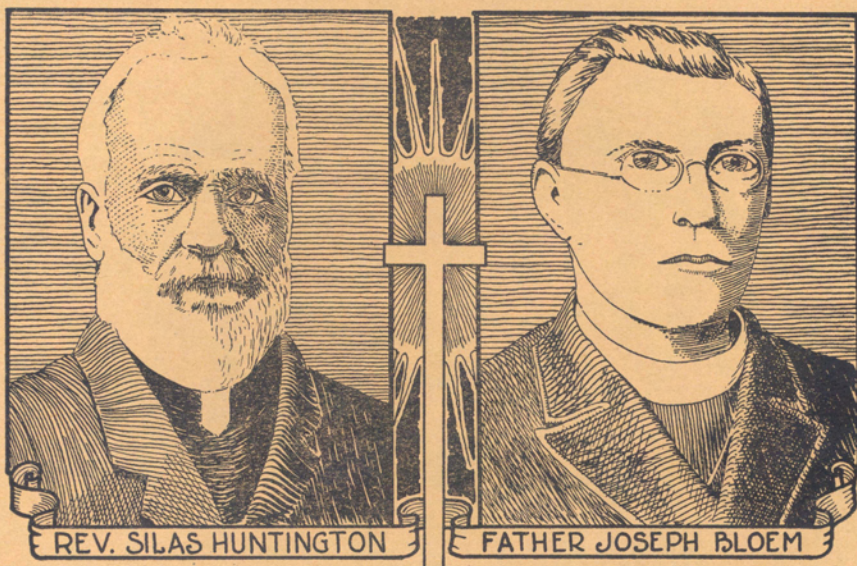
To try to picture what lies about and beyond North Bay to gladden the eye of the tourist, would read too much like far-fetched fiction. We will leave its advertising to the lucky folk who have come, seen, wondered, and enjoyed.

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## *The Seasons in The Wilds*

Nowhere in the world are the lines between the seasons drawn so abruptly and distinctly as in the North Country. You retire at night, your chamber lit by the glitter of the steely moon and flashing stars, the north wind sifting dry snow into the pathways. You rise in the morning to meet a soft south-eastern wind with the smell of new life and the promise of buds in it. Winter has blown itself out overnight, and Spring is here laughing at your surprised greeting. There is a ticking sound from the snow piles, and a sigh as of relief in the tree-tops. In the last days of May, you may pull the unopened buds with one hand, and full-blown Summer blooms with the other. Stand astride of the line, as it were, and cool one cheek, while the other is being sunburned. Today, as another August drops behind us, the leaves are pale green, dark green, and purple. Tonight hoar-frost will shower them with broken pearls. Tomorrow they will be pale yellow. The next day pink, and then a blaze of gold and scarlet. It is November. Dry leaves drift about our feet, beautiful in their decay. Tomorrow their rustling plaint will be hushed under the snow, and we will be surrounded by a great white silence.

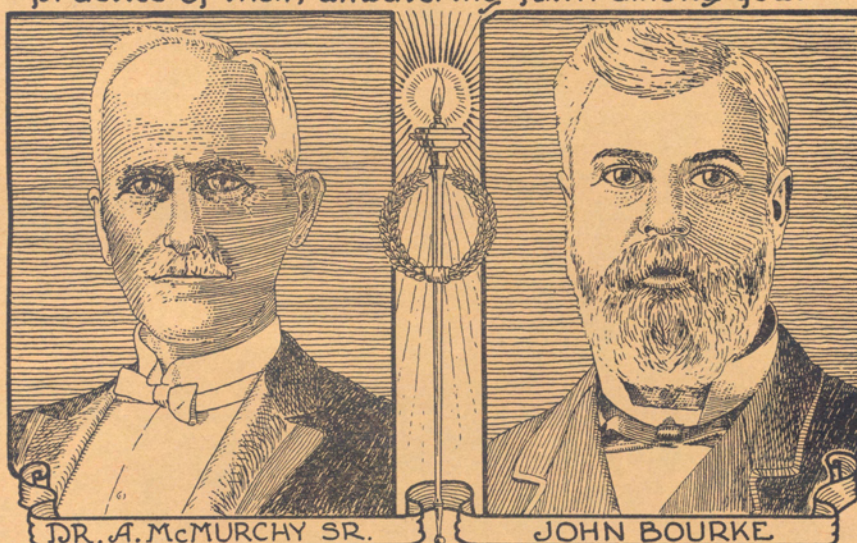
In this, of course, I am speaking of the wilds beyond the frontiers where Nature's arrangements have not been disturbed by the chopper, the ditcher and the sowers of seed good and bad.



REV. SILAS HUNTINGTON

FATHER JOSEPH BLOEM

North Bay's First Resident Spiritual Advisers.  
 They brought the blessing of the Great Builder  
 upon the foundation of your city to be, by the  
 practice of their, unwavering faith among you. ~



DR. A. McMURCHY SR.

JOHN BOURKE

North Bay's First Physician.  
 His name will be spoken  
 with reverence by your  
 children's children.

First Mayor of North Bay.  
 Whose strong shoulders  
 willingly bore their full  
 share of your early burdens.

*Rememberence of its worthy sons is the soul of a city. ~*



# CAMP BEAVERLAND On Martin Lake.

32 Miles North of North Bay on  
Ferguson Highway.  
Geo. V. Hughes, Prop.



The Brown Bull of Beaverland.



Bruin in the Blueberries.



Listening for the <sup>Page 10</sup> Trail Cry of the Wolf.




# CAMP BEAVERLAND

On Martin Lake~



You can close your eyes and ears to the Noise and Throng of the City and open them two hours later in a green wonderland of Lakes, Brooks and Virgin Timber.~

It sounds  ee, but you can prove it, just head your car for George Hughes' Tourist Camps in Beaverland.~



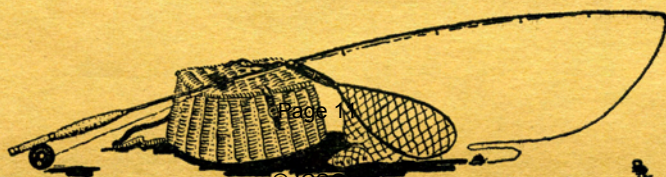
Black bass, Silver bass,  
Pickerel-dore and Muskey,  
Lake trout, Speckled trout,  
Sunkissed, Jewelled, Lusty.~



The proof of the fish is in the eating  
Catch them in waters crystal clear  
and cool,

Come and be happy folks, this life  
is fleeting.

Come where pine trees shadow  
many a spring-fed pool.~





If you are weary and would find  
rest come to **Camp Beaverland**  
where many waters meet. Nature's  
Masterpiece, matchless in wild  
beauty, just beyond the line where  
the noise of a busy city sinks into the  
great quiet of the wilderness.~



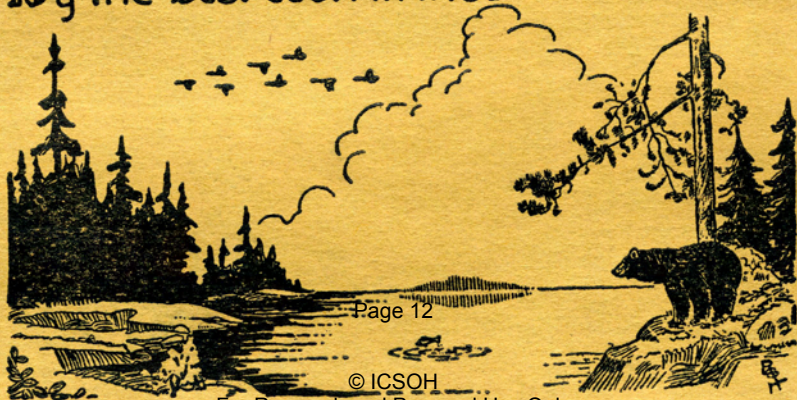
Nature fashioned this wild garden,  
Thirty miles beyond North Bay,  
Made of it a Sportsmans' Eden,  
Unsurpassed in Canada.

