



CARCASS OF WHALE ON SLIP.

Arm turned the scale ; we all wanted to see the Copper mines and the Whaling station.

A fair wind soon carried the "Argo" to the middle of the bay, and dropping, left us there. A splendid iceberg marked the half-way point between Little Bay Island and Cape John. We were all anxious to get near the iceberg, except Skipper Mark, who, while acquiescing in our desire to view it more closely, took good care to keep at a respectful distance. I have always found that our fishermen, careless of danger as they are, and often, reckless, have a deep dislike to the proximity of icebergs. Away in the distance were Cape John and Gull Island. The latter was under the spell of what Newfoundlanders call a "loom." To all familiar with our big bays this

phenomenon is a frequent experience. The conditions seem to be,—a calm sea, a hazy distance, and an imminent change of wind. Often a whole island, from 5 to 10 miles away will be reflected in the sky, in such a way that two islands appear, the real one and the reflected one, the latter inverted with its highest point touching the corresponding point of the real island. It is very interesting to note that while the real island is only in part visible, owing to the rotundity of the earth, the reflected image is all visible right down to the sea-line and outlying rocks. Once in rowing across Trinity Bay from Fox Harbor to New Perlican, we saw a small vessel, with its inverted duplicate, the tip of the mast of the latter touching the tip of the real mast.

Near Cape John too, but under the