

Press Review at a Glance

Century Home Magazine Rusticism meets romance at Manitowaning Lodge...In the transformation from fishing camp to luxury resort, the cottages at Manitowaning Lodge were treated to an inspired decorative facelift

The Globe and Mail Weekend Escapes by Helga Loverseed Just a drive and a boat ride from Toronto, the world's largest freshwater island is rich in native lore of another world The island abounds in native lore and the names of towns and villages reflect its population.....although we found plenty to do our favorite activity was just lounging around the lodge.

Travel & Leisure – The best summer resorts, to my way of thinking, are complete, protected little enclaves in which to hide from the outside world for a week or so...withchairs with views, and places to swim, so that life within them becomes simpler, slower, easier. And yet is still interesting. The Manitowaning Lodge & Tennis Resort epitomizes this ideal.

Detroit Free Press - Travel – Even teens can't resist captivating Ontario Lodge by Rick Sylvain ... Michelin, Mobil and AAA can slather all the stars and diamonds they want on a resort but only one rating counts. Yours. And so with all the reviewers going ga-ga over it, sight unseen, I put Manitowaning Lodge and Tennis Resort to the ultimate test: My teenaged daughters. Well-deserved stars...

Condé Nast by Cindy Feltser – At the edge of the largest freshwater island in the world sits a resort that doubles as multimillionaire developer David Kosoy's personal Le Hameau. Unlike Marie-Antoinette, who kept her country digs all to herself, Kosoy converted his 11-acre hobby into a part-time business. Luckily, his (tax shelter) loss is our gain..... After finding himself hooked on the place during a fishing trip, Kosoy purchased (it); flew in the likes of the king of Saudi Arabia's wallpaper hanger to spruce up the interiors; and refused to rest until he'd completely transformed the place.

Weekend Telegraph – Canada: boring it isn't ● Bill Condie flies Concorde to a luxury island lodge in the lonely Lakeland. ● Manitowaning Lodge, in Georgian Bay, is included in the very upmarket packages offered in the new "Canada by Concorde" brochure, jointly organized by British Airways and Canadian company Blyth and Co, and being sold in the UK by a firm called Experience the Mountains, of Mitcham, Surrey.

Toronto Life Fashion Travel by Brad MacIver - A dab decorator's hand, a green thumb and an educated palette (think here of a PhD) have transformed a remote fishing lodge into a top tennis retreat With the help of interior designer Leo Laferme of Toronto, Colleen has created a comfortable mix of classic lodge style and English country charm..... Hand-woven rag rugs, framed botanical prints, hand decorated wooden furniture, and the final and all-important concession to the

luxury life, gloriously inviting beds dressed with feathery duvets, all conspire to make venturing beyond the front porch unnecessary. Fortunately, incentives to do so are everywhere.

Diversions by David Butwin – For some 60 years, fishing was about all you could do at Manitowaning Lodge. Then, in the late 1980's, a hustling Toronto entrepreneur named David Kosoy bought this study in brown ... and said: Let there be white. Kosoy's South African wife, Colleen, applied her sense of style and whimsy to all the buildings ... Colleen's parents, Peter and Gloria Barter, A winning combo Peter is a ringer for Sean Connery... Gloria charms the guests (60 at most) and makes those amazing gardens grow.

United Airlines Hemispheres – As I opened the (cottage) door, I was hit with two sensations. First was The Sound: the slap of a screen door closing behind me on a summer day. Then, The Smell: a blend of must, weathered wood, and trapped air – pure perfume. Where better to indulge a love for lakes than Ontario? ... As I sank into the pleasant routine at Manitowaning Lodge, I marveled that one could be so far from civilization and find such polished digs..... Manitowaning's dock was a beauty. Near the center was an appealing bulge of plank work, set out with a few deck chairs..... There was a flower-decked swimming pool, and a garden path behind the lodge led to a cluster of tennis courts with a health club attached.

Frommers Comprehensive Travel Guide – Manitoulin Island – Where to Stay *and* Where to Dine comfortably furnished with wicker or painted log furniture, beds with duvets and pillows, durries, log tables, and hand-painted furnishings. All have fireplaces. None has a TV or telephone – a real retreat. The dining room is airy and light. Tables are set with French linens; white chairs painted with trailing ivy designs are original to the inn.....

Get away to Manitowaning Lodge by Jill Rigby a chic northern getaway complete with Fenton's maitre d',, a tennis pro straight from this year's fourth round at Wimbledon, a waitress crowned Miss Manitoulin, a wallpaper hanger who worked for the King of Saudi Arabia, a fishing guide renowned in northern latitudes and a topnotch management crew who just happen to be in-laws.

The Sunday Sun - Northern Paradise – Destination ONTARIO by Jill Rigby – October 9, 1994:

South Baymouth, Manitoulin ...- poised where the mighty Magnetewan rockily edges into Georgian Bay – this isle is my northern favorite. *Quest For Fire* ... did its location here. Word is that Manitoulin's 1,600-km coastline offered the most pristine beaches the location scout could find..... Without reservation, the Europeans decided that the island provided a more-than-perfect locale to shoot a multi-episode cowboy and Indian series. The Germans, as you may or may not know, are cowboy and Indian freaks..... And nowadays, it's especially hot on the international circuit.....**ACCOMMODATION:** With respect to sleeping, at the top of my list, and without competition, is the unequalled Manitowaning Lodge. This is where my favorite innkeepers in the entire world hold court. The Barter family is much-loved in these parts. The ever-hospitable Gloria has a garden which is famous and much-emulated; husband Peter tends the bar and the needs of his guests with grace and aplomb; while son Mark adds youthful levity and insights on island goings-on. They are an impossible combination to beat.

Century Home

CANADA'S MAGAZINE FOR TRADITIONAL & COUNTRY LIVING

Manitowaning Lodge is found on the eastern end of Manitoulin Island, about 15 minutes from the ferry terminal at South Baymouth. A trip from Toronto takes about 5 1/2 hours, including the ferry crossing.



Be seeing you

A visit to an island hideaway with all the right ingredients for a romantic retreat.



Rusticism meets romance at Manitowaning Lodge. Greeting guests is a bountiful display of annuals.



In the transformation from fishing camp to luxury resort, the cottages at Manitowaning Lodge were treated to an inspired decorative facelift.



Gourmet dining is enhanced by a friendly, casual decor.

For more information, write the Barters at Box 160, Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island, Ontario POP 1N0, or call (705) 859-3136.

Condé Nast

HOTELS: LIVE
HIGH, PAY
LOW

ONTARIO, CANADA On the lakefront

AT THE EDGE OF THE LARGEST freshwater island in the world sits a resort that doubles as multimillionaire developer David Kosoy's personal Le Hameau. Unlike Marie-Antoinette, who kept her country digs all to herself, Kosoy converted his 11-acre hobby into a part-time business. Luckily, his (tax shelter) loss is our gain.

The 13-cottage, nine-room **Manitowaning Lodge and Tennis Resort** is located on Manitoulin Island, a 300-miles-plus drive northwest of Toronto on the Canadian side of Lake Huron.

After finding himself hooked on the place during a fishing trip, Kosoy purchased a rickety, half-century-old waterfront lodge at Manitowaning; few in the likes of the king of Saudi Arabia's wallpaper hanger to spruce up the interiors; and refused to rest until he'd completely transformed the place.

The lodge's airy one-, two-, and three-bedroom clapboard cottages feature the usual laid-back-luxury look fashioned from chintz, wicker, and terry robes for two. Private fireplaces (or potbellied stoves) and dhurrie rugs strewn across

stripped oak floors provide an extra splash of class. Alas, the bathrooms are basic and the duvets filled with cotton instead of down, but country living sometimes requires roughing it, doesn't it?

