mansion of Mr. Carter, who rules Petipas and regulates its trade. As there is no recognized law for the government of the smaller settlements, the question is practically one of "might makes right." Mr. Carter showed us "our police force," as he is pleased to call a short bit of rope which he uses to enforce his orders to refractory sailors and half-breeds. Opposite Petipas is Birchey Cove, the prettier place of the two. Here there is an Episcopal chapel and the residence of the rector, Mr. Curling, an English gentleman of large fortune. He has a yacht, in which he sails up and down the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, visiting the various settlements and holding services.

At one time the herring fisheries along the Humber were extensive, and were a source of considerable profit; but some years ago the fish left suddenly for parts unknown, and that industry came to an end. But now a considerable business in lumber is carried on, and it will probably not be long before the Humber will again be the scene of active operations. Communication between Bay of Islands and the outside world is carried on in summer-time by means of a steamer making a trip from St. Johns every fortnight. In the winter, which lasts about seven months, the mail is very irregular. An Indian comes every six weeks from Hall's Bay, takes the mail on a dog-sledge and carries it to Codroy, in the channel, where it is received on board the steamer. Bay of Islands is also connected with St. Johns by telegraph. The one night we remained at anchor in the river was superb. The water was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the full moon threw a most perfect reflection of the hills upon the quiet surface of the river; while far away in the north the northern lights sparkled, and threw their rays heavenward until indistinguishably mingled with the yellow moon-light. We had gone into the Bay of Islands to await the arrival of the mail steamer; so next day our disgust can better be imagined than described when the postmaster informed us that there was nothing for us—not even a postal-card. We made sail as soon as possible, and