

many of those rough men would rather gain that honored title than become governor general of Canada. Some years ago the "high-line" of the haddock fleet, in four months landed eight hundred thousand fish, valued at twenty-four thousand dollars. After all expenses had been paid, his fourteen brave men, who had dared almost untold dangers, received a little over three hundred dollars apiece.

Sometimes many of the fleet are able to weigh anchor for home at the same time. It is a pretty sight to see so many vessels under a freshening breeze ploughing away to the northward. The hearts of the men are glad, both because they have escaped the many perils of the Banks, and because they have been unusually successful, as their plentiful store of cod and halibut in the well bears testimony.

As they enter the harbor, one of the crew descends into the well and begins throwing the cod upon deck. They are very hard to catch. They seem to guess what awaits them on deck, and struggle, and slip, and glide through the man's clutching hands. However, they are all in turn delivered to the executioner, who grasps each cod back of the head, and, by a few well-directed blows with a short club, kills the fish at once.

They are then packed and sent to market, where they bring a high price as "live cod." They are so called, because they are brought home alive; and they are much fresher than the cod which the fishermen themselves pack on ice out on the Banks.

If it only were possible to give you an idea of the perils of this kind of life! The Banks are the part of