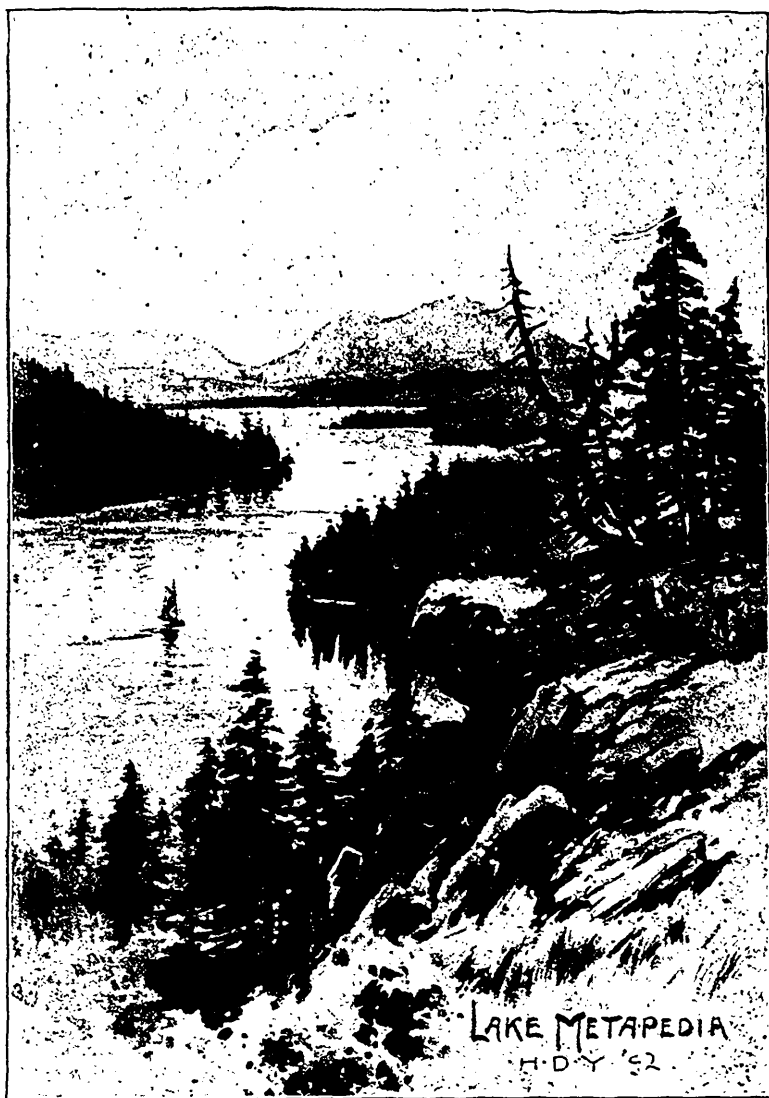




lonely bay, three hundred and fifty years ago, when Jacques Cartier, with his two small vessels, entered its broad expanse and found the change from the cold fogs of Newfoundland to the genial warmth of this sheltered bay so grateful that he gave it the name of the Bay of Heats, which it bears to this day. The Indian name, however, "Bay of Fish," was still

more appropriate. These waters are yearly visited by great fleets of American fishermen from Gloucester and Cape Cod. We in the West have little idea of the value of the harvest of the sea in those maritime provinces, where it is often the best, or, indeed, the only harvest the people gather. It was in these waters that the misdeed of Skipper Ireson,