

tramp along the beach and that we could then drive up in the morning and back again when we wished.

"Glad you appreciate good company, Jack, my boy," said Frank patronizingly.

"For the company's good," retorted Jack, as he proceeded to arrange the details of the expedition.

We were tired, and the morning came all too soon. Several hours too soon, I thought, as a loud knock at my door aroused me. The sad experience of the author of "Three Men in a Boat" was mine—I seemed to have just dropped asleep when somebody commenced banging at the door. Jack was all ready when I joined him; but no Frank was to be seen. "He begged me to spare him just this once," remarked Jack scornfully. I am afraid that I secretly envied Frank at that moment. But I made a brave effort to repress the feeling, and we started.

It was a glorious summer morning: and our road, winding along the shores of Minas Baisin, led through as fair a scene as this fair Acadia has to show. On our left extended for miles a high wooded ridge of the Cobequids, spurs from which intersecting our path at short intervals terminated abruptly at the shore in bold headlands or rugged cliffs. Behind us great Blomidon reared its sloping head; and opposite it, like a giant watch-dog, Partridge Island crouched submissively. On our right lay the broad expanse of the Baisin, its waves sparkling and dancing merrily in the sunshine; while from its surface the fresh morning breeze, breathing upon the shore, filled everything with joyous life. I began to feel very sorry for Frank.

"We are going to walk across the to island," I said to a dull-looking youth where we left our horse, "how long have we to stay there before the tide comes in?"

"Most three hours, sir, I guess," he replied.

"Quite sure of that?" asked Jack.

"Yaas, sir. Wuz there whips of times myself this summer," he said.

I was satisfied: and so was Jack. At

least he seemed to be; and I always believed that Jack knew all about the tide.

As we stood on the beach the island looming up before us seemed scarcely a stone's throw distant. It was really a good quarter of a mile away, however, as we presently found. When we reached it we strolled leisurely along the beach picking up pebbles here and there or snipping off coveted fragments of rocks with hammer and chisel. We grew deeply interested in our work and were fairly successful. Poor Frank! What he was missing! We had perhaps spent an hour and a half in this way and had wandered around to the farthest point of the island—about half a mile from the shore of the mainland—when our attention was aroused by a dull ominous roar.

"Hullo!" we both exclaimed at once. "What's that?" No need to answer: the tide of the Bay was coming in.

A great poet observed some time ago that there was a tide in the affairs of men. But the reader must have lived a part of his life at least on the shores of the Bay of Fundy to realize the full depth of meaning in those awful words. What the Delphic oracle was to the ancient Greeks the tide now is to the dweller by the roaring Bay. It is the master of ceremonies. It rules their outgoings and their incomings and orders the chief affairs of their lives. To the stranger the tide phenomena present a curious and interesting spectacle. When the tide is out the harbor is a mud flat; the rivers are yawning mud-lined ditches; the wharves seem groups of ill-conditioned telegraph poles; schooners, barques, barges, vessels of all sizes and conditions lie stranded in the mud, each with a rakish lean, the picture of forlorn helplessness. Six hours later the scene is changed. The tide has returned; the harbor and rivers are brim full; and the ships ride proudly at anchor or sail gaily on the wings of the wind. Seeing this our stranger will doubtless thereafter think of a Bay of Fundy tide with becoming respect. But if he would have that respect indelibly