

sisted. On the morning of the 13th of October, I went ashore at Blanc Sablon, where I found a few fishermen connected with a large trading establishment, who collected fish and loaded vessels for a Jersey firm. This point being a depot, where all the surrounding fishermen brought their catch and traded it off for provisions, clothing and other wants. My first enquiry was for the family of J——. I was informed that they lived at Bradore Bay, eight or nine miles off, and that owing to the heavy sea, I could not reach the bay in a boat, but could do so by land, with the assistance of a guide who would show me the road over the mountains.

Mr. Duhamel, late keeper of East Pt. Anticosti lighthouse, then on his way to Quebec with us, volunteered to accompany me on my journey. Dressing warmly but as light as possible, shod with light Esquimaux seal-skin boots, and our pockets filled with biscuits, we started on our tramp, our guide, a fisherman, formerly from St. Malo, France, leading the way. Owing to the yielding moss-covering to the rocks and the pleasantly cold weather we travelled fast; our talkative guide pointed out to me many interesting places, and helped to while away the time. When about five miles on our way we saw coming towards us a tall, dark complexioned man, about 40 years old, dressed in canvas, a tarpauline hat, and his feet covered with raw seal-skin slippers. Our guide hailed him by name, and I thereby learned that it was poor J—— himself, who was on his way to the Bay, to try and get something to save his family from starvation. His haggard shivering appearance denoted suffering and want. I approached and gave him my hand which he politely shook and answered my commonplace questions with intelligence and courtesy. I requested him to turn back, as I wished to visit his establishment, not letting him nor the guide know the nature of my mission. He answered that it was a sad place to visit, as his fishing had failed for so many years that he was reduced