

into the pot. The bread was almost invariably thin oatcakes, baked hard on a slanting board in front of the open fireplace, and flour bread was looked upon as quite a treat. We killed a beef animal every fall, and also put in a barrel or two of Labrador herrings that would fry in their own fat. Then, in summer, we had fresh cod and other fish. In short, we lived very well, if on plain fare. We wore homespun clothes, and father made our shoes. The only pocket money I ever got the first ten years of my life was a big penny that mother gave me one day when some other boys and I were going to Baddeck town (a mere little hamlet then), to see the launching of a two-masted schooner that father had been working at. I very likely bought fish hooks with it, as all the rivers and streams there were full of speckled trout, and I used to catch many a gad of them, oftenest with a string and a bent pin. There were no bank bills in circulation there at that time, and whatever little money the people had was in gold and silver coins. But a neighbour's son, who had been working one summer in the United States, brought back a \$1 bill when he came home, and which was regarded as a great curiosity in its way.

My First Tramp.

In my fifth year, if I remember right, I was taken to Middle River by my clever aunt "Little Ann" (mother's youngest sister), who lived with us most of the time, to stay at grandfather's place for a while, but I do not know why. It was my first long journey from home, perhaps eight or ten miles, and I was very