

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER.

The oysters making us hungry, I prepare a meal consisting of the succulent bivalve on the half-shell, ham and eggs and bread, after disposing of which and resting, we pack up, hoist our sails, and away. We run till 3 o'clock, when the wind lulls, and we go ashore take down our mainsail, and ascend on the nearest point to look at our surroundings. By the aid of the glass we can see the village of Bras D'Or quite plainly. Rounding the point, we soon come upon beds of strawberries, and have a regular picnic. On our course appear to our view four young girls hoeing potatoes, which seems to be the favorite pastime on the land for both sexes at this season. After looking at them for a while, one asks us if we talk Gaelic. We admit having neglected to acquire that accomplishment, but have quite a chat with them in English, the result being that we take tea at their house.

The wind having come up again we bid the Scotch people good bye, and hurry to the canoe, finding on our arrival at the shore that we will have a very close haul to reach the village. By running very close, and watching our course, we arrive at Little Bras D'Or village at about 7 and are, in a short time listening to advise from old seamen, as to the advisability of our going around Cranberry Head to reach Sydney Harbor. They all advise us to get a truckman to take us overland which is a distance of only two miles, and we accordingly secure the services of a jovial Irishman who is to call at the wharf at 5 in the morning. We

pitch our tent behind a spruce hedge, get our teas, talk to our numerous visitors, then go to bed. Next morning we are off for North Sydney at 5.30, and before 7 we are at one of the wharves, unloading the cart, and by 7 o'clock a hundred people are around us some kindly helping to launch, and load the canoe, others contenting themselves with making remarks on our little craft, and making us smile by the simplicity they display.

We start for the head of the town, to find a suitable camping spot, as we had intended to remain a few days; but after rowing ashore and getting our tent, etc., out, something unaccountable leads us to change our minds, and replacing them in the canoe we hoist our canvas, and steer for Sydney, (Sometimes called South Sydney): about four miles from North Sydney and very prettily situated on the Sydney River. The wind being fair, 30 minute's sailing takes us there when we drop sails and row along the shore in search of a camping place. We are at the head of the town when we come to a little creek, which we shoot up and in a few minutes pass under a bridge and find ourselves in a nice little lake, which I immediately name Canoe Harbor.

To be continued.

There was a young man and he
Climbed up a tall spruce tree,
And when he got there he did not care
For the bull could not get at him there