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Tor's Cove—Gull Island and Green Island.

The Camera Shop Photo.

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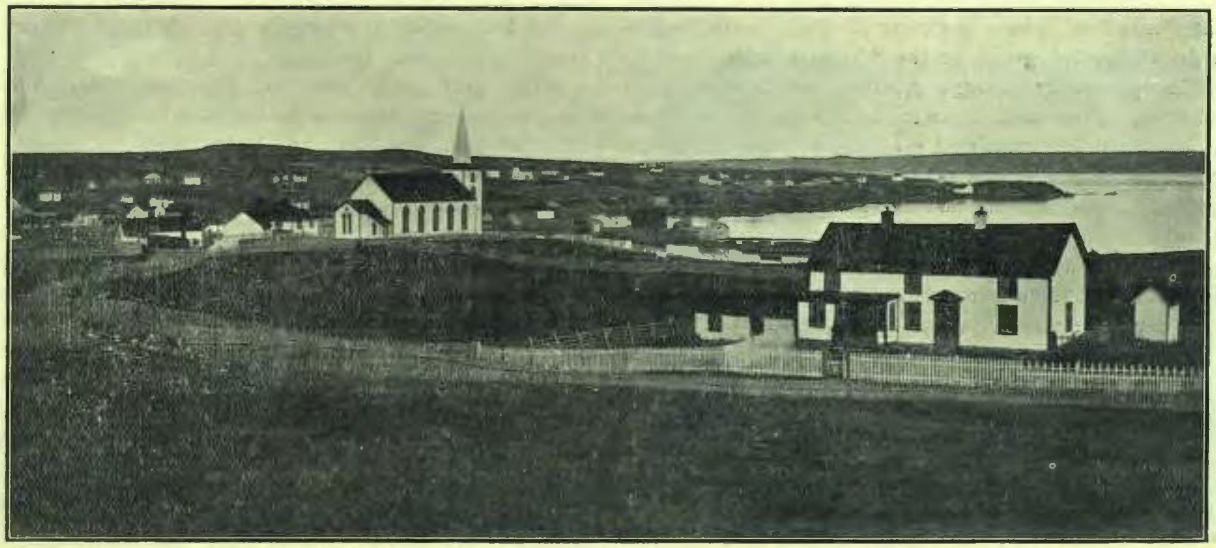
In Praise of Our Land.

X.—THE DISTRICT OF PLACENTIA AND ST. MARY'S.—(Continued).

By W. J. Browne.

You may approach St. Mary's Bay in three different ways by land, or you may enter it from the sea, and which ever way you chance to see it, Fortune will be on your side. The usual way is along the Salmonier line from Holyrood, and this way is like a road through a park, and it is a park—a natural park, that has been preserved by the Department of Natural Resources for this very purpose. There are lakes and ponds, moors and forest with a saw mill here and there that disturb the serenity of the place so little that the timid caribou do not hesitate to venture near and cross the road at will. It is a winding way going up hill and then down, sometimes through avenues of spruce and birch with hedges of wild raspberry and alder, and at other times skirting a hillside to allow you grand views over wide heaths to the distant hills, or as you descend into the Salmonier valley to give you glimpses of a shining brown river hastening to the sea.

You may come down upon it like a wolf on the fold in a straight line from Whitbourne and emerge suddenly at Colinet at the head of the Bay, or you may come towards it from Placentia up the valley of the South East River, and as you have been to Branch and cannot get any further along the coast from there you must return over the narrow mountainy Cape Shore Road with your heart in your mouth and be composed by the prospect ahead. You are greeted with artificial twilight as the car sweeps through the Mountain woods. This is an old road as roads go in Newfoundland, for the first one built was in Governor Cochrane's time, which is only a little over a hundred years ago. It is, say, sixty or seventy years old ; there are few who can remember its construction, but it was before the branch Railway was constructed. It is eighty-four miles from St. John's to the " Head" of the South East Arm. On this route the Government built a half-way house to accommodate travellers on the long journey. It still stands overlooking a chain of lakes, and with Father Duffy's well just below it, where travellers generally pause for a drink. The old house at Salmonier that was kept by the Careys, entertained hundreds of people on their way to Holyrood. It is in other hands now, but still looks over to the soft velvety woods above the eastern river. There were no motor cars in those days. If you could not afford a carriage or



R. C. Church. ST. MARY'S. Post Office.

even to travel with the mailman at a reduced rate, you had to travel on Shank's mare. At that time there was a family living at the Mountain. Now-a-days the road is bare of habitation from the South East to Colinet.

This locality has a great appeal to people from St. John's, and already several have built log cabins by the side of the waterfall at Rocky River. Many come here to picnic during the summer, but the chief attraction is the sea trout in North Harbour River. Some years ago construction was started on a road to North Harbour, but, regrettably, it was never finished. However, it has made the route to the Pools much shorter, and gives a very fine view of North Harbour from Bindon's Hill. The old way was down along the river's side through a beautiful path with hundreds of shrubs and plants that flourish luxuriantly. Wild gooseberries, strawberries and raspberries are there in their season, and on the marshes are several species of the wild orchid. The favourite pool for sea trout is the Half Moon Pool, from which hundreds of trout are taken in early July.

For the salmon fisherman this river is most exasperating. There are two main pools where the salmon lie and bask. The first is the Forks Pool, where the river divides, one part climbing up a deep beautiful gorge at the Cataract Bridge, and the other gliding peacefully through primeval woods, dark, deep, and mysterious. Three miles from the road is the Turfey Hole, where a high bank of brown peat gives the pool its name. On the west side of the stream is a sandy sloping beach from which you fish. The water is deep and dark. Usually, the water is sluggish and the fish lie silent near the bottom under an overhanging evergreen, but if there is a good current towards the end of July when the fresh fish have arrived, they leap and swirl in the most deceptive way. Cast a Silver Doctor over to the middle of the pool, keep as still as you can, make your fly as alluring as you will, and not a salmon will look at it. Perhaps you may be fortunate enough to interest some big fellow whom you have taken off his guard, but if your tackle is not in first class condition your chances of gazing with proud eyes upon a capture are but slight. These salmon are different from those which inhabit other rivers on the East Coast, being of much larger average size, and are much more elusive, so that, unless you are an expert, or are satisfied with watching salmon mocking your efforts, it is wise to take your sea trout and go home with a light heart.

North Harbour itself is a deep indraft from the Bay with Cape Dog standing up boldly on its southern side. Further in the Bay a small village of John's Pond has a beautiful beach that few know anything about. It is accessible by boat from Colinet, or from North Harbour over a rough road.

One of the prettiest falls on the Peninsula is on the Rocky River. There are two falls—one under the fine reinforced concrete bridge and one about a hundred yards above it. The waters of Rocky River travel many miles and drain a large area of country before they tumble into the sea in those two mad plunges. It is a picturesque spot that some day will have its power house generating electricity. The water falls into a high round cove surrounded by hills a hundred feet high. The rocks are coloured brown and green and red, vegetation sprouts along their sides and spruce trees decorate the summit. The cove is completely round, and from the bridge the three points that enhance the beauty and the spell of the place cannot be seen.

SPREADING FISH AT ST. VINCENT'S, ST. MARY'S BAY.
Holyrood Pond is seen in the picture.

"What an ideal place for the smuggler," someone says wistfully.

"How well you guessed," replies your guide. "Many's the load was taken up there and landed in the dead of night. But that's all over now," he adds, sorrowfully, it seems, "people can't afford to buy rum now."

Rocky River cove is but a short distance from Colinet, where another river enters the sea. This is also a river with salmon and sea trout in early July, and when the tide is low schools of fish may often be seen, poised in the shallows beneath the bridge waiting for the rising tide to carry them up to their next resting place. Anglers do not frequent this place much, because there are few good pools before the river enters Colinet Pond, and once the salmon reach this few will trouble their further progress. There is a sawmill on the eastern bank, giving employment to loggers during the winter. The people all seem to have their land cultivated, and possess cattle, sheep and poultry.

The old Placentia Road went up over the hill to the head of Salmonier, and along this road there is a grand view of the Bay.

THE ELLIS BRIDGE OVER "THE GORGE" ON THE ROAD TO PLACENTIA.
Photo by G. R. Williams.

Here, too, is the Deer Park where deer are reported to be increasing in numbers, but no one may shoot them as it is part of the large area reserved for the propagation of wild game. At present an interesting experiment is being undertaken by prisoners from St. John's who are engaged in draining the marshes. They have dug trenches at right angles to each other in the turfy vegetation to a depth of four feet. When the excess of moisture has been drained off, the surface will be burnt, permanent drains put in the trenches and the land put under cultivation. If the experiment succeeds, thousands of acres of similar land will probably undergo the same treatment. From a social point of view this work has splendid possibilities, if, the value of the land being proved, the prisoners, when released, are given the opportunity to occupy and cultivate it.

At Haricot, a little hamlet three miles from Colinet, another experiment in Land Settlement is being undertaken under the management of instructors from Markland. Along the old road to Haricot there is a magnificent view. Near at hand is the little wooded island of Pinch Gut with its white cottages sparkling at one end. Farther off lie Great and Little Colinet Islands. The shores on both sides of the Bay stand out plain. John's Pond is just to the west, and Cape Dog, Mount Sepoy make striking landmarks; beyond those a blue hill looms high in the sky. On the Eastern shore beyond Haricot you may see Muscle Pond Point and Shoal Bay Point, and even distinguish the houses of Admiral's Beach.

The flats (interval land) where the people of Haricot formerly grazed their cattle have been set out with oats and potatoes and cabbage this year. The hill on the east has been partially cleared of trees and stumps, and one-story houses have been erected for the settlers. The settlement looks very pretty from the river with the houses rising one above the other along the road up over the hill. The trees have not been entirely removed, and enough remain to give shade and shelter. Each settler has his own plot of ground, as well as his interest in the community farm below. The food and clothing for himself and his family are charged to his account at the community store, and a folk school is provided for the children. This summer the children spent two happy weeks in camp up the valley.

A short distance further on over the barrens the road enters the settlement of Mount Carmel in the beautiful Salmonier Arm. In summer, when the sky is of the colour of the robin's egg, the Arm is like an enlarged North Italian lake; there are no castles, only the humble dwellings of the fishermen and loggers. With the sea so much before their eyes, and looking so inviting, it is no wonder the men of St. Mary's Bay are sorely tempted to turn their backs upon the land, although on the beach the ribs of old wrecks remind them daily that the sea is a hard master.

At this point the Arm is about four miles wide and extends eight miles up to Hurley's Bridge where the river enters and where the road from Holyrood divides in two, one branch going to Colinet and the other going to St. Joseph's and St. Mary's. Another narrow road goes down to Mount Carmel. This is the most charming drive in the Bay as it follows the shoreline most of the way and gives so many wonderful fascinating views of the scenery of the Arm. At Mount Carmel thousands of cords of pulpwood or pitprops are being handpeeled before being loaded for shipment abroad. The wood was cut in behind Salmonier and floated down the Back River and the Salmonier River to this point. There is a pretty little river which crosses the road. It has deep steps in it like the entrance to a giant's castle, and the water falls gracefully down over these into the sea.