Jewelled by lakes and streams  
entrancing,

Where the beaver ages toiled,  
Come and view the works they builded,  
In a forest still unspoiled.~



Come and fish where fish aboundeth,  
Eat them fried or baked or boiled,  
By the best cook in the Northland.~





Board and Room.....\$3.00 per day.  
Cabins, fully equipped..\$2.00 per day and up.  
Boats.....\$1.50 per day.  
Canoes.....\$1.50 per day.  
Outboard Motors \$2.50 per day.  
Guides..\$5.00 per day.

Bait and Fishing  
Tackle on Sale at  
Camp.~



## OUR BEAVER~

Hail monarch of the  
streams, Super-engineer;

Master worker of  
the wilderness, First pioneer;

Immortal name to all  
Canadians dear,  
Our Beaver.~

Greetings  
Geo. V. Hughes  
Camp Beaverland.~







Charles Harrison represented Nipissing District from 1917 until 1921 in the Federal House. Called upon to stand for the Provincial House in the recent Nipissing by-election, he accepted, and swept the field, winning a hotly contested fight by over three thousand of a majority. Mr. Harrison is a man of the people, a C.P.R. train conductor with a clear record, an unassailable reputation. He knows men and life in the rough and in the smooth, and the country in which he lives, four ways from the centre. Very necessary qualifications in your representative, gentlemen, not assembled by one man in a day or a decade. He also knows what you want from the government you have sent him to strengthen, and he will bring it home to you if it be humanely possible.

A resident of North Bay for nearly forty-three years, Mr. Harrison knows the country to which your young city is the portal; no man better. He knows its unlimited resources and the work that must be done to make them available to all the people. He is at Toronto, backed by the people most vitally interested, to see that it is done, and he will get results.



The tourists and sportsmen visiting the Northland for rest or recreation who may chance to read this writing, may not think they are interested in the strength or weaknesses of our political representatives. They come to pass a few days or weeks in the cool green forests, tramp at will, undisturbed by the world, or its worries, among the countless lakes and brooks, to pitch their tents in wild flower-gardens, where the world's sweetest choir is sung in the air above them for their entertainment, but they are interested, and deeply so, if they give it a thought, for the result of Mr. Harrison's labor may be (I should say, will be) the building of broad smooth highways into the very heart of Nature's most picturesque playgrounds, that they may drive with speed, comfort and safety, mile after mile; civilization and its hurley-burley behind them; the great, solemn, unspoiled wilderness ahead and around them.

They are a fortunate people, indeed, who can enrich themselves by giving more than they receive. Good highways to the portals of the Northland, and on into its green depths will bring about that seeming impossibility. The tourists and sportsmen will, from their point of view, get more than their money's worth. Many of them claim they are getting that now, even under present road conditions. Now you can assure them the good roads are coming. They are already well begun, and with Charlie Harrison on the job they will be speeded up to double-quick.

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## *In The Loom of The Northland*

In this little poem, and the lines that follow, a Northland trail-blazer attempts, in his own words, to convey to you how he feels towards the land in which he lived and worked, from boyhood to old age.

Give me battle, stormy Northland,  
When your snow wraiths whirl abroad.  
Strength and hope renewed, soft Northland,  
When the buds are on the rod.

When warm June calls forth the blossoms,  
And the birds go mad with song,  
Catch me to your breast, oh, Northland,  
Hold me there the Summer long.

Let me share your sorrows, Northland,  
When your lovely bloom is shed,  
Dropping soft and fragrant carpets,  
O'er the graves of season's dead.

Let me, too, sleep in your bosom,  
Where I passed life's morn and noon,  
For my thread of life is woven  
With the seasons, in your loom.



Come to the Northland, friend stranger, and you, too, will be caught in the rattle of the great loom. Come, when the gentle May, queen of seasons, lays all her budding treasures at the feet of June, the mid-year king, begging warmth and vigor for her young. Come and walk through Autumn's fallen leaves into the great white, stilly halls of Winter. Feel your muscles tighten in the grip of battle-lust when you hear the Northwind rushing through the hills. A worthy foe is this daughter of the Polar Star when her snow-wraiths whirl abroad, pale ghosts in the haunting moonlight round your camp fire, dangerous foes to meet where shelter falls away. A health-restoring, strength-giving shelter for the weak and for the young is she, in Spring-time when Nature nourishes the buds against their day of blooming. A wonderland to rest in and forget when Summer, half asleep, empties the leavings from her paint-pots carelessly among the hills, when bird notes float along the waves of air, when even the voice of echo comes more softly from the granite caves and brooks that leaped to meet the April showers steal meekly through the reeds or speak in gurgling whispers when they meet around the pebbly shoals. Old are these streamlets as the hills yet ever young, freshened or controlled by Nature's wise design, a jeweled chain, linking ten thousand pools, a circlet of loveliness no human brush may touch. Its Painter is Divine. It is an endless chain, carrying life to flower, shrub and tree, and all the living creatures in the deep, green wood, the open plain and the far-off purple hills. 'Tis a wonderful system friend stranger, defying the wear of centuries, perpetual motion from the pulse of a mighty heart. Come, concealed little man, bring the records of your lilliput achievements, and make comparison, while you wanton in the nature-tended gardens of the North, filling your eyes with wonder and your mind with healthy thought. It is a good place and time for serious thought, an auditing of life's accounts in October when golden Autumn, dying, weeps among the ruins of her stript estate.

I have counted seasons in this land of woods and waters, gray-granite towers, and opal hills. Four times sixty-six have I counted bright jewels, all emeralds, opals, rubies and pure white pearls. They are my hoarded treasures, and I a miser, counting, counting, ever eager to add another to the lovely pile, making no choice between them, though they are so different, one from the other, matchless patterns in the warp of the great Loom, weaving, weaving.

Come, friend stranger, though it be a far, far, journey. Come, and gather a few jewels to yourself. On your day of reckoning you will see them shining, between the shadows on the trail, bright inns of rest for memory, journeying from the now to the then.



COURTESY OF

# The New Outlook

Published under the Authority of The United Church of Canada

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VOL. 102—No. 16

March 4, 1931

## *The Plea of a River*

BY J. C. COCHRANE

The development of power on the Abitibi River, Northern Ontario, will result in blotting out the rugged beauty of its scenery. The construction of these power dams turns large tracts of land into huge reservoirs where all trace of the river is lost and where the surface is covered with the debris of destroyed forest growth. The dam at the Abitibi Canyon will blot out every waterfall for a distance of twenty miles up the river.

O ruthless man! why fetter me?  
I'm racing onward to the sea.  
Born in a thousand tiny rails,  
I've heard a call among the hills.  
I haste to ocean depths which lie  
Where Northern Lights flame Arctic sky.  
Where from these crippling banks I'm free—  
O ruthless man! why fetter me?

