

tired, in order to be up bright and early next morning.

We lodged in the Memphremagog House, which is pleasantly situated on the very shores of the beautiful lake of the same name. Next morning we were up with the lark and in time to see the sun rise. After a very substantial breakfast, part of which consisted of lake trout, which is a very toothsome fish as we discovered, we took a short walk through the principal street, and then climbed a hill situated just back of the place, from which we had a very fine view of the lake, and the town and its environs.

At about half past ten o'clock we,—together with a lunch basket of no small proportions,—got aboard the steam yacht *Gracie*, which had been specially chartered for our party by our ever attentive manager, as soon as he had heard that *The Lady of the Lake*, the regular excursion steamer, had been engaged for the day by a picnic party from Portland.

Before starting, an elderly lady and gentleman asked and obtained permission to accompany us, and so well were they pleased with our party and program, that, before the day was over, they expressed the intention of joining the excursion party, which purpose they carried out next day;—they were later on introduced to us as Mr. and Mrs. Gridley, of Hartford, Ct.

After we had steamed about five miles, the captain blew the whistle and informed us with great gravity, that we were crossing the imaginary boundary line between Canada and the United States, the lake lying partly in Canada and partly in the United States. There is an island in this lake, upon which a frame house has been built, one third of which house is situated on American territory, the balance on British soil, and we were in all seriousness informed by the captain that a restless man who had gone to sleep on the American side, had during the night rolled over into Canada;—this, I believe, is the only known instance of the happening of such an event.