ably, the heavy rain effectually dispelling any idea of visiting the shore.

The settlement is small, comprising a few shanties and the indispensable lobster-canning establishment, without which none of the smaller places would be complete. Until quite recently St. Barbe has been cut off completely from the outside world, but now is one of the regular ports of the St. John's mail-steamer. This boat leaves St. John's every two weeks, making the trip up the eastern coast of Newfoundland, coming down as far as this place, and then going across to the Labrador coast. With afternoon came the desired lull in the storm, and taking advant-
gage of it, two parties were immediately formed to investigate the neighborhood, and see what was to be found. The object of the first was to search for fossils; but they did not succeed in finding any, as the rocks were barren.

The second party was bound for a trout-stream, a mile or so distant from the yacht. We were unfortunate enough to arrive at the mouth of the brook just at low tide, which necessitated pushing our boat over about a mile of flats before we reached the first rapids, where we tied our dory and proceeded some distance farther on foot.

The stream is exceedingly pretty; here is a small waterfall or a stretch of rapids where the water is lashed into foam as it tumbles over the rocks; there the stream widens out into a placid pool, whose surface throws back a perfect reflection of the white birches and heavy undergrowth; while in the shade under the banks we could see the trout lazily moving their fins backward and forward, as if waiting for inducements to rise.

Our success was good, and by the time we were ready to go back we had a large number of very handsome fish. The portion of the stream from the first rapids to the mouth is affected by the tide, but by the time of our return the water had risen enough to allow us to row out. This part of the stream has none of the beauty seen farther up. Instead of the birches and the high banks, you wind in and out, as the brook makes its way through the high reeds that grow on either side.

Nothing was to be gained by remaining longer at St. Barbe, and so early next morning we continued our journey. The breeze was favorable, and we were soon making excellent progress toward the Strait of Belle Isle. From now on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts rapidly approach each other, until they reach their minimum width at Cape Norman. The tide runs with such swiftness through the Strait that it is impossible for any vessel to beat through against it.

By noon we were nearly through the Strait; directly ahead of us, its outlines only dimly visible, lay Belle Isle; on our right the low, straight coast of Newfoundland stretched away as far as the eye could reach to the south, and on our left rose the high, red sandstone cliffs of Labrador. Farther to northward we could see a number of large icebergs, standing out in bold relief against the background of the dark-red hills.

Early in the afternoon we came to anchor in Cook Harbor. This settlement, no exception to the rule along this coast, is small and dilap-