

they have formed a great mound of such matter upon the sea bottom. This mound is known as the Grand Banks.

The water on the Grand Banks is only from 60 to 300 feet deep, while the greater part of the ocean is from 10,000 to 20,000 feet. But the most remarkable thing about the Grand Banks is the vast numbers of fish that are found there. The cold Arctic current swarms with tiny living creatures; in some places it is said to be "a living mass, a vast ocean of living slime." The icy current thus carries food to the millions of cod and herring which lie in wait for it on the Grand Banks. But for the shallowness of the water, they would not be found so far out to sea.

This cold current, then, which seems so unkind to our eastern coasts, is really a source of wealth to us, for thousands of fishermen from Newfoundland and the east coast provinces are dependent upon it for their daily bread, just as the farmers are dependent on the warm rains and the sunshine. But the fisherman's bread is not earned without much danger as well as toil.

As we sail along in some great ocean liner, and fog comes down upon us, the captain goes slow in case of collision with other vessels or with some hidden iceberg, and every half minute the hoarse blast of the fog-horn roars out over the sea. We hear a bell tinkling somewhere near, and as the fog lifts a little we catch a glimpse of a small fishing schooner bobbing up and down on the long swell. She is a strong, well-formed little ship, and carries a crew of some six men and perhaps a couple of boys. She left port in May, laden with hogsheads of salt. She will return in September, and if she is lucky her hold will be crammed with salted cod, her share of the great harvest of the sea.

It is a hard harvest to reap, this harvest of the sea. To live for five months on board this small craft, ceaselessly tossed about on the ocean waves, with now a fog and again a storm to keep one on the watch, is not quite a holiday experience. But there is plenty of hard work to take one's mind off the risks he runs. Every morning the men launch