

In the evening our musical talent was called into service. We found among us, a mandolin, two mouth organs and a large phonograph, besides several really good voices. With this equipment we managed to disturb the neighborhood for some hours.

The next morning, (Tuesday the 20th), saw us on our way southward. Some miles out we were becalmed and Captain Stewart advised us to put lines over and see what we could catch. Almost before we realized it, a dozen fine cod had been landed. Cod fishing would not appeal to a sportsman. The fish seem to enjoy being caught. One does not know he has a bite until he hauls his fish in. Soon a fitful breeze sprang up from the south, and by much tedious tacking we made Port Hawkesbury next morning. First we were ferried in a cattle scow over to Mulgrave, where we saw the sights, including the well-known ferry steamer "Scotia." Mulgrave is a very pretty little town on the bank of a steep hill sloping right down to the Strait of Canso. In the afternoon we stayed around Hawkesbury and Point Tupper. In the marine slip at the latter place was a large French trawler which had been injured on the Banks.

The most interesting thing in Hawkesbury is the Freezer. The engineer very kindly showed some of us through. Here mackerel and other fish are put as soon as caught and frozen and kept so. The air is kept at a temperature nearly to zero by a Linde Refrigerating machine, and although it was a warm, close day, the men inside were working wrapped up like Arctic explorers.

Early Thursday morning four of the boys manned the dory and towed us out to the Strait, where we tacked slowly down to the mouth, rounding Bear Island about noon. From there on the wind was fair and we made good time up through Lennox Passage. This stretch of water is very pretty and contains a number of islands. Here the chart was produced and we found it a very interesting process to follow the vessel along in her course. Early evening saw us tied up at the mouth of St. Peter's Canal. The country around here is very picturesque. There is much high-land. Indeed the Canal itself cuts through a ridge which must be over a hundred feet high. The village of St. Peters is nicely situated and we were given a good opportunity to see it. The boys and young men there treated us very well and we planned to see more of them on our return. We began the following day, Friday, by pulling our vessel through the Canal, a distance of about half a mile, but at the north end we were forced to wait about an hour on account of fog. When ready to sail, two of our men were missing. By liberal use of the fog horn we soon raised them. They had been away back in the woods exploring an Indian camp. No doubt making a systematic study of the "wily Red Men."

The sail from here out to the lakes is very beautiful. For seven miles the Channel winds about among the islands; and when one begins to wonder where he is he rounds a point and bursts out into beautiful Bras D'Or. Such was our experience, when a little before noon we got our first glimpse of the famous lakes.

Much has been written about the beauty and grandeur of the Bras D'Or Lakes, and much more will be, before the subject is exhausted. If I were to begin to describe our impressions of them I should have no room for anything else.