

tain endeavors to get his vessel off first. With a run and a jump and I am aboard, hand bag, camera and all, and then my trunk comes—thrown after me, and with thankfulness I sit down to recover my breath. Soon however one gets in touch with the absorbing interests of the day. Now it is "our" vessel and "our" crew and the crowded wharves. All St. Johns is here. The church services and the Governor's address of yesterday are over, and now they are bidding farewell to the 4,000 men, on whose success depends the stand or fall of shipowners, of merchants and the food and clothing for these men and their families for a portion of the year.

"Up anchor" comes the command, and with a jump the wince starts. Then amid the groans of the crew it "fouls." Eight o'clock, and she begins to work. Soon our starboard anchor appears above the water, but alas, it has caught up a chain which must be cast off. One by one the vessels clear. A little swearing—not much, for these people seldom use oaths, more work, and amid cheers for all and three more cheers for Capt. Greene, we are off; last of all but ere night comes we are ahead of all.

The day is warm and bright and as we traverse the half mile or more to the mouth of the harbor we have an opportunity to enjoy the view of the city and harbor. The harbor is a mile long by half a mile wide and enclosed on all sides by hills some hundreds of feet high, entrance being gained by a channel two hundred feet wide at the northeast end. The city is built on the north side hill, and from the deck the tiers of streets, as mammoth steps show off magnificently the great cathedrals and other large buildings for which it is noted. As we leave the harbor the vessel becomes the object of my interest. The Algerine is an ex-British war vessel, re-hulled and fitted up for this trade. Those specially built for the work are upwards of two hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, and capable of carrying six hundred tons, all are single screw steamers, of eight to ten knots, and are assisted by sails. The hulls are massively built, of steel, oak, and teak, and are from twenty to twenty-five inches thick and all is needed, for excepting the first and last two days of the voyage, the ship is constantly pounding through ice, ranging from a few inches to three feet in thickness, an experience which any of the great transatlantic lines would not survive for one hour.

With steam and sail we speed on after the hurrying fleet. In sight of land until evening one does not feel too far away from the world, but what a world! If one were to judge from this shore, cold, bleak, barren, red rock. But this is Newfoundland from the outside. Our course is almost due north and by midnight we enter the great ice field, which extends northward past Belle Isle, and eastward for from fifty to one hundred miles, and in this we are to cruise until our cargo is complete, or coal or food runs out.

The seals found in this area are not fur bearing but the commercial value is in the skin and fat, and those found are of two main varieties, Harps and Hoods. This is the breeding season and the Harps congregate generally near the Funk Islands, in a herd covering an area of fifty to seventy five square miles. The adult is from four to six feet long, and weighs about four hundred lbs. It is covered with a large area of short, stiff, black hairs on the back, and the rest of the body is covered with