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Badger was very glad to find the girls, and called to them to come down and make camp for the night for him. "Very well," they said, "we'll build camp; but you go up the tree and get our hair-ribbons, but don't break them, and we'll build camp." When he went up the tree, they went off a little distance, saying that they were going for some wood and boughs for the camp. When the girls got a short distance away, they ran away. Soon they reached a little brook, and saw Heron standing on the shore. The girls asked him if he would let them cross over on his neck. Heron allowed them to cross, and they hurried on. After a while Badger came along; and when he saw the old Heron, he said, "Hurry up! take me over, stretch your neck!" Then Heron let him start across on his neck; but when he was midway, he turned his neck over and let Badger fall into the river. Badger did not escape until he was carried way down river; and when he did, he met two boys. These boys were Sea-Gulls. He asked them where they camped. They told him. "Who's home?" he asked. "Grandmother," they answered. So Badger went to their camp and saw the old woman. He addressed her as "mother;" but she answered, "Badger is not my son, I never had Badger for a son." • "But I am," said Badger; "I can tell you what kind of a day I was born on, in sleet weather I was born." She counted all her sons, and said, "None of them was born then. You are Badger all right." The old woman had a big pot in which she was about to cook meat. Whenever she wanted any grease for food, she pulled out one of her hairs and put it into the pot. This would make two or three inches of grease in the pot. Then Badger was angry with her for denying him, so he took his tomahawk and cut her head off and put it in the pot. The two little boys saw him do it. This old woman was mother of the birds. After Badger ran away. Crow, one of the old woman's other sons, came home, and saw their mother's head in the pot. "Who did it?" he asked. "Badger," the little boys answered. "Which way did he take?" And they told him. Then Crow pursued Badger; and when he caught up with him, he could only snatch off his cap, as he was not strong enough to do more. When Crow took his hat away. Badger cried, "Oh, I'm so glad! My hat was so warm, I'm glad you pulled it off! I'm very glad!" So Crow had to give up. But next came Eagle, another brother, who caught up with Badger; IDEAL ICE CREAM The Only Ice Cream Manufactured in Cape Breton Prince Street, Sydney 564-4549 MR. TIRE LTD. 267 Prince Street Sydney The Radial Tire People specializing in • ?" • "!" and the World Famous Bandag Re-treading Fully Equipped Mobil Unit PHONE: 539-5670 | (1"Q..QG /| Cape Breton's Evening program offers a ivi Cape Breton's Bed & Breakfast program unique and interesting experience in overnight accommodations. Every season those in the program, displaying the above sign, open their doors to greet visitors with courtesy and warmth. WATCH FOR THE BED & BREAKFAST SIGN -OR- contact the Cape Breton Tourist Association for a list of Bed & Breakfast participants