For countless years, when wild geese wing  
Their journey northward in the Spring,  
My icy cloak I've cast aside  
And through this Canyon, deep and wide,  
I've roared with wildly-tossing spray,  
Unchallenged on my seaward way.  
Past beetling cliffs, with hungry maw,  
Where Indian braves have stood in awe  
Canoes aloft on patient head.  
They viewed my raging flood with dread.  
Dark, shining boulders I've caressed,  
While drapes of foam adorned my breast;  
Through storm and sunshine, felt each hour  
The thrill of an unmeasured power.  
Alas! in chance a slave to be—  
O ruthless man! why fetter me?



What though my winged power flies  
Afar through copper arteries;  
What if I flood your homes with light.  
And turn your wheels with measured might?  
Are yokèd bullocks, duly named.  
As fleet as wild things still untamed?  
Is Samson, grinding in the mills,  
A happier man than on the hills?  
These forest slopes, where wild things play,  
Shall then be turned to miry clay.  
Grim, sentinel rocks, which vigil keep,  
Be swallowed up in a sightless deep  
These Canyon scenes which stir the blood,  
Shall disappear 'neath stagnant flood.  
Will ye not listen to my plea—  
O ruthless man! why fetter me?

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## *Sketches on The History of The Nipissing Indians And Other Tribes*

In the year 1618, Jean Menet, an interpreter, lived with the Nipissing Indians on Lake Nipissing. There is a romantic story told of him which is borne out in some of Father Le Caron's reports. Jean, so the story goes, loved the only daughter of Wa Bun (East Wind), a chieftain of a branch of the Huron Nation, known in the early days as the Bad Iroquois. This chief, who had other plans for his daughter's future, warned Jean through a messenger, not to approach his camp under pain of torture and death at the stake, but true love, as everyone knows, thrives on opposition and laughs at danger, and Jean loved Owaissa (Bluebird) who was beautiful, and she loved him in return, so he persuaded a band of young Nipissing braves, who called him brother, to help him storm the camp of Wa Bun, and carry off his daughter. The venture proved successful, but only after a desperate battle, in which tomahawks dripped red, and many scalps were taken. The young couple happily united, succeeded in escaping the vengeance of Wa Bun. They lived their wild, free life together for many years.

Their graves, according to Bateese Mallet, who claims to be one of their descendants, are on the shore of the Garden River, about twenty miles from the City of Sault Ste. Marie.

Etienne Brûlé, the famous coureur de bois, who accompanied Champlain on many of his voyages, was treacherously murdered by the Bad Iroquois in 1632. The deed was thought to be the work of Wa Bun in revenge on the pale-faces for the loss of his only daughter. Brûlé was killed near where the town of Penetanguishene now stands.



On July 9th, 1615, Champlain, Etienne Brûlé, their interpreter, and ten Indians, set out on their historic voyage to the Georgian Bay. They followed the Ottawa River to a landing, since known as Gould's Wharf, portaged across by where the village of Cobden now stands, into Muskrat Lake, down through Mud Lake, and along the Muskrat River to where it empties into Allumette Lake, almost exactly in the centre of the town of Pembroke. This detour was made to avoid the rapids. From there they once more followed the Ottawa to the mouth of the Mattawa, followed the Mattawa west to its source, Trout Lake, where they camped for one night, July 25th, 1615. On the 26th they portaged to Lake Nipissing, and camped there for two days. Father Le Caron, the discoverer of Lake Nipissing, had reached there just two days in advance of them. After resting two days, they crossed Lake Nipissing and went down the French River to Georgian Bay, and on into the Huron country. They met Father Le Caron at Otonacha, the chief village of the Attignaouantans, one of the four chief branches of the Great Huron family.

Champlain and his party visited five villages before setting out on their return journey, of which Cahiaque was the most important. It boasted two hundred well-built huts and was the chief Bourgase of the tribe De La Roche.

Four tribes of common origin and language were living on the Huron Peninsula at that time. They were the Attignaouantans, the Attignenonghacs, the Arendarrhonons and the Tohontahenrats. The French named them all Onendats. In Champlain's time, the Iroquois were a collection of disbanded tribes, Hurons, Tronnotates, Eries, and De Feins. They became a barbarous race, fighting against all nations living in Canada, and were called the Bad Iroquois, to distinguish them from the others.

Of all the Huron tribes, the Attignaouantans were the strongest. Father De Brebeuf, who knew them well, says they were mild, charitable and polite.

The Huron Country is watered by Lake Simcoe on the eastern side, and by the Georgian Bay on the western side. It extended from north to south between the Rivers Severn, and the Nattawasaga. This land is about seventy miles long and from twenty to twenty-five miles wide.

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## *The Waters of The Great Far North And West*

Early Fur Company Posts, and The Great C.P.R.

The contract for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was signed on Oct. 21st, 1880, work was begun in May, 1881, and the last spike driven by Sir Donald A.



Smith, Lord Strathcona, Nov. 7th, 1885. The driving of that last spike joining the eastern and western ends of what was destined to become the world's greatest railway system, signalized a victory for the army of industry, greater than any won by the cannon or the sword, and nailed the emblem of our Dominion in a high place among the colors of the world's greatest nations.

Robert Campbell joined the Hudson Bay staff in 1832, on the Mackenzie River. For eighteen years, he explored the upper reaches of the Liard and the Yukon Rivers, but it was his journey on snow-shoes from Simpson to Crow Wing, Minn., a distance of over three thousand miles, that made him famous.

James Evans, a Methodist Minister, began his life-work among the Indians at Rice Lake. While staying at Norway House in 1841, he invented the Cree Syllabic Characters, a phonetic system, by means of which the Indians were taught to read. At first he cast his own type, built his own press, and printed on birch bark.

Fort Albany, a Hudson Bay post at the mouth of the Albany River, west coast of James Bay, was established in 1683.

Fort Camosun, a Hudson Bay post, is now the City of Victoria.

Chipewyan was built by the North West Co. in 1788, on the south shore of Lake Athabaska near the mouth of Athabaska River. It was removed by the Hudson Bay Co. in 1820, to the north shore where it still stands.

The Fraser River rises in the Rocky Mountains and flows into the Straits of Georgia. Its upper waters were discovered by Alexander Mackenzie in 1793, and was first explored to its mouth by Simon Fraser in 1808. The total length of the river is six hundred and ninety-five miles.

The Georgian Bay was discovered by Father Joseph Le Caron, a Franciscan, in 1615.

Ginseng root, gathered by the Indians for shipment to China, brought five dollars a pound in the 17th century.

Grand Portage is situated near the western end of Lake Superior, about twenty miles south of Fort William. It is impossible to say which was the first white man to stand upon this famous centre of the fur-trade. Pierre Radisson came that way in 1662, Du Lhut in 1678, Noyon in 1688, and La Nove in 1717, but there is no evidence that any of the four were actually at Grand Portage. It is first mentioned by Pachot in 1722. La Verendrye visited it in 1731. From that time it grew steadily in importance until finally abandoned in 1801, in favor of Fort William. The portage was from Lake Superior to the Pigeon River.

Great Bear Lake, in Northern Canada, has an area of eleven thousand, eight hundred and twenty-one square



miles. It was discovered by the men of the North West Fur Co., and a post built there in 1800.

Great Slave Lake, discovered by Samuel Hearne in 1771, has an area of ten thousand, seven hundred and eighteen square miles.

Hochelaga was an Iroquois village situated on the island of Montreal in 1535. Its ashes are covered by the city.