Salmonier River is usually only a small stream, except when swollen by heavy rain, and it is easily forded in many places. It is a fine salmon river, and from about the twentieth of June every year until the end of the season on September the fifteenth, there are salmon in its pools. St. John's is only fifty miles away, a short distance in a car, so that hundreds of people come

SALMONIER RIVER.

COLINET ROAD.

here every summer to enjoy its soft, leafy beauty. It shares with Placentia the distinction of being the most popular river for the fisherman. The best pools are near the mouth and at Governor's Falls, Pinsent's Falls, Butler's Pool and Murphy's Falls.

Governor's Falls are approached by a hard narrow trail through the forest, but in early July it is a journey with ample compensation, for there are five or six small fishable pools within a hundred yards. In most of the pools the fisherman may watch and see how the salmon react to his fly—a great advantage. All along the river the banks are lined with trees, birch and spruce giving pleasing soft effects of two shades of green. Pinsent's Falls are only a mile above; the path to Pinsents' is better as it is more frequented. Here, too, there are several fine pools within a short distance, with swift flowing water that the angler generally prefers, although in the Falls Pool the fish may be easily seen. Butler's Pool is several miles up stream, and the path is more difficult and longer. At the right time of the year Murphy's Falls Pool, a short distance further up the river gives splendid fishing, and is probably the best pool on the river. Butler's Pool is a long steady pool, hard to fish, but just below is a rock called the Pulpit where the salmon generally rise well. On all these pools there are log cabins, most of them privately owned but the fishing is free to all.

Snipe and swallows and kingfishers flash through the air on the lower reaches, and on every pool, the fisherman, as he casts his fly, is inspired and cheered by some bird's sweet song. The pale blossoms of the wild strawberry dot the islands and the beaches and sometimes become berries of large size; strange plants transported by floods from their mountain homes take root and thrive in the rich soil amidst a shrubbery of artless beauty, and in late August the rambling wild raspberry trees are bending under the weight of their juicy, red fruit. A large area of country on the west side of the Salmonier line has been used by the Forestry branch of the Department of Natural Resources to train young men in the logging industry, and they have built roads in along the numerous lakes and rivers where they have placed cabins. The woods have been cut and the timber floated down the Back River where some of it is fed to a new mill operated by a water turbine and converted into lumber at the rate of several thousand feet a day.

Some people think that the road down the eastern side of the Salmonier Arm is more beautiful than the road to Mount Carmel. Certainly they may point to the lovely scene above the new bridge at Little Harbour, where a still river, surrounded by high cliffs, ascends through a narrow passage to a long deep pool and three steep waterfalls. The hills are clothed in evergreen, and the ridge at the back makes a splendid frame for a striking picture. Little Harbour was the home of Captain Mike McDonald who was drowned when his little sailing vessel went ashore on the 28th of April, 1932, at Drook Point near Trepassey. This man was one of Newfoundland's finest seamen, resourceful, courageous, able to build a vessel and sail it—one born with the salt water in his blood. Clinging to the rigging of his ship, and washed by the raging seas, he recited the Rosary

ROCKY RIVER BRIDGE
NEAR COLINET.

THE FALL'S POOL—PINSENT'S.

for his crew. Then the mainmast fell making a bridge across which they passed to land in safety, all but the Captain, who in the true tradition of the sea was the last to make the attempt. He was swept away in the sight of his companions and swallowed up in the waves.

It must be confessed, too, that the site selected for the Roman Catholic Church at St. Joseph's is a beautiful one. On a fine morning, before and after Mass, the people stand around and chat with each other—and there is often a far away look in their blue eyes as they gaze out over the waters of the Salmonier Arm. The Priest's residence is built on the hill behind grounds that keep perfect harmony with the other beauties of the Arm. This pretty group of parochial buildings was the work of the late Monsignor St. John. Many of the houses are attractive, and some have large square sunny front rooms, with rocking chairs and anti-macassars, side-boards and old fashioned pottery and glassware. The spinning wheel is constantly at work making the woollen yarns that go into homely socks and stockings, and sometimes into male underwear. Almost all the people of this bay are of Irish descent, and are Catholics. Old Irish customs and manners have survived through several generations, and the people are as witty, as friendly, as hospitable, as charming in every way as if this was a Kerry village; the pioneering spirit of the old stock is lacking, unfortunately, but there is magnificent material here to build up a new and prosperous country.

The highroad turns east up over the kill on the way to St. Mary's, the principal place in this part of the District, leaving a large section of the coast almost inaccessible. There is a local road to O'Donnel's, formerly Muscle Pond, below which is Admiral's Beach. From these two places one may go by boat to the two small settlements of Regina and Mosquito on Great Colinet Island, and to the lovely river of Little Salmonier, with its salmon, its sea trout, and even its seals. Mal Bay is another difficult place to reach, and the Doctor from St. Mary's, when summoned, must walk over the hills to visit any of those places, except perhaps in winter when the bay is frozen over.

At that season, if the ice is in good condition, people cross the arm and may drive to St. Mary's from any of the settlements farther in the bay. Before reaching St. Mary's by road, you go through Riverhead, once a staunch Liberal stronghold. It is one of the mysteries of political life, at least to politicians who so often change their colours—this fidelity to a party name. All over the country there were small settlements like this, where the people were Tory or Liberal, and in good or ill report allied themselves to the side which appeared to represent their respective sentiments. The politicians who benefitted have often felt themselves to be unworthy of such unwavering loyalty.

St. Mary's was a prosperous place, when cattle raising was combined with fishing. The fishery has declined, but butchers from Harbour Main still come here, and to the other settlements as far as St. Vincent's to buy cattle, sheep and poultry at bargain prices. A narrow road leads to a place called Path End, about a mile from St. Mary's on the shores of Holyrood Pond. This

SEA TROUT FISHING
NORTH HARBOUR RIVER, COLINET.

is a large salt water lake over ten miles in length, that thousands of years ago must have been an arm of the sea before the action of the waves piled up the long sandy beach at St. Vincent's. In stormy weather the sea often makes an opening through which salmon and codfish enter the pond; and one of the strangest sights is to see cod nets in a lake twelve miles from the sea. Attempts have been made to commercialize this phenomenon, and it was hoped that by the construction of gates the unwary fish might be induced to enter the trap which would then be closed. By having nets in the gates the falling tide could pass through and all the fish would be strained off. So far this ingenious scheme has not been successful.

The upper portion of the pond is very lonely now; horses and cattle grow sleek in summer on the rich grass in the valley, black duck breed in the back waters, and sandpipers hop along the beach unhindered, although the sunken piers of a bridge remind the occasional visitor that there was once a road from here across to Trepassey. The road is seldom used now except by sportsmen in pursuit of partridge on the barrens above the pond. It was over this old road that the friends of Capt. Mike McDonald brought his body home from Trepassey.

The number of vessels prosecuting the fishery from St. Mary's Bay is very small, compared with what it once was. There still remain brave and resourceful seamen. Here is an account of a thrilling experience such as more than one skipper has had on the banks off Newfoundland. The hero of the story is not a native of St. Mary's.

In August of this year a vessel belonging to Captain Owen Whelan, of Brulee, in Placentia Bay, was fishing off St. Shotts. The Captain was alone on board the vessel which was anchored, and the crew were out in the dories fishing. It grew dark suddenly and a great storm of wind sprang up. A wave came over the ship and dowsed the lantern as he prepared to hoist it as a beacon for his men. Another moment and the stout cable parted. Nothing daunted he grabbed the tiller and lashed it in a firm position. Then he hoisted one of the sails and sailed before the wind all night. Before dawn he steered into Riverhead and anchored safely, reporting his crew missing. They in the meantime had landed at St. Vincent's *Deo gratias*.

The road from St. Mary's passes the settlements of Point La Haye and Gaskers on the way to St. Vincent's which is the largest settlement in the Bay. Many of the men from here worked in the mines of Cape Breton. They are very hardy fishermen and so they must be for they have no harbour and in rough weather it is highly dangerous to launch a boat from the beach. Looms have been introduced lately and so successful has the work of weaving proved that St. Vincent's tweed may yet become as popular as that of Donegal.

At Middle Gut and Peter's River there is a beach similar to that of St. Vincent's. If the beach at Peter's River is open in summer the salmon go up and there is good fishing in the pools. Few fishermen visit the river owing to the uncertainty of finding fish, but in the fall many sportsmen go shooting partridge on the barrens. Ah, it's hard but glorious work wandering the moors with a dog; but when he stops and stiffens and his tail points, you cock your gun, and as a covey of brown and white birds come up with a whir of wings you raise it and count "one-two three." Bang! bang! goes your gun, and one, or two, maybe, warm, quivering, blood-stained creatures are ready for your bag. After such adventures the hunter goes back to his lodging, tired, flushed, but happy, and ready for his hot toddy, a good hearty meal for himself and his dog, a smoke and a chat, until at length he is ready to fall asleep standing.

MIDDLE POOL—SALMONIER RIVER.

The Voice of Cape Breton.

By Stuart McCawley, Glace Bay, N. S.

THERE'S a spirit, a voice
And a humor too;
That's unique to an isle,
That's (perhaps) unknown to you.

'Tis an isle fashioned of hills and dales
And maple tree glens;
And rivers and brooks
And luscious sheep fens.

The folks are Scotch,
From the isles of the west,
(Not Gypsy or Lowland)
Just pure chapel-and-kirk-bred
Macs of the best.

They are simple and rough,
Upstanding and tough,
Live close to nature
And love it!

Sincere in their creed,
Proud of their breed,
With a smile and a charm
That hints of no harm,
Lest you make it.

And their humor is thoughtful
And easy and bright;
With a punch and a sparkle
That seems just right.

Geology of the Sea Floor.

A New Instrument Enables Scientists to Map the Geology of Sea Areas and Submerged Continents.

From Dr. Arthur Selwyn-Brown.

RECENT experiments by American geologists have developed a valuable method of sub-oceanic geological surveying which will enable them to topographically and geologically map the sea beds. This results from an invention of an instrument based upon the geophone which has been used in mineral and oil prospecting during the last thirty years. The instrument operates by detonation and is similar to the seismograph which registers and locates earthquakes.

Why the Instrument was Invented.

The idea of adapting the geophone to submarine uses came four years ago to Professor Field, who is vice-chairman of the American Geophysical Union, and chairman of its committee on the geophysical and geological study of ocean basins. He thought it promised to end the long search for some way of gathering detailed and accurate data on the unknown two-thirds of the earth's crust—that part of it submerged by water. He began an arduous preparation to put his idea to the test.

His work bore fruit October 7, 1935, when the Woods Hole, Mass., Oceanographic Institution's ketch the Atlantis set sail for Norfolk, Va. Aboard were Professor Field, Dr. Maurice Ewing, of Lehigh University, who carried the submarine geophone to technical perfection, and Columbus O'Donnell Islin 2nd, of the Woods Hole institution, who was in charge of the expedition.

Dr. Ewing and his assistants were at sea working in all weathers, taking a profile of the continental shelf from the shore line to the base of its great marginal cliff, where ocean bottom begins.

Dynamite Put to Work.

