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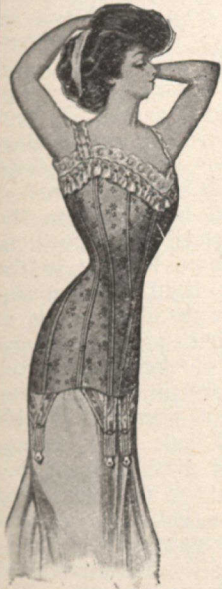
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**North Shore Fishermen**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.

with well-filled hatches, we prepare for the homeward run. Fish and ballast are distributed evenly, that the little ship may trim just right, and sheets, ropes and halyards are cleared for quick work.

Down in the west, the last rosy blush of the sun is fading away into the dreary darkness of an autumn night; and along the dim line of horizon, the black waters tumble restlessly. The wind has died for a moment. The sea bubbles past our rail with a hollow gurgling sound—and as we drift along, rising and falling, our bows thumping dull and sodden on the waves, one feels the gloom of the night descending upon him with a peculiar awe. Then out of the north comes a breath, damp and chill—a mere cat's paw—but growing steadier—and at last sweeping down upon us in cold fitful gusts. The water seethes in the darkness; the sails fill, and our little ship heels over until her lee rail is tearing through the now phosphorescent foam at a surprising rate. Night is now upon us, and great clouds of inky blackness move quickly across the sky. A few soft flurries of snow come spitting at us out of the north, ceasing as gently as they have begun. Far away on the lee shore, the "beacons" are twinkling, and each straining lurch brings us ever towards them. The wind is now stronger and colder, dropping down from the icy north across the waste of waters, singing its weird tune through the rattling cordage. Scarcely a word is spoken on board. Down in the fore-cle hatch forward is a small red glow, about the size of a coal; it is all we can see, but we know that "Jim" is enjoying his usual smoke. The rest of the "boys" are huddled aft with "Dockie," who is ever gazing ahead, and listening for the roar of the "bar," as the tide surging out against a north wind, makes a nasty sea.

Onward we glide, rising and falling, slipping and sliding from one sea to another, with the black water frothing always past, and bearing us nearer home, every lurch a strain, every strain a groan. Now the low line of sand-dunes loom up like mountains in the gloom, and yes—there is a roar on the "bar," a deep and solemn roar, that is always heard distinctly, above the restless voice of the ocean. "Forward ther', Jim, come up! ther's a sea on the 'bar,'" and "Dockie" brings up our "bows" in range of the lights. "Ste'dy ther'! got yer sheets?" and as the "black buoy" slips past us in the darkness, we raise on the first roller of the "bar." On either side, the shallow reefs are awash, with a churning of yellowish, short choppy breakers, but in the full black waters of the channel, the sea is swift and heavy, running the full length. Up we go again—and—down into the trough of a few light seas, now shooting ahead, now lagging behind as the waters comb around us in the darkness. Every sheet is in a strong hand, and "Dockie," with his feet braced against the lee rail, watches the sails, the ship, and the sea together. Up we go again, and—"Ste'dy ther', b'ys, ther's a bad one comin'—and right astern, boiling and hissing, with a nasty curl on its crest, a "bad one" is coming. "Keep her 'way 'bit, ther'—quick! ther'." Sa—wash, the water is racing along our stern, having taken us with a mighty stiff splash aft, and drenching us to the skin. For a moment we swerve as if to broach, but immediately drop behind, the "bad one" racing on, and breaking directly in front of us. Another lift—and we are through into the harbour.

Out of the north, the wind comes

down, swirling, hungry and wild, swaying the mighty pines in their foothold along the coast, and bursting with the strength of demons upon us. But the "catch" is ashore, and the fisher snug in his little cottage under the sheltering hills, where the reek of the steaming pots go up with a breath that is goodly and strong to the hungry sons of the sea. Outside in the gloom of the night, the black waters, tumbling and wild, froth shoreward, the thunder of the seas coming up with the moan of the wind— weird and strange—o'er the waste of sand, singing the fisher's lullaby.

**When Paradise Quit**

Adam and Eve they had no Tariff  
In the days of long ago;  
He and She, they didn't care if  
Cotton goods were high or low.  
Naught knew they of speeches witty  
Touching lumber, hides and rice  
From a Ways and Means Committee;  
Wasn't it a Paradise!

In that primal vale of beauty,  
He was rich who owned a tree;  
No one gave a fig for Duty,  
(Figs were entered duty-free.)  
Eating, sleeping at his humour,  
Taking no one's bad advice,  
Sat the Ultimate Consumer—  
Wasn't it a Paradise!

Joined as one, their minds worked  
singly;

Toiling not for others' gain;  
Adam never heard of Dingley,  
He was stranger yet to Payne.  
Knowing not Revision's loathing—  
Having never paid the price—  
What could Adam fear, if clothing  
Was not worn in Paradise?

Singing some Arcadian ballad,  
Laughing in the face of life,  
Forth they fared arrayed in salad,  
Father Adam and his Wife.  
Even the Fruit which she selected,  
Simple Adam to entice,  
That, alas! was unprotected  
By the laws of Paradise.

Ah, how brief is Earth's perfection!  
Adam bit (his first mistake),  
And the Gospel of Protection  
Entered, doubtless with the Snake.  
Soon an Angel, with a sabre,  
Made a Tariff, fixed the price;  
Adam took to sweat-shop labour,  
And the Trusts ran Paradise.

—Wallace Irwin.

**The French Treaty**

THE new Franco-Canadian tariff treaty which has been ratified in Paris and only awaits formal confirmation by our Parliament, is causing considerable comment at Washington and among certain United States manufacturers on account of the great advantage it gives to Canadian products. The Massey-Harris Company, of Toronto, has always been a factor in the farm implement trade of the greatest agricultural country in Europe. In 1907 there were about 81,000 large harvesting machines sold in France and it is estimated that about 58,000 of these were made in the United States and about 11,600 were of British, that is to say chiefly Canadian manufacture. With our new treaty Canada secures the benefit of the minimum tariff while the United States remains under the provisions of the maximum tariff. This means a difference in duty on Canadian machines of \$3.86 per mower, \$4.82 per reaper, \$8.20 per binder and \$1.93 per hay rake. The same situation applies to machine tools, electric motors and generators and fixtures of various types. There is a considerable list of products of the soil, mines, forests and factories of Canada which will also compete with great advantage over the United States.—Financial Post.

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