

The condition of the fisherman of to-day is greatly improved, yet even now his life is a hard one. His labors, when fish are abundant, are severe and never ceasing. About sundown the boys go "squidding" in a dory, and if squid are plentiful one boy will take enough for bait for that night's fishing. I have often seen a row of from 30 to 50 dories side by side with the men going through the most laughable movements in taking the squid. A shore fisherman tells when to go out to set his lines or place his traps by the movement of the capelin, a small fish about the size of an ordinary brook trout. When the capelin come up into the bays in great numbers it is a sign that the cod are coming, because the capelin are trying to escape their larger neighbors. Besides being used as bait the capelin are dried and form an article of food for the poorer classes. When taken in great abundance they are carted to the land and piled in compost heaps to be used for fertilizing the potato and turnip gardens. Much of the work of "making" or curing the fish is done by the women and girls whose work is often very heavy. Women do the weaving of nets for lobster traps, catch squid for bait, spread and pile the fish upon the stages and flakes for drying, and carry upon their backs the few hundredweight of hay from the "garden" for the goat's winter provision.

I'll never forget the appearance of St. John's during the fortnight that the *bankers* were preparing to leave for their summer's work. The spacious harbor was a perfect forest of masts. Every slip and cove was overcrowded with smacks of all sizes loading with firewood, salt, flour, pork and molasses—the salt for the cod to be taken at the banks, the other articles for the needs of the men. Water street, the main street of the city, running parallel with the harbor throughout its whole length, was swarming with big, brawny, sun-

burnt, wind-beaten fishermen in oil-skin clothes and heavy knee boots. These men assemble from the whole coast to get supplies from the merchants. The merchant or supplier fits out the crews with necessary gear and provisions for the voyage to the Banks. If the catch is a good one, the fisherman is able to pay for his summer supplies and have a snug balance with which to lay in a stock of provisions for the winter. The merchant takes great risks and in bad seasons his losses are often heavy. Then, too, the poor fisherman is at the mercy of the merchant who can sort and cull his fish to suit himself. Often the poorer shoremen have to sell their fish "talqual," *i.e.*, only partially dried.

When the fisherman's boat reaches his stage—a platform covered with spruce branches and supported on poles above the water—the fish are thrown out upon the floor with a "pew," a sort of two-tined fork. The "cut-throat" with a long knife slits open the fish and passes it to the "header" who first removes the liver, placing it in a vessel to be used for cod-liver oil. The head and viscera are saved and mixed with bog and earth for a fertilizer. The tongues and sounds, or air-bladders, are carefully saved for pickling. Next the "splitter" removes the backbone and then the "salter" washes away all the blood and salts the fish upon the floor of the fish-house. After remaining in heaps for a few days they are thrown into the shallow water along shore and washed. In doing this the men wear "cuffs," large four-ply knitted woollen mittens which are about five times as long as necessary when made, but they soon shrink to fit the hand. These are worn to prevent the projecting bones from tearing the operator's hands. The flattened fish are then carried to the "flakes" and spread out for drying. Every night they are piled and covered with old sails to keep out rain or fog. If in the