SITUATED upon the Island of St. John is a natural well of very pure water, noted all up and down the coast as the "bottomless well of St. John."

As this point was to be our next stopping-place, we were naturally anxious to see this phenomenon, and to test the truth of the statement made by the natives, to the effect that "if timber was thrown in at night it would be gone in the morning." Our curiosity had also been aroused by the stories of the vast numbers of "fossil codfish, lobsters, and eels" abounding in the rocks of the island.

Our first anchorage at St. John was in a small cove known as the Haven. There were no fossils, however, in the vicinity, and we soon shifted to Well Bay, some three miles distant by water, and on the opposite side of the island.

It was Sunday afternoon when we visited the famous well,—a large square hole in the rocks. We inspected it with all due admiration, and then prepared a line, to attempt to measure its depth. Down, down, the line went and we found—not a bottomless pit, but a hole whose greatest depth was sixty-five feet. We coiled up our six hundred feet of cod-line and departed in silent disgust, having seen the bottomless well of St. John.

The island has nothing of particular interest to the visitor who may happen to stop there, so three days sufficed for us here, and at the end of that time we were on our way to Castor's Harbor.

Although situated only twelve miles from St. John's, it required seven hours to accomplish the distance, owing to most vexatious calms and head-winds. It was ten o'clock in the evening before we were able to anchor for the night.

The entrance to the harbor proper is very crooked, and so we did not attempt, it but stayed outside until morning, when we ran up to the head of the harbor and anchored. Most minute search fail to discover any fossils, but we did find an excellent trout-brook, which some of us investigated to the fullest extent and with very good results. Late in the afternoon it was decided to attempt to go on. One of the natives had placed a buoy to mark shallow water for the trading-vessel. Thinking it a channel-mark we made toward it, but soon ran aground. The water was very low at the time, so that with the rising tide it was not long before we floated. Examination showed that we had sustained no injury. Once outside, the wind was quite high and the weather threatening, so that we were obliged to put back for that night.

The population of the place is possibly twenty persons in all, who live entirely by fishing, selling the result of their work to the trader. The place has no communication with the outside world, and, taken all in all, a more desolate and forsaken spot would be hard to find. The next day was more promising, and so we started again. That evening found us safety harbored in Old Ferolle, a deserted French fishing-station, whose old houses and huts are gradually falling to pieces, as they remain year after year without occupants. For a day and a half the high winds continued, compelling us to remain at anchor, but then it moderated sufficiently to allow us to continue.

St. Barbe Bay was chosen for our anchorage that night. Next day opened most disagree-