



HAVING crossed the Gulf during the night in the splendid new steamer, *The Lintrorse* (see page 153), or her equally fine sister ship, *The Bruce*, you find yourself at about 5.30 a.m. entering the harbor at Port aux Basques. Here the train is in position to convey you across the huge island to St. Johns, over six hundred miles away, according to the railway. In the early morning, with a clear atmosphere and a rising sun the quaint old port of entry and the neighboring village of Channel make a very attractive picture. But there is no time to go sight-seeing here. Get the magic chalk circle of the Customs officer on your baggage, entrain and away.

MANY romantic views await you. Every curve of the railway (and there are many) brings new sights before you. If you have the good luck to be halted on your journey by some simple obstacle do not blame the management or bewail the "accident." Get out and look about you. This pretty spot was snapped while we were held up at Little River. Without the delay we would have missed the real beauty of the spot. Because of some hours' halt we were able to roam around in happy freedom until the engine was once more on the rails and ready to continue on its proper way. Every adverse condition in life has some compensation.

FISHING! Surely! Do you not see the two men in the picture? One is a tourist, the other his guide. While the train was still they both were active. Fully accoutred for the hoped-for battle with a sprightly salmon, they lost no time in seeking the engagement. How they fared we do not know. While they fish we go shooting—with the harmless camera gun—and whatever pleasure the fishermen may have they are welcome to. Ours is the greater, and perhaps our "bag" is even more prolific than their "catch." It certainly is more permanent. But salmon are not "fish" in Newfoundland. Nor are tourists fishermen. They are merely sports.

HERE are a pair of real fishermen. Their stock-in-trade is fish, genuine *Cod*-fish. All other varieties are but of minor value. The cod is the one genuine and staple product of the sea, and whether by line or trap, off the coast or away on the "Banks," the harvest on which the fisherfolk of Newfoundland depend is the season's catch of cod, the one and only "fish" of which they speak or think. Their boats are of necessity strong and heavy, yet under the impetus given by stalwart and skilful rowers, or driven by the free winds of heaven, they move like veritable things of life. You don't know graduate seamen until you have seen Newfoundlanders.

HUNDREDS of coves, and in hundreds of these, fishing villages, all along the coast, greet your delighted sight as you journey along. And that they are beautiful to look upon goes without saying. Whatever there may be of hardship to many of the outport folk who reside here through the bleak months of winter, certainly to the summer traveller every nook and corner is a new revelation of nature and of life. When the atmosphere is clear and the horizon unobscured there is literally "beauty everywhere." When a Newfoundland fog really settles down you had better shut your eyes; you might as well, anyway! But even fogs have a bright side.

ONE cannot picture the glorious colors with varying tints all radiant in softly blending hues that are seen in a Newfoundland sunset. This little "bit" was taken from the rear of the train as we went forward in the transparent atmosphere of a June evening. Only by what it suggests to the imagination of the reader can any conception be formed of the splendors of the declining day as they were spread before us by the incomparable skill of the Master Artist. Nature may have made living hard and hazardous to many in the Ancient Colony; she certainly has given the people her best skies to look upon, even though she does hide their loveliness betimes.

THE Newfoundlanders are not all slow to take advantage of modern inventions and improvements. The boat in the forefront of this scene is driven by "power." The schooners in the distance are "bankers" which have put in for bait. Hundreds of such schooners are coming or going the season through. This picture was taken in Carbonear on a rainy day.

NEWFOUNDLAND