The highlight of each cottage, surely, consists of the owners' invitation to unwind, almost liminal invitation to unwind, extended in the form of a green, yellow, and white backgammon set painted on the hot-pink coffee table of one cabin, and, in another, a branch of hydrangea dribbling off the bedroom's dresser-drawer handle and heading for the floor of the cottage next door. It's hard *not* to have fun in a place like this.

Kosoy and his wife, Colleen, exercise avidly, so guests can also benefit from an on-property masseur, a tennis pro, four tennis courts, a pool, a Jacuzzi, and assorted fitness toys. Canoes, motorboats, and sailboats complete the water-sports scene, played out against the wilds of an unceded Indian reservation.

The four-course dinners served may include such entrées as turkey on a rosemary skewer, tiger shrimp with coconut couscous, and smoked loin of pork with plum sauce. The best-dessert award went to a crusty but not cloying crème caramel.

A Tennis Getaway In The Wilds of Nature

Racquets are de rigueur at the Manitowaning Lodge, an alluring refuge from city life.

By Cindy Feltser

While visiting Manitoulin Island (the largest freshwater island in the world) near the northern rim of Lake Huron, Toronto lawyer and developer, David Kosoy, and his wife Colleen came upon a charming, but delapidated, wooden lodge and cabins.

Though the 11-acre property was ideally situated in a protected cove on gentle slopes surrounded by trees, its structures had begun to show the wear of 53 years of existence.

That was in 1988. By 1989, Kosoy, who had fallen in love with the complex despite the tatters around its edges, had convinced the owners to sell. Immediately he undertook a massive refurbishing that turned the site into what is now the Manitowaning Lodge and Tennis Resort.

The Lodge rooms and the cabins were completely redecorated with hand-woven rugs, framed botanical prints, hand-decorated furniture and, as a reward for the weary after long days in the outdoors, inviting beds covered with feathery duvets.

Meals at Manitowaning are a delight and an adventure. The cuisine rivals anything to be found in a big city, and goes one better by adding local produce to its dishes - whether it be a wide variety of fish or fruits and vegetables from the island.

Be it lunching on the terrace under huge white parasols overlooking the water, or having supper in the dining room with its wood-beamed ceiling, white walls and floors, painted chairs and fine linen, guests find themselves pampered as much by the staff as they are by the tranquil surroundings.

The Manitowaning experience is perfect for the tennis enthusiasts with a taste for the good life, and a yearning for a real breath of the fresh air.

Even teens can't resist captivating Ontario lodge

BY RICK SYLVAIN
Free Press Travel Editor

MANITOULIN ISLAND, Ontario — Michelin, Mobil and AAA can slather all the stars and diamonds they want on a resort but only one rating counts.

Yours.

And so with all the reviewers going ga-ga over it, sight unseen I put Manitowaning Lodge and Tennis Resort to the ultimate test:

My teenaged daughters.

Manitoulin Island and the resort was the midpoint of a long car vacation. We got frazzled trying to do too many things over too many miles.

Like poison darts, little comments kept flying from the backseat.

"That was fun — not," huffed 18-year-old Michelle about a stop we made in the Upper Peninsula.

"Can I please go home?" begged Camille, 13. "This is the boringest trip I've ever been on."

Manitowaning Lodge had to be good, and it was.

It sits quiet and secluded on lake-studded Manitoulin Island, high up in Georgian Bay. Bright, cozy cottages are sprinkled on manicured grounds amid profusions of beautiful flowers. Pine, cypress and white birch reach to the sky.

Within 10 minutes of checking into our cottage, Michelle was soaking in the outdoor hot tub beside a beautiful deck and pool. Camille was off touring on a mountain bike.

"This is great!" said Siskel.

"Now we're talking," said Ebert.

Whew. The Teenagers approve.

Well-deserved stars

Manitowaning is 11 acres of country paradise with sailing, fishing, tennis and instruction, superb cuisine and service, and cottages crisp and summery. That this four-star northern Ontario resort never will make five stars doesn't faze Peter Barter.

Barter and his wife, Gloria, manage Manitowaning.

"To make five stars you have to have telephones and TV," says Peter. "We will never have telephones and TV. That's part of the charm."

Indeed. Chirping birds were our wake-up call. And who needed Bryant Gumbel when you could look out the window of your cottage at the morning sun coming up over Manitowaning Bay?

In less than two months, the place was transformed from woeful to a resort making more magazine covers than Julia Roberts.

"I think I used 960 gallons of paint, white paint," Peter says. "The first thing I did was I took every bed and put 'em out in the parking lot for sale."

His 13 cottages have touches like whitewashed floors and walls, chintz covers, fireplaces and hand-painted furniture. Trompe l'oeil runs amok: a hand mirror on a dresser top, cards on a table, trailing ivy on the dining room chairs. Manitowaning is one resort that doesn't take itself too seriously. Its



Detroit Free Press ... by Rick Sylvain

Manitowaning Lodge sits on a hilltop high above Manitowaning Bay.

undressy charm makes guests feel right at home.

The Barters coddle guests with fluffy towels, big comfortable pillows and terry robes. "We're a resort for adults who want to unwind from the kids, from pressures back at home," Peter says.

One cottage — No. 14 — is done in hunter green with whitewashed floor and a dhurrie rug. A honeymoon cottage snuggled near the waterfront comes closest to being a live-in storybook with balconies, a fireplace lounge and downstairs bedroom.

In all the cottages, there's an adorableness in the way the floors slant and not all the doors are snug in doorways. Numbers are on ceramic plates beside each doorway.

"As soon as we arrived my wife said, 'We might want to stay longer' and she hadn't seen anything yet," said Tim Minton, who made the long drive from Toronto.

Peter and Gloria are doers on an island stubbornly slow to grow. "This island defies progress," he mutters.

In a hilltop lodge high above the lake, the Barters and owners Colleen and David Kosoy maintain an elegantly-understated restaurant, a log bar and a fireplace lounge filled with flowers and glossy magazines.

After the fitness center or tennis lessons, sip a cooling drink on an outdoor deck in the shade of unbleached canvas umbrella tables.

Gloria Barter is the perfect hostess. Peter works the bar and passes among tables at dinner. Chef David LaLa-

TRAVEL

Detroit Free Press

cheur's menu featured mulligatawny soup, tomato and basil salad, and entrees of perch, pork, chicken Kiev and linguine laced with capers, olives and anchovies. The Teenagers opted for Chinese in town. We're glad we stayed for David's cuisine, the fine wines and attentive service by maitre d' Jimmy Tobin.

That's part of the secret of all this success. "We were bright enough to get a very good chef and a good maitre d'," said Peter Barter. "We like people and people know that and I think people

learn to like us.

"If there is a magic formula, it's that we didn't know what the hell we were doing. But we try to please."

And they do, too. Ask the Teenagers.

Rates from \$210-\$290 double, \$160-\$218 single, Cdn., per night, include dinner and breakfast and use of all the facilities including canoes, tennis, bikes. Taxes and gratuities are extra. Ask about fly-in fishing expeditions to remote lakes. Phone 705-859-3136, anytime.

DIVERSION

by David Butwin

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JULY 1995

The flight had dragged on for 90 minutes, through cloud and mist, over farmland and forest, out across Ontario's Georgian Bay. Now, as the little floatplane finally buzzed the water-side resort, I looked down

and thought, *Landscape looks a little tame for such a northerly place. Where's the thick-beamed lodge of my dreams? Is this the right address?*

After landing ten minutes later, I didn't have any clear-cut answers, but all the signs were right. Four

classic cedar-strip speedboats were tied to the dock, banks of bright flowers lined cool green lawns, knots of handsome people were eating a late lunch on a terrace above the water. I walked on spaghetti legs to my room, still taking to stock, and then, as I

opened the door to the white cottage, I was hit by The Smell. It was a blend of must and age and weathered wood. I was back in my uncle's cabin, White Bear Lake, Minnesota, 1948. The screen door closed behind me with a slap, as if

punctuating the message: Welcome home, boy.

