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At last I am round Red Point, and the beauties of Baddeck, two miles distant, are spread out before me. Scarcely am I out in the Bay ere the punctual Mar? ion is churning up the placid waters astern of me. Her skipper whistles thrice and, knowing the sea-riding qualities of my craft, scarcely veers from his course to pass me. Rising on the bow wave of the steamer as she towers up alongside, I gaze at the wheel-house, and exchange greetings with the skipper and some well-known friends leaning over the taffrail... Aug. 10th--The last day of my cruise, and glorious weather. It is eleven miles by the chart to Barra, my destination. I had planned to cross St. Peter's Bay; to navigate the winding channels through Len? nox Passage; to pass into the Canal, and ask the keepers to swing the Bridge and open the Loch gates for the smallest sea-going craft ever entered on the Canal register. But my vacation is over. So, ho for the Grand Narrows! There is a long-rolling sea with no crest to the waves when I round the headland opposite Baddeck, and I am bent on a quick run. It was 4.05 p.m. when I bade the Baddeckers farewell. Twice I pause to drink and smoke, and gaze at the ever-changing scenery. Can this be Christmas Island? Now, the Nettie is crossing her final bit of tide-way. Five minutes later she shoots past the wharf at Barra, and I am welcomed by its Postmaster, to whose never-to-be-forgotten relation I bear letters of introduction. 6.10 p.m.--Eleven miles in two hours and five minutes. A fast run for a Rob Roy canoe. A pleasant finish to a pleasant cruise. I take tea with the Inspector of Lighthouses • poor Captain Brown • upon whom the shadow of a sailor's death was even then resting, and who perished in the breakers at the wreck of the ill-fated government steamer Princess Louise, at the entrance to Dig-by Gut. Barra, the beautiful. Seen in the moonlight from the hill-top on such a night as this, I can well believe in the earnestness of those who have raved of the beauties of the Bras d'Or. The next morning passes all too quickly. The Mar? ion calls at noon, in response to my signal displayed from the head of Grand Narrows Wharf, and takes the Rob Roy and her crew back to headquarters. Farewell, Barra! If the captain of the Nettie is able to wield a paddle in the golden summer time of future years, he will again wander over your picturesque beach, and revel in the fresh air which sweeps over thy waters and waves the grain and grass in meadow and pasture land. PIPER'S TRAILER COURT
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