

but I aint rich enough to buy Canseau, or Fox Island, or Crow Harbour, and any o' them garrison towns or dockyards of the mackerel.

"You could purchase any or all of them, Mr. Slick, for you are well to do in the world, and are an onderstandin' man, and could carry on the business in spite of treaties, men-of-war, Blue-nose laws, and all. It only wants a little study. Laws aint like fine bait-nets, so small squids can't go thro' them, but they are open enough for hake or cod; and bigger fish break 'em to pieces, and laugh at 'em—that's my logic. Well, we'll say I own the land there; and it wouldn't be the fust lie that has been told about me, if folks did so. All natur lies here. The fog lies along the coast; and the weather lies so you can't depend on it; the tides get on a spree sometimes, and run up the gut of Canseau a whole week on a stretch, and pretend to go up and down twice a-day; the newspapers lie so, the moment you see a thing in 'em, put it down at once as false; the men lie a-bed, and vow they are goin' ahead; the women take a great shindy to your money, lie like the devil, and say it's you and not your pocket they are in love with. Everythin' lies but rates, and they come round when they promise; but they aint above takin' an oath either that you are twice as well off as you be, if you don't happen to be on their side; that's my logic at any rate. Well, we'll say I own it. Confound the thing; I can't get beyond that. It's like Ezra Foreman's eyes.

"The doctor ordered him to bathe them in brandy and water, but he never could get it higher than his mouth; he was sure to spill it down there. Well we'll say I own it, and that I follered their wretched systum down there. If so Ide build a lot of poor log-huts twenty feet square, and let them to a crew of six men each—only see what a rent of fish that is? and a few long sheds of stores, and let them enormous high. Well fishin'-season comes, and black, white, and grey flock down to my land—which is filled like a hive—all makin' honey for me. Well then comes a man with eight hands, and a large boat with a seine in it. When they see the fish strikin' in along shore, they pay out one hundred and fifty, or two hundred fathom of seine from the boat, havin' furst made one cend of the net fast ashore. Well eight men can't haul such a seine as that, so he goes to the shore, and sais: 'Come, and haul the net in, and then dip away, like good fellows, and you shall have half of all your dip.' All that pays heavy toll to me. I actilly saw thirteen hundred barrels took at one haul; at eight dollars each, that is worth two thousand six hundred pounds. Sposin' now, Mr. Slick, you and I owned the place, and conducted it proper, wouldn't we beat Australia and California all to rags.

"Sposin' we had our own people there, instead of tag-rag and bob-tail, owned the seines, nets, and dip-scoops, salt, barrels, and all that, where would we be? As it is, what is it? Nothiu' but con-