At that moment, as I stepped into cottage no. 6 at Manitowaning Lodge on Manitoulin Island, in the far reaches of Lake Huron, I also realized that a vacation in the north woods is the best way to beat a dog-day summer. It hadn't been an easy sell in

my family. We were overdue for a beach vacation, as my wife, Pam, and nine-year-old daughter, Kate, were still reminding me. Suddenly, a week at the shore looked like a miasma of boardwalk splinters, flooded sand castles, and itchy red flesh.

Why had I picked Ontario? It was a question even a few Canadians would ask me during that week in mid-August. My answer: Nobody does lakes and lodges better. Ontario has 250,000 lakes, and where there's water, there are lodges. I reasoned that if you put the two together—a cozy log-sided inn on a pine-fringed lake patrolled by guffawing loons—you'd have the perfect August escape. I didn't expect the equation to include top-notch tennis and excellent food. Nor, on the other hand, did I figure on the difficult logistics involved in visiting three different lodges in a province larger than the state of Texas.

We had lifted off from Toronto harbor on an overcast Sunday morning in a single-engine Cessna seaplane. If the ride was slightly unsettling—we had to fly beneath a drippy, low-hanging sky—I was happy to miss the seven-hour drive. Manitowaning Lodge, six years old in its newest incarnation, is such a well-kept secret that the pilot didn't know of it. As we settled into the

13-cottage retreat, I had to chuckle. We had come to an old fishing lodge with very little fishing.

For some 60 years, fishing was about all you could do at Manitowaning Lodge. Then, in the late 1980s, a hustling Toronto entrepreneur named David Kosoy bought this study in brown (brown lodge, brown cottages, brown walls) and said: Let there be white. Kosoy's South African wife, Colleen, applied her sense of style and whimsy to all the buildings, sparing only overhead log beams the white brush.

Colleen's parents, Peter and Gloria Barter, were installed to run the lodge, and a winning combo they are. Peter is a ringer for Sean Connery, down to the wry, wicked smile. Gloria charms the guests (60 at most) and makes those amazing gardens grow.

Faux Frogs

What you have here is the weekend plaything of a fast-track jock. Kosoy loves sports and good food, so you play tennis, ride bikes, work out, and eat what I'd call enlightened bistro fare (pureed soups, grilled meats, pasta salads). The cottages perch above the bay, with fireplaces, white wicker furniture, and dressers daubed with funny faux details: a wristwatch, a frog. The young staff—waiters who double as

gardeners, gardeners who carry bags to the rooms—look like models but behave like model youths.

I didn't expect to find yuppie comforts at this latitude. Tennis, anyone? Down a garden path are four courts surfaced with costly, player-friendly Deco-Turf. Camps and clinics are held in high summer, but in late August the staff was down to the head pro, Cliff Quan, who kept all levels happy and hitting. We also went canoeing and swimming, and rode bikes into the town of Manitowaning,

only a mile away. Pam kept the exercise hardware humming in the courtside health spa.

There was so much to do around the lodge, I had to force us into any ambitious sightseeing. One morning we took off in a speedboat piloted by the Barters' son, Marck, the house bartender and mariner. We raced 18 miles down Manitowaning Bay and into North Channel, a gorgeous stretch of Georgian Bay full of islands and inlets; it's a popular destination for the yachting set up from suburban Detroit and Chicago.

At 1:30 we glided into Killarney, a colorful little port. The thing to do here, knowing that good food awaits you back at the lodge, is to belly up to Mister Perch Fish and Chips, a converted school bus on the harbor. You take the carton of French fries and freshly fried whitefish or splake to a picnic table down by the water and watch the yachts, powerboats, and ramshackle fishing vessels pass by on the narrow channel that serves as Killarney's main street.

One morning we packed up and left cottage no. 6, the slamming screen door still music to me, and went down to the landing to wait for a 9 A.M. floatplane pickup.

FROMMERS COMPREHENSIVE TRAVEL GUIDE

MANITOULIN ISLAND

WHERE TO STAY

Your best bet is to seek out one of several bed and breakfasts. The accommodations will most likely be plain and simple, like those at **Hill House**, P.O. Box 360, Gore Bay, ON, P0P 1K0 (tel. 705/282-2072). Otherwise, the very best accommodations on the island can be found at the following.

MANITOWANING LODGE & TENNIS RESORT, Box 160, Manitowaning, ON, P0P 1N0. Tel. 705/859-3136. Fax 705/859-3270.

are comfortably furnished with wicker or painted log furniture, beds with duvets and pillows, dhurries, log tables, and hand-painted furnishings. All have fireplaces. None has a TV or telephone—a real retreat.

The dining room is airy and light. Tables are set with French linens; white chairs painted with trailing ivy designs are original to the inn. The food features fine local meats like lamb, and, of course, fish. You might find Manitowaning poached trout, blackened snapper, or tournedos Henri IV, which you could precede with a warm salad of smoked goose with radicchio and snow peas. Lunch is served al fresco on the terrace overlooking the water. Breakfasts consist of eggs as well as fresh juice and breads. Facilities include four tennis courts with pro; a swimming pool surrounded by a deck and gardens set with chaise longues; a gym; mountain bikes; water sports; and great fishing in the area. There's a masseur on the premises. Open from the second Friday in May to Canadian Thanksgiving.

WHERE TO DINE

The island isn't exactly the place for fine dining. For more sophisticated food, go to the **Manitowaning Lodge and Tennis Resort** (tel. 705/859-3136) or the **Rock Garden Terrace Resort** (tel. 705/377-4642), both near Spring Bay. In Little Current, one of the nicest casual spots on the island for breakfast, lunch or dinner is **The Old English Pantry**, Water Street, Little Current (tel. 705/368-3341), which makes fresh-cut sandwiches, salads, pastries, muffins, and other baked goods that are served along with a fine selection of teas and coffees. At dinner you'll find a pasta and British dish of the day as well as savory pies and fresh fish. Afternoon cream teas are available and takeout picnic baskets, too. Open Monday to Thursday from 9am to 6pm and Friday and Saturday until 7pm (closed Sunday). Hours are extended in summer.

WHAT TO SEE & DO

The Indians have lived here for centuries and today you can visit the **Ojibwe Indian Reserve**, occupying the large peninsula on the eastern end of the island—although there really isn't that much to see unless you are genuinely interested in modern life on the reservation. It's home to about 2,500 people of Odawa, Ojibwe, and Potawatomi descent and the area was never ceded to the government. Try to time your visit for the big **Wikwemikong Powwow**, which is held in August. For information contact the **Wikwemikong Heritage Organization** (tel. 705/859-2385). Other powows are also held during the year around the island. It is worth seeking out the few native art galleries like the **Kasheese Studios**, just outside West Bay at Blake Debassige and Shirley Cheechoo, and the **Ojibwe Cultural Foundation**, also just outside West Bay (tel. 705/377-4902), which opens erratically and then only until 4pm. You can also visit individual artists' studios.

