



STOREHOUSE AND FISH FLAKE AT QUIDI VIDÉ.

innards, it is," and he took a small ladle full as if he liked it.

"Come into the cabin. It's fain and proud us be to welcome yez. If yez don't like the liver ile, it's some of our spruce beer ye must be tryin'. O divil a haporth it wud hurt a child wid his milk teeth. Y'd have to drink enough to float a boat to make yez 'toxicated, an' then it wouldn't harm yez. Take a cookie wid it. Mollie here bakes 'em foine. Shure the childer just thrive on lashin's o' beer and biscuit. 'The hard tack's good to cut their teeth on. 'They can gnaw 'em like a dog a bone."

The little cabin was clean and comfortable, with dainty white curtains

and geraniums flowering in the windows, everything tidy, ship-shape, like a "banker's" cabin, the brass kettles shining like gold.

"No, yer honner," said Mollie, with a curtsy, "us doesn't offends go to St. John's"—only two miles distant—"except to do a little fairing. Shure, what's the need? The church and school are at oor door, an' the good fish and praties come out uv the sea and the sile. No, us beant plantin' fish, it's plantin' praties we be, an' the caplin or two us puts in each hill feeds 'em foine. Nar a bit o' taste or smell it gives them, eyther.

"But when the caplin comes in shoals and lies like great windrows