Dr. Ewing and the men on the Atlantis had not accomplished their purposes without some expenditure of energy and courage. As the Atlantis progressed outward from the shore it stopped at frequent intervals to " make a station." At each station soundings were taken first with the directional radio beam device developed in the last three years. Then one of Dr. Ewing's assistants and two sea men went overboard in a dory, taking with them a waterproofed dynamite charge, a couple of miles of wire and a detonator.

Through the choppy seas they went to a point about six miles from the Atlantis and lowered their charge of explosive to the bottom. Meanwhile, on the Atlantis, Dr. Ewing was putting overboard the submarine geophones, seismographs with electric recording devices, encased in heavy steel. It was no easy job, for unless the geophones rested evenly on the bottom they could not respond accurately and, accordingly, many anxious hours were passed watching the needles of the recorders, while the geophones were hauled up and dropped again until a resting place was found for them.

When all was ready and the signal was given, the men in the rowboat pressed the detonator. The noise of the dynamite's explosion, rushing upward from the depths, rolled across the waters like a volley of distinct pistol shots. The needles of the two geophones, one at either end of the Atlantis, so that the bucking of the boat on the water would not disturb both of them, jumped up and down.

Undersea an Open Book.

The scientists wathed feverishly, for here was the story of the continental shelf, unlocked for them by a dynamite charge and a seismograph in a box. The charge acted like a little earthquake. The vibrations it drove into the sea floor traveled in all directions, until the geophone caught them. By the length, frequency and other qualities of the recorded vibrations, the scientists could tell the nature of the rocks in the sea floor, thousands of feet below them.

At station after station they plumbe the depths, until at last their picture of the continental shelf was complete. They had traversed the whole width of the undersea extension of the land, and they made their records into a composite portrait. At water's edge, they found, the sedimentary rocks, laid down about one hundred million years ago, were some 500 feet thick. Under that layer was the basic rock of the continent, dense, solid, and probably a billion years old.

They had expected that as they progressed outward, the layer of sedimentary rock would thin, until at last it disappeared, leaving basic rock alone at the edge of the shelf. Instead, the sedimentary layer thickened steadily, until, at the brow of the cliff, two solid miles of it overlaid the basic rock. Atlantis was not equipped for extreme deep water soundings, but the curve of the face of the basic rock and the shape of the face of the cliff indicated clearly that the sedimentary layer extended out, from the base of the cliff, over the floor of the ocean itself.

A Glacially-Lowered Sea.

Dr. Francis P. Shepard, professor of geology at the Universiy of Illinois, and Dr. Henry C. Stetson, research associate of the Woods Hole institution, have been at work for some time, one in the Pacific and one in the Atlantic, sounding in the drowned canyons on the continental shelf. Everywhere along the coasts they have discovered great, ever-deepening chasms, cut through the soft rock of the shelf by action of the water, through which rivers once found their way to the sea. At their mouths the canyons are uniformly about 6,000 feet deep.

The Hudson has one. There is an immense one off Delaware that evidently served an extinct river system. And so it goes all the way around America. Moreover, the same canyons have been observed in the shelves surrounding the other continents. They are as usual a feature of continental formation as the shelf itself.

At first there seemed to be nothing to explain them, for no river can cut itself a canyon if it has already flowed into the sea. Samples of rock were taken from their sides and found to be of the same sedimentary nature as the shelf has now been discovered to be. But the sedimentary rock was thought to be no

more than a veneer for the foundation structure of the continent. It was supposed for a while that at some period in the earth's history the continents had been pushed up, 6,000 feet out of water, and thus the canyons had been cut.

Then the glacial theory was evolved. Now it seems proved. As Professor Field pictured it, the process was a mighty one. First, the earth temperature dropped enough so that the globe's northern and southern ice caps began to grow. As they grew, water was withdrawn from the oceans to become ice on the land.

Mighty Cliffs "Explored."

In those times the sedimentary rocks sloped down in a gradual curve to the ocean floor, lying as they had ever since they were deposited in the 30,000,000 years of the cretaceous era. But the receding ocean, halted in its outward progress for a while at the point now marked by the end of the continental shelf, bit itself a shoreliue in the rocks, and then, as the drain on its waters continued, deepened the shore line until it became a mighty cliff. Simultaneously the rivers, swollen with glacial waters, raged at the sides of their channels until these became deep canyons, debouching at the sea level through grand ragged gashes in the unending line of cliff.

The Wegener Drift.

Wegener saw his continents drifting as rafts across the viscous core of the earth, bearing on them their flora and fauna. Besides the correspondence of the supposedly torn edges he found the likeness of life on the two continents an added witness for his hypothesis, and he set the date for the beginning of the drift 70,000,000 years ago.

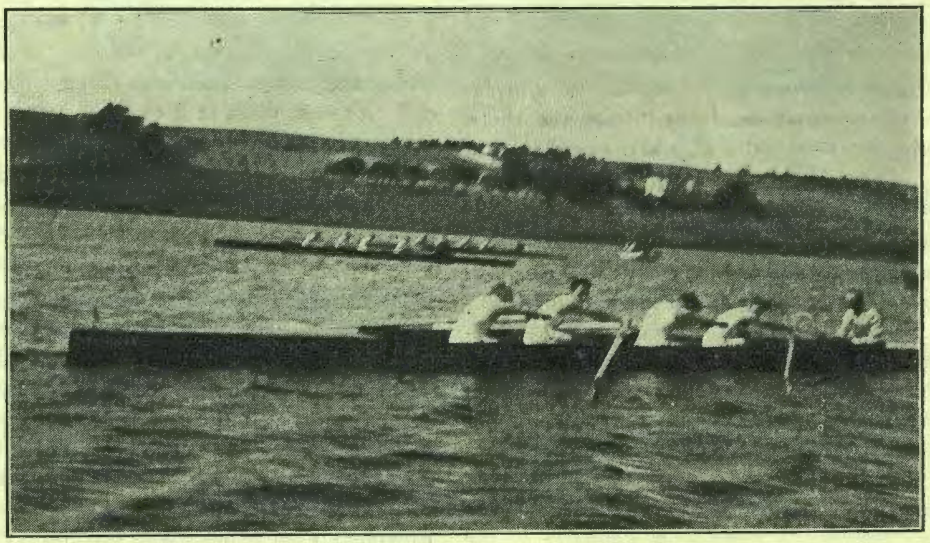
Now there is little question that the continental sheif, or that part of it investigated by the Atlantis, was laid down 100,000,000 years ago and finished at about the date of the supposed Wegenerian cataclysm. And there is eqnally little question that, if the Wegenerian date for the cataclysm if correct, the shelf could not have survived the brutal separation. Thus its mere existence appears, on the present incomplete data, to be a contradiction of Wegener.

To Rewrite Earth's History.

"We have not begun yet," said Professor Field. "There are two decades of work for geologists ahead, and by that time, I think, we shall have rewritten the history of the earth. Our little expedition has ventured into a terra incognita. We geologists have always been tapping at the part of the earth's crust we could see, and we have not touched the two-thirds of it we could not. On our first venture we have found things beyond our comprehension."

The New Four-Oared Race Boats

Photo by A. G. Williams.



In the foreground of the above picture is the "Royalist," a four-oared race boat presented to the 1936 Regatta Committee by The Royal Stores, Limited. The picture was taken just after the boat had been named by Miss V. Macherson, who broke the champaign bottle over the bow in the time honoured manner, and wished her the best of luck. The oarsmen are The Royal Stores Mercantile-Amateur crew, who had the honour of taking the "Royalist" for the first spin over the lake. In the background can be seen two more of the new race boats presented by Messrs. Crosbie & Co., Ltd, and Bowring Brothers, Ltd. Messrs. Ayre & Sons, Ltd., also presented a boat which is not shown in the picture. The four boats were built at the establishment of Messrs. Lawrence Brothers, Limited, by the well-known boat builder Mr. Robert Sexton.

Harbour Grace History.

Chapter Eleven.—Harbour Grace Described in 1800.

By W. A. Munn.

A NEW era has dawned for Harbour Grace, and before giving further particulars of those firms taking the most prominent part, let us give an outline of the town.

The following extract from Anspach's History will show how near the woods came to the town, and the dangers there were from forest fires at that time.

"It happened in the year 1796 that the summer was uncommonly hot, and while the inhabitants of Harbour Grace were distracted by the dread of smallpox infection, which was rampant in St. John's, that a fire broke out in the woods, which practically surrounded the town, and which soon threatend it with complete destruction caused by the direction of the wind.

"The inhabitant were collected by the ringing of the church bell. They proceeded to the fire under the directions of Charles Garland, the Chief Magistrate. By cutting and carefully clearing of a semicircular space between the town and the woods then on fire, they put a complete stop to the ravage of that destructive element and saved the town.

"The awful grandeur of the spectacle as the flames were advanced by sudden and rapid strides firing at once a large grove of trees, igniting firebrands with reports like heavy pieces of artillery, created feelings which no pen can describe."

This clearly proves that the woods, at that time were not farther north of the town than where Harvey Street is to-day, and in some places it must have been much nearer to the water front.

There were no streets built anywhere in Newfoundland at this date, but many paths leading to nearby settlements. The first attempt at building roads in Newfoundland was by the Merchants' Society in St. John's calling for tenders in 1806 to build a road fourteen feet wide from St. John's to Portugal Cove. There is no record of this Road having being built till Governor Cochrane's time in 1825. He did complete this, the very first road, for the convenience of the residents of Conception Bay. The second road built was from Harbour Grace over Saddle Hill to Carbonear. From the Police Court Records of Harbour Grace, 1822, we coppy the following, which will give actual facts of what the town was like, and the names of many residents. The Grand Jury divides the town into four wards, and recommend many improvements. This shows what the West End was like. Alexander Campbell was head man with Danson's firm, and lived opposite to where the Public Wharf is now, right next to the property where Din Shea's well known house stands to-day. Tradition says, this house faced East, and had a big front door painted green with an enormous brass knocker on it.

Police Court Records.

This Grand Jury seems to have taken a special interest in making improvements. They divided the town into four wards: First Ward, from Mr. Alex. Campbell's, Westward to Riverhead; Second Ward, from Mr. Alex. Campbell's, Eastward to Bennett's Lane; Third Ward, from Bennett's Lane to the Court House; Fourth Ward, from Court House to the Grove. The three Magistrates at this time were:—Thomas Danson (Chief), John Loyde Lilly, John Buckingham.

The following is a list of the Jurors summoned by Deputy Sheriff Benjamin Scott, and those marked F. are fined 20s. for non-attendance.

List of Grand Jury:— John C. Nuttall, Jordan Henderson, James Cowan, James Pendergast, Josiah Parkins, Wm. Thorne, Joseph Innott, Peter Rogerson, Jacob Moores, Wm. Payne, Sr., Wm. Stevenson, Alfred Mayne, Henry G. Clow, Jas. R. Knight, Thomas Foley, Alex. Campbell, Thomas Marks, F., Stephen Bennett, Jr., F.

Carbonear—John Elson, Francis Pike, Sr., Francis Pike, Jr., William Bemister, F., H. C. Watts, F., Charles Forward, F., Thomas Chancey, F.

Bay Roberts—Marcus H. Bland, James Brine, F.