Hudson Bay was explored by Henry Hudson in 1610, and named after him. It was explored by Sir Thomas Button in 1612, by James Munk in 1619, by Fox and James in 1631. In 1668 the first trading ship of the Hudson Bay Co. entered the Bay, and their first fort was built at the mouth of the Rupert River.

Lake of the Woods, on the international boundary, west of Lake Superior, was discovered by Jacques De Noyon in the year 1688. Fort St. Charles was built by La Verendrye, on the western shore of the Lake in 1732. His son, Jean, with the Jesuit Missionary, Auluean, and a number of voyagers, were murdered by the Sioux Indians on an island in the lake.

Manitoba has an area of seventy-three thousand, nine hundred and fifty-six square miles. The old Red River Settlement, founded by Lord Selkirk, forms the nucleus of the province. The name is a contraction of the Cree word Mautonaban.

Fleury Misplet was the publisher of the first book printed in Canada.

Miscon, an island on the southern side of the entrance to the Baie De Chaleur, was the reputed home of the Gugu, a very remarkable monster described by Champlain.

The Mississagua Indians are a tribe of the Algonquin stock. They are named on the maps of 1670 as occupying the North Shore of Lake Huron, about the mouth of the Garden River. Some were at the mission of Sault Ste. Marie in 1670-1673. After the Great Iroquois raid in 1650 they scattered through the North Country. About seven hundred are now living on reservations in Ontario.

The Mohawk Indians were a tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy. Their village stood in the valley of the Mohawk River.

The Nelson River rises in the Rocky Mountains at the head waters of Bow River, a branch of the South Saskatchewan. Its length to Lake Winnipeg is three hundred and ninety miles. To the head waters of the Bow is sixteen hundred and sixty miles. The head of the river was discovered by Sir Thomas Button in 1612. He wintered there.

New Ontario includes that part of the province known as Northern and North Western Ontario, lying west of the



upper Ottawa River and its tributary lakes, north of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and extending to the eastern boundary of the Province of Manitoba on the west, and to the Albany River and James Bay on the north.

The Ottawa Indians were a tribe of the Algonquin family. Champlain met some of them on the French River in 1615. They were called the Cheveux Releves because of the peculiar way they arranged their hair.

The Ottawa River, a tributary of the St. Lawrence, was explored by Champlain in 1613-1615, named after the Ottawa Indians, and its waters formed, for many years, the thoroughfares of explorers, missionaries and fur-traders from Montreal to the far west. At a later date it became the main thoroughfare for the lumbermen into the great pine forests. Millions upon millions of feet of timber were driven down its course to the St. Lawrence, thence to Quebec City for shipment overseas.

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## *The Great Trail*

Up the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Ottawa, up the Ottawa to the Mattawa, up the Mattawa to Trout Lake, a portage into Lake Nipissing, where the city of North Bay stands today, down the French into Georgian Bay, around the Sault Rapids into Mighty Superior, on to Grand Portage and the Pigeon River, on and still on to the western and northern seas.

For nearly two hundred and fifty years, daring adventurers seeking the treasures of a new world, devout missionaries seeking martyrdom or victory for the cross, hardy peasants from the back countries, seeking freedom from unjust laws and restrictions, scions of the first houses in Europe and the British Isles, servants of the great rival fur companies, savage and christian, friendship and hate, death, swift and awful, life full to overflowing, met and jostled on the greatest and most intensely romantic trail ever blazed in any land, in any age.

Where the Gateway City stands today, on the shores of historic Nipissing, was a favorite resting-place on the long hike. There, voyagers from the East, the South, the North and West met around their camp-fires, and recounted the adventures of their voyage. Men from Hudson Bay and men from the passes of the Rocky Mountains, met from Montreal and Quebec and from the new settlements in the uplands, the one, eager for information on the far North and West, the other, eager for news of their loved ones in the new settlements or from the old land beyond the Atlantic.

Their voices have been silent this many a year, a new



city has sprung up where the ashes of their camp-fires grew cold and were covered by the fallen leaves of a conquered forest, but their names will live, and be spoken with reverence and pride by all Canadians, and the result of their deeds will be felt while the sun shines on Lake Nipissing and its waters flow to the French.

Back in the seventies and the eighties, lumbermen and their hardy employes, canoed and packed their Winter provisions over the rivers, lakes and portages, to the scene of their operations, preparing to face a siege of from six to nine months, with the elements and the great white pine. Baked beans, fat pork, strong tea, and bread, cooked at a comboose, was their fare three times a day. Most days they carried their noon lunch in a small, cotton sack, strapped to their backs, and ate it sitting on one of the frozen logs their axes had cut, their feet buried in the snow to keep them from freezing while they ate. The lunch consisted of a lump of fat pork, weighing about half a pound, frozen into a solid mass, and a piece of bread in the same condition. They thawed the bread at a small fire, kindled for the purpose, but ate the pork frozen as it was. Fat pork is more palatable frozen, at least, I have always thought so.

They lived in tents for weeks at a time, when the thermometer registered thirty to forty below zero, warmed their bread and beans at a fire in the open, under the glittering stars, for their breakfast was usually eaten two hours before sunrise, and their supper, long after its pale light had faded from the Wintry skies.

In Spring, when the great drive began, they waded waist-deep in ice water, rolling the logs over the shallows, or leading them, as they would say themselves, "out of the swales and eddies," into the main current, while chunks of broken ice bumped against their legs, and yet, through the worst of it, the ring of their voices, raised in song, awoke the echoes for miles, up and down the stream.

Some of them were drowned in the swollen rivers and creeks, some killed by falling limbs or trees, or the unexpected breaking away of a skid-way, or high-piled log jam, those of them who escaped the dangers of their calling, lived to a good old age, many passing the century mark.

It was the work of their broken hands, and the sacrifice of their lives that built our ships and cities.

Lake Temiskaming, Ottawa River water, extends from the Government Dam at South Temiskaming, the home of the International Pulp and Paper Co., to North Temiskaming, a French village in the province of Quebec, a distance of ninety-six miles. It has a shore-line of five hundred and eighty-two miles, and the Kippewa and Montreal Rivers are its largest tributaries. The beautiful and thriving towns of Haileybury and New Liskeard, stand upon its Ontario shore, on the main line of the T.N.O. Railway, one hundred and two and one hundred and six miles, respectively, north



of North Bay. The Ferguson Highway passes through them.

The Mattawa River, from the village of Mattawa, to Trout Lake, four miles east of North Bay, flows through a forest almost as unspoiled as it was in the days of Champlain. The same can be said of the French River, from Lake Nipissing to the Georgian Bay, and also, of the numerous lakes and streams lying between North Bay and Temagami Village on the T.N.O. Railway and Ferguson Highway.

A man seeking the hidden places can disembark from a C.N.R. train at any station between Superior Junction and Cochrane, or from a T.N.O. train, between Cochrane and North Bay, and, with the exceptions of one or two stations, lose himself in the wilderness within half an hour.

The ruins of Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River, are well worth seeing by the man or woman who enjoys looking back into the past of the North Country. Built by the Hudson Bay Company between the years 1733 and 1771, its walls were of solid masonry from thirty-seven to forty-two feet thick, its dimensions three hundred and ten by three hundred and seventeen feet. A good part of the old walls are still standing. One wonders why they went to such an enormous expense. Surely it did not require such massive walls to withstand the guns of that day.

During the administration of Jean-Batiste Talon, the first brewery in North America, was established, about the year 1640.

