

OUR TRIP TO THE A. C. A. MEET
OF '93.

CONTINUED.

with excursionists, and small as we were in comparison with her, her captain thought we were so enterprising that he favored us with a very sonorous salute from the boat's whistle, the passengers being the none the less demonstrative, waving their handkerchiefs as heartily as if we were a boat their equal in size. We now soon came in sight of the camping ground, and our approach caused quite an excitement among the Association. By good seamanship, we made a good landing, and for some time were the centre of attraction, and got credit for being very adventurous. However, as we were not over anxious for notoriety, we got our craft into a snug harbor, and found everything getting in readiness for the Skiff Race. While the preliminaries were in progress, we took in the sights, and the blending of our American cousins with our Canadian sisters was very unique. The woods dotted with milk-white and striped (duck houses) tents forming this most romantic Camp Meeting, it being its 12th annual meet, making the present one the fifth held on the beautiful St. Lawrence. Although the weather was so unfavorable, still a number of Kingston folks came down on the steamer, that ran as a special ferry for the occasion. All being now arranged for the race, the signal gun warned the racers to get ready, followed by one to get away. The Race, was quite interesting, there being a large number of entries, among them being the Canoe Wasp, in itself a miniature Yacht, with its diminutive mast and slender spars, with mainsail and jigger together, with a vast complication of little cords, for hoisting, reefing and

down hauling, all combined making a complete ship, requiring a crew of but one man. It differs from the yacht to, in that a seat has been constructed which slides away to windward, enabling the crew to crowd sail admirably. The three favorites in the race were Leprechaun, St. Lawrence and Lavolta. The race was won by the Leprechaun, our Captain's boat coming in a good second. This race was followed by the one for the paddling trophy, a double bladed Paddle Race, keenly contested and won by Mr. Darcy Scott, of Ottawa, followed closely by Mr. O'Brien, of Toronto. The last Race was the Hurry Scurry, a race that required good running, swimming and paddling powers, for all these were needed in the race, the preliminary part being, a boat race for some distance, and dive off the wharf, and swim to an anchored canoe. This was won by a Quebecker.

Truly the enchantments of these 1000 Islands are alluring, with their pine scented perfume, wafted by warm and gentle zephyrs. It has truly been called Fairyland, for we can feast our eye on the beautiful panorama, and where would any one seeking sport, health or exploration, find a more suitable situation. Fitted out with a Canoe, you cannot do better than go canoeing here, and you will find all these pleasures, the delightful motion of this sport is alone known to those who have experienced its enchanting thrill. Before describing our experiences on our trip back home, I would like to mention the beautiful place selected for this Meet. Gently bathed in the sparkling waters of McDonald's Bay to the east, strongly guarded by Knapp's Point to the west, and situated in a grove of tall, graceful, stately elms, was located the Camp of the A. C. A., of 1893. The Main Encamp-