

The Sweden of America.

found that if the miles of fresh water sea were squared and the miles of Nova Scotia clay were squared you could put Nova Scotia afloat on Michigan Lake. Then you might take "The Island"—there is only one—and having squared it put it beside Nova Scotia on this Lake and there would be so little water left uncovered that there would be no need of a tunnel to the Mainland from "The Island."

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At Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, the C. P. steamer "Manitoba" took us aboard and we were soon sailing across, the part Canadian Lake Huron. It was a perfect summer day. The water was like a mirror excepting a few cat's-paws here and there and the change from unadulterated American dust to part Canadian sea was very pleasing.

We were to have twenty-one hours sea trip across water nearly one thousand miles from the ocean. The list of passengers was very large. The fashion and wealth of cities promenaded the decks. "Swelldom" in diamonds and dimity—some with less dimity than diamonds—walked up and down for there was no Atlantic swell to subdue them. We were not sorry. We had painful and particular memories of "the big pond" and it is pleasing to be able to get all you pay for on board ship. The sea and the service were so "scrumptious" that no one had anything to "put up with."

Lake Huron is the third in size of the Great Lakes and is nearly as large as Nova Scotia. In this Lake there are three thousand islands. The Manitoulin group on the north shore of the Lake comprises the one made notorious by Mr. Gamey and his dupes and dupers. We saw it quite plainly from the ship as we steamed along. This Island is eighty miles long by twenty wide with a population of over two thousand. Some places achieve notoriety by their general bid for it and some have it tagged to them by means of some outstanding motive. I am told that while Grand Manitoulin Island is not as good as it ought to be it cannot be fairly judged by the man who has lately made it so (in) famous.

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The night was gathering as the eastern point of Grand Manitoulin sank into the sea. Far astern the west was spattered with the drops of glory left by the vanished sun. The saloon was thronged with the passengers and their songs and talk floated out into the dark. The deck was deserted save for a few poetic promenaders who were now walking with face to the east and then to the west under the starry sky. The noise of the engines and the chatter of the peo-