

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

noon when the clouds begin to break. We begin to pack up for a move, and as we are carrying the dunnage to our little craft, the Scotchman again appears on the scene. We give him the codfish, and three trout, which we had left, then shake hands, hoist our sails, and glide away on our course.

We run for a little over an hour when my friend descends through the glass, a little lake, near the beach, and with thoughts of more trout fishing, we run ashore. The lake is very shallow, which knocks out the fishing, but the sight of a few yellow legs and a pair o. curlew, induces me to get my little Stevens bicycle rifle out. Crawling toward them, which I can readily do, as a group of spruces runs to within 15 yards of the birds—crack! and over goes a fine curlew. Not knowing from whence the shot comes, the birds only fly a short distance along the shore, and after another crawl and a couple of pot shots I trudge back to the "Petrel" with a curlew, a yellow-leg and a ring-neck. We then climb a high rocky point, and with the glasses look around us, but see only a schooner running before the wind, and a fishing boat anchored out a couple of miles. We then take our water-bottle, go to a house half-a-mile away fill the bottle with spring water, and arrive back to the canoe, which we find safe, notwithstanding that we just gave her a pull, and without even throwing the anchor out, left her. That is one thing that canoeists will hail with delight as regards cruising in Cape Breton's inland

waters. The rise and fall of the tide is so slight as to be hardly perceptible to the eye, thus doing away with the hauling and tugging of your canoe over half-a-mile of flats, which is the cases on a good many cruises. Then again, the waters are very deep close to the shore, and there is little or no danger of running on a half-hidden rock or reef.

In a few minutes we are moving again, with the wind on our quarter, which is steadily increasing. We are only nicely on our way when we see a nice little river running into our cruising water, and of course we run up to explore. The water here is quite calm, and after setting my companion ashore to trail a few yellow-legs, I take a run up the river.

On my return he produces two yellow-legs and a sand-piper as a result of good marksmanship, with the Stevens, and we make another start.

Getting clear of the mouth of the river, we find a heavy sea running, and white crested waves all around us. With all sail set, and both of us well out to windward we proceed like angry electricity, for a time, when shipping considerable water in two or three heavy gusts of wind, we lay too, reef both sails and run for about 40 minutes, then sighting a favorable landing place, dash ashore on the crest of a large wave, and climb up the steep bank in search of a suitable spot to pitch our tent, which we soon find. My companion asks a 14-year-old-boy to go inside the tent and hold up the pole while