



THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS—LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, ISLANDS AND MOUNT ELEPHANTIS
FROM BAY VIEW POINT.

Mark Twain and the Ocean.

Often as Mark Twain has crossed the ocean he cannot really make himself love it; and not even an Oxford degree at the end will entirely reconcile him to the voyage. At least, whether he means to be taken serious or not, he likes to talk with humorous criticism of the sea.

"Why, on board ship," he said, the other day, "one tires of the aspects in a couple of days and quits looking. The same vast circle of heaving humps is spread around you all the time, with you in the centre of it and never gaining an inch on the horizon so far as you can see; for variety, a flight of flying fish, mornings; a flock of porpoises throwing summersaults, afternoons; a remote whale spouting, Sundays; occasional phosphorescent effects, nights; every other day a streak of black smoke trail-

ing along under the horizon; on the one single red letter day, the illustrious iceberg. I have seen that iceberg thirty-four times in thirty-seven voyages; it is always the same shape, it is always the same size, it always throws up the same old flash when the sun strikes it; you may set it on any New York doorstep of a June morning and lighten it up with a mirror-flash and I will engage to recognize it. It is artificial, and is provided and anchored out by the steamship companies. I used to like the sea, but I was young then, and could easily get excited over any kind of monotony, and keep it up until the monotonies ran out, if it was a fortnight.

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