

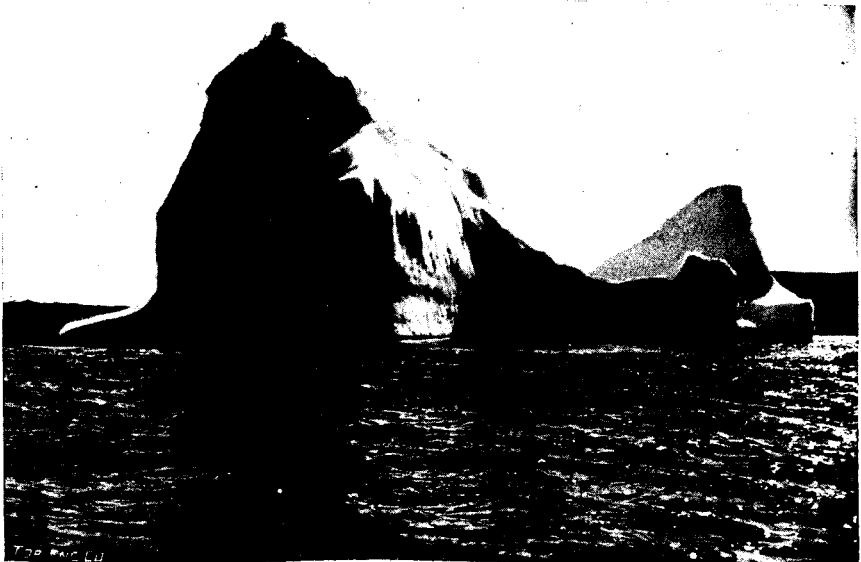
HARP SEAL, FULL GROWN.

nurtured; and when nature in these northern lands is bound in icy fetters, and all out-door labor is suspended, the hardy Newfoundland seal-hunters dash out into these vast ice-fields, fearlessly battling with floes, icebergs and snow-storms, and in six weeks gather in oleaginous spoils, varying in value from half a million to a million dollars.

Nor do the cod-fishermen limit their operations to the Banks and the shores of the island, but each summer 20,000 of them are found on storm-beaten Labrador—the Atlantic coast of which is under the jurisdiction of the colony—collecting

“the precious things of the deep” along the shores of “that great and terrible wilderness.” By far the greatest cod fishery of the world is that of Newfoundland, the annual export of cod ranging from a million to a million and a half quintals, or cwts. The average value of the whole fisheries—cod, seal, salmon and herring—is \$7,000,000 per annum.

Turning now from the surrounding seas with their inexhaustible marine wealth—“richer than all the mines of Mexico and Peru,” as Bacon truly said three centuries ago—what of the island itself? Formerly, the prevalent belief was that it was utterly worthless; that the interior consisted mainly of alternating bogs, naked rocks, dreary swamps, and barren plains on which a stunted growth of timber struggled to maintain itself; the whole being unfit for the habitation of civilized man. This grim wilderness was supposed to be mostly shrouded in chilly fogs during the season called by courtesy summer, while three-fourths of the year winter wrapped it in



ICEBERG, OFF THE ISLAND.