

The Thousand Islands.

(By Daisy G. M. Corbett, in the Toronto Globe.)

Nature smiled as she viewed the mainland of Canada, as though she still held the choicest and most exquisite of all her gifts in reserve. One day with a generous impulse, a royal magnanimity, she opened her arms and dropped into the sunny St. Lawrence her last treasure, and lo! the priceless gift was shattered into one thousand bits. The breakage was so pleasant that nature, smiling through her tears, christened them the Thousand Islands!

How can you better spend this bright day than on the water? The little waves, dancing with gladness, beckon you. Step on the steamer at Kingston and you will sail away to fairyland, which is a trip down the Canadian side to Alexandria Bay. Just outside the harbor you see the "gateway to the St. Lawrence," and a little fear mingles with your admiration, for you sail through a narrow stream which seems impassable to the eye. Look to the right and there is pretty little Cedar Island in its new dress of delicate green and the soft golden brown of new life; to the left historic old Fort Henry and the Military College, while nestling in the centre is tiny Whiskey Island. Like a bird, the boat glides through and sweeps into the river channel and for an hour you enjoy the sweet, cool breezes and refreshing scenery dotted all along with white tent-homes like snow-drops in the woodlands. Groups of little laughing children wave frantically from the shore and you wave an answer back again.

Just above Gananoque the islands increase in number and beauty to your great delight, for you are now eager with anticipation for what is in store. A little further on and you grow bewildered as to which is the more beautiful—that one with the great jutting granite rocks forti-



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—At SUSSEL.

fying its sides, picturesquely massed cedar and pine trees growing to the water's edge, or this, so smooth and round, with slanting grey slabs running out to meet the shining river and the tender foliage of baby vines creeping out of every moss-filled crevice? You cannot choose. Round a bend and Fiddler's Elbow fascinates the vision; so narrow is the channel through which you are passing that you can almost touch the willow branches as they sway caressingly toward you. Suddenly you notice how very still it is. There is a hush in the air that can be felt! Emerald banks on each side seem to silently close in upon you. The water is so clear the blue of heaven's sky seems to sweep a veil of azure over it. Every leaf of trees or shrub is magically mirrored in this strangely quiet stream. The bird's fly to and fro with softened whirr; they forget to sing. You hear "A little noiseless noise among the leaves, Born of the very sigh that silence heaves."

For you are passing through the Lost