Lake Superior has an area of thirty-one thousand, eight hundred square miles. It was discovered by Etienne Brual in 1622.

Lake Temagami, on the T.N.O. Railway and Ferguson Highway, sixty-four miles north of the Gateway City, is admitted to be the most picturesque sheet of water in Canada. Its numerous bays and arms, are the wonder and delight of the thousands of tourists who spend their Summer vacation there. It has three thousand miles of shore-line, and is dotted over by sixteen hundred beautiful islands, on the largest of which, (Bear Island), there is a Hudson Bay Post.

We lack time and space to tell of the numerous lakes, rivers and brooks that jewel the wonderful Northland. It is a storehouse of wealth and a kingdom of beauty, calling, alike to the eager sportsman, the wide-awake investor and the happy folks, who love nature for itself alone, disturbed only by the echo from its deep dales, the song of birds, the murmur of waters, and the whisper of flower scented zephyrs in the leafy roof overhead.

Call at the Board of Trade Information Bureau in the Gateway City, and secure the Key.

## *North Bay Board of Trade*

The members of the Board of Trade, over which Mr. Thompson at present presides, are the men who work the pumps keeping the life-current of the city in circulation, an arduous and time-consuming duty, self-imposed, not always appreciated by the people who benefit thereby.

The North Bay Board of Trade have always a good program on their table. With plenty of good material to draw from, the samples in their showcase are well worth looking over. Good business opportunities for men of small capital are plentiful in the Gateway City. When power can be supplied at a reasonable cost, there will be opportunities for the larger interests which they cannot afford to overlook.

Northern Ontario, with short-cuts into a large and rich part of Northern Quebec, is rapidly becoming a great market. Gold, silver and copper mines, lumber-mills, immense pulp, paper, and power plants, cannot be built and operated without men, tools, and machinery. Twenty-five per cent. of the explosives manufactured in Canada are being consumed there now. It is safe to say that the demand for everything necessary for the carrying on of large industries will be doubled in the North Country within the next decade.

North Bay is the logical shipping point to the North. North Bay, when it can supply power (which it will shortly) will be the natural manufacturing headquarters for this great and ever-increasing market. When the French River is opened to Great Lake freighters, and that project is, by no means, a dead issue, as many influential men will testify, North Bay, in a few years after the unloading of the first boat at its dock, will be one of the busiest and most thriving cities in the Dominion.

Consider the outlook. Is it to be wondered at that the members of the North Bay Board of Trade are confidently and heartily manning the pumps?



## *Kipling's Lady of Snows*

Kipling, great of the classic muse,  
Kipling, read by all,  
Came into this land and he penned his views,  
Printed broadcast in the daily news,  
An exceedingly classic scrawl.

He named this land Our Lady of Snows,  
Wrapped in a great white pall,  
This beautiful land where the maple grows,  
Sure that could not be written by one who knows  
Our Canadian home at all.

Let him ask of the strangers from far and near  
Who visit our plains and hills,  
Who hunt the moose and cotton-tailed deer,  
By the wide lake-side and rivers clear,  
And fish in the winding rills.

Who tramp for health through the evergreens,  
And sleep in the maple's shade  
Where nature opens a book of scenes  
No artist can fix on painted screens,  
Nor time can ever fade.

I'm a child of this land and I take it ill,  
The rest of the world be told—  
Though I love to slide on the snow-clad hill,  
And laugh in the teeth of Winter's chill—  
That our country's always cold.

Let Kipling come with his magic pen  
In the middle of drousy June,  
He will find green fields and warm-hearted men,  
And maids who make happy homes for them;  
Let him come when the roses bloom.

While the cheery tree's white and the elm's green,  
Through a Summer day to roam,  
By the river wide, and the laughing stream,  
When the sun, through the birch on the waters gleam,  
Where the beaver builds his home.

If he would court a muse that never fails,  
To thrill the poet's pen,  
Let him cull wild flowers in blushing vales,  
Where no hired gardener's spade assails,  
And sing us a hymn to them.

Let him weave a lilt from whispering boughs,  
The bee o'er the sweet wild rose,  
The mother bird's call to her absent spouse,  
A sigh from the grass where the mud-hens drouse,  
To sing to his Lady of Snows.

Let him come when our orchards are green and gold,  
Our harvests all shocked in rows,  
From his fog-drenched isle, so narrow and old,  
To this wide new land he deems so cold,  
And sing to the absent snows.—Oneita McEwen, 1925.

## *Be Careful of The Fire*

"Children," said the cow-moose, to her beloved twins one fine morning, as they stood on a hillside watching the sun rise beyond a wide lake, "this would be a great old earth to live upon were it not for the mad man-creatures, who are rearing around on their hind legs, seeking whom they may devour."

"They should be all drowned in the lake," voiced the twins.

"No, no, children, they would contaminate it. Let them be consumed by fire. It was they who kindled the first, on our dear earth, and I have no doubt there is a final blaze waiting for them somewhere."

Of course, the twins, not being human children, did not argue the point with their parent.

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## *Advice*

Don't pick a guide from the street without previous knowledge of his standing. If he is genuine, he will go with you to the Information Bureau to be approved of by the manager.

Nature is waiting for you with open arms, arrayed in her best attire. Be careful of your camp-fires, lest you singe her robes in return for her hospitality.

The manager of our Bureau knows the North Land from fringe to centre. He will give you the information you ask without favor from any, with malice to none. Ask him as many questions as you please. He likes it. You are not wasting his time, because, while the questioner is being satisfied the listeners are learning.

Failure on the part of a caterer to keep up the recognized standard of our splendid tourist resorts spells finis for him as far as this Bureau is concerned.

Information is not given in this Bureau with a view to holding you at any particular point or resort. The information men will give you the key to the farthest reaches of the North Land if you ask him for it.

The experienced angler knows, the beginner must learn, that the waters in which you didn't get a nibble yesterday may yield you a fine string tomorrow. Don't spoil your outing peddling unlucky days from stream to stream, while more patient fishermen cover themselves with scales and glory behind you.

"If at first you don't succeed, try again," is a good motto for the angler, as, for instance, I sat one day upon a rain-soaked log, my feet plunged in wet grass. A brook trout,



about four inches long, the result of four hours' hard fishing, lay beside me. The rain leaked through the crevices of my straw hat into my neck. It also got into my jacket pockets, made soup of the sandwiches, and wet all my matches. I took a pull at my dead pipe and filled my mouth with a solution of nicotine and rain water. A red squirrel popped out of a hole in a stub, and began cussing me in four foreign languages. When I looked up at him a large rain-drop, with a piece of bark in it, fell off a limb into my eye. When I tried to dig it out, the wet tobacco ashes on my finger-end got in along with the bark, and set it on fire. I threw my pipe at the squirrel, missed it, and hit the brook plumb centre.

When I slopped in home about dark that evening, the Temperance Workers Committee were calling, and had just finished the Scotch. My wife asked me if I had cleaned the fish. Woow!

One week later I went back to the same spot, and caught fourteen beauties. I made friends with the squirrel and spent one of the most pleasant days of my life. But I never found my pipe, and my wife still wants to know from all and sundry why men swear on such little provocation. Again, W-o-o-w!

