

ing rains prevail in summer is a mistake, arising from the fact that far out at sea, where the cold arctic current encounters the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, fogs are very prevalent; and voyagers infer that because such is the case on the Banks, hundreds of miles from the land, such must be the character of the climate in the island itself. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth. Newfoundland is much freer from fog than either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. Only on one portion of the coast—the southern and southern-western—does fog prevail, and that only during the summer months; the eastern, northern and western shores are seldom enveloped in fog. . . . Fogs, however, do very frequently envelop the south-western and southern shores in summer and frequently cause disastrous shipwrecks. . . . The more northerly set of the Gulf Stream during summer is the cause of this fog. Then its warm waters are poured more to the south and west of the island, raising vast volumes of steam, which spread from the Bay of Fundy as far north as St. John's, N. F., and are seen at sea like a huge wall of vapour, but never extend far inland. The proximity of the Gulf Stream mitigates the severity of the climate to such an extent that, as a general rule, the thermometer rarely falls below zero in winter, and that only for a few hours. . . . The climate is insular—the temperature mild, but the weather variable. The result is highly favorable to the health of the inhabitants, enabling them to do with open fireplaces in winter and to be much in the open air. Visitors from the neighboring provinces are invariably struck with the healthy hue of the people. . . . The blooming beauty of the Newfoundland ladies, so often commented on, is no doubt partly owing to this superiority of climate—the Gulf Stream having something to do with the painting of the delicate hues on their cheeks.

* * * * *

But what of the unknown and unexplored interior, that must be little short of 400 miles in length and 250 in breadth? All that is known of this great region is to be gathered from the short narrative of W. E. Cormack, Esq., a Scotchman, who, in 1822, attended by a single Micmac Indian, crossed the island from Random Sound in Trinity Bay to St. George's Bay. This adventurous journey was performed amid great perils and hardships, and the feat of the daring traveller has never been repeated by a white man. The narrative of his journey is very brief, but is deeply interesting. The difficulties