

thirds of these rates are payable from the Brandy Pots, and one-third only is chargeable from the Traverse—ninety-five and fifty-six miles, respectively, down the river from Quebec. Vessels going up the Saguenay have only to pay a one-third rate of pilotage. All vessels entering the port are bound to pay the charges, whether they accept the pilot or not. The pilot society's membership is 176. There are five pilot schools. Seven years' apprenticeship are required—four winters of which must be spent at sea, "before the mast," and other tests of fitness are applied before licenses are granted. There is a managing board elected annually. All are under the control of the Board of Harbor Commissioners. The profession is followed by certain families, from father to son, and amongst them all a widely extended family relationship and marriage connection exists.

The pilots of the Upper St. Lawrence are on a different footing; with them the pay is according to the work done, and the demand for the services of the individual pilot, and those who are considered the most skillful and the most reliable are of course placed in charge of the greatest number of vessels and receive pay accordingly.

Pilot Lafrance procured me accommodation at a house kept by two French Canadian ladies, neither of whom spoke English, whilst waiting for the Sardinian at the wharf. There is a cluster of houses here, but no hotel or public place for lodging, and the distance is some two miles from Rimouski village. I was most hospitably and courteously cared for, and early in the evening made my way to the tender, lying at the end of the wharf, in order to lose no time in getting on board when the Sar-

dinian should be reported. Up to eleven o'clock at night no word had been received of the overdue steamer. At that hour the tender steamed out with the mails for the Sarmatian, outward bound, and I had an opportunity of watching the mails being transferred, in what the sailors called "dirty weather"—the rain pouring down and the sea running very high, on a pitch-dark night. There were a few European passengers, by the Intercolonial, and their baggage had also to be put on board, which was all done safely and expeditiously. When the tender returned to the wharf, between twelve and one o'clock, midnight, a despatch awaited us bringing the information that the Sardinian need not be looked for before two o'clock p.m., next day, Sunday. This necessitated my return to the shelter of the hospitable roof of the good ladies of the previous afternoon. And shall I ever forget the miseries of that night?—Groping in the darkness over the three-quarters of a mile of long wharf, in a fierce, howling wind and rain, which had become cutting sleet—the wharf full of gaping man-traps where boards were missing, and also partially flooded, and the howling waves breaking violently over it in every direction! In order to avoid being blown into the sea, the middle of the track on the railway sleepers had to be kept; and there a false step would have resulted in broken limbs, even if one escaped precipitation into the angry waters. To add to my troubles, an Englishman, who was a total stranger to me, insisted upon placing himself under my guidance. He had come off on the tender from the outgoing steamer—the Sarmatian having steamed away with him from Quebec, while he was engaged taking leave of his wife and three children, who were