

The year to which I now refer had been one of utter failure and when at last the month of November had passed and not a fishes tail was to be found on the stages and starvation was to be too soon apprehended in the not very remote distance the fishermen began to ask each other what was to be done. A previous year of comparative failure had left debts unpaid and credit was therefore exhausted, some scanty supplies already and grudgingly given had been consumed and further applications had been unheeded. At last three men resident at one of the little hamlets each the father of a large family finding that all other sources of supply were dried up determined to try the last expedient of famishing people and go to Halifax and endeavor to get something by, begging. It was a most revolting thing for them to do but poverty and degradation don't always go hand in hand, and what won't men do for starving wives and children. They were strong able men willing to work, but employment there was none at that season of the year and they had therefore no other expedient, so one bitterly cold day in the middle of December amidst float ice they rowed themselves up to the town and set about this painful work, but cold as was the wind the hearts of the townspeople seemed colder. They went from house to house and from shop to shop in vain. Those they owed money to told them they had already given them more than they could afford. Many twitted them as to their respectable appearance and evident health and strength apparently accounting it a reproach that they should look either healthy or respectable, others taunted them with the inquiry why they did not work rather than beg when at the same time they knew no work could be had. And so it was that in despair and almost broken-hearted they wandered from door to door amidst frowns and repulses, their pockets empty of