Bareneed—Peter McPherson, Thomas Bartlett, Sr., F.

Harbour Grace, Thursday, August 22, 1822.

Court of Sessions.

On this day the following presentments were laid before Thomas Danson, Esq., Chief Magistrate, by Mr. John C. Nuttall, foreman of the Grand Jury.

We, the undersigned, in the upper ward of this town find it necessary to make the following presentments, viz.:

Henry Martin's chimney wants topping and the roof of his house scraping.

Jonathan Martin and Mrs. Hagerty—No ladders.

Polly Andrews refused us admittance. No ladder visible.

Richard Wills and John Andrews—No ladders.

John Allcock has a hut contiguous to his own dwelling, which he is in the habit of letting, and seldom to very careful people, the flue is wholly composed of wood, and burnt through in many places; in fact it is worse than we are able to describe, but from the information we received in the neighbourhood it is a fabric that has long threatened destruction to the town. This nuisance, we understand, was presented last year, but nothing done to prevent fire being made in it repeatedly since.

Ebenezer Allcock—No ladder to his house.

Patrick Ash has a very dangerous wood flue.

Peter Pippy—No ladder.

William Cadwell's house, occupied by Jane Chicken, has a very bad flue of wood, which should be torn down.

William Stevenson has no ladder either to his house or cooper shop.

John Trapnell—No ladder.

Thomas Nicholle has a wood flue.

William Bray has a wood flue, dangerous.

Robert Courage has a wood flue, dangerous.

Widow Hawkins—Wood flue.

Robert French—Wood flue.

John Cole—Wood flue.

Solomon Knight—No ladder.

Michael Fitzgerald—No ladder.

The boiling place for the Seal Blubber, etc., on Mr. Oliver St. John's Room, being so near the street, we certainly conceive a very great nuisance, not only filthy and indecent, but a very

dangerous and improper place for fire, particularly when under such a combustible (foot of Noad Street).

The roads in general through the whole circuit we have taken, require to be cleared of the stones and rubbish thrown out of the garden, but we more particularly notice that part from Andrews' Hill to Nicholle's Brook, where we absolutely think it dangerous in winter for people to pass, occasioned by the clift having foundered. From the quantity of stones constantly thrown over between Charles Davis and Courage's is also very bad where the Road has been dug away for the purpose of hauling up boats. In fact the fences come out too far to admit of a Road sufficiently wide at so dangerous a place.

The dogs in the upper end of this town are so numerous that no cattle can be let out with safety; they are unclosed and unowned, their masters (we suppose) being absent. Only a few days ago a cow belonging to the widow of Edward French was nearly torn to pieces.

Many of the planters in this Harbour are in the habit of burning off their boats on Manuel Allcock's premises—a place surrounded by fences, flakes, houses and buildings of different sorts. We consider it a very dangerous place, and should not under any circumstances be allowed, but more particularly when it is done from indolence and not from necessity—when so good a place is near them as Ship's Head Beach.

(Signed.) H. G. Clow, A. Mayne, W. Stevenson, W. Payne,
Committee for the First Ward.

There was no record from the members of the Jury on the three other Wards, but possibly our readers will consider this sufficient.

Further Description of Town.

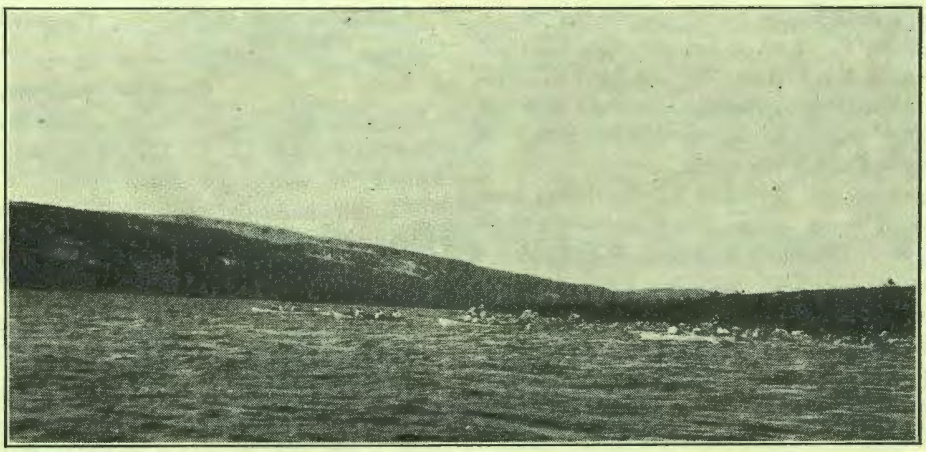
Communication was by a narrow street or path winding along the edge of the cliff from "The Grove" below Bear's Cove right to Riverhead. The path over the hill from Bear's Cove to Mosquito was probably much the same as at present.

The Road to Carbonear was called Woodville Road, and is shown in old plans, just East of the Roman Catholic Grounds instead of West where we find it to-day. The Old Battery Road leads from The Fort back to the Cricket Grounds and the Innot residence. Juniper Stump Road is now closed up, but can be traced by well built walls, leading from Gordon Lodge, which was the residence of the Military Officers directly North to the Barracks, where the soldiers lived.

There were two Webber Lanes, one leading North from Caplin Cove, and the other better known to-day as Doctor's (Allan) Lane.

Kerry Laue got its name from a group of Irishmen who lived in that vicinity, and it went North to the Alms House. Harvey Street was not laid out until 1842, but North from Kerry Lane was Garland's Lane, where many of this family resided. On several occasions when improvements were planned Kerry Lane was to be widened; but finances must have run short, as we find it still a narrow irregular lane, which gives a good idea of what all our streets were like in those days. Tradition says that the land East from Garland's Lane to Juniper Stump Road belonged to the Journeaux's a Jersey family.

Ward's Lane, formerly Kingswell Lane, takes its name from the school masters, who taught in the Church of England school just East of the Church. To the West was the Church Path leading from Water Street North. It is better known as Church Hill, but now dignified as Cochrane Street, and runs from the Beacon on the Point of Beach to Harvey Street. There was a pond large enough to row boats, between the top of Church Hill and Kingswell Lane, where Harvey Street is to-day, This was known as Aunty Grace's Pond, and a great place for the boys skating in winter and sailing boats in summer. Aunty Grace was the widow of an Irishman named Grace. She had a small hut in the garden in front of where John Fitzgerald built his large house. This hut, with its pen for keeping ducks and geese, was never disturbed by that fine old gentleman, John Fitzgerald, as long as Aunty Grace lived.



REGATTA ON LADY LAKE, HARBOUR GRACE, AUGUST 12TH, 1936.
Photo by A. G. Williams.

The records show that this pond was filled in by a Commission, of which Hugh Trapnell and James Bulger were the Committee.

A net work of small irregular lanes is found West from the Church. There was Hart's Lane and Bennett's Lane leading North from Water Street, and a cross lane to Lampen's School, a very old building, which was torn down in 1931, and must have been 150 years old. North of Bennett's Lane is Stretton's Hill and Long Hill, sometimes called Lady Pond Road, both leading to the woods. Gas House Hill, now dignified as LeMarchant Street is a main artery leading North from the Public Cove to Harvey Street, with a group of small houses in a Cul-de-Sac called the Cove. Capt. Dick Neal wrote quite a poem about the girls of the Saw-Pit-Cove. To the West is

Thompson's Lane formerly Walsh's Lane, and still older Pendergast's Lane and Thistle's Lane, leading past the Thistle private burrying ground. Thistle's Brook, a landmark not far away. Bannerman Street is another main artery leading North, but in 1800 it was known as Parkin's Lane called after Josiah Parkin, J.P., a Bristol Merchant, whose residence, now Bannerman House, is still to be seen, and judging by an advertisement in 1806 offering it for sale, it must have been the finest house in the town at that time. There was no Victoria Street or Temperance Hall Hill, but Lily's Lane to the East and Brazil's Lane to the West passed through a crowd of small houses. Guinea Pig Lane and Martin's Lane are very old paths leading North from Water Street. Noad Street gets its name from the Surveyor, who laid out Harvey Street in 1842. Many other important streets we find to-day were called after former Governors. North from Noad Street is Kitchin's Hill called after George Kitchin, the old bricklayer, who resided there. In the old records it is called Well Hill; there are two springs here. Death Hill is another path leading to the woods, and supposed to have got its name from an epidemic that started in that vicinity. A well or spring on this hill is said to have the finest drinking water in the Harbour. Another famous spring is Moll Ray, where more matches and weddings have been arranged than all other places in the Harbour put together. The authorities who closed up this old Well for street improvements have laid themselves open for the gravest censure.

There was no Lighthouse on the Island or Beacon on the Point of Beach. There was no R. C. Cathedral to guide the mariner as he entered the Harbour, but a White Rock will still be found on the Beach in front near Caplin Cove, that was the earliest guiding mark. A cache or pile of rocks, greatly improved by Capt. James Cook in 1762 was at the Point of Beach, where the Beacon stands to-day. A straight line from the North end of Harbour Grace Island, where the lighthouse stands to-day, and the Beacon on the Point of Beach, showed the channel for ships to pass the spit of the Bar. Gibbet Hill in the distance is another guiding land mark. The whole of the Point of Beach from Water Street South was vacant land, called the Ship's Room, and from the records 1806 was in charge of Widow Andrews. Another Ship's Room was near Courage's Beach, where ship building had been carried on from the very earliest times, with the Horwood family as noted ship builders. This is often called Ship's Head, but more than likely the right name is Sheep's Head. A law was passed in 1811 abolishing Ship Rooms, and they were put up for auction, and grants given by the Surrogate to those purchasing the land.

In Frederick R. Page's plan of Harbour Grace, 1857, there are only two buildings shown on the Point of Beach. These were "The Soper Store" and the "Sail Loft," both of which are still standing to-day. The activities of Thomas Ridley made this locality a hive of industry afterwards for many years.

Let us follow the path along the waterfront.

We start from the Grove, where Surrogate Charles Garland has his residence, which Rev. Lewis Anspach in his History calls "The Castle," where some cannon were mounted. He had two stages and three flakes.

Henry Warford came next with one stage and three flakes.

Now we get to Bear's Cove.

Charles Parsons has 175 yards by the Seaside, and 186 yards from highwater mark to the Woods.

William Taylor Parsons has a frontage of 149 yards.

William Parsons, 140 yards along the Beach.

Jonathan Parsons, 138 yards.

Patience Parsons, 4 yards by the seaside, sufficient for one stage, but a lot of land in the rear. The Parsons families claimed this land back to 1765 and 1770. Tradition says they obtained this land by marriage with the Shepards, who were still earlier settlers, and more than likely of Jersey descent.

Admiral Parsons of the Blue and his brother, who fished at first from Harbour Grace Island, are said to be the start of the Parsons family well and favourably known all over Newfoundland to-day.

William Kennedy, 130 yards waterfront.

Widow Kennedy, 130 yards, bounded on the East by Francis Marshall and on the West by Garland Bradbury. Tradition say the Kennedys got this land originally from the Shepards.

Abraham Parsons has 146 yards seaside, just East from the Battery. He purchased this land from Ann Stretch.

