

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

we get little stakes to drive in the ground for guy ropes. The boy declines, and when my friend steps toward him, he, unlike the boy that stood on the burning deck, fled. I could not blame the boy much, as my friend did look tough, to say the best—a dirty face, short pants short stockings, an ugly-looking hat, a 38 S & W in his hip pocket and an 8-inch bowie knife in his belt made up his attire.

I was in the bush cutting stakes, or he would probably have been rooted to stop, through fear. After an explanation, and a persuader in the form of a 25c peice he consented to help us, and we soon erect our canvas dwelling, send the boy after some straw, make our bed, and prepare tea.

Just as I am lighting the wicks of the oil stove, a shaggy looking bull walks toward our tent, bellowing softly to himself. I yell at him, but without effect, so, remembering that bulls can't climb, I speedily seek a tall spruce, my companion actively agreeing on the same course, and soon we are defiantly looking down at the beast which stands eyeing us, and, no doubt thinking us the largest and toughest looking birds he had ever seen. A rescuing party soon came in the person of a pretty Scotch lass, who drove the animal and our melancholy forebodings away. She then reappeared with some milk, and judging by the expression of her countenance, she was highly amused at the picture we must have cut scrambling up the trees. After taking supper and getting everything in trim

for breakfast, we go to a shop near by to enquire about the surrounding country. We are greeted at the door by a jovial old Scotchman, who gives us a lot of information on fishing and boating, and to our great satisfaction produces Halifax and St. John papers. We then repair to the tent, light the lantern, and read the papers through "adds" and all.

Next morning we start for Little Bras d'Or village, a distance of about 30 miles. The wind being light we shake out our reefs, and proceed with everything made fast. We pass numerous fishing boats, which are taking in mackerel nets, and a young man in one of them suggested that we go ashore, put wheels under our craft, and finish our journey by land, or we would surely drown. After about two hours of sailing we run for a little lake which has a passage from the water outside, and by following a little channel we float in on an even keel. We find two large fishing boats anchored in the little lake beside a small wharf, to which we make the "Petrel" fast, then start for a farm-house near by for bread milk and eggs. Here again we meet with kind-hearted-people who supply us with the articles and refuse to receive any pay for them. On our return to the canoe we are accompanied by the young man of the farm who is about 16 years old, and at his suggestion we utilize an hour in hunting through the upper end of the little lake for oysters, with the result of securing nearly a peck of fine ones.