## *The Boastful Brook*

Did you ever walk beside a brook, from the pure, clear pool which is its source, to the great river where it is swallowed up and forgotten? If not, do so some day when opportunity affords, and listen to it babble its little story, punctuated by pebbly shoals, and emphasized by tiny falls, rushing around periodical boulders into other hurried paragraphs, eager to reach the Big Water, which spells finis, to become nothing, or at most, a tarnished ripple in the surging flood. It babbles of the great swells it will raise, when it plunges into the surprised Big Water. Poor, foolish little brook, racing to get out of the sheltering dells that keep it fresh and beautiful. If you are old, its story will sadden you, if middle aged, it may give you pause, if young, you will agree with its babblings, because your life current is hurried as is its waters, and the end is hidden from you as from it by the mist that shrouds the wide river.

Nature has written some wonderful books, beautifully bound and illustrated, but the lessons she writes therein, are more beautiful still. Come and read one or two of them. Get the key to her library at the Gateway City Information Bureau.

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Though their ways diverge widely, they shall come together at the appointed place.—Anon.

Chester B. Seaforth  
    came North,  
He saw a mighty torrent in the woods.  
Quoth C. B., "What power  
    each hour  
Seeths past in those great floods."  
He did investigate, and how it ends  
C. B. came North again and brought his friends.

G. B. Mayforth  
    came North  
And saw a lovely trouty looking brook.  
"Splendid," quoth G. B.  
    I'll see  
If there is ought in here to test my hook."  
He did investigate, and how it ends  
G. B. came North again and brought his friends.



Store your car at North Bay and embark on the steamer Miami Beach for Tomahawk Lodge, sail over beautiful Nipissing and down the historic French, take a forty-mile dive into the heart of Nature, and meet the genial Joe Sheedy, where there are no shrieking whistles, clanging bells and honking car horns to drown his cheery words of welcome. You will be glad you did. They all are.

---

Tourists coming by train to spend their Summer holidays in Northern Ontario, or coming for the Winter sports to a country where there are five Switzerlands in one, can take a C.P.R. train at Chicago, Pittsburg or New York, and be in the Gateway City in twenty-four hours, coming either by Montreal, Toronto or the Sault.

Why burn gas and buy tires—the C.P.R. passenger trains are safe, fast, luxurious and always ready to go.

---

Log Cabin Park is situated on Chippewa Creek about six miles north of the Gateway City on the Ferguson Highway. It is an ideal place to rest in and do a little trout fishing. There are new, clean, well-kept pine log cabins equipped for housekeeping, supplies sold at camp on reasonable terms; fresh eggs, butter, garden truck, new milk, cream and buttermilk. Splendid home meals served at the main dining camp if required. Give Mr. Mallon an opportunity to prove the correctness of this information. He will not disappoint you.

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The Field branch highway, now under construction, will form a junction with the Ferguson Highway one mile south of the Martin River Government camp grounds. Turn right at the junction for Camp Beaverland. The entrance to Beaverland is on the left about two and a half miles south of the junction. It is one of the most popular tourist resorts. Don't miss it.

It is thirty-two miles from the entrance to Beaverland to North Bay on a fast highway through a real forest, and an up-to-date city at the end of the journey.



# CAMP CHAMPLAIN

Information and Entertainment  
for the Tourist. Her Salmon,  
Bass, Lake Trout, Pickerel and  
fighting Muskies test the Anglers Skill.



Keno'zha

The Pickerel.



They came in canoes up the Mattawa River  
through the forest primeval 315 years ago.  
You may go down the Mattawa to-day through  
the forest primeval.  
Truly nature has protected her favourite  
garden from the eye of the spoiler.



# CAMP CHAMPLAIN.

A good cook well equipped and supplied,  
An appetite won from the big outside,  
A trout just pulled from the tide,  
In a dish well fried,  
A friend and a pipe,  
It has been tried,  
and it worked.

Come and experiment at **CAMP CHAMPLAIN**  
Bring your friend, we have all the other in-  
gredients here.

Let us show you where to go for real sport  
in the hunting season.



You may shatter  
the echoes with  
shots as you will.  
But the Moose and  
the Red Deer will  
cling round there still.

*With apologies to Moore.*



R.S. Huntington

A hunter there was and he wanted a bear,  
Even as you or I.  
But he met an old mother with cubs a pair,  
Then a rag and a bone and a wisp of hair,  
Gunless and hatless <sup>spun</sup> the air,  
Even as you or I.

*With apologies to Kipling.*

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# Camp Champlain



The wild is calling to you, it will greet you with its home grown flowers, its golden sunsets, shaded pools and coaxing streamlets; let the songbirds wake you in the morning, instead of clanging bells and shrieking whistles; breathe the air that filters through the wooded hills, instead of along the narrow brick walled dusty streets.



Come to **CAMP CHAMPLAIN** and live again.

Though it be but for a day.  
Come and forget to worry  
and fret.

You are not too old to play.

A well stocked brook, rod,  
line and hook,

Quaff nature's rich  
champagne.

Young Robin hoods,  
in deep green woods.

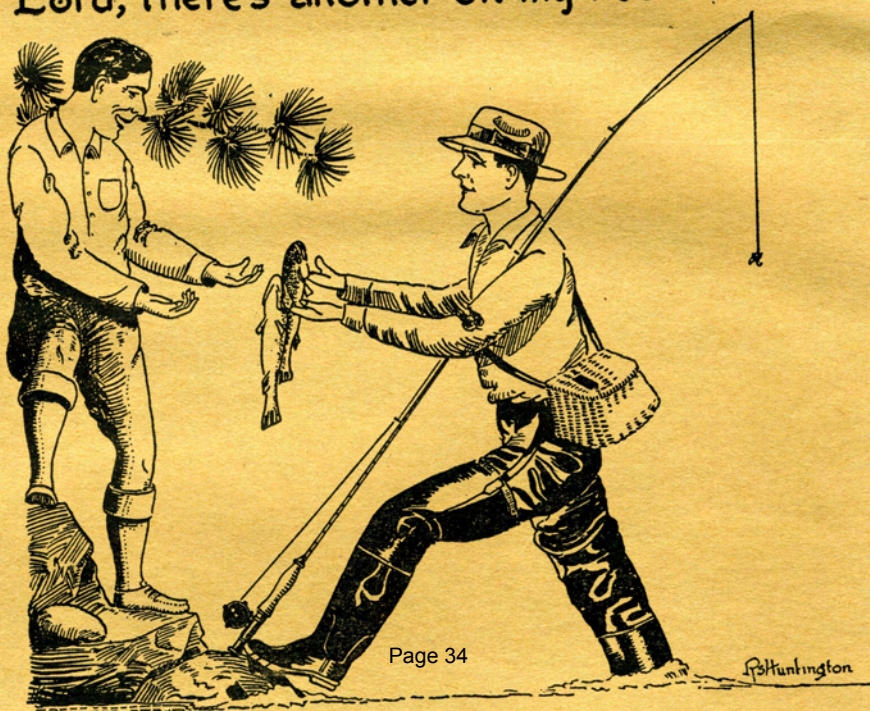
Just careless boys again.





# The Interrupted Singer.

A song I sing to **CAMP CHAMPLAIN**,  
The lovely lake, each bay and brook,  
But here's an end to my refrain,  
There's something nibbling at my hook.  
A trout, a trout, boy, feel the thrill,  
Let home, and business wait back east,  
There's heaps of trout in this sweet rill.  
I'll stay another week at least,  
Another week, 'tis but a day,  
Time flies at such a camp as this,  
Another trout, hurrah, hurrah.  
Home has its points, but this is bliss,  
Guide, "take those Beauties to the Cook,"  
"Say, did you ever see such fish?"  
No finer ever jewelled a brook,  
Or sizzled in a cooking dish.  
A song I sing to **CAMP CHAMPLAIN**,  
To **E.L. HUGHES**, his Guides, and Cook,  
Come listen to my lovely strain,  
Lord, there's another on my hook. →





## Cuisine —

Appetizing meals are served in the main dining room. Fresh vegetables are procured from our own garden, and cream, butter and poultry from the farm. Meals are served with scrupulous cleanliness, with variety and abundance.

