



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING!"

coast, the Eskimo villages, Moravian missions, and Hudson Bay posts."

"The calls of the S.S. 'Virginia Lake' at so many of the ports, give ample opportunity to enjoy the magnificent scenery and study the conditions of fishermen's life. We were specially impressed by the intricate navigation of the inside channel of Fogo Island, and the splendid cliffs extending north from Tilt Cove, the Narrows of Hamilton Inlet, the rugged coast line of Labrador, reaching its culmination in the impressive mountain background surrounding Nain."

Our own glimpses of Eskimo life at the stations of the Moravian missionaries were of exceeding interest, and made a profound impression of the valor and fidelity of the noble-minded men who conducted these religious and philanthropic undertakings. We found the ships very comfortable, the fare abundant and good, the company genial, the captain and officers skilful, kindly and courteous, and everything conspired to make an ideal holiday.

However bleak and bitter the weather may be in the spring and fall months, in July and August it is generally ideal. Although we were sel-

dom out of sight of icebergs—we counted at one time forty-eight, like a great white-sailed line of battleships stretching along the horizon, a scene made more impressive by the mirage or loom, which duplicated this phenomenon in the sky—yet we wore light summer clothing and basked in almost continuous sunshine.

There came, once or twice, just enough of fog to enable us to realize the conditions that often prevail. Once only were we detained by stress of weather, where in a sheltered bay we out-rote a passing storm.

The Labrador has won its chief fame from its magnificent fisheries, none like them in the world. Over twenty thousand fishermen from Newfoundland spend their summers on these sterile coasts, reaping the harvest of the sea, and a few hundreds of "liveyers" live all the year round—hence their name—on its stern and forbidding shores.

As one passes through the large outports of Carbonear, Harbor Grace or Trinity, in Newfoundland, he will notice that many of the stores are closely shuttered and without sign of human habitation, looking much like the Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee.



POSING FOR THEIR PICTURE.