Francis Shepard has an extensive sea front of 153 yards, but only 11 yards from high water mark to the road.

On the water front we now pass Ugly Head, but in the rear on the old Snelgrove property we have a real pretty cottage, the residence of Lewis Emerson, and which his son, (afterwards Judge Emerson) called his home.

Francis Marshall, Henry Webber, Garland Bradbury, Roger Snelgrove, James Crawley and James Cowan, all lived in this vicinity. Dr. William Stirling, had a residence not far from the R. C. Chapel, where the Convent stands to-day.

We now come to where Isaac Bradbury had his fishing stage, right in front of where we now find the Methodist Church stands at the present time. This property was purchased from the Garland family. The Bradbury family had aristocratic connections in the Old Country, and have always held a high name in Harbour Grace. Bradbury's Cove is still known by that name, although the fishing stages have vanished long ago. Tradition says that this was originally Colston's Cove, and this name dates back to 1610 when William Colston was right hand man with our first Governor John Guy, and quite possible where he started first operations, and where the salt was landed in 1612.

Robert Hayman became Governor about 1617, and had his residence here, where we now find the Methodist Church. It was here he wrote Quadlibits, and in this garden the famous Red and White Roses were grown.

In this vicinity we find the first Custom House, first Court House, Residence of the Military Officers and the Fort or Battery not far off, and is certainly the official part of Harbour Grace.

Amy Thistle undoubtedly took a leading part in the town, and is often named. She had property just East of the R. C. Chapel granted to her by Governor Byron in 1770.

The Thistle family are real Jersey descendants, and they must have owned the half of Harbour Gaace at one time. This name can be traced back to the Norsemen before the time of the Norman conquest, but is sometimes spelt Thessell, which gives it a French pronunciation.

In 1806 we find an advertisement of Enima Thistle of Harbour Grace offering two large plantations for sale on which there are wharves, stores and counting houses as well as good residences.

Near Kerry Lane we meet several houses where Matthew Kennedy, Stephen Bennett, James Knight, Richard Cain, Thos. Magher, Widow Condon, James Kennedy have their residences.

The property of Charles Davis Garland and John Davis Garland extends to the property presented by them to the Rev. Lawrence Coughlan, when he erected the first Church in Con-

ception Bay 1765. The parsonage that Rev. Lawrence Coughlan lived in was at the water front just east of the path leading to the Church. This house was occupied afterwards by Oliver St. John who married Charlotte Pike, widow of Captain Thomas Pike, nee Charlotte Garland, the eldest daughter of Surrogate Charles Garland. From her father she received the gift of a strip of land 14 yards wide near where the house was built, and extending 153 yards west to the Boats Room, owning two flakes and two gardens. This was the North boundary of the Ship's Room or Point of Beach, which was public ground for all until 1811 when the properties were auctioned.

We now meet the property of James Jewer, Amy Thistle, Henry Pynn and John Stretton.

The Pynns have a very old family connection, first with Bristol's Hope. The daring deeds of the Pynn sailors of Mosquito are worthy of a chapter to themselves. As an old song says:

"Now to commence I must begin,
"All this was done by Henry Pynn."

It is a pity we cannot tell all they did.

A stone building on the Pynn estate on the north side of Water Street was built by Peter Rogerson, who came to Harbour Grace first as clerk of Wm. Danson, and then started business on the Pynn property 1815. He afterwards moved to St. John's, where the firm of Peter Rogerson & Son was known for one hundred years. His son, Hon. Jas J. Rogerson, was high in political service, and a leader in Temperance and Religious circles. His son, W. P. Rogerson, is Deputy Minister of Fisheries to-day.

We find William and David Mullowney carrying on business where Thomas Ross has his stores and wharf to day. Thos. Ross is the surviving partner of C. W. Ross & Co., who came into possession of this property from Capt. Charles Walker of Poole, who purchased it from the Henderson Estate, the successors of Mullowney. We have already seen that this land was formerly the Jersey property of the Jewer family.

We have already described the early association of the central part of Harbour Grace with its close connection with the Jerseymen as far as Noad Street. We now give a list of the properties west of that in the year 1806.

Andrews' Room, 67 yards, E. to W., possessed for upwards of 90 years.

Snow's Room, 28 yards, E. to W., possessed for 90 years.

Ash's Room, 24 yards, E. to W., do.

Henry Thomas, 68 yards, E. to W., purchased from Elizabeth Webber.

John French, 46 yards, E. to W., possessed for 60 years.

John Ash (Cole), 38 yards E. to W., possessed for 60 years.

William Caldwell, 59 yards, E. to W., possessed for 50 years.

George Andrews, 59 yards, E. to W., possessed for 50 years.

Mathew Horton, 49 yards, E. to W., possessed for 40 years.

Charles Bradbury, 57 yards.

John Nicholle, 42 yards—This spot formerly belonged to George Garland.

Robert Holder, 98 yards—No building.

William Brown, 61 yards—Leased from Charles Garland.

Charles Davis, 90 yards—Deed from Surrogate Hallop.

John Courage—Property belongs to descendants of W. Smith.

In this vicinity Mansfield Alcock has 90 yards.

There was no road as we find it to-day, but the path went near the water's edge right around Sheep's Head. The Parsons family lived at Otterbury as they do to-day. George and William had 285 yards waterfront.

About halfway between Courage's Beach and Otterbury on the present roadside, we find the "Wishing Rock." How it got its name is lost in oblivion, but it was the end for a stroll to the West End—just as Bear's Cove Bridge was the limit for a stroll to the East End. Both Bear's Cove and Otterbury appear to be favourite names in many harbours. It is quite possible they had to do with the bears and otters originally, as furring was the earliest accupation of the winter settlers. Just west of Parsons's we find Parmiter's Lane, but this was originally where George Pippy had 187 yards waterfront, and 200 yards highwater mark to the woods. He had 1 stage, 2 flakes, 1 house and 1 garden.

Charles Garland, 95 yards—Deed of gift from Robert Beal.

French Plantation, 97 yards—Lying void, no buildings.

William Cole's Plantation, 194 yards—Cut and cleared.

William Stowe, 162 yards.

Robert Snelgrove, 49 yards—Purchased from William Stowe.

Henry Sheppard, 96 yards—Purchased from William Stowe.

George Snow, 80 yards—Purchased from William Stowe.

Richard Palmer, 160 yards waterfront.

James Mulcahy, 200 yards waterfront.

William and David Mullowney, 100 yards waterfront.

Charles Carroll, 100 yards waterfront.

This takes us near Black Duck Pond Brook, where Harvey Street meets with Water Street to-day.

Property Records.

George Neil, Bryant's Cove, purchased from John Clement in 1793.

Henry Crane, Island Cove, purchased from George Pynn in 1767.

Francis Jones, Island Cove, purchased from George Pynn in 1770.

Joseph Drover, Island Cove, 119 yards, 1776.

Robert Gosse, 9 yards, Bread and Cheese Cove, now Bishop's Cove, purcheased from John Clement for £170 in 1787.

Mosquito.

Roger Hanrahan, 190 yards, 1789, purchased from Patrick Neal, part from Charles Garland.

Nicholas Kelly, 22 yards, purchased from T. Quirk in 1787.

Patrick Cahill and Edward Cooney, 170 yards, 1795.

Morris Connell, 41 yards, 1799.

Susanna Heighington, of Bristol, 610 yards, purchased from Samuel Pike, £150, in 1803. Occupied by Darby Hartery and M. Kearney, Harbour Grace.

Thomas Baker, Harbour Grace, 115 yards, 1787, purchased from James Cox for £7.

John Brazil, Harbour Grace, 152 yards, leased from John Mahony, £3 10s.

Charles Garland, 93 yards, 1784. In 1818 judgment given to Samuel Gordon, by R. Crowley, Surrogate. Leased by Darby Kenwick.

James Cowan, Harbour Grace, 142 yards, leased to P. Carew for £1 10s. in 1779.

Elizabeth Pippy, 72 yards, in 1796.

George and James Kemp, Poole, 102 yards, 1800, resident Samuel Gordon, leased £1 10s.

Patience Pynn, 136 yards, 1765. Part purchased from James Butt, £15; deed of gift from William Pynn.

North Side of Mosquito.

Darby Hartery, 227 yards, leased to John McGrath.

John McGrath, 84 yards, 1795.

Disputed Land.

Ann Wells, or G. & J. Kemp, 144 yards, 1786. Bounded West by John Buckingham, and Main Path occupied by Ann Wells.

The Parish of Placentia.

A Parish Record of almost Three Centuries from its Foundation by the French and a Century and a Half from the Coming of the Irish Missionaries.

By Rt. Rev. Monsignor Flynn, B.A.

SINCE the last article appeared I have had a very interesting letter from Mr. Henry Verran of Placentia who also enclosed two documents, one the account of the Chapel Dr. to Pierce Sweetman & Son, the other, the statement of the estate of the Rev. W. Hearn. I may say that Mr. Verran is a descendant of the Mr. Sweetman mentioned above who was the head of the firm at the time doing business between Placentia, Waterford and Poole, under the title of Pierce Sweetman & Son. Mr. Verran is always interested in the history of his native place, and I have to thank him for the following information.

According to the account work on the Chapel built by Father Morrison appears to have started in the late fall of 1829. The first considerable amount charged to the account is dated November 26th of that year. The building appears to have been finished the following year, as the builder, Edward Mullett, is paid the amount of his contract on December 27th, 1830, the amount being one hundred and twenty-two pounds.

From the statement of the estate of the Rev. W. Hearn, sworn at St. John's on the 30th day of October, 1839, it appears that Father Hearn died in September or October of the previous year, 1838, as we find the Administrator of the estate journeyed to Placentia in November of that year.

In the last article I mentioned a hospital built during the French occupation. Mr. Verran tells me that the site of this hospital was pointed out to him many years ago, and that it was situated on the beach between the Quarry and the sea. Before concluding this series of articles on the Parochial History of Placentia, I should mention that in 1500 the Portuguese under Gaspar de Cortereal founded a settlement here and built a church. It was on the foundations of this church that the French built a century and half later. However it may be presumed I think as I hinted in my first article, that a church or chapel was in existence here from from the coming of the Basque fishers which was many years before the official establishment by the French from Quebec.

THE REV. WILLIAM FORRISTALL.

1846–1853.

