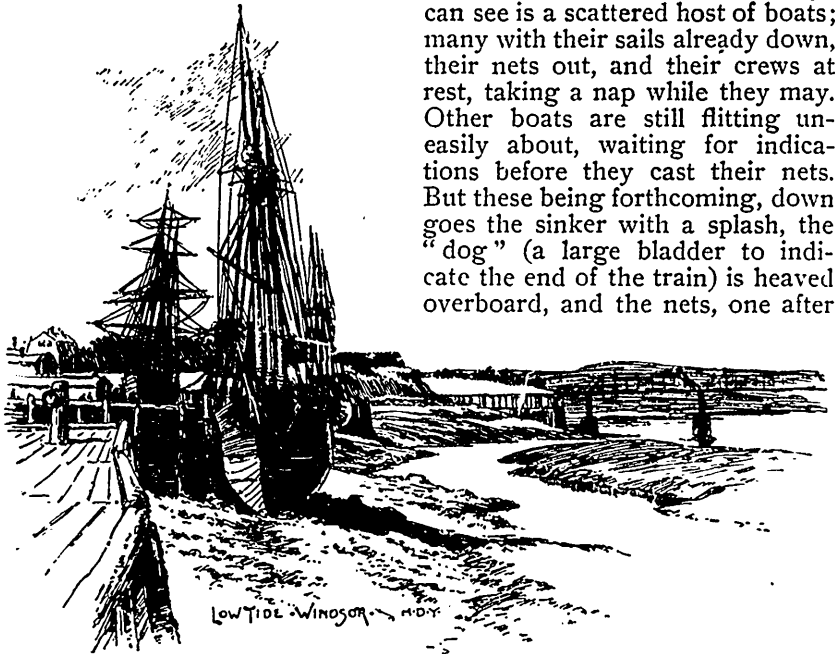


company, perhaps, with a hundred or two others, to the fishing ground—it may be seven or it may be seventy miles distant.

The departure is watched by a crowd of people, women and children for the most part, albeit there is a goodly sprinkling of men-folk—greybeards whose fishing days are over, curers who have put money on the "catch," and others.



NOVA SCOTIA FISHING SCHOONERS AT LOW TIDE.

It is a picturesque sight, as the red sun begins to dip into the glowing west, burnishing the heaving waters with hues of crimson and gold, while against the darkening east the hundreds of sails gleam like sheets of flame. Then, as the light gradually fades, and night envelops the scene, many a heartfelt prayer is sent up for the "luck" of the fishers and for their safety.

Meanwhile, if all has gone well, the nets have already been shot and the work of the night com-

menced. Usually this is done before dark; but the wise skipper is in no hurry. The crew may be impatient when there is the oily gleam in the water indicative of fish, and bright phosphorescent sparkles of light are cast from the boats' bows. At length the master is satisfied that he is in the midst of the shoal, and prepares for shooting the nets by lowering sail. All around as far as the eye can see is a scattered host of boats; many with their sails already down, their nets out, and their crews at rest, taking a nap while they may. Other boats are still flitting uneasily about, waiting for indications before they cast their nets. But these being forthcoming, down goes the sinker with a splash, the "dog" (a large bladder to indicate the end of the train) is heaved overboard, and the nets, one after

another, are paid out as fast as the men can pass them through their hands, each net being marked by a painted bladder; so that when the entire length is out it forms a perforated wall many feet in depth and a mile or more in length.

Then for two or three hours quiet falls upon the scene; under the winking stars the erewhile busy fleet is at rest, its dancing masthead lights answering to those above. But some watchful eyes are there, and when the grey dawn begins to pale the gleam of the