## Fishing Season —

Camps open May 10 for speckled trout and salmon fishing. Pickerel season opens June 1; bass and lung, July 1. Camp remains open till the end of hunting season — November 25.

## Our Camps —

Our camps are operated on two different plans. You may either board with us at our main camp or batch it in one of our smaller cabins and provide your own table — the supplies for which may be procured at the trading post at a reasonable price.

## Rates, Main Camp —

Board and room — \$5.00 per day or \$24.50 by the week. Children under 12 half rate. Separate sleeping cabins for each party. Central dining and club room.

## Rates, Batch-it Cabins —

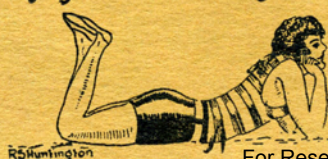
Batch-it cabins fully equipped with blankets, linen, dishes, utensils, etc., are rented at \$1.50 per day each person by the week; or \$2.00 per day each person by the day.

All buildings well screened and ventilated.

Rowboats or canoes . . . \$1.00 per day  
Guides . . . . . 5.00 per day  
Outboard motors . . . . . 2.50 per day

Transportation to or from head of the lake to camp, \$1.00 each person.

All accommodations at CAMP CHAMPLAIN are secured by reservation with a deposit of 20% of your booking.



ACCOMMODATION  
FOR LADIES  
AND CHILDREN







If your appetite is jaded,  
your nerves rasping one  
across another, your mental  
supports, bending under an  
overload of self imposed care,  
if you rise from your bed  
in the morning, in a dark  
blue funk instead of being  
filled with joy that you  
are still living in this  
really great old world, take  
a few weeks off, and drive a  
dog-team into the hills and  
valleys around **E.L. HUGHES'**  
**WINTER CAMPS**, where  
Nature still defies the march  
of progress. —



*Open for  
Winter Sports  
1932.*



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ReWilmington



# Miles To and From North Bay

## North Bay to Pembroke

Mileage

9	Callander
20	Bonfield
44	Mattawa
69	Two Rivers
124	Chalk River
134	Petawawa
144	Pembroke

## Pembroke to Ottawa

16	Beachburg
20	Cobden
43	Renfrew
52	Arnprior
106	Ottawa

Ottawa to Montreal	167
Montreal to Quebec City	181

## North Bay to Sault Ste. Marie

24	Sturgeon Falls
45	Warren
73	Wanapitei
85	Sudbury
89	Coppercliff
104	Whitefish
106	Espanola
120	Nairn
137	Webbwood
148	Massey
162	Spanish River
195	Blind River
212	Iron Bridge
232	Thessalon
246	Bruce Mines
288	Sault Ste. Marie

## North Bay to Cochrane

Mileage

22	Tilden Lake
32	Marten Lake
36	Marten River
65	Temagami
87	Latchford
96	Cobalt
102	Haileybury
106	New Liskeard
129	Earlton
148	Charlton
171	Swastika
174	Kirkland Lake
212	Matheson
235	Porquois Junction
238	Iroquois Falls
276	Cochrane

From Haileybury to North Temiskaming	16
From North Temiskaming to Rouyn	70
From Porquois Junction to Timmins	38

## North Bay to Toronto

9	Callander
22	Powassan
48	Sundridge
100	Burks Falls
110	Emsdale
112	Scotia Junction
119	Bracebridge
130	Gravenhurst
142	Severn
155	Orillia
201	Bradford
236	Toronto



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**Buick**



**Cadillac**

COMPLETE GENERAL MOTORS SERVICE.

ONTARIO MOTOR LEAGUE SERVICE STATION

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ALEMITE SERVICE STATION

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Official Representatives American Automobile Association

MODERN SERVICE TRUCK

**COMPLETE FORD SERVICE**

55-56 MAIN STREET EAST

NORTH BAY

PHONE 999



# **TOURISTS - - -**

**WELCOME TO THE GATEWAY OF  
THE NORTH AND TO THE**

## **N E W ROYAL T H E A T R E**

**One of the Three Clearest Talkie Houses  
in Canada**

# **SUNSET PARK**

**3 MILES SOUTH OF NORTH BAY  
ON MAIN HIGHWAY**

***COTTAGES and CABINS  
To Rent***

**BOATS AND CANOES  
GOOD BATHING AND FISHING  
LUNCHES**

**E. J. JESSUP, Proprietor**



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**GENERAL REPAIRS**

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**GENERAL REPAIRS ON ALL MAKES OF CARS**

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***Towing A Specialty***

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**GAS PUMP AND MOBILE OILS**

**Hours: 8 a.m. to 11 p.m.**

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**One Block from Empire Hotel**

**PHONE 377**

Gateway City Leading Commercial Hotel

## The Queen's

M. C. SHEPHERD, Proprietor

FRANK BARRY, Manager

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American Plan, \$3.50 and \$4.50 per day

European Plan: \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day

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RUNNING WATER IN ALL ROOMS  
ROOMS WITH BATH

SAMPLE ROOMS

Phone 2155, North Bay, Ont.

50 Rooms with Running Hot and Cold Water. Private Garages and  
10 Rooms with Private Baths. Parking Space.

Boats and Guides Furnished for Fishing Parties

## Hotel Pembroke

PEMBROKE, ONT.

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*The Leading Commercial and  
Tourist Hotel*

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JOHN B. TEEVENS,  
Proprietor.

JAMES TEEVENS,  
Manager.



# **Imperial Tea Room**

**24 MAIN STREET EAST**

We serve tasty, high-class meals, at the lowest prices in the city. We give special attention and information to tourists. When you visit North Bay, visit us, and we guarantee to give you satisfaction.

We handle all fresh fruit, when in season. We also serve all kinds of ice cold drinks and ice cream at our fountain. All the meat we use is Government inspected, and is always kept fresh by our up-to-date frigidaire equipment. We make any line of lunches and sandwiches to take out.

