

the food he was carrying along for his dogs, had to be shared with the children of the house he was visiting. The reason was not far to seek. The settlers when they made a good voyage were unable to save, for never being paid in cash they were tempted to take up a lot of unnecessary articles, rather than "leave on the books" with their trader that rather visionary possession known as "a balance coming to you." Thus in bad seasons there was nothing to fall back on, while at the same time what is known as "credit prices" were always booked against them. Moreover, after a bad season, unless they were good furriers, they could earn nothing in winter. It was unavoidable, therefore, that the men with large families were either hungry or overwhelmed with debt.

I was sitting, one autumn day, on the end of a long, rocky promontory over which the southern-flying ducks are always waylaid, when a nor'easter blows the fog in, and makes the birds fly close to the land. There is no more exciting time, perhaps, for about twenty men, all with long, large-bore guns, await the immense flocks that suddenly emerge from the fog, whirl like lightning over the cape, and disappear again. On this day