

known as *Batture aux Corneilles*, you may at times see a dense vapor, to all appearance, hovering over it, that you might take for a squall of rain or hail, but soon the snowy breasts of myriads of chubby little northern strangers, the ring-plovers, are to be seen settling on the sand; now is your time,—enfilade their ranks; fire low—one shot suffices; to fire again, would only cause unnecessary carnage. The Seignury of these islands belongs to the McPherson family, who, to their praise be it said, are indefatigable in enforcing the game laws and punishing trespassers; but their permission is easily obtained for a day's shooting, by a true sportsman. Within the last five years, two guns in two days killed fifty wild geese there. Crane Island has its legend attached to it. More than a century ago a French officer left Old for New France, as Canada was then called. He obtained the grant of a Seignury comprising a group of islands called the Ste. Marguerite, including Goose and Crane Islands, and thereon he built, not a baronial castle, not a crenelated tower, but a plain, massive, stone house—a prison, as it proved subsequently, for himself—or for his son; tradition has failed to elucidate the point. There for many a long year a solitary prisoner was immured. His keeper, perhaps his friend, his relative—was a woman of rank and wealth. The prisoner, it was said, was insane. The question was often asked, Were there no lunatic asylums in France fit to receive him? Dark surmises were circulated. Who was this new Masque de Fer? Why was he thus immured? The name of the fair occupant of the manor was Madame de Granville; the prisoner was . . . her brother—sisterly love made her his jailor—she said so. Years rolled on, the captive died, and though till recently the ruins of the grim old house were standing, on its site a modern structure has been erected. It required great effort to disjoint the masonry of the old walls.

Steaming down the North Channel after passing Château