

This drive is along another wonderful tangle of forest skirted by beaches. It leads to Liberty Point, the cable line from Welsh Pool to Grand Manan passing by it, on to Skillet Cove, where there is a split rock, on again to Owen Head, desolate and vengeful in its height, down to Chalybeate Spring,—a fortune for the future,—across beaches too rough for a single team with four people, to Cranberry Point, and back to where you started. At Deep Cove, near the Point, is a rock bearing pronounced glacial marks. Take the drive at low tide, and feel its gloom, with the fog drifting across your face. Take it at high tide, on a sunny morning, and feel its cheerfulness.

Once more drive down to the Narrows, past the cottages; stop at Friar's Head, whose Indian name was *Skedapsis*, the Stone Manikin. Go to the pagoda-like structure on top of the hill, climb down its side, and at low tide go walk between the Friar and the hill; then at high tide wonder how you ever did it. Retrace your steps. Go along the road, past Snug Cove and the schoolhouse, till you come to the Narrows, where runs the swift current which only the experienced boatman can cross in his flat-bottomed boat, that carries alike the passenger or his horse, or brings over from Lubec the funeral hearse.

Yet these are not all the drives. Subdivisions of them lead you into marshes, plains, and woods, though they are preferable as bridle paths or walks. They began as cow-paths, and may end as country roads. Adventures can still be sought over dangerous cliffs. It is more than easy to get lost in the woods. Still, no matter where you go, you cannot help coming out somewhere near water and a fisherman's hut; for Campobello, —in Indian dialect *Ebauhuit*, signifying by or near the mainland,—having an area of twenty square miles, and a circumference of twenty-five miles, is ten miles long and two to three miles wide. Remember in all these drives to turn to the left, and when you walk not to be afraid of cows.

Perhaps it is the water excursions which render Campobello most famous. Among these is the sail to St. Andrews, which offers modern Wedgewood ware for sale, and where is the far-famed Algonquin Hotel and Cobscook Mountain. The West Isles and Le Tete Canal make an-