



THE BLUE BOAT

The two or three rivers which flow into the Basin of Minas at Five Islands are all picturesque with their old fishing boats stranded high and dry or afloat. It is fascinating to watch the great schooners make their way up on the tide to some lumber mill or wharf a mile or so inland, where at low tide even the smallest boat can scarcely pass. There is a fascination, too, in the tides, as they race over the great flat stretches—a steady onward flow, swift and relentless, till the water once more washes round the crumbling sandstone cliffs, floating the laden schooners and the tiny fishing boats which hurry away on the tide, and somehow leave one feeling rather forlorn, till they come back once more on the next tide.