we met the foreman, who showed us every courtesy, and enabled us to see the mine in its fullest detail.

By the next morning the wind had abated sufficiently to allow us to continue our journey, Canso being the objective point. We reached that place after a run of about seven hours, nothing more serious than the breaking of the fore-gaff happening.

Canso is quite a center for fishing-vessels, both as a harbor and as a place for supplies. Like most of the places along this coast, Canso has a lobster-canning establishment, and also a fertilizer factory.

The reigning sensation of the month of June there was the opening of a skating-rink; unfortunately limited time prevented our visiting the place.

Canso is situated on the southern side of Chedabucto Bay, across which our course lay, in order to reach the Strait of Canso. It required about a mile of "white-ash breeze" to get fairly out of the harbor, but once in the bay we had a fair breeze, and soon made the entrance of the strait. The Strait of Canso is about twenty-five miles long, and varies in width from one to two miles. The tide runs from five to seven miles an hour through the strait, and with the aid of this tide a fore-and-aft schooner can beat through, if the wind does not blow too hard. The strait much resembles a large river; on one side is Cape Breton Island, and on the other the shore of Nova Scotia. Along in the afternoon we reached Port Hawkesbury. While beating into Canso our center-board had been somewhat injured, and we were obliged to go on to the marine railway to have the damage repaired. This caused a delay of two days, and gave us ample opportunity to see the place and the surrounding country. Port Hawkesbury is a place of four or five hundred inhabitants. It contains several stores, and does a considerable business in fitting out fishing-vessels with supplies. It is the terminus of a line of steamers from Boston, while Port Mulgrave, directly opposite, is connected with Halifax by rail. At Hawkesbury is a marine railway, which appeared to be in great demand, judging from the number of vessels awaiting repairs. From Hawkesbury to the gulf, the scenery along the shores of the strait is finer than from the entrance to that place, being far more picturesque.

Port Hastings, formerly known as Plaster Cove, is probably the prettiest spot in the strait. The town is situated on the side of the cliffs, and very much looks as if it was just about to slide down into the sea. Opposite Port Hastings, and somewhat nearer the gulf, is Cape Porcupine. It is a magnificent headland over six hundred feet high, and commanding a fine view of the entire strait.

The damage to our center-board having been satisfactorily repaired, and having got our pilot, we left Hawkesbury early Sunday morning for Newfoundland. We had a very fair breeze for getting out of the strait, but once fairly outside we were becalmed some time; however, by ten o'clock in the morning we were going along as well as could be desired, our log showing eight and nine knots an hour.

The northern shore of Cape Breton Island is extremely picturesque, but exceedingly desolate and wild. The cliffs are about twelve hundred feet high, and to the eye present an almost un-