The island is great for hiking, cycling, bird watching, boating, fishing, cross-country skiing, and just plain relaxing. In summer, fishing for chinook, coho, rainbow, **Cup and Saucer Trail**, which starts 11 miles (18km) west of Little Current at the junction of Highway 540 and Bidwell Road. Also off Highway 540 lies the trail to **Bridal Veil Falls** as you enter the village of Kagawong. Halfway between Little Current and Manitowaning, stop at **Ten Mile Point** for the view over the North Channel, which is dotted with 20,000 islands. The best beach with showers/washrooms and other facilities is at **Providence Bay** on the south of the island. Several galleries are well worth visiting. **Perivale Gallery**, RR 2, Spring Bay (tel. 705/377-4847), is the love of Sheila and Bob McMullan, who scour the country searching for the wonderful artists and craftspeople whose work they display in their log cabin/gallery overlooking Lake Kagawong. Glass, sculpture, paintings, engravings, fabrics, and ceramics fill the gallery. Everything is very fine, very carefully chosen, and aesthetically displayed by Sheila, who was an interior decorator for many years. From Spring Bay follow Perivale Road East for about two miles; turn right at the lake and keep following the dirt road until you see the gallery on the right. Open daily from 10am to 6pm from the May holiday to mid-September. **Dominion Bay Handcrafts**, Spring Bay (tel. 705/377-4625) is another store worth visiting for jewelry, knitwear, and other fashions. From Highway 542 follow the green Hettmann signs down to Dominion Bay.

Among the more spectacular are **The**

WEEKEND ESCAPES / Just a drive and a boat ride from Toronto,
world's largest freshwater island is rich in native lore of another world

Magical Manitoulin

BY HELGA LOVERSEED
Special to The Globe and Mail
MANITOWANING, Ont.

MANITOULIN Island has often been described as a magical land, the Ojibway's "Country of the Great Spirit," but the day we sailed from Tobermory, there was nothing magical about the weather. A miserable fog cloaked the northern tip of the Bruce Peninsula and as our ferry, the M.S. Chi-Cheemaun ("Big Canoe"), swished across Lake Huron, its horn bellowed mournfully at the damp, clinging, air.

Manitou must have been in a good mood, because by the time we got to South Baymouth, the Great Spirit had worked its magic. The fog had miraculously been transformed into hot, bright, sunshine, which bathed the rolling countryside in a warm, welcoming light, making us feel that we'd arrived in a different country.

As we drove toward Manitowaning ("Den of the Spirit"), where we were to spend the weekend, the feeling that we were in a separate nation got stronger and stronger. It is the world's biggest island surrounded by a lake (it takes much longer than a weekend to explore it all). However, it wasn't its size that made it seem so different. Rather, it was its old-fashioned atmosphere (this is one of the few places in the province where you still find original homesteads, complete with pioneer fencing).

The island abounds in native lore and the names of towns and villages reflect its population. Manitoulin has five Indian reserves and in between, around its many coves and inlets, lie colorful-sounding communities such as Mindemoya ("The Old Woman") Lake, Tehkummah ("Rays of Lightning Flashing in the Sky"), Sheshigwan-

ing ("Place of the Rattlesnakes") and the romantic Wikwemikong ("Town Built on a Curving Hillside over a Beautiful Bay").

Manitowaning Lodge on Manitoulin Island is easily accessible by road, water or air. The Island is accessible by causeway from the north or by ferry from Tobermory to the south.

When we arrived for dinner at the Manitowaning Lodge, our home for the weekend, two native couples were celebrating their wedding anniversaries at a neighboring table. A pretty, almond-eyed Indian woman took our order and as we sat back, relaxing in the sunlight which poured through the windows, I couldn't help thinking that we'd landed on some strange, exotic planet.

The dining room had a bright, Mediterranean ambience. The floor and furniture were painted in various shades of off-white. Hand-painted plates from Portugal adorned the walls and around the pale grey chairs curled wisps of ivy, whimsically applied by Lyn Gaby, a folk artist from Toronto.

The menu, however, was far from folksy. The 53-year-old hotel was purchased and renovated last year by Toronto lawyer and developer David Kosoy and his wife Colleen (he fell in love with the hotel after visiting on a fishing trip), and the food served here reflects their sophisticated, urban tastes. Jimmy Tobin, who used to work at the now-defunct Fenton's Restaurant in Toronto, is the maitre d'. Warm and professional, he looks after diners with a polite and attentive touch.

Because it was a hot day, he suggested we eat lightly. We started with cold, raspberry soup. That was followed by grilled salmon and crunchy vegetables, which we topped off with a desert of feathery chocolate mousse.

The Great Spirit's magic sunshine blessed us throughout the weekend and although we found plenty to do (there are numerous Indian craft centres on the island and the Cup and Saucer Hiking Trail, which skirts an escarpment with spectacular views, is nearby), our favorite activity was just lounging around the lodge. The hotel, which has tennis courts and an outdoor pool, is surrounded by a riotous array of dazzling flowers — nasturtiums, lupins, impatiens, daisies and delphiniums — a colorful display of nature's making, worthy of Manitou's unique and magic land.

HEMISPHERES

Minutes later, we were landing on Manitowaning Bay, a narrow lake-like extension of Georgian Bay, 90 minutes by floatplane and seven hours by car from Toronto. My wife, Pam, and 10-year-old daughter, Kate, followed me up a flagstone path past banks of flowers and tanned people having lunch on a deck in front of Manitowaning Lodge. We stopped before a white cottage. As I opened the door, I was hit with two sensations. First was The Sound: the slap of a screen door closing behind me on a summer day. Then, The Smell: a blend of must, weathered wood, and trapped air—pure perfume.

Where better to indulge a love for lakes than Ontario?

Is there a region in the world that does lakes and lodges any better? Ontario has 250,000 lakes, and where there is water, there must be lodges. I reasoned that if you put the two together—a seasoned lodge of frame or log on a tree-fringed lake patrolled by giggling loons—you'd have the perfect August escape. I had booked us into lodges on three different lakes, two or three days at each. I didn't expect the equation to include topnotch tennis and fancy food, but neither, on the other hand, did I figure on the tough logistics involved in getting to three lakes widely flung across a province much larger than the state of Texas.

As I sank into the pleasant routine at Manitowaning Lodge, I marveled that one could be so far from civilization and find such polished digs. The white cabins were scattered along grassy paths and carved into the lake bluffs. The resort was a study in white, evidently a far cry from the weathered fishing camp, in macho brown, the new owners had inherited. Fishing was no longer the lure. There was a flower-decked swimming pool, and a garden

Manitowaning's dock was a beauty. Near the center was an appealing bulge of plankwork, set out with a few deck chairs. It was a refuge for a handful of guests and off-duty staff members, a place for stretching out in the sun or sitting through the long twilight to wait for the aurora borealis or shooting stars. Completing the picture was a brace of faded green gas pumps that looked at least my age and, sheltered in a crook of the dock, three shiny cedar-sided vintage speedboats.

path behind the lodge led to a cluster of tennis courts with a health club attached. But something was missing. The lake, so inviting, so close at hand, seemed mere backdrop for the lodge. That wouldn't do. I hadn't come this far to look at a postcard.

