

that they could tell. The banks and the stumps have vanished with the years.

Three years ago, while swimming in the cove between Kensington and Falconwood shore, I noticed the remains of a stump nearly midway between the points. I secured a small piece, and later subjected a section to microscopic examination. It showed clearly the pitted cells characteristic of all conifers, and was identical with our white pine. In short, it was a piece of an old pine stump. I have noticed like remains in the sand about fifty yards from the bank to the north of the targets. These stumps showed the bases of the stems to be from three to six feet below high water mark. We may infer that the land has sunk at least six feet since these old trees were at their maturity.

It is evident that these old stumps tell the story of a grand old forest where the Micmac, sole ruler of Abegweit, made his camp fire and hunted the bear that skulked in its depths ; but now it is a tidal cove in which the unabashed small paleface disports his white pelt. Surely this is a come-down in the world. There is a submerged forest at Gallas Point and I have seen old stumps in Orwell and Seal rivers.

Getting out of the stumps our good old river gives us another problem to solve. We may walk at low tide on gently sloping flats till we come to or near the channel, the sides of which go down almost like walls. The question naturally arises in our minds : why does the channel sink so suddenly and why does not the river slope gently to its deepest and then as gently slope upward to the other bank ? The only explanation I can think of is that our Island is playing see-saw and is still at the game—going down just now. In the very dim past our beauteous Hillsboro was