

that of a canoe. In the ice she's a perfect marvel, and it's really a grand sight to see her boiling through a six-foot field, or riding over packs and clumpets twenty feet thick, absented-minded like, as if she hadn't noticed they were there. And all the time such a grinding of ice and swishing of water you never heard. The old *Aurora* and the *Walrus* have given up ice work, have retired from active life, as it were, and for the sake of amusement in their old age go pottering round the coast in summer picking up odd jobs, and incidentally a good deal more than paying their way: and besides, over on the dirty, smoky, hammer-clanging Tyne, there's another Northumberland boat on the ways, a sister to the *Shannon* of to-day.

All through the long clear days in summer, Northumberland Strait, as ever, shimmers and sparkles in the sunlight; and occasionally, when the wind comes down hard from the northwest, gets up a great chop of its own, boils itself into green and white streaks, and rips the spars out of the lobster-boats. Away across, you can see the red banks and green fields of the "Garden of the Gulf." But some day in late January, long after Caribou's spruce hedges are buried under the snow, some day when the wind is northeast and has been for a time, and the Gulf looks grey-blue and rough and cold, if you're lucky enough to be out on MacDonald's Point or the Roaring Bull you'll see, perhaps, a