

of rest had been the scene of robbery, pillage and murder. I wondered about the Payzant Island, where poor Marie had seen her husband fall across the doorstep, shot by the Indians who carried her and her four children away nearly 200 years ago. One of her descendants in Wolfville had told me the story, and given me Dr. MacMechan's book—I thought of Marie Payzant, too, as we passed through Upper Falmouth, where she had found sanctuary after her tribulations and where members of the family still live.

The island of mystery, four miles from Chester, Oak Island, draws everyone's interest. Here it is supposed that Captain Kidd buried his ill-gotten treasure. We heard the story of the dying sailor who confessed that he had been one of Captain Kidd's crew, who buried two millions of money on a "secluded island east of Boston". A queer pit has been found on Oak Island, and many attempts have been made to recapture the treasure, but the pit fills with water, and nothing has been found yet. I was interested to hear the story of Captain Kidd who began his career as a recognized English trader, but chose the career of a pirate, robbing any ship he met, English or French. This was in 1696. In 1698 he arrived in New York, loaded with spoil which he buried on Gardner's Island. He was arrested by the order of the Governor of Massachusetts, sent back to England, tried, and hanged in 1701. The loot of Gardner's Island was found and amounted to something like sixty thousand dollars.

But the people who live on the South Shore today are more interesting to write about, than the pirates who roved its waters years ago, robbing and killing.

After leaving Mahone Bay we saw many berry-pickers, offering baskets of blueberries for sale. There were stands beside the road where lovely waterlilies in crocks