Cozy Autumn Getaway



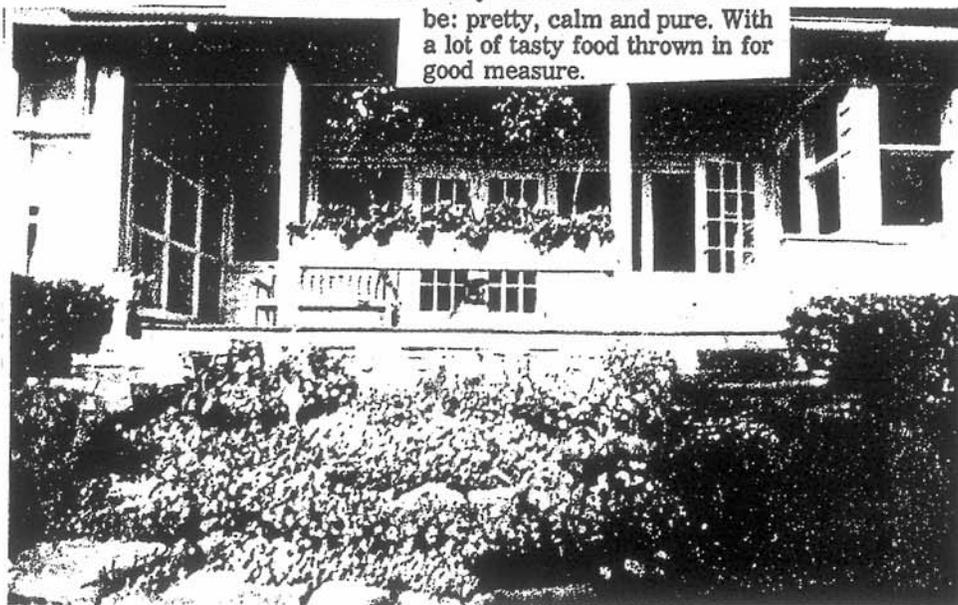
JILL
Rigby

Places like Arowhon Pines, Sherwood Inn, Dearhurst Resort, Manitowaning Lodge and the Inn at Manitou serve up the northern experience in style.

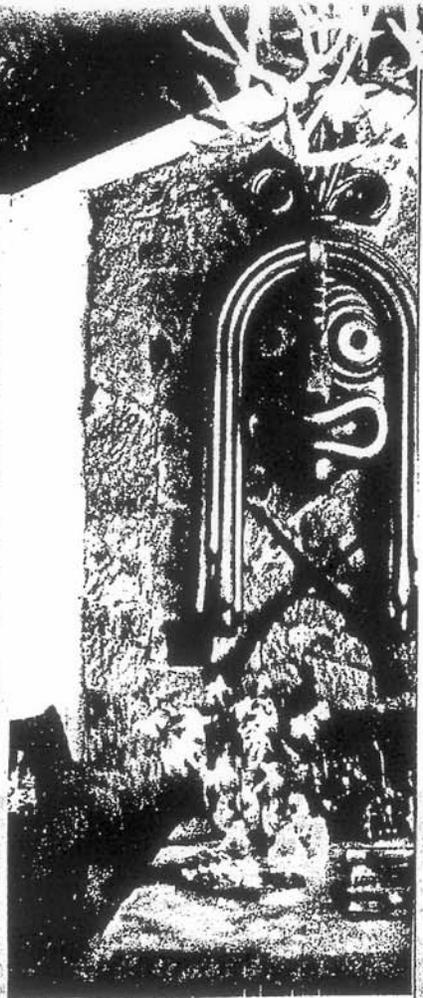
Situated on Manitoulin Island at the northernmost part of Lake Huron, Manitowaning Lodge is a study in sophisticated rustic comfort. If that statement appears at first glance an oxymoron, it is only because what the Barthers have achieved at Manitowaning, from the garden to the kitchen, would have initially seemed impossible.

When the lodge was purchased a few years ago it was aeons from the simple graciousness you see today. Manitowaning embodies, in fact, the essence of what every Ontario summer should

be: pretty, calm and pure. With a lot of tasty food thrown in for good measure.



Get away to Manitowaning Lodge



By the fireplace

This chic resort on Manitoulin Island is a great spot to spend a summer holiday

decorated with touches of memorable serendipity such as a backgammon board painted in brig green onto a hot pink table or delicate English ivy draped from wicker hearts.

But Peter Barter — breakfast chef, bartender, plumber, painter, driver and pool maintainer — also had to have his way.

"When I saw everything that was going on around the place, I thought it was great, but when I saw Leo heading for the bar, I thought 'Whoa, that's fine enough.'" And so the bar retains some of its early Northern Ontario ambience.

In addition to playing backdrop to Barter's charms and lilting accent, the woody atmosphere hosts weekend entertainment that makes use of brand new Kurzweil, the Maserati of the piano business.

The chap who sold the lodge the Kurzweil also occasionally performs. A Manitowaning local, his sales office shares space with the post office. As true to his nickname, the Fishin' Musician, whose style has an uncanny resemblance to Neil Young has been known to strum a tune or two when he's not plying the waters with guests on his jet-aircraft, *Miss Behavin'*.

Also scheduled to perform this summer are Peter Appleyard and the singing Kraft sisters — Velvée and Brie.

With the sound of so much talent filling the air, it would be difficult not to enjoy dinner. But there's more to meals at Manitowaning than mere atmosphere — although up here it could become a tradable commodity — there's also an indulgence fondly referred to as food.

"We've got the best cuisine north of Steeles," cajoles chef David LeLacheure, among whose creations is Key Lime pie concocted from fresh lime expressly flown in from Florida.

Manitowaning lake trout also often swims its way onto the menu, as does linguini with white clam sauce, barbecued back ribs, Amaretto chocolate

cheese cake and fudge brownies with warm chocolate brandied sauce. The superlative ice cream is made by a local dairy, Farquhar's.

Breakfast is just as heartily indulged with a wonderful assortment of homemade breads, muffins and jams. The French toast and omelettes produce sated smiles which endure until well after lunch. But lunch is not to be missed either with homemade pizzas headlining the menu. LeLacheure also bakes his own hot dog and hamburger buns.

Although it's difficult to imagine that any stay would allow enough time to indulge all Manitowaning's pleasures — tennis, windsurfing, boating, sailing, fishing, swimming, biking, hiking and eating — there are many things to do and see off the 11-acre property.

Within walking distance, the whistlestop town of Manitowaning has more than its share of attractions.

Formerly the jail, the Assiginack Museum hosts a charming assemblage of unexpected artifacts. There's an old porridge dish with a beaver design identified as "Given to Mrs. J.A. Ward by an old lady from Scotland." A caption under a portrait of a young boy reads "Silas Nixon Rutledge, son of John Tom and Sara died at age 16, 11 months and four days of black diphtheria."

There's also the old town switchboard, a spinning wheel, money collected from around the world, clocks, watches and a picture of Alex Ballantyne who served in World War I overseas "but died of the flu on his way home."

The largest freshwater island in the world, Manitowaning boasts many species of birds and flowers, delightful news for hawk-eyed ornithologists or budding botanists.

In addition, the town has preserved the original mill, the Norisle ferry which shuttled between Tobermory and South Baymouth, and a big old building where summer theatre is staged.

Ahhh, yes, the joys of summers in Ontario...

MANITOU LIN ISLAND — David Kosoy has a penchant. Quite simply, nothing but the best will do.

Of late, his magic entrepreneurial fingers touched a wilting Ontario lodge and presto — it bloomed into a chic northern getaway complete with Fenton's maitre d', a chef from one of Toronto's trendiest eateries, a tennis pro straight from this year's fourth round at Wimbledon, a waitress crowned Miss Manitoulin, a wallpaper hanger who worked for the King of Saudi Arabia, a fishing guide renowned in northern latitudes and a topnotch management crew who just happen to be in-laws. Even the best dog, Laker, can "lay five."

Opened a mere month and change, the Manitowaning Lodge is already laboring under great success as repeat business pours in. "Manitowaning is what we would want for ourselves," Kosoy explains. "Funny thing is, if I don't get five cents out of here, I'd still be happy."

All the same, Kosoy is known for his Midas touch. There's Air One, a charter airline which he owns with two other partners, one of whom is John Craig Eaton. There is also an investment firm, Brother Developments, and a 50% stake in Speedy Transmission Centres Inc.

