

early stage of the drying there should come a few unfavorable days, the fish "slime over." The washing has then to be repeated before drying can be continued. If more than one "sliming" should occur, the cod takes a yellowish tinge and is no longer of first quality. After the curing is completed, the fish are sorted according to size and color into eight grades, 1st and 2nd Merchantable; 1st and 2nd Madeira; 1st and 2nd Brazils, and 1st and 2nd Cadiz.

Strict and well-enforced laws regulating modes of fishing, the taking of immature fish, the using of nets of a nature destructive to young fish and the observance of close seasons have done much to arrest the decline of this valuable industry. Added to this is the establishing at Dildo, on Conception Bay, of a hatchery for the artificial propagation of the cod and lobster. Now the spawn is carefully preserved and propagated in floating incubators. In this way millions of fry are placed in the waters annually.

While man is doing all that scientific study and invention can do to perpetuate the noble cod, Providence continues to provide food. It is one of Nature's peculiar provisions, one of her wonderful processes that makes good to come out of apparent evil. The Arctic Current carries in its icebergs, the terror of sailors, countless tons of ocean slime from the seas and rivers of the Arctic regions. Upon this "slime-food" swarms of microscopic crustaceans, annelids and mollusca feed. These in turn furnish food for the capelin, squid and herring which are devoured by the cod. When the cod is assimilated by man, Nature's circle is complete. Curious enough this slime is most abundant in the neighborhood of ice-fields and icebergs and so long as the Arctic Current flows, the existence of the cod fishery is assured.

These ice-fields carry another source of wealth. From the 10th to 20th of

February are born the young seals, and so rapidly do they grow, that by the middle of March they are in best condition to be taken. They must be sought before they take to the water, *i.e.* at about the sixth week of life. When born, and up to the time of leaving the ice, the baby seal is snowy white. After leaving the mother it is no longer a "white coat" with smooth woolly fur, but it becomes a "ragged jacket" with rough, spotted, darkish fur. These young seals are the best for oil and fur. The pelts with fat attached are taken in to St. John's or Harbor Grace, and there the oil is extracted by a process in which steam is used for "trying out." Large glass-roofed tanks hold the oil during the "sunning" or clarifying process.

These folk live most peaceably among themselves, a quiet, orderly, church-going, law-abiding, sober people. They have few warts, and apparently take life in a free-from-worry style. Everything is very uncertain. This has trained them to great patience and untiring perseverance. They have learned to be always ready for they know not the day nor the hour when their greatest harvest is to be taken. Their characteristics may be summed up by quoting two of their sayings—"It's too late to make your canvas when the breeze is on," and "Never bid the Devil good-morning till you meet him."

Education is quite backward. Only lately has any very serious attention been given to this need of the people. It is impossible to have school sections in the smaller settlements, in small coves widely separated by capes and promontories. There are hundreds of settlements consisting of from a dozen to twenty families, scattered along a shore, all poor and struggling hard for daily bread. There is no system of education; everything is carried on upon the denominational principle, there being four Superintendents of Education. There would