In 1846 a new pastor was sent to take charge of the parish. This was the Rev. William Forristall afterwards President of St. Bonaventure's College, Archdeacon and Vicar General of the Diocese of St. John's. Father Forristall was a native of Mooncoin, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland, and was born in 1820. His brother the Rev. John Forristall was Administrator of St. John's for some years. Father Forristall was educated at St. John's College, Waterford, and was ordained in St. John's, Newfoundland, by Bishop Fleming in 1844. He spent one year on the mission in St. John's and was appointed Pastor of Great Placentia in January 1846 the year of the Great Fire. He was a man of great energy and it was not long before he began to advocate improvements in the town. Roads were but trails through the country in those early days. We have the naive expression used by the Abbe Baudouin in writing of his journey with the French expedition from the S. E. of Placentia to Ferryland and St. John's. He says "the road is not as good as from Paris to Versailles." Archdeacon Wix in "Six months of a Newfoundland Mission Journal," published in 1836, writing of Placentia says, "a road which is much needed is projected from St. John's to this place." It was not to come for another decade. The trail from Placentia (S. E.) at that time went first to North Harbour and thence to Colinet along the shore. If the tide was in a voyageur had to be taken across from "ferry path." If the tide were out a horse could wade across. At the fringe of woods known as the South East Woods is an eminence or piece of rising ground called the "Placentia Man's lookout." Here the trail leads directly to North Harbour. The present road from this point leads to the Mountain where dwelt the well known Croke family at whose hospitable Irish home travellers always received a welcome. But it was not until between forty and fifty of the last century that this road was constructed. One of the stories told of Bishop Fleming's early Episcopal visitations is that on one occasion he had walked from North Harbour and had put up for the night in a tilt near the Mountain (the place is still pointed out) on the right hand side of the road going into Placentia. This was before the Croke family settled there. He was accompanied by a Micmac Indian and by Maurice Boland of Placentia. The Bishop and Boland occupied the tilt and the Indian slept in a shelter nearby. The Bishop could not sleep during the night from the sounds made by some animal and asked Boland what it was. Boland thought it was a wolf. Bishop Fleming wasn't satisfied and sent him out to the other shelter in which the Micmac was sleeping to find out what animal was making the noise. The Indian told him it was a horn owl. This satisfied the Bishop who much preferred the company of the owl to the possible danger from wolves. The horn owl is still occasionally heard in the woods in this section. On another occasion Bishop Fleming was accompanied by Mr. Thomas Kelly whose name I have mentioned before. This man was not only remarkable for his ability as a guide and woodsman but for his powers as a story teller. They came to Quigley's at Haricot and went in. The only one at home was Mrs. Quigley her husband and sons being in the country at the time. Kelly used tell the story afterwards how much upset Mrs. Quigley was that her family was not present to welcome the Bishop in traditional style and expressed her sorrow by saying "I'm sorry my Lord himself and the boys are not here to fire at you." After enjoying the hospitality of the house the Bishop said, "Well Tom, the old lady was sorry the boys were away and couldn't fire at me, but she did better she gave us a good cup of tea." We can well imagine after a tramp through the woods from North Harbour to Colinet that a good cup of tea would be welcome refreshment. It may be of interest in passing to note that at Colinet at this time there were

but two families, Davis an Englishman on one side of the river and Quigley an Irishman on the other. Colinet to-day which is a junction point for many roads with its fine bridge spanning the river is a far different place from that which Bishop Fleming visited in those arduous Episcopal visitations of a century ago.

We note from the papers of August 31st, 1850, that "the Right Revd. Dr. Mullock accompanied by Rev. William Forristall, P.P. of Great Placentia, left St. John's on a visitation to the Placentia District. His Lordship having gone overland will have a heavy walk over the deep marshes."

One of the first improvements Father Forristall advocated was the construction of a road over Placentia Beach; and through his efforts a road was made—the road which takes you out of Placentia past the Quarry and on to the Blockhouse by Bruley. The cemetery at the time was on the beach, and because of the nature of the ground and the tidal waters rising through the beach it was not a desirable site. Father Forristall encouraged the people to bring clay to fill up the cemetery, and later he secured a site for the new Cemetery—the present Cemetery of Mount Carmel on Dixon's Hill. Amongst those who motor into Placentia over the well kept motor road, and as they enter see the crosses row by row overlooking picturesque Bruley and the waters of the Bay to the West, few there are who know that this road and that cemetery were the work of an energetic Pastor of a century ago.

It was not until some years later, in August, 1859, that the Cemetery was Consecrated. We read in the newspaper of that time a despatch from Placentia which I reproduce here:

"The last week has been one of great joy to the Catholics of this district. We have been honoured by the visit of the Right Rev. Dr. Mullock and his brother Prelate Dr. Dalton—the latter having travelled from Harbour Grace to share the Sacred functions. Their Lordships were accompanied from St. John's by Rev. Richard O'Donnell, by Thomas Mullock and other gentlemen of the St. John's choir. On the 12th instant the new Cemetery was Consecrated by Dr. Mullock, Dr. Dalton and the Clergy being present. This is a beautiful resting place for the dead, and is laid out in walks and squares."

Father Forristall remained in Placentia until 1853 when he was recalled to St. John's to become successively Director of the newly established St. Bonaventure's College, Administrator of the Cathedral, Archdeacon and Vicar General of the Diocese of St. John's. It would take more space than I have here to do justice to this old Priest who was entrusted with so many missions abroad on behalf of the Church. In 1855 he went to Ireland to procure young men for the Priesthood of Newfoundland. In the following year he again went to Europe to make arrangements for the establishment of the new College and to secure Professors. During this visit he bought the valuable copy of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" for the Cathedral. Whilst Administrator of the Cathedral the building was renovated, several stained glass windows placed in position, an altar of exposition erected behind the high altar, and the heating apparatus installed. Father Forristall died in 1894.

PLACENTIA—FROM MOUNT PLEASANT.

THE REV. EDWARD CONDON.

1853–1870.

The Rev. Edward Condon succeeded Father Forristall. For almost twenty years he was Parish Priest. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1821 and died at Placentia on January 26th, 1870. It was during the pastorate of Father Condon the present beautiful Convent was built, to be the home of the Presentation Nuns who came to the Parish on 4th August, 1864. Sister M. de Sales Condren was the Superioress and the Sisters who accompanied her on the new foundation were Sisters M. Regis, M. Frances, M. Zavier and M. Catherine. There is an entry in the handwriting of Bishop Mullock attesting the foundation which reads thus:

"The Convent of Our Lady of the Angels of the Presentation Order was established on the 4th August, 1864. The first Superioress was Sister Mary de Sales Condren of the Convent of St. John's.

✠ JOHN T. MULLOCK,
Bp. of St. John's."

Thus though the followers of the little poor man of Assisi no longer have their convent in Placentia, the gentle daughters of Nano Nagle have taken by Episcopal approval the title of the Convent of Our Lady of the Angels and have been in truth angels of light and learning to the girls of the parish for the past seventy years. The building and equipping of this convent and school much of it ex aere proprio may be regarded as the most important event in Father Condon's pastorate. Certainly when we look back over the period intervening and see the work the Sisters have accomplished we can scarcely realize the greatness and the importance of that event for the parish. Not only for the parish of Placentia itself but for many Catholic schools outside its boundaries was this an important foundation. The Convent at Placentia became a training ground for teachers and from it as from a centre went forth young women filled with enthusiasm and zeal in the interest of Catholic education. All through the years the same zealous spirit has prevailed and only a year or two has passed since the Little Flower Guild was formed in connection with the school, so that girls who had completed their school course could work as a co-operative unit in producing knitted goods, fancy needlework and other useful articles. Father Condon though not a very robust man nevertheless was active until the time of his death. He was comparatively young when he died at the age of forty-nine years.

FATHER MICHAEL WALSH.

1870–1871.

Father Michael Walsh became Parish Priest soon after Father Condon's death. He was a native of Co. Kilkenny and came to Newfoundland in 1856. He was ordained by Bishop Mullock. In the Registers of 1870 I find entries signed by the Revs. W. Born, James Walsh, Lawrence Vereker, P. J. Delaney, C. H. Irvine and Michael Walsh. The number of priests who were in the parish during that year may be accounted for by the illness of Father Condon. Father Walsh had a very short pastorate. After ordination he was first sent to the charge of St. Patrick's Church, St. John's; not the present St. Patrick's but the old church which stood a little further down Patrick St. From St. Patrick's he went to take charge of St. Bonaventure's College as Rector. There he remained until 1870 when he was named Parish Priest of Placentia. He lived about one year afterwards and died on March 16th, 1871. He expressed the wish to be buried in Belvedere and his remains were brought over the road from Placentia and placed in St. Patrick's Church from which the funeral took place after Requiem Mass on March 20th, 1871. Father Walsh was the uncle of the Rev. Father John Walsh for many years the Parish Priest of Renews. The short time he was in the parish of Placentia did not enable him to accomplish much, but I find that it was he who established the Altar Society in the parish a few months before his lamented death in 1871.

REV. CHARLES H. IRVINE.

1872–1883.

Rev. Father Irvine followed Father Walsh as Parish Priest coming in July 1872. Up to that date he had been Curate at St. Mary's with Father Richard O'Donnell. He was a native of Dublin and was for eleven years Parish Priest of Placentia until his death at the early age of 41 on the 11th of December, 1883. At the Requiem Mass on the day of his burial the Celebrant was the Rev. J. J. St. John, Deacon, Rev. W. Ahern, Sub-Deacon, Rev. C. H. O'Neill of Little Placentia, and the Master of Ceremonies Rev. M. A. Clancy of Ferryland. Father Clancy a particular friend preached the funeral oration and noted that it was he who introduced him to the people of Placentia in July, 1872, and was now expressing their common sorrow on this melancholy occasion. I learn that Father Irvine was a delicate man but one of great nervous energy, a remarkable preacher, teacher and organizer. Some of the older generation yet tell of his sermons especially those preached during the Advent and Lenten Seasons; of his zeal for good literature and of his anger for what he considered literature not suitable for his people; of his work in the cause of temperance. He established a Total Abstinence Society in the Parish on Easter Sunday, 1877. He it was who built the Presbytery which still serves as the parochial home and which for the time in which it was built shows the care and foresight he used in planning its building. He had as Curate at Distress (St. Bride's) the Rev. E. Martin. This portion of the parish has since been cut off and erected into a separate parish. Father Martin contracted a severe cold and died at St. Bride's in 1883 being buried in the little graveyard near the Church close by the shore where the waters of the ocean echo a funeral dirge for this exile of Erin sleeping his last sleep amongst the people whom he served.

I must here record a most important entry in the Register of Baptisms:

February 21st, 1874.

Baptized, Edward Patrick, of Edward Roche and Mary O'Reilly.

Sponsors: Thomas and Mrs. O'Reilly.

(Signed) C. IRVINE.

This is the baptismal record showing the entry into the Christian Church of the present Archbishop of St. John's and Metropolitan of Newfoundland who was ordained to the Priesthood in 1897 and elevated to the Episcopacy in 1915 whom may God long preserve to rule over the destinies of this Archdiocese.

REV. MICHAEL A. CLANCY.

1883–1897.

Father Clancy, Parish Priest of Ferryland, was transferred to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Father Irvine. He was born in Ennis, Co. Clare, Ireland, and was educated at St. Flannan's College, Ennis, Maynooth College, and in Belgium. He was of a literary turn and his lectures and sermons were eagerly attended. He was an ardent Irish patriot and took a prominent part in the Home Rule movements. In 1896 a great convention of the Irish race at home and abroad was held in Dublin for the purpose of discussing national and political questions relating to Ireland. A public meeting was held here in St. John's at St. Patrick's Hall to select delegates to attend the Convention on behalf of the Irish in Newfoundland. Most enthusiastic and patriotic speeches were delivered, and the Rev. Father Clancy and the Hon. J. D. Ryan, President of the Benevolent Irish Society, were chosen delegates.