A devoted athlete — Kosoy played in exhibition games with the Toronto Argonauts, and was a Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union hockey all-star defencemen — the youthful 45-year-old has created an environment more akin to a visit with friends, than an anonymous outback lodge.

It's not hard to spot the big boss either. From Thursday to Sunday, he's busy fraternizing with guests. A simple "hello" usually suffices for those who like to lead the quiet life. But for anyone interested in boat rides or mountain bike tours, systems are all go.

Showing off the island is part of Kosoy's schtick. Basically, he loves to share what endeared him to this part of the world when he discovered it not long ago.

"I arrived on a float plane last year to do a little fishing with friends," Kosoy recalls. "I stayed one night and decided I wanted the place — but I never thought it could be this nice." "This nice" means detail bordering on perfection.

Guests are first greeted by mother-in-law Gloria Barter's gardens. No small feat, this South African native single-handedly civilized unruly flower beds resulting in a delightful array which includes tuberosus begonias and snapdragons, blue salvia and New Guinea impatiens.

The pool is big enough for laps, framed by a generous Hamptons grey wooden deck and white chaise lounges. Overhead, unbleached canvas umbrellas shade a lunch deck where diners gaze over a protected cove leading to Georgian Bay.

The tennis courts are state-of-the-art. Former Davis Cup champion Harry Fauquier is responsible. Fitnessland, who assembled the gym, says Manitowaning's is the best they've ever put together for a resort.

Interior designer Leo Laferme has added his touch everywhere else. Polished chintzes and creatively framed botanical prints complement the floral motif established by Gloria. Rooms outfitted with "lasts-until-you-leave" shampoo, conditioner and bath gel, fluffy terry robes, plush duvets, stone fireplaces and captivating window views, are all *de rigueur*.

Tired of the trammelled paths leading to predictable Muskoka destinations, guests have delighted in the clapboard cottages with their curious niches. Like the two-storey honeymoon hideaway whose claim to fame is its series of acute and obtuse angles.

Every abode is different, every room uniquely

Northern Paradise

Explore Manitoulin Island's sleepy hamlets and rolling hills

The Sunday Sun, October 9, 1994

DESTINATION ONTARIO

JILL RIGBY



SOUTH BAYMOUTH, Manitoulin — Next to my dad's summer place — poised where the mighty Magnetewan rockily edges into Georgian Bay — this isle is my northern favorite.

The largest island in the world located within a freshwater lake, Manitoulin is really starting to hum with activity. Not that it wasn't always a crowd-pleaser, it's just that the rest of the world appears to be discovering the island's remote pleasures.

On the movie front, *Quest For Fire* (that

primitive epic that put Rae Dawn Chong on the map) did its location shooting here. Word is that Manitoulin's 1,600-km coastline offered the most pristine beaches the location scout could find.

It follows that if an entire film which is the cinematic equivalent to a primordial *Star Trek* could be shot here, then there must be plenty of scenic highlights for tourists. Nonetheless, Manitoulin continues to attract the film crowd.

The latest news concerns a German television crew that was flying by helicopter around the various Manitoulin locations. Without reservation, the Europeans decided that the island provided a more-than-perfect locale to shoot a multi-episode cowboy and Indian series.

The Germans, as you may or may not know, are cowboy and Indian freaks. The

most popular writer in the country's history, who penned his novels just after the turn-of-the-century, was the German literary equivalent to Frederic Remington (the most famous artistic chronicler of early Western American history). The German author was also said to be Hitler's favorite. But I digress.

So, Manitoulin is a hit with everyone. And nowadays, it's especially hot on the international circuit. The big sigh of relief comes in knowing that nothing has changed. There are still the sleepy hamlets, the crystalline water, the rolling hills that nestle unharmed farms, many of which belong to a family named Pyette.

It comes as no surprise to learn that families who have spent time hereabouts may wander somewhat, but they eventually come back. Much like the fish.

Remnants of native stock of Georgian Bay trout were recently discovered near Iroquois Bay. This is unusual in that there is only one other location in the immense bay where the fish were discovered. As a result, an intelligent Ministry of Natural Resources is seeking to protect the trout so that they might survive and propagate and once more make it onto island dining room tables.

Trout and German television crews may be big news but the biggest headlines, literally, are being made by a local medicine man named Ron.

I must admit that, recently, I opened a small corner of my brain which admits the possibility of medicine men and Tarot cards and rolfing, but none of that was to prepare me for the intense encounter which took place at the Wikwemikong Reserve.

North America's only unceded aboriginal reserve is mostly famous as the site for the rocking powwow that happens here every year. Native dancing and food fests are all part of the August long weekend celebrations. But now people are coming to the reservation in droves for another reason — Ron appears to have found some kind of treatment for diabetes.

I watched a ceremonial burning of various herbs and what-nots that produced an extraordinary amount of smoke which was said to be beneficial to diabetes sufferers. Much more is involved in getting better than just sniffing the aromatic smoke, but the "ritual" kept hold on my imagination ... much like Manitoulin has done.



Bottom LINE

THE FACTS: Getting to Manitoulin Island is as easy as getting in your car and heading north. During the warmer months, the most pleasant and restful way to log the last leg of the journey is by ferry from Tobermory, but the service is scheduled to stop in a couple of weeks. This means a tour over the top of Lake Huron which, I can assure you, is unequalled this time of year.

ACCOMMODATION: With respect to sleeping, at the top of my list, and without competition, is the unequalled Manitowaning Lodge. This is where my favorite innkeepers in the entire world hold court. The Barter family is much-loved in these parts. The ever-hospitable Gloria has a garden which is famous and much-emulated; husband Peter tends the bar and the needs of his guests with grace and aplomb; while son Mark adds youthful levity and insights on island goings-on. They are an impossible combination to beat. So, come next Victoria Day, dig out this number and see if they might be able to squeeze you in for a short (or long) stay. Call (705) 859-3136 or fax (705) 859-3270.

f a s h i n g

TORONTO LIFE

DISPLAY UNTIL MAY 6

A dab decorator's hand, a green thumb and an educated palette (think here of a PhD) have transformed a remote fishing lodge into a top tennis retreat

Most urban dwellers, caught up in the sometimes frantic pace of city life, have, at one time or another, entertained fantasies of drastic change. You know the kind — the bookstore/café in a small town (rambling redbrick Victorian attached), the sheep farm on Salt Spring Island — that sort of thing. The sun is always shining, the country roads wind through rolling hills, and the telephone, if there is one, is never plugged in.

David Kosoy, a successful Toronto developer, experienced something similar when he first visited a fishing resort on Manitoulin Island in Georgian Bay. The 11-acre waterfront property wasn't for sale, but Kosoy was smitten anyway. Its chief attractions, including the spectacular site, which gently slopes down to a protected cove, and the collection of rustic cabins clustered around the central wooden lodge, reeked of untapped potential. It took a year, but Kosoy convinced the owners to sell, setting in motion an adventure which would breathe new life into the sagging 53-year-old retreat and become a consuming passion for his family.

David's wife Colleen had operated her own party planning business in Toronto, a job which had prepared her for the long hours and endless problem-solving which lay ahead. She also had an ace up her sleeve: her parents, Gloria and Peter Barter, had emigrated from South Africa almost three years earlier and were feeling a little at loose ends. They signed on to manage the lodge. In April and May of 1989 as many as 60 people swarmed over the site — a small army of painters, builders, craftspeople and gardeners — and by June, the Manitowaning Lodge and Tennis Resort was open for business.

