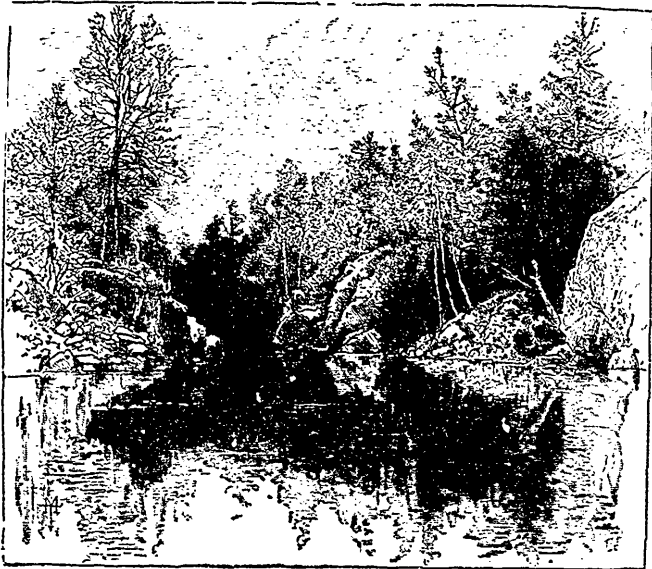


rock just giving precarious foothold to a few wild flowers, to islands miles in extent, stretching in broad farms and waving with tall and stately forests. Passing Forts Henry and Frederick, the grim guardians of the old Limestone City, we enter the lovely Archipelago of the St. Lawrence,—“nature’s carnival of isles.”

This beautiful lake of islands, fair as the sunny Cyclades of the Ægean Sea, as if so much beauty should not be monopolized by any one nation, belongs, in part, to the Dominion of Canada,



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and in part to the United States of America. Indeed, the Thousand Island Park, on Well's Island, possesses a thoroughly international character. Its directorate is composed of members from both countries, and many of the park lots are held by Canadian owners, and the island is yearly visited by hundreds, probably thousands, of Canadian visitors. Indeed, one of the chief charms of the visit is the exchange of international courtesies and compliments for which it affords the scope. No welcome can be warmer or more hospitable than that which Canadians receive from their American cousins.

Many Canadians, however, especially those having invalids

longer  
with  
far-sun  
spent  
gentle