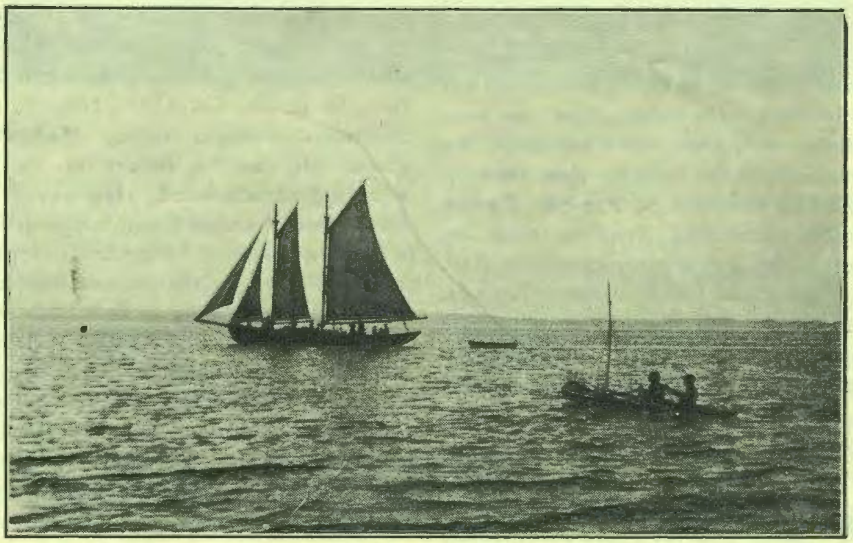
Father Clancy had as Curates in St. Bride's Father's McCulloch, O'Neill and J. Maloney. It was during his pastorate that this section was made into a new parish and the present parish limits were defined. Originally taking in all the territory from Cape St. Mary's westward to the Straits of Belle Isle, the parish was gradually split up until to-day it extends from Dunville inclusive to Ship Cove exclusive.

Father Clancy erected the beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart still standing as an ornament to the town and a memory to his name; also the Star of the Sea Hall, the lower flat of

which was reserved for a boy's school, and which so served until the erection of the present boys' school by Right Reverened Monsignor Reardon, who also finished, interiorally decorated and furnished the Church.

As the erection of this Church may be considered the primary material work of Father Clancy in the parish a description follows: This church is the third Catholic Church built in Placentia since the English occupation—the first by Father Bourke in 1786, the second by Father Morrison in 1830, and the third the present sacred edifice, the foundation stone of which was laid on the 28th October, 1878. "Nothing more was then done until 1885, when the foundation wall was built; on the 16th September, 1886, the work of building was begun in earnest; the outside of the church is now (1889) quite finished another interior progressing towards completion. The length of the church is 100 feet; breadth 56; width of nave 26; of aisles (inside pillars) 13 feet each; ceiling of nave 40 feet high. The style of Church is known as Romanesque. The designer was the Rev. Anthony Clancy, Diocesan College, Ennis, and the builder Mr. Michael J. Boland of St. John's." From a local paper of the time I quote:—"The single tower which rises from the north side of the 'facade' is 90 ft. in height, and is a model of grace and symmetry with its well adjusted proportions of square, octagan dome. In front are three massive doors of mahogany, over the central door is a large double-mullioned window of coloured glass, on either side of which are spaces in which statues will be placed. In the centre of the gable is a rose window of coloured glass. The whole is relieved by the introduction of two turrets, which give to the church a most striking ecclesiastical appearance. The view of the interior from the main entrance is very fine; the rows of Tuscan pillars with their richly ornamented capitals—the entablature upon which the pannelled ceiling of the roof rests with its clerestory windows, segment shaped, showing through the roof the chancel arch, tribune and apse, are all finished in purely Roman style. The High Altar will be in the same style of architecure, and Doric Ionic and Corinthian capitals with fluted pillars will form part of the design. When painted and decorated this church will be a gem, for it is in a style that will freely admit of the application of colours which will be found in a great degree to increase the richness and harmony of the general effect. In the apse are three large windows of Cathedral glass (Note.—Two of these have been erected to the memories of Fathers Irvine and Clancy), with coloured margin, the upper parts forming Maltese crosses, enclosed in concentric circles of crimson, green and amber glass. In either side are six double-mullioned windows. On the Gospel side are three double windows of stained glass representing the Virgin and Child (after Murillo), and St. Joseph, S.S. Peter and Paul, S.S. Catherine and Barbara, alternating with three windows of Cathedral glass with colored margin. On the Epistle side are S.S. John and Andrew, Ecce Homo, Mater Dolorosa and S.S. Agnes and Dorothea. On either side of the High Altar are the Sacristy and Nuns' Choir, the latter will be separated from the Sanctuary by a grating of a very elaborate and artistic design. . . . Too much praise cannot be given to the Rev. M. A. Clancy, P.P., for his zeal and perseverance in carying out the great work, and it must afford consolation not only to him but still more to his good people by whom he is so warmly supported, to know that in their day and generation they have erected such a beautiful temple, and as far as in them lay, one fitting the worship of Almighty God."

(To be Continued.)



ARTHUR H. MONROE'S SCHOONER IN CONCEPTION BAY.
ALSO, F. A. TEMPLETON'S CANOE—OFF LANCE COVE, AUGUST, 1936.
Photo by A. G. Williams.

The Late Archbishop Howley's "Newfoundland Name-Lore."

Republished from "The Newfoundland Quarterly," Commencing October, 1901.

ARTICLE XXV.

IN writing of Cape Spear (Article XXII.), I mentioned the group of islands standing off Tor's Cove, but as I have since made a personal inspection of these islands and obtained some further information concerning them, I will here once more refer to them. The first two, viz., Gull I. and Green I. respectively off Whittle's Bay and Moble, require no further notice. The large island close in shore, which forms the harbour of Tor's Cove. is still called Foxe's Island by the people. There are three other islands in the group. The larger and outer one is called Great I. or Goose I. (these names represent but one island as mentioned Art. XXII.). Then there is the middle island, which is still known as Spere, or Spear, Island, though it is more commonly called Ship Island. I asked the fishermen why it is so called, and they said that under the lee of it is the best anchorage ground for large ships, but no ships come here now, nor for many years past. The origin of the name goes back to at least over a hundred and fifty years, and a better explanation is found in Taverner's Pilot (1755).

". . . Isle de Spear, a mile within the greatest of the said islands uses a ship every year to fish there, on which island is a stage on the inside, . . . and good riding in the summer season, the island being pretty large."

During my recent Episcopal Visitation, of the Parish of Tor's Cove, we rowed out in a dory to explore the Island. It is about three quarters of a mile from the shore. It is saddle-backed, that is to say it has a hill or rising ground at each end and a low flat depression in the center. On this low part there were some vestiges of "clearings," showing the grass-covered outlines of ancient potato-beds. One of our crew said that his father had a fishing-room here and that he had been brought up as a boy on the Island. He showed us also an old French grave-yard. There were some mounds showing the appearances of graves, but there were no tombstones.

Between this island and the main land there is a smaller island, the name of which the men seemed somewhat doubtful about. It is generally called

TOR'S COVE—GULL ISLAND AND GREEN ISLAND.
The Camera Shop Photo.

Peepy,

but some of them called it Pebble Island, and Peevet Island. The island is mentioned by Taverner but he gives no name for it. "The northermost Island," he writes, "is only a round hill fit for no use!" and that is a good description of it. It is in shape like a hay-cock. Any person to-day visiting this picturesque and thriving settlement, with its numerous neat and ornamental cottages (the Census of 1901 gives 75 houses and 134 barns and other buildings, and there are many more since that) its population of 335 persons, its several business stores, stages and rooms; its elegant Church which "tops the neighbouring hill," and above all the splendid Presbytery recently erected by the energetic Pastor—Rev. P. J. O'Brien; will read

with surprise the description given of it by Taverner just 151 years ago. "The next to the Isle de Spear is Toad's Cove where a planter lives (!), a place for boats to fish, but not for ships to ride."

About a mile southwards from Tor's Cove, there is one of the small creeks with sandy beach which are to be found all around our coast and are named "Capelin Coves." This one has been lately called by the clergyman by the name of

St. Michael's,

and a neat little chapel has been erected there dedicated to the Archangel. This is a happy change of name and I hope it will be adopted by the Nomenclature Committee.

We now come to

Bauleen.

In Article XXI., speaking of the Cove of this name in Conception Bay, I stated that it is simply the French word Baleine, a whale. In writing of Bauleen in Conception Bay, I stated I could not give any reason why the name had been given. In the present place the reason is obvious. A short distance off the Little Cove there is a rock which is just barely "a-wash"—or a fleur d'eau, so that as it appears and disappears alternately in the swell of the waves it presents a striking likeness of a whale breaching. It may be that there is such a rock also at Bauleen in Conception Bay (See Article VI.).

Lamanche.

This is as Taverner says "only a cove in the Bay where is no safe riding for any ship." By "the Bay" he means the bight between Cape Neddic and Bauleen Head. Lamanche is, indeed, a very extraordinary and picturesque place. It is a mere little gorge or creek penetrating a short distance into the land and overhung by very high cliffs which almost shut out the daylight. They rise on the north side to some five or six hundred feet. There is no spot of level land at their foot, and the few stages and flakes are so constructed as to project from the sides of the cliff out over the water in a most precarious manner. An ingeniously contrived suspension or swinging bridge spans the creek, and is the only means of crossing from one side to the other. At the foot of the cove a magnificent waterfall tumbles down, jumping from rock to rock and forcing for itself a cleft in the sheer precipice, coming from a chain of lakes above, some hundreds of feet higher than the sea-level. As to the name, I am at a loss to explain it. The primitive meaning of the French word is a sleeve, and then a channel. It is easy to see the illation. The British Channel is called by the French "The Channel par excellence, LaManche, but neither in this place nor in the other of the same name in Placentia Bay is there anything which appears to authorize or suggest the name.

In the side of the cliff a little to the southward of Lamanche is a small creek called

Money Cove.

It is only another of those innumerable spots around our coast which have attached to them a legend concerning buried treasure. The southern head of this bight, already alluded to, is named

Cape Neddick.

The word neddick, nuddick or noddick, is a local term for a hill, probably a corrupt form of hummock. This hill, however, is much more than a hummock. It is a high bluff headland, and is thus described by Taverner: "Neddick is a high point, flat at top, and strait down to the water."

CAPE BROYLE HARBOUR, SOUTHERN SHORE.

The next harbour is

Brigus South, or, Brigus by South.

At the time of Taverner's description it was "a place of little consequence . . . where live two planters." The population has not increased much since. At the taking of the last census, 1901, the number of inhabitants was only seventy. As to the name, all that can be said about it will be found in Article XIX.

We now come to a very important harbour viz:—

Cape Broyle Harbour.

It has an "indraught" of over seven miles, and it is about two miles broad at the mouth so that it may almost be called a bay rather than a harbour. The southern head forms the very conspicuous promontory of

Broyle Head.

