

It was one of those clear hot days that come in the early autumn, when for a boy to catch sight of open water is at once to suggest a bathe, and the two chums with some of their schoolmates had gone down to the river bank for the afternoon.

The tide which there rose and fell full thirty feet or more, as it does throughout every part of the Bay of Fundy, happened to be dead low, and they decided to wait until it came in half-way at least before going into the water.

The retreating waters had left behind them a vast expanse of red sand, through the centre of which the river, wasted by the long summer heat, ran in a narrow gulley cut into the soft bottom.

Above high-water mark stretched great level meadows, now rich with aftermath, and far beyond them could be seen the blue waters of Minas Basin, and the huge dark bulk of Cape Blomidon.

While waiting for the return of the tide, the boys, having laid aside their shoes and stockings, and most of their clothing, began chasing one another across the sand-banks.

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