

position, or whom we discovered after chasing through the lanes, sailors' boarding-houses, and purlieus of Charlottetown. Over and over again we thought we had engaged a man; but when the time came to sail, he was not to be found. At last, out of all patience with the whole business, we telegraphed to a friend in St. John, New Brunswick, to send us a cook, and that we would pick him up at Point du Chêne. No reply had arrived to the telegram when we sailed, and thus we started without a cook, in a sort of vain hope of stumbling across one at some port.

A group of our good friends at Charlottetown came down to the wharf to give us a send-off. Healths were exchanged, the canvas was spread, and we shoved off. As the little vessel gathered way before the southerly breeze, they gave a parting hurrah, and we returned the salute by emptying our revolvers and dipping the red colors and jack of old England, which flew at the mast-head.

With light and variable winds, we reached Summerside the next afternoon. There we came to anchor, and went on shore to learn if there was any telegram regarding a cook. To our intense relief, we learned that we should find one at Point du Chêne, waiting for us. Here we also made some of those final purchases of stores which are likely to be forgotten on starting. Then we hurried on board and made sail. There was really but little to detain us at Summerside. It is a new place, which sprang up mushroom-like, and soon threatened with its bustling prosperity to overtop every other port in the island. But its growth stopped before it could become beautified by the slow growth of verdure, and it is now a mere naked cluster of warehouses and uninteresting, cheaply-constructed dwellings. But it is situated on Bedecque Bay, a lovely estuary into which empties the Dunk River, whose waters are the delight of the disciples of the gentle craft. Midway in the bay lies Park Island. Some years ago a capitalist of Summerside conceived the idea of making this island a summer resort. He purchased it, and in its center built a commodious hotel, the largest in Prince Edward Island. Charming walks and drives were cut through the groves, bathing-houses were put up on the beach, and numerous other attractions were offered to guests. A small steamer was bought expressly to carry them over, and it seemed as if the place ought to bring a profit to the enterprising proprietor who had such confidence in the charms of his native isle. But he sunk all his fortune in this ill-starred enterprise, and his anxieties brought him to an early grave. The hotel, standing on the islet, empty and deserted, adds a tinge of dreariness to an otherwise pleasing picture.

As we ran up the strait that evening, we had an exciting race with a