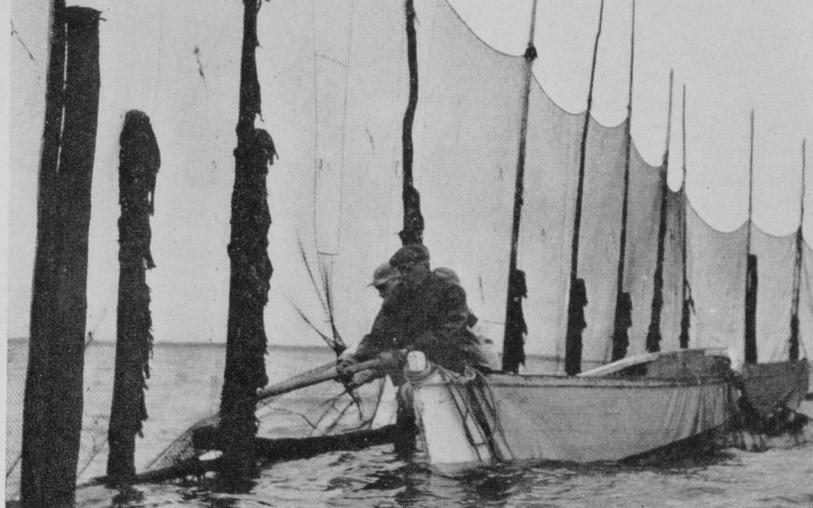


Three fishermen in a "seine" boat in the weir. They are pulling the seine around the inside of the weir to bunch up the herring. This is the first process in gathering the fish from inside the weir. The boat is 25 feet long and seven feet wide.



rivalry keen. One does not dare start ahead of the other; all await the exact hour of noon when all the craft move off to race for the favored spots.

In order to get first-hand information and be assured that the first load of traps could be unloaded within an hour and a half, I went along. Our boat was 42 feet long and there were 195 lobster traps aboard. Of the seven men on board, two were spectators and received instructions not to get in the way on reaching the lobster grounds. The skipper was Gleason Green, a veteran, prosperous hard-working lobster fisherman, whose boat was equipped with a "fathometer" which electrically charts the depth of water and indicates the curvature of the sea bed. Noon arrived, and with motors roaring each one of the hundreds of fishing craft cut through the water with

one object in mind, to reach the more favorable grounds in the least possible time. A clergyman and myself were the spectators and the others, each with a definite and distinct duty to perform, were poised, ready for word from the skipper at the wheel. The water was choppy, the bow of the boat "sutting in" and the salt spray covering us. It was quite apparent that navigational skill and manoeuvrability, together with the "know how" of the skipper was being experienced. The traps, which were quite heavy, were handled with accuracy and speed as the skipper, watching the fathometer, gave the orders to drop them. One was placed overboard from the port side and another from the starboard. A rope became caught and the other men came to the assistance of the thrower and the rope was quickly un-

The same fishermen "pursing the sein". This brings the fish to the top of the water in the net. This weir is called the "Defender" and is in Long Pond Bay between the villages of Grand Harbour and Seal Cove. The fisherman in the foreground, hauling on the ropes is the manager of the weir, Mr. L. Foley of Grand Harbour.

