

The superintendent, Mr. Robert J. Boutilier, has now been in office for about seventeen years, during which time he has brought the life-saving work up to a high standard of excellence, and he is certainly entitled to the highest credit for the present efficient state, which is in marked contrast to the condition of affairs before his incumbency. His kindness and that of his family was very much appreciated, and cannot be too highly spoken of. We were made to feel at home from the moment we landed, and when we left, our farewell was a pressing invitation to come back at the first opportunity and make a further visit. When Mr. Boutilier went there he had the landsman's dislike of drinking surface water, and instead of settling down to use the rain water from the roof he sank a well in order to get pure water, at some depth. What was his surprise to find that the fresh surface water was merely floating upon the salt water beneath, and no matter how deep the well was sunk only salt water was obtained.

The island is in the form of an elongated crescent, with its concave side to the north. It is nearly 25 miles long and only about a mile wide in most places. At each end it tapers down to a point of bare sand without any sign of vegetation whatever, and over which the sea sweeps at every high tide, and with every stormy wind. Approaching the island as we did from the north, the first view we received of it rather confirmed our ideas of a desert. All along the north side there is a line of sandy cliffs, varying from 40 to nearly 100 feet high. These are occasionally broken by gulleys which the wind has made, but the general effect is of one continuous cliff. The face of it is, of course, of bare sand, with very little vegetation, so that one receives the impression of white sand with only a scanty covering of grass upon the top of the hills. As the steamer approached closer we could see but little more of the island, as the cliffs barred our vision. But soon we could make out the men bringing the surf boat from its shelter to the water's edge, and it was not long before the first of the Sable Islanders stood on the deck of the *Minto*. We were, of course, eager to land, and took the first opportunity of doing so. While we were waiting for the boat to come out we were much interested in watching the large school of codfish which