

we'll not get in de Sound before next winter."

As we neared the entrance to the Sound we viewed with pleasure its picturesqueness. Far away in the distance we could see the shores of the Sound join hands, as it were, and there apparently the water had a termination. A deep purplish color seemed to hang in the distance whilst the nearer hills were decked in various shades of green. On our port hand, as we entered the Sound, lay Sound Island, not very many fathoms from the north-west point of the Sound, on our starboard hand was Red Head, so called, no doubt, because the strata which protrudes is composed principally of red slate. Mike informed us that it was a grand place on shore, that in the good old days, a Mr. Cook, who then carried on an extensive business in Paradise, had a lovely farm and summer residence in Red Head Cove valley, but the farm had gone to wreck, and bushes and trees now grew where once Mr. Cooks cows held sway.

"Since then," Mike said, "a fur-rin chap called Corry or Currie who talked wus nor a Frinchman, had tried to open up a slate quarry there, but after spinding osheens of money he had gone back to his place in Trinity Bay." I have since learnt that there are excellent slate beds in that locality. Almost a mile inside of Red Head the Sound opens on the eastern side, into a sort of bay called the Southeast Bight, where a small fishing hamlet exists. As the wind failed us we anchored on the outside of this village for the night and were supplied with some fresh codfish, and some cod's tongue's, which Mike fried and served up nicely browned, they provided us with a most delicious dish. After our evening meal the usual visitors came from the shore in their punts and dropped along side. Some surmised we were on a trading venture and all were anxious

to know our business. Everyone appeared anxious to avoid showing their curiosity, and adroitly insinuated questions to obtain the desired information. The conversation would commence with the usual "Good avenin min" and would be followed by "I spose ye cum from Odarin to-day?" Our laconic answer would be "No!" Then, "Hows de fish up west?" "Pretty scarce I think." "Did ye hear if the Peekoes did eny ting wid de fish?" This question was put to find out whether we had been into Burnt Island. "No!" was again our answer. Then one of our visitors impatient for information says "say mister what air ye givin for fish?" My chum answers, "well that depends on the amount of our catch and the length of our stay." This puzzled our questioner, but an observant fisherman who, standing in his punt, leaned over the schooner's rail says "youse a fool Gooldswordy, don't you see she baint a trader!" Just then Mike appeared on the scene, having been occupied in the fore-castle, refreshing the inner man with several "bowls of ta" and no doubt discussing the characters of his employers. Mike's appearance was hailed by all of our visitors with expressions of delight. Every one appeared to know him, and here was a chance to have their curiosity satisfied. Mike was eagerly invited on shore, in fact, they begged him to come, and offered to convey him there. In order that they might be gratified, I told Mike he could go a little later on, when we had made arrangements for proceeding on our voyage. Calling to a friend Mike ordered him to be alongside in hali an hour's time and he would go ashore "for half an hour's jaw." My detention of Mike had an object in view, so I said to him "Now be sure you don't let on what we are going in the Sound for, and if they press you very hard you can tell them we are miners looking for