## **T. Salidas & Company**

**24 MAIN STREET EAST**

Next Door to Loblaw's Groceteria

**TELEPHONES 524 - 1275**

**EVERY CONVENIENCE FOR TOURISTS**

*The - - -*

## ***Clover Leaf Restaurant***

**FORMERLY HUGHES' RESTAURANT**

**An All-Canadian Concern**

**R. J. McKINNEY, Prop.**

148 McIntyre Street West, North Bay, Ont.  
Near Northern Oil Co., Limited

**SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO TOURISTS**

**Homelike Service. Home Cooking a Specialty**

**REST ROOM IN CONNECTION AND  
FREE PARKING SPACE FOR CARS**

**PHONE 659**

# **The Biltmore**

## **Restaurant and Tea Room**

**2 MAIN STREET EAST**

**The Best Equipped Restaurant North of Toronto**  
**WHOLESOME FOOD PREPARED BY THE FINEST CHEFS**

---

*Broiled Steaks Our Specialty*

---

**Chicken and Turkey Dinners Served Daily**

**Our Prices are Moderate**

**Ice Cream and Fountain Service**

*Eat at The Biltmore*

**8 MAIN STREET EAST**

**8 MAIN STREET EAST**

# **TOURISTS!**

**DON'T FAIL TO VISIT THE**  
**NEW AND MODERN**

# **Arcadian Grill**

**Northern Ontario's Newest and Most**  
**Beautiful Grill Room**

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**MEALS OF HIGHEST QUALITY**  
**LIGHT LUNCHES**

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**100% Mechanicold Fountains and True Fruit Flavors Ensure You**  
**the Best Sodas and Sundaes in the City**



# DASHNAY'S SERVICE STATION

AT JUNCTION OF FERGUSON HIGHWAY  
AND ROAD TO NORTH BAY  
GOLF CLUB

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*We Sell Seven Kinds of  
GASOLINE and OILS*

ROOMS FOR TOURISTS

—AND—

FREE CAMPING GROUND

## *SPORTSMEN—*

Who care for something a little different with absolute privacy and all the comforts of home, plus the best service that is possible to obtain, and the very finest of Bass, Muskie, Wall-eyed Pike and the great Northern Pike fishing in the North Country, just charter one of our large comfortable houseboats and get away from everybody, and at the same time get the choicest of the fishing and hunting.

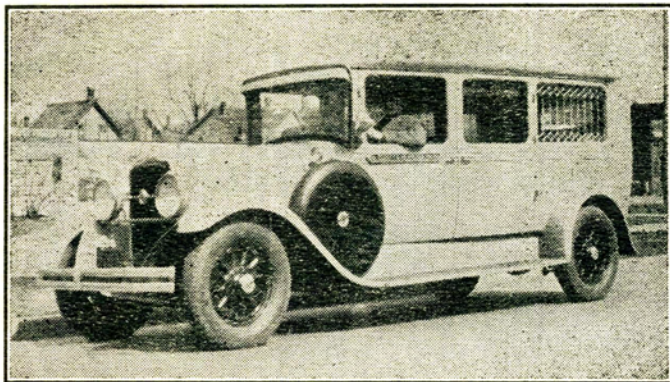
We also have cottages for the smaller parties. These cottages are new and very comfortable.

FOR RATES AND OTHER INFORMATION WRITE OR WIRE  
—TO—

**Kervin Bros.**

CALLANDER, ONT.

AFTER JULY 1st, STURGEON FALLS, ONT.



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**PRIVATE WIRE**

**Connections to**

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# **F. J. Martyn & Son**

**Funeral Directors, Embalmers and  
Ambulance Service**

**Telephone, Day 242  
Nights 84 and 246**

**NORTH BAY  
29 MAIN STREET WEST**



## **Select Tourist Rooms**

**HOT AND COLD WATER      Storage for Cars  
INSPECTED BY A.O.A.A.**

**Mrs. Jos. Morgan, Prop.**

**263 Main Street East      -      -      -      Phone 401  
NORTH BAY, ONT.**



Terrason Highway  
 To Temagami - Cobalt  
 Haileyburg - New Liskeard  
 Englehart - Kirkland Lake  
 Rouyn - Iroquois Falls  
 Timmins - Cochrane

To North Bay  
 Golf Course

To Trout Lake  
 West Side  
 Fenelon  
 Shillbush



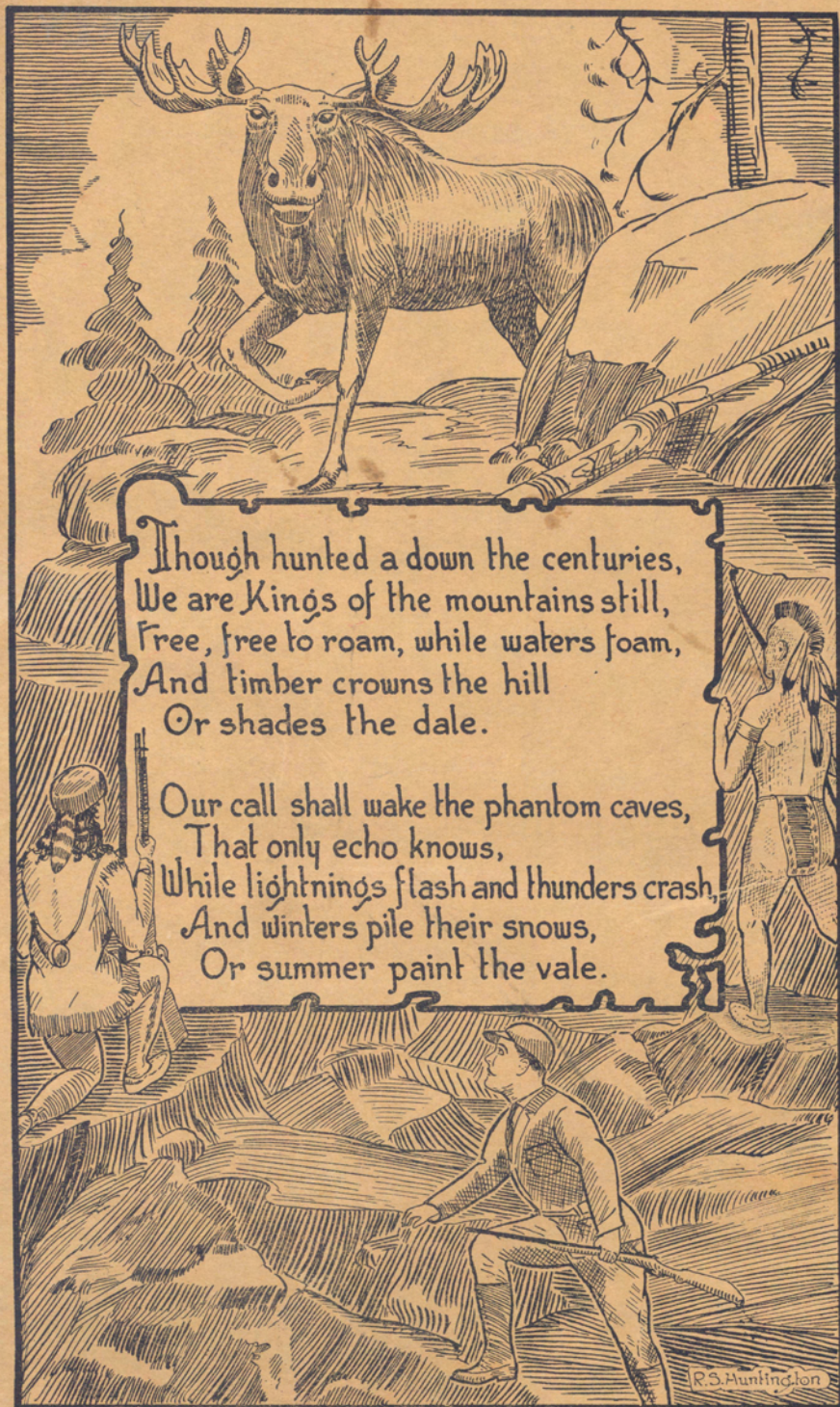
# HOW To GET THERE In NORTH BAY

To Montreal & Toronto



Lake Nipissing





Though hunted a down the centuries,  
We are Kings of the mountains still,  
Free, free to roam, while waters foam,  
And timber crowns the hill  
Or shades the dale.

Our call shall wake the phantom caves,  
That only echo knows,  
While lightnings flash and thunders crash,  
And winters pile their snows,  
Or summer paint the vale.