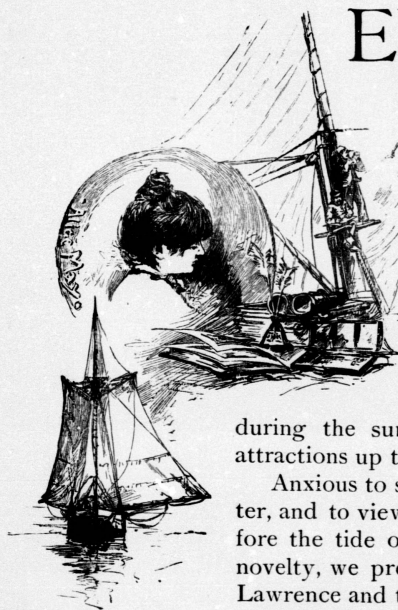


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THE CRUISE OF THE ALICE MAY.

I.



EVERY one has heard of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but few are aware of the variety and beauty of the attractions it offers to the tourist and the artist. Even to such as have given it some thought it generally appears to be a region of mists, snow, and storms, and more or less enveloped in hyperborean glooms. But recently sportsmen and yacht-sailors have begun to visit the western shores of the gulf, and a suspicion is dawning on the mind of the summer Rambler that this part of the world has been maligned, and that

during the summer solstice it offers a variety of attractions up to this time all but unknown.

Anxious to see for ourselves the truth of the matter, and to view some of these points of interest before the tide of summer travel had worn away the novelty, we prepared a cruise round the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the adjacent waters.

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The point of departure was Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Through the kindness of a friend residing there, a suitable schooner was chartered. But when the day for taking possession arrived, the schooner failed to put in an appearance. Here, at the very outset, we encountered one of the most common annoyances which a punctual man and a Yankee is forced to endure in the maritime provinces. Punctuality or appreciation of the value of time is scarcely understood