



Edward Island, made famous by the novelist as the receptacle and hiding place of Captain Kidd's stolen hoards. The particular Cape I located on is the home of an old and dear friend, known to his intimates as "Flockie." It is called Abel's Cape. It runs into the sea from the mainland and rears itself by degrees out of the water to a height of fifty or sixty feet, its red rock and sand crowned with densely-growing fir, juniper and birch, making a gorgeous picture against the vivid sky and many tinted clouds.

Only during the spring tides, when they are either very high or very low, is it possible to walk around the Cape by the beach, for with these exceptions the waves beat its base, washing away its body and undermining its green crown, which day by day drops off into the angry depths, carrying with it cords of its richly-scented timber. Periodically it is visited by wiseacres with divining rods, who have been prompted by dreams and prognostications to dig for Kidd's gold, many holes proving how firm is the belief that the treasure is buried here. The diggers, though, have not found it—they are always unsuccessful, and are usually scared away by the ghosts of Kidd and his crew.

That it is buried here is now an undisputed fact, and that it is not on the Cape at the present time my story shall divulge. Sailing, fishing and working, I had passed many delightful weeks, drinking in the invigorating air and gaining flesh and strength every day. Late one afternoon, about the fourth week of my stay, I reached the opening to the bay after whipping a mile or two of the river. My creel was full of beautiful fish, for which I knew the cook was waiting, but, noticing how unusually low was the tide, I strolled along the beach beneath the cliffs and gave myself up to admiration of all their peculiarities,