

Reynolds, M.D., Hamilton, Ontario. This is a timely movement, giving promise of a large measure of usefulness.—*The Philanthropist*.

General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, has visited Canada and is now in the United States. The Grand Opera House here in London could not begin to hold the crowds that wished to see and hear him. He attended three services on the Sabbath, and his addresses were clear and practical, calling attention to our everyday duty and our Heaven here. His manner and speech were convincing and his illustrations vivid.

#### A VISIT TO THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION'S CAMP ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

We were camping about eight miles away, on one of the very prettiest islands of the whole Thousand. I am perfectly safe in saying one of the prettiest, since that might conscientiously be said of almost any island in the river—they are all so beautiful. Being so near the A. C. A.'s camp, at the foot of Grindstone Island, we, of course, planned a trip across the eight miles of blue water intervening, and promised ourselves a sight of the merry canoeists, of whose gay doing we heard frequent echoes. So one fine morning we packed our lunch basket of prodigious size and fame, tucked ourselves safely, if not gracefully, away in our new skiff and were off. One cannot be graceful in a rowboat, for feet develop such painful proclivities for being in the way; and elbows, if the boat be crowded—which ours invariably was, are SUCH an inconvenience. Then, too, the whole affair wobbles in such an unexpected and inconsequent way, if one does but move! I will spare you the detail of our voyage that morning. The chief advantage of "newspaper journeys" is that one may be spared details, and at once be transported to his destination. Suffice it to say that, under the spell of that volume, "The late Mrs. Mell," which we took turns in reading aloud, the time seemed not long until we were in sight of the far-famed camp. After due consultation, we halted at a picturesque little island about a mile distant to interview the lunch basket, and had our sand-

wiches and iced lemonade under the low hanging branches of a mighty pine, whose bent trunk, and bare, gnarled roots formed comfortable seats for all. How complacently man fits himself into nature's crevices and appropriates her handiwork, without so much as a suspicion that she may have intended it for other purposes. Is it indicative of his right of supreme dominion? or, proof of his superior impudence and conceit? After luncheon and an hour's "noon-spell," again we betook ourselves to the boat and soon were nearing the western side of Grindstone Island, now occupied by the Brooklyn Canoe Club. A pretty sight was that of the scores of gleaming white or richly colored tents grouped amid tall trees at the foot of a smooth, steep hillock, with flags, banners and ensigns of every size, shape and color, floating gaily in the breeze. All was life and motion—the water dotted thickly with sails white as seafoam, some not much larger than a man's handkerchief, others of such large proportions that the tiny craft beneath seemed utterly eclipsed. Every now and then when the wind gave a sudden puff, or the sail jibbed, one involuntarily started, half expecting the miniature craft to be swamped. One of these butterfly like creations came skimming along the wave tops with no apparent knowledge or appreciation of the fact that we were directly in its course until close upon us, when, by the merest shade of a slackening of the rope he held, its handsome young occupant swung himself and his fairy skiff to one side. Having assured himself by one swift glance into our boat as he passed that he was being duly admired, the stalwart young canoeist whizzed by with the conscious indifference of a recognized hero. Upon the numerous piers and landings along the shore lay the daintiest of paddle canoes. So fragile and toy-like they appeared that one felt a desire to hold and examine them by hand, only that handling might mar the glossiness of their rich yellow and brown varnish. The owners of these toy ships were being photographed on the bank above. One did not require to see the tripod with its draped telescope, nor the anxious looking individual hovering near it, to be made aware of this fact, since the attitudes of graceful