With the help of interior designer Leo Laferme of Toronto, Colleen has created a comfortable mix of classic lodge style and English country charm. Hundreds of gallons of white paint, inside and out, revitalized the run-down wooden buildings and provided a sparkling background for the trompe-l'oeil touches that have made the lodge so distinctive. Handwoven rag rugs, framed botanical prints, hand-decorated wooden furniture, and the final and all-important concession to the luxe life, gloriously inviting beds dressed with feathery duvets, all conspire to make venturing beyond the front porch unnecessary.

Fortunately, incentives to do so are everywhere. Tennis and the topflight resident pros who will coddle beginners or polish up the style of more experienced players are the main attractions. Private and semiprivate lessons and clin-

Turf courts behind the main lodge. A fully equipped fitness centre — treadmill, computerized cycles, stair climbers, weights — has also been completed for any never-miss-a-day types who can only rest easy after working out hard. A masseur trained in Swedish and Shiatsu massage stands by, ready to soothe any newly discovered muscles. Mountain bikes are available for exploring the back roads of the world's largest freshwater island. And a full range of water sports — fishing, sailing, windsurfing and swimming — is centred around the spectacular dock which juts out into the bay. But when relaxing means doing as little as possible, the glittering blue of the swimming pool provides the perfect setting.

At her home in Cape Town, one of Gloria Barter's greatest joys was her garden. Transplanted from a climate in which, as she says, "Nothing ever dies!" to one in which sometimes it seems almost everything does — every winter — she has, with the help of a greenhouse built by her son Marck, managed to master the explosive, if short-lived palette of the Canadian garden. One of the great delights of Manitowaning is the profusion of flowers — impatiens, wild daisies, nasturtiums, delphiniums and honeysuckle — that line the pathways, surround the porches and appear on the tables in the dining room. Gloria's floral touch is at its most exuberant here in an enormous arrangement in the centre of the room, a finishing touch that makes breakfast more cheerful and dinner more elegant than one might expect so far from the city.

Well aware of the central importance of the dining experience, the Barters have taken special care to satisfy even the most citified tastes. Breakfast, supervised and often cooked by Peter, is homey with an emphasis on freshness. Lunch is served on the outdoor terrace with a view past the pines to the bay and

beyond. And in the evening, guests gather in the dining room for the main event before adjourning to the lounge to relax by the fire. Chef David LeLacheure draws on his experience at Toronto's Giraffe Bar & Grill to create menus both sophisticated and appropriate to the relaxed setting. Whenever possible, he plans his menus around the abundance of local fruits, vegetables and fish.

If you can resist the feathery temptations back in your cabin, there is no finer way to top off a day at the lodge than to follow the path down to the dock, lean back in one of the deck chairs, and survey the star-filled sky over Lake Huron.

Although it's possible to drive all the way to Manitoulin Island via Sudbury, it's a long trek. For a weekend stay, and a more interesting "adventure," it is preferable to drive straight up the Bruce Peninsula to Tobermory (3 1/2 hours). Once there you can take your car right onto the ferry, or, as Gloria suggests, leave it in the lot and simply walk on board. At just over an hour, the ferry ride is a lovely way to decompress after a busy week in town. As the rock outcroppings and islands of Georgian Bay glide by, the passage of time makes a sudden shift into slow motion and the curious excitement always engendered by leaving the mainland and going to an island takes over. You'll be met at the dock (the staff must be notified in advance) and driven the remaining 15 minutes to the lodge.

For more information, write to the Barters c/o Manitowaning Lodge and Tennis Resort, Box 160, Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island, Ontario, P0P 1N0; or call (705) 859-3136. □

Travel

APRIL 1991

BY BRAD MACIVER

TRAVEL & LEISURE

THE BEST SUMMER RESORTS, TO MY WAY of thinking, are complete, protected little enclaves in which to hide from the outside world for a week or so. They don't need to be large; rather, they simply must feel sufficient unto themselves, with enough good food, comfortable beds, chairs with views, and places to swim, so that life within them becomes simpler, slower, easier. And yet is still interesting.

The Manitowaning Lodge & Tennis Resort epitomizes this ideal. Located next to the Wikwemikong Indian

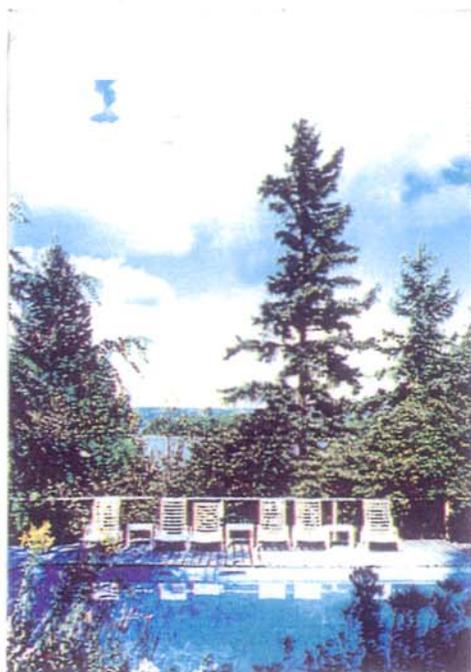
tacky faux-tile bathroom walls, and soft duvets added to the beds. Playfulness and luxury were applied in equal doses, and the result is an elegant resort where the screen doors still slam.

The cabins lie on a grassy hillside that slopes down to the cold waters of Manitowaning Bay. In their midst a swimming pool with stacks of towels beckons; down on the lake are a dock with a beaver lodge beside it and an old gas pump stuck on 52 cents a gallon. The main building (with nine guest rooms) sits on top of the hill, and behind it are four tennis courts, a pro shop, and a small gym with exercise machines.

The resort is expertly run by the Barter family of South Africa, in particular its sweet matriarch, Gloria. Not a young woman, she is possessed of unbelievable energy and good cheer, which appear to transform everyone in her orbit. "I hate to miss the morning, because then I can't say goodbye to people who are leaving, and I hate to miss the afternoon, because then I can't say hello to new guests." She never looks less than bright-eyed and well-coiffed; the dignity of the British Commonwealth is seldom tempered with such warmth. "Good-night, love," she chirps merrily as you pass the front desk at 10 P.M.

The sardonic counterpart to Gloria is her son Marck, a devoted fellow who tends bar most evenings. During the day he pilots the lodge's 22-foot Sea Ray motorboat, whisking guests to destinations such as lunch at Mr. Perch, a fish-and-chips shop run out of a red school bus across Manitowaning Bay. Gloria's husband, Peter, and other son, Anthony, round out the team.

Gloria has turned the entire resort into her garden. Potted ferns and English ivy grew in my cabin, and a massive vase of chrysanthemums was posed on the bar. On the lodge porch, baskets glowed with pink and white impatiens and wax begonias; hibiscus,



The shores of Lake Huron, as viewed by a gas pump.

reservation on Ontario's Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron, the lodge is an unprepossessing property that evinces the transformative power of good management. When it changed hands in 1988, the 13 cabins, undistinguished except for large walls of lake-view windows, were spiffed up. Unworthy furniture, along with all the mattresses, was jettisoned, and in came wicker chairs, log tables, dhurrie rugs, and heavenly double and queen-size beds. A trompe l'oeil artist painted casually tossed wristwatches, errant vines, and in-progress backgammon games on dressing tables and bureaus; heavy white towels were hung in front of

SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1994

Man, Oh Manitoulin Island: Tranquility Found

By James T. Yenckel
Washington Post Staff Writer

Sometimes getting away from it all takes a lot of getting—which is the case of Manitoulin Island, a bucolic Canadian outpost so far from anywhere that once you are there you don't even want to think about tackling the return trip home. After a couple of days, though, you may actually begin to believe the whole effort really was worth it.

