

on the Gaspé coast of Canada. The tradition of this hole in the rock is that the devil, with a chain through the hole used it to drag away Lewis and Harris from the mainland of Scotland. The lighthouse of the Butt is 150 feet high and 200 feet above the sea level, and from the lamp room the visitor may obtain a fine view of the shores of Lewis, east and west, and the mountain ranges of Ross and Sutherlandshire.

And this is the land over which more than one writer of fiction has waved the fairy wand of fancy, a land that even with its vast and drear moorlands, interspersed with a few—not many—fruitful valleys, has many spots that brighten the tourist's journey.

For be it remembered that it is the home of 26,000 of a lusty race, strong and vigorous—men robust and valorous, thousands of



THE FRONT VIEW LEWIS HOSPITAL, STORNOWAY, BUILT 1895.

whom have formed the thin red line in Britain's kilted corps, hundreds of whom have made their mark in the business life of the capitals of the world, and whose descendants to-day may be counted by scores in the throng of commercial activities in every spot on earth where the flag waves.

Its women too, are fair to see, yes of all Eve's daughters none fairer, excellent in form, well set up, strong and active, pleasant and well-featured, eyes black as the coal or blue as the forget-me-not, hair fair and golden, brown as the nutshell, or black as the starless midnight—all kinds, blondes and brunettes, with many a face well worth a corner in a gallery.

And this is The Lewis and its capital town, the birth nest of many a man and woman whose sons and daughters, generation after