

of November or beginning of December. Still the weather there, even late in the fall, is not all storm; there are many days of sunshine, and at times the nights are as bright as in mid-June.

On one still fall night, in the early part of November, 1882, the little Northern Belle found herself nearing "The Gap"—that dangerous stretch water connecting Georgian Bay with Lake Huron. There was, on the surface of things, not the slightest cause for alarm; the sky was a mass of dazzling stars, the water was almost without a ripple, and the engines were working as smoothly as a watch. Suddenly the Captain—Taylor was in command that season—appeared at the side of the engine room, where Whit Aston was on duty.

"Whit", said the Captain. "I do not like the appearance of the glass. I never saw it act so queerly before. It seems to me as if a storm were brewing and I have a good mind to run into Club Island for shelter."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," answered the chief Engineer. "Every thing is going nicely, and even if a storm is coming, I can, by putting on a little extra spurt, drive across and under shelter of the peninsula before the blow comes."

The Captain was half convinced; but, on returning to his room, he found the barometer showing more alarming indications than before, and he decided to make for the nearest harbor at once. The run was a short one, but scarce had the lines of the little steamer been made fast to the dock than the calm of the moment before was succeeded by a blinding snowstorm, driven before a fierce northern gale. Lake steamboat men still keep that storm among the recollections of notable events in their lives. It came on with all the suddenness of a western tornado, and if it had caught the Belle in the open, nothing would have saved the vessel and her crew from total destruction.

The other call occurred in the case of the Atlantic, and the event took place in October, of 1883. The Atlantic's adventure also occurred in "The Gap". The steamer was well across on her way up the lakes, when a storm, similar to what struck the Belle, came down from the north. I happened to be out on that same

night, and although on land, with but a few yards to go, I found it impossible to face the blizzard and was obliged to turn my face at every step. The wind blew with the force of a hurricane and the snow, more like pellets of ice than flakes of the storm broke over his ship, to get under the lee of the southern end of Lonely Island and hold on. From the only point at which shelter was afforded the lighthouse on the island could not be seen, and, as it was getting blacker every moment, it was evident the dark mass of the island would soon be shut out from view. The Captain determined, therefore, to send Mate Playter and a couple of sailors ashore in a small boat to start a beacon fire. The sailors had to pull against the wind and on arriving at the island had difficulty in making a landing. Consequently a good deal of time elapsed before they got their fire going. So long was the interval that Captain Campbell concluded they had been unable to make land at all, and had been driven out into the open to perish amid the mountainous seas, that raged in the wild waste of water stretching away to the south beyond the shelter of the land. With this belief in his mind and knowing he could not maintain his position without a light to show where the island lay, he decided that the only course open was to turn and run before the storm for Parry Sound, a hundred miles or so to the south-east.

It was a desperate chance. To realize how desperate it was look at the respective positions of Lonely Island and Parry Sound, as shown on any school map. Between the two lies practically the whole length of Georgian Bay, and over that sweep in the night in question, great seas were being driven before the fiercest gale of the year. In addition to this outside of Parry Sound is an iron-bound coast that threatened destruction to anything seeking the shelter of the harbor in such a storm.

"You can imagine my feelings," said the Captain in speaking of the matter afterwards, "when the conviction came home to me that my men had perished while striving to obey my orders and that the passengers committed to my care would be put in the direst peril from the course I deemed it necessary to take."

But just as the Captain was pro-