



VILLAGE OF QUIDI VIDI.

bloody struggle. For the third time the French had obtained possession of the city. Colonel Amherst, with a British force, charged up the rugged heights, despite obstinate resistance. The French saw that all was lost. Their fleet crept out of the harbor in a fog and escaped, and the red cross flag has ever since waved upon these rocky heights.

Close to the city lies the charming Quidi Vidi Lake, on which the annual regatta is held. It lies amid an amphitheatre of hills which furnish vantage ground for thousands of spectators to watch the busy scene. Anything more quaint and curious than the adjacent little fishing village it would be hard to conceive. A deep gash in the red and rugged Huronian rocks makes a tiny harbor for the fishing boats. The fish flakes, or stages for drying the cod, cluster around, half in the water and half on the rock. Fish nets hang in great festoons to dry. The women and children turn the fish upon the flakes, the boys and men reap

the harvest of the sea. The cottages are neat and clean, although an ancient and fish-like odor pervades the atmosphere. The honest fisher folk have some linguistic oddities of expression and a picturesqueness of garb and gesture that make a visit a perpetual delight.

"The fishin' not bad, but in the spring and fall it do be terrible stormy," said one clean-limbed fisherman. "Offens the boats can't get through the gut there, an' if they miss it they be smashed to splinters on the cruel rocks. When the tide is strong and the sea heavy they have to sheer off and run fur St. John's. They can get in there any time or tide.

"Sthep in, zur, and see oor ile fac'try. 'Tis the best part of the fish is the ile, and good fur the sick folk. Us puts the livers in the big molasses puncheon, ye see. Then us tries it out and 'stills it in the coppers there. Just see how good and fine it is—clear as water an' mild as milk. Wud yez take a sip? No! och, it's good fur a man's