

walked over the sidewalks sounds like pistol shots burst from beneath our tread. As we reached the river the hulls of winter bound craft showed their black sides in contrast to the prevailing whiteness, which spread far before us till lost in the uncertainty of distance and the far off sky. Following the *balized* road we soon reached the fishermen's huts, quite visible as square buildings of unpainted wood, with one door, a couple of small windows and a stovepipe projecting from one of the sides, and from which issued the light fairy-like smoke of a wood fire. We searched for the *cabane*, as these huts are called, of Christie Gunner, the oldest and best, and most favorably known of St. Roch fishermen; his temporary habitation was distinguished as the largest among the cluster, and as having a flag-staff and flag.

A knock at the door and it was opened by Christie himself, who cheerfully invited us in. The *cabane* was roomy; in one corner a stove produced an enormous amount of caloric; so much so, indeed, that in a few moments our frosted hirsute appendages were streaming down with the melted ice, and we were glad to divest ourselves of our furs and overcoats, which we hung up on pegs placed on the wall; at one end was a table, and above it a cupboard containing delf ware, cutlery, and small et cetera; at one side, in the flooring, extending from one wall to the other, was an opening of about eighteen inches wide, down which, at the distance of about one foot, was the dark, cold water of the St. Charles river; on each side of this opening was a bench, also extending the length of the building; above the opening, fastened to the ceiling, was a small beam, perforated at distances about eight inches apart, by holes in which were short sticks, round which were twined the fishing lines; a few chairs, some firewood, and a couple of lamps completed the contents of the *cabane*. Christie Gunner was *par excellence* a fisherman. Born at St. Helier's, Jersey, in the beginning of the present century, he spent his boyhood in catching eels, lobsters, and oysters; he afterwards followed cod fishing, and the vessel in which he was, having been wrecked, he was picked up by a Quebec bound vessel,

and thereafter chose the old capital of Canada as his home. Since his advent he has perseveringly followed his vocation in the waters round the city; in the summer casting his net for bass, Johnny Doré, and white fish, in the fall, for smelt, and in the winter taking tommy-cods. It is an arduous and exposed life he follows, and yet he is hale, hearty, and strong; and, notwithstanding the cheapness of liquors in his native isle, he acquired no taste therefor, and has continued his abstemious habits throughout the colds and heats of Canada. His sole indulgence is his pipe; he might be more choice in the quality of his tobacco, but if he is satisfied with it, who can have aught to say? If those who frequent his *cabane* like not the flavor, they can supply him with better, and they can take my word for it he will not refuse the gift. Like his countrymen, his French and English incline to a *patois*; indeed, it is sometimes difficult to say in what language he is expressing himself. Christie has a sound, honest heart, and is, as all fishermen must be, a most patient and sturdy worker. A better baiter of a hook or drawer of a net I never met. We soon took our seats on the benches, and with a line in each hand commenced feeling for bites; and we waited not long for such; quickly they came, and before many minutes had elapsed we were all busy pulling up the lines one after another, taking off sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three fish from each, for these lines are armed with some half-dozen hooks. Hardly had we time to toss the struggling fish into the basket, bait the hooks, and cast them into the water, before the other line required similar attention. The destruction was incredible, and as it increased our excitement grew apace,—an excitement characterized by a silence of voice, a silence broken but by the plash of the impaled fish, and the casting of the deceptive line. For over two hours we thus continued and our baskets were being rapidly filled; the heat was excessive, and the constant work increased the lassitude caused by it. Now and then one of us would adjourn to the outer world for a mouthful of fresh air, and on such occasions, when the door opened, the cold atmosphere rushed into our furnace like