I say this up front not to disparage Manitoulin, which hugs the northern shore of Lake Huron for about 80 miles, because it is an extraordinarily peaceful place to enjoy an old-fashioned summer vacation. No, I just want to make sure you realize before you head there that it is no mere hop, skip and jump away. Of course, its distant location accounts for the absence of crowds on its sandy beaches and scenic back roads.

For the uninitiated—as I was until a Canadian brochure caught my eye—Manitoulin is the largest freshwater island in the world. In shape, it is roughly triangular, but its sides are so deeply cut by many bays that it is best described as raggedy. At its eastern end, it is about 30 miles wide, but the island narrows to a point of no more than 2½ miles in width in the west. The landscape is gentle, a mix of rolling farmland, scattered woods and small, bush-cloaked hills. Nearly 100 inland lakes dot the countryside.

In its open emptiness, the scenery is quite lovely. And the myriad lakes, the forgiving



And, a point not to overlook during a mid-summer heat wave at home, the weather so far up north is delightfully cool—that is, just warm enough on a sunny afternoon for a comfortable swim and nippy enough after dark for a good fire in the fireplace and thick wool blankets on the bed.

My wife and I decided to go to Manitoulin in early August last year to celebrate our wedding anniversary—just one of many we have observed in similarly offbeat destinations. We stayed in a cozy, two-room cottage only steps from the blue water of Manitowaning Bay on the island's northeastern shore. The cottage was a part of Manitowaning Lodge, probably the fanciest of the small, low-key resorts scattered about the island. When we arrived, I quickly settled into a comfortable chair on our front porch. When I saw the broad view of lake and woodlands before me, I immediately stopped grumbling about the long trip.

Manitoulin has a population of about 11,000 year-round residents, a large percentage of whom are descendants of the Ojibwe people. Many of the Native Americans reside on one of several Indian "reserves" on the island, and some earn a living making traditional crafts, including teepees, that are sold to tourists. A few, like James A. Simon, are artists of wide repute. Simon, who is 40, maintains his own studio, called Mishibinjima, in the Manitoulin Island Indian Reserve near our lodge. His brightly colored, somewhat fantastical paintings blend a love of Manitoulin with the heritage of his ancestors.

Our resort, the Manitowaning Lodge, is a comfortable place where one could settle in for a week without leaving the grounds. The main lodge building, which houses the dining room, sits on a bluff overlooking the water. Below the lodge, terraced flower gardens descend almost to the water. On one level is a cluster of umbrella-shaded tables where lunch with a water view is served. On a lower level is a large swimming pool. Most guests waited to swim in the afternoon when the sun had warmed the water a bit. I regularly swam laps in the chilly morning before breakfast, earning a reputation as the house polar bear. Guest cottages are scattered about the grounds, several of them at water's edge. Our cottage was sparkling clean and furnished with cheery good taste.

Because the island is so large — it is 100 miles long — every day can offer a new outing. There are the sand dunes at Providence Bay or the antique shops at Gore Bay or Perrivale. There are several hiking trails, the prettiest is at Bridal Veil Falls, the most difficult is the Cup and Saucer. It is so named because it is a small hill on top of a larger hill.

On our last trip to Manitoulin, we did the Cup and Saucer Trail. The sense of silence in the woods was magical. We were the only people on the trail. Chipmunks noisily scampered through the fallen leaves of the forest floor. A hare bounded across our path. The trail leads to a ledge, overlooking a plain of forest surrounding a small lake. Here you can eat the picnic lunch that your lodge has prepared for you.

Manitoulin's quiet charm

*It's an island
of forest and lake
myth and legend*

TRAVEL



Canada: boring it isn't

● *Bill Condie flies Concorde to a luxury island lodge in the lonely lakeland*

ASK any pub bore what Canada is like and he will unfailingly reply: "Pretty, but frightfully dull." That should just be a lesson not to take any notice of pub bores. Mind you, I suppose Canada could seem tedious to some. Clean, lively, civilised cities with uncomplicated, friendly people, miles of beautiful countryside, lakes and rivers teeming with fish, woods where wild deer are plentiful and it is still possible to see wolves — all this might get a bit wearing after a time. But it didn't to me.

About 150 miles north of Toronto, on Lake Huron, is Manitoulin Island. The geography is quite interesting: in a way, it's a bit like a cluster of Russian dolls. Manitoulin is the largest island on a freshwater lake. In turn, it has several large lakes on it, all with islands on them, and they have lakes, and those lakes have islands and so on. Heaven knows where it ends or where all the water comes from.

The name in the local Indian language means "God's country". You can see what they mean. The scenery is marvellous, the atmosphere one of unspoilt peace, which I thought had long ago been spoilt everywhere. But when you have 25

million people and a vast half-continent, you can spread them pretty thin and Manitoulin Island didn't even get its fair share.

We flew there from Toronto airport with David Kosoy and his wife Colleen, who the year before last bought a run-down fishing lodge on the shore of the island near Manitowaning. They spent thousands renovating it, and now it is open for four months of the year as a resort, offering fishing, tennis with professional coaching, boating, sailing, lazing and superb food and drink.

Kosoy's life story is a sort of

carol to the North American way of life. The son of poor Polish immigrants who settled in Toronto, he is immensely charming and energetic — he was well on his way to making his first property million while

still at school. After winning a football scholarship to university — playing representative hockey along the way — he became a lawyer and set up a property empire and a couple of air charter companies and flying schools which, judging by the splendid toys he has assembled, is more than just a nice little earner.

Flying us to Manitowaning, he described his latest toy — the Lodge. The first time he

went there — like the man from Gillette — he liked it so much he bought it. He tries to run it like his own home, he says, and wants people who stay there to feel like house guests. He wanted everything there to be the very best.

And it is. Kosoy has brought together talented enthusiasts in all fields. The chef, David LeLacheure, and maitre d', Jimmy Tobin, came from some of Toronto's best restaurants. Rudy Medakovic, the fishing guide (and part-time entertainer) is a magician at finding fish, the tennis pro David Garrett is splendid. The resort has been good for the area, providing jobs and injecting some cash into the local economy.

They all stay because conditions are good, the equipment is first-class and the audience is appreciative. The lodge is a fully staffed country retreat for David and Colleen with the

bonus, as far as they are concerned, that it is usually filled with different people whom they have never met — the "house guests".

"I'd like to get a lot of different people here from overseas," says David. "Not your Brit who wears sandals and socks and knotted handkerchieves on his head, but interesting people. Think what a great time you can have on holiday if you meet a whole collection of people. You can make real friends that way."

The resort buildings are built on the edge of the lake; scattered around under the trees are comfortable cottages of one, two and three bedrooms. The toiletries in the bathrooms are first-rate and plentiful. There's a real sense at the end of the day that the cottage is yours. We were only in Manitowaning for a weekend, but the break seemed like a week.

● **MANITOWANING** Lodge, in Georgian Bay, is included in the very upmarket packages offered in the new "Canada by Concorde" brochure, jointly organised by British Airways and Canadian company Blyth and Co, and being sold in the UK by a firm called Experience the Mountains, of Mitcham, Surrey. The holidays begin in Toronto, which Concorde now flies to each Thursday. The current programme operates until September, and the Concorde option is now only available on July 26, August 9 and September 14; the full pro-

gramme will begin again next April. The Manitowaning Lodge Resort package includes seven nights at the resort, two nights in a luxury Toronto hotel, transfers to the island, one supersonic flight, one 747 British Airways return, and costs £2,125.

Inclusive holidays offered in the "Canada by Concorde" programme include luxury trips on the Royal Canadian train; returns via New York on the