

quently the shanties are mounted upon runners of plank to facilitate moving from point to point. It is comfortable and dark inside a shanty when once the door is shut, for there is no window, the object being to exclude all light save what strays upward through the clear ice-floor.

When a shanty is ready for business, it is stationed on the ice above some known shoal or channel favored of fish; a little snow is banked up around the house and an opening of convenient size cut through the ice inside. This hole is carefully cleared of all fragments of ice, and when the shanty door is closed, one can peer down into the haunts of fish.

The grandest prize to fall to the spearman's skill is, of course, a "lunge," as the *mascalonge* is termed, and to attract his lordship within striking distance, an artificial minnow is attached to a string and caused to play about a short distance below the surface of the exposed water. When a fish of goodly size shows within safe reach, a swift thrust with the three, four, or sometimes five tined spear secures or misses the game, as the case may be.

Jim and I sat side by side, gazing downward. I manipulated the minnow, while he held the spear ready for instant action. Below were soft, shadowy, green depths, half-illuminated by a weird, ghostly light which seemed to come from nowhere and to reveal nothing. But soon our eyes seemed to focus properly, as it were, and the view broadened. We could distinguish faint forms of water-weeds, and once or twice a gilded perch sailed solemnly across the silence below, like a seared leaf wind driven.

It was very pretty and fascinating, and I swam