



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—A very pretty spot.

Channel, unequalled in mysterious beauty the world over.

A few minutes run and you have left nature unmolested and are in the midst of nature which man has striven by every cunning device to improve. This is the land of the Stars and Stripes, where wealth and luxury abound. Stately castles, beautiful homes, magnificent yachts and houseboats like floating palaces pass by in a brilliant pantomime. Alexandria Bay with its magnificent hotels, the abode of fashionable beauty and smart society, where you find the nations of the world represented by parties who have travelled many thousands of miles to see the world-famed Thousand Islands. At nightfall the hotels are ablaze with electric lights; hundreds of red, yellow and blue eyes twinkle and gleam through the trees like elusive sprites.

With a long winding cut across you come to Thousand Island Park, an ideal spot for the hundreds of families who there spend the summer. It is a place

essentially for women and children, and the Sabbath Day is rigidly observed. The large hotel has broad living verandahs, where the less energetic watch the tennis and croquet players who daily enjoy the mild outdoor exercise. There is constant landing of hundreds of excursionists from every part of the Island and the nearest towns and cities. A large pavilion is erected where you can spend the warmest days on the river's edge and be fanned by refreshing breezes.

The dusk is falling as you come to another fairy palace, Frontenac Hotel at Round Island Park, a most charming and exclusive resort. Now you touch Clayton, with the clang of the New York Central and the hustling activity of a United States town, but it soon fades in the distance. Night has fallen and a great golden moon comes slowly up gilding a pathway through the river's darkness. On and on, while you are wondering if it has all been a beautiful dream—a trip to fairyland through the land of nod! The steamer's prolonged whistle assures you of the realistic; you see the glittering of many electric lights and collect the wits that have been wool-gathering, for you are now entering the harbor of the old Limestone City.



"Well," said he, anxious to make up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this parcel?"

"Not very," replied his wife, indifferently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in the world."

"Ah! I suppose its those new collars you said you needed."—Tit-Bits.



The Sun Life of Canada is
"Prosperous and Progressive."