Taverner describes it as "the most remarkable land on all the S. Coast of Newfoundland, for coming out of the sea either from the southward or northward it makes with a swamp in the middle, and appears like a saddle." The name would seem to be French, and is spelt in very many different ways. Whitbourne in the early part of the XVII. Century—(1610-11)—calls it Borrell. Abbé Beaudoin (1696) calls it Cabreuil. This

of course is a mistake for C. Breuil i.e. Cape Breuil, by a form of corruption alluded to in Article VI. where examples are given as Carenas, for C. Arenas, Carouge, for C. Rouge, &c. On the map of Jacobscz (1621) it is given as—C. Brolle, Dudly (1647) has C. Brael. But Mason, (or rather Vaughan,—1625) has it exactly as we spell it to-day,—so also has Seller, 1671. On some maps it appears as Cape Royal, but this is certainly a mistake.

Immediately South of C. Broyle is

Capelin Bay.

Almost every cove and bay around our shores, which has a sandy beach, where the caplin come into spawn is called by our fishermen "Capelin Bay or Cove." There are in the Post Office Directory no less than nine of them belonging to seven different districts. The District of Trinity having to itself no less than three of them, of course there are hundreds of others on our coast, but this is enough to show how bewildering it must be to our Postal Officials, and what need there is for the interference of the Nomenclature Committee. The Harbour or Bay of which we are now speaking, is I think the most important one of the name in Newfoundland. It is thus described by Taverner, 1755, "Caplins Bay is large and good, and runs in a great way W. N. W. at least six miles . . . . where many ships may ride in good ground, and where at sometimes the Newfoundland fleet meet, that are bound with convoy to the Straights, (i.e. of Belle Isle) but generally the rendezvouz is at Bay of Bulls." The name of Caplin Bay was attached to this inlet at a very early period of our Cartographical History. It was a well known cove at the time of the founding of Guy's and Vaughan's Colonies (1610-20).

It formed the Northern Boundary of the portion of territory sold by Guy's Company to Sir Wm. Vaughan in 1616, as appears in the Latin Inscription on the Vaughan Map, hitherto erroneously attributed to Mason. In this rather pompous inscription it figures under the classical name of

Caplini Portus.

On the map itself, however, it appears more soberly in plain English, as we have it to-day, viz.,

Caplin Bay

The name of Caplin is of Portuguese origin. The fish is like a smelt, and is of uniform size being about six inches long, the female slightly smaller and more gracefully formed. They are of the Genus Salmonidæ and of the species Mallotus Villosus. The Portuguese call them Capelino; the Spaniards Anchova, though the Anchovoy is somewhat different, being of the herring family, and not reaching more than three inches in length. There is a small island off Fayall, in the Azores called by the Portuguese

Capelinos.

On the south shore of Caplin Bay about half-way to Ferryland there are a Hill and a Headland called

Scroggins's.

The name is not easy of explanation. The earliest mention I find of it is in a Deed of Sale from Mr. James Shortall to the V. Rev. Father Ewer dated 1798. In that Deed it is called

Scongings.

The Deed is signed by Francis Tree, Deputy Sheriff. Father Ewer himself, however, calls it Skoggins, and in a letter to Bishop Fleming he gives a little bit of History concerning it. "My predecessor in occupation," (Mr. Shortall) he says "got it through his wife whose name was Tucker. She was a granddaughter of the original grantee" (name unfortunately not given) "who got it for services rendered to the King's Ship in Action with a French Frigate." There is no such family name as Scroggins or Scoggins among those mentioned by Whitbourne as forming Lord Baltimore's Colony in 1621.

In that very fantastic work of Sir W. Vaughan's, "The Golden Fleece," I find the name in a rather curious connection. This Bizarre writer imagines a meeting of the Court of Parnassus, Apollo presiding. Saints Patrick, George, Andrew and David were present. "They consulted how they might grace the Mighty King of Great Britain (Charles I.) St. David made "choise to rejoyce the King's heart with a sonnet in memory of his hopefull marriage and Coronation, the which when he had perfected and sung in the Amphitheater at Parnassis Scoggin and Skelton the chiefe Advocates for the dogrel Rimes, by the procurement of Zoilus, Momus . . . very saucily interrupted him!" The "Scoffers and Buffones" were banished from the Court by the Lady Pallas, the Queen Regent! I do not know the meaning of all this or whether there is any meaning in it.

Since writing the above I learn that there is at Torr's Cove also a headland named Scoggins, of which I had no knowledge when describing that place.

THE DOWNS, FERRYLAND—THE SITE OF LORD BALTIMORE'S COLONY.

In my Ecclesiastical History (p 99), I went lengthily into the history of the origin of the name of

Ferryland.

I will here give a brief summary of what I there stated. The late Bishop Mullock in his Lectures on Newfoundland says "Sir George Calvert subsequently Lord Baltimore, ... a zealous Catholic . . . got from King James a large grant of land from Bay Bulls to Cape St. Mary's. . . . He wished to perpetuate the Religious Memories of the English Church in his new plantation, so he gave it the name of

Avalon."

This was the ancient name of Glastonbery, a town in Somersetshire, where tradition has it that St. Joseph of Arimathea founded a Church and it was looked upon subsequently as the cradle of Christianity in Britain.

There was an ancient Roman town formerly called

Verulam,

but subsequently St. Alban's, in honour of England's proto-martyr who was beheaded there during the persecution of Dioclesian (A.D. 303), hence Calvert "wishing to revive these Catholic

glories of his country called his Province Avalon, and his own town Verulam. The name was at first corrupted into Ferulam, and finally settled down into the vulgar and trivial name of

Ferryland."

Thus far Bishop Mullock. Unfortunately we cannot accept this very pretty theory, at least as far as the name of Verulam is concerned, though it is undoubtedly true as regards Avalon.

The place was called Ferryland, before ever Lord Baltimore came to Newfoundland. In all the letters written by Governor Wynne to Lord Baltimore at the founding of the Colony (1621) the name of Ferryland is distinctly given. Even in the letter of Lord Baltimore himself written from the Colony to the King, dated August 19th, 1629, the address is clearly given as Ferryland. Some variations of the spelling are of course found, but nothing to suggest in the remotest manner, Verulam. Thus Whitbourne in 1619 calls it Foriland. The name is in reality a corruption of the French word

Forillon.

This word is generically used by the French for a rock or island standing close to the main-land with a very narrow channel between, which is dug or bored out by the constant action of the waves. The word is derived from the Latin forare to bore or dig out. In a note to Champlain's Voyages (1603) we read "The word Gaspe in the Abenaquis language means, separated, and it is well known that the Forillon at Gaspé is a remarkable rock dug out (miné) by the violence of the waves." This rock known as "The Old Man and Woman" has now disappeared having been completely undermined some few years ago. Now at our Ferryland, we have an excellent specimen of a Forillon, in the well known rock called

The Hazures

(a corruption of "Hares' Ears"). There is another similar rock off St. Lawrence, and it is called by the fishermen "Ferryland Head." The settlement of Ferryland continued to be called Forillon by the French for nearly a hundred years after, as it is so called continually by Abbé Baudouin in 1696. And although the English corruption of the name had taken place before Lord Baltimore's time, as we have seen, yet still the French name was sometimes used by Englishmen. Thus we find John Slaney, treasurer of John Guy's settlement, writing in a letter dated 1611 as follows "The Master (John Guy) intends to go to Forillon or Ferland."

Jacques Cartier (1534) speaking of the Byron Islands and Bird-Rocks, Gulf of St. Lawrence, says: "Between two of them there is a Forillon (Entre les quelles y a ung petit forillon)." It corresponds exactly to what our fishermen call a

Pushthrough.

The name appears as Forillon on Descellier's map as far back as 1553. On Martinez, 1580, as Farillo; Homez, 1559, has Farillyam; the so-called Mason map, 1625, about Lord Baltimore's time, has Ferriland; De Laet, 1630, has Punta de Forillon; Thornton, 1689, Feriland; Fitzhugh, 1693, Ferriland Head; Friend's map, 1713, Ferrillon; T. Cour Lotter, 1720, has Ferillon, and finally Cooke, on his celebrated map of 1774, gives us the modern form of Ferryland, and so it continues ever after down to the present day. It will be seen from the above that the old French name died a hard death. The Island forming the harbour of Ferryland is called

Isle of Boys

or Bueye Island, which of course is a corruption of the French Isle de Bois, or Woody Island, a name very common around our coast. Whatever appropriatenee there may have been in this name in former times, it is at present certainly a misnomer. There is not a vestige of wood, or even bush, on the island. The top is quite flat and is covered with a nice verdant grassy sod. The island was well fortified in past times, and the ramparts and earth-works now covered with grass are quite visible, and several old dismounted cannon are lying about. The southern side of the harbour is formed by the long peninsula named

The Downs.

It is formed entirely of drift gravel and rises to a height of over a hundred and fifty feet. It slopes gradually towards the water, and is covered with a rich green grass. It was at the inner portion of this peninsula just where it joins the main land, that Lord Baltimore's settlement was situated. Here stood the "Great House" so grandly described by Governor Wynne, the foundations of which are still visible as well as some portions of the pavement, of what Governor Wynne (by a stretch of imagination) calls a "prettie street." At this part of the harbour there is a small inner harbour called

The Pool."

At the present day it is much reduced in size owing to the movable nature of the pebbly beach, and is only used for hauling up small boats for the winter. At the time of Lord Baltimore, however, and indeed much later, it was very much more commodius. In Taverner's Pilot, as late as 1744 we read—

". . . being within the said Buoy Island, you may run in and anchor where you please being a good handsome Breadth: or you may go into the Pool, which is a place on the Larboard side (going in) within a point-of-Beach where you ride in 12 Foot Water, at Low Water, and there the Admiral's Ship generally ride (The stages being near) several Planters, Inhabitants, lives in this Place."

The next harbour to the south of Ferryland is

Aqua Forte.

This name speaks for itself, and has been very little corrupted. Indeed the manner in which the people (fishermen) pronounce it Aggie Fort, is nearer to the original than the form written on the maps. Whitbourne, p. 53, writing in 1619, calls it Aga-Forte. The name is of Portuguese origin; agua forte, strong water. The name has not, as might be suspected, anything to do with alcoholic liquor, but is derived from the fact that the river running into the harbour tumbles down in a series of furious and roaring cascades through a wild and rocky gorge.

At the mouth of this harbour stands a barren rock or small island precipitous on all sides. It is called

Spurawinkle,

and has been already alluded to in Article XV., when speaking of Skurwink near Trinity.

This name of Agua-forte, was in possession before the times of Baltimore, Wynne, Vaughan, Whitbourne, or any other of these English navigators, came on the coast, and like Forillon, Fermeuse, Renouse, &c., shows that this part of the Colony was well peopled and colonized long before Guy's Plantation at Cupids. In fact it must have been settled early in the XVI. Century. Hence it seems almost absurd now to talk of celebrating the ter Centenary of Guy's Colony, as if it were our first settlement. Moreover by this Celebration we run the risk of losing our dearly coveted title of "Britain's Oldest Colony." This difficulty was clearly seen and pointed out by Mr. Gosling at the recent meeting of the Historical Society, and though several efforts have been made to answer the objection, it has not yet been satisfactorily accomplished.

March, 1909. † M. F. H.

The British Flag Planted at Aden by Newton Man.

How Peninsula Was Annexed—First of Many Additions to Empire in Queen Victoria's Reign.

The glorious reign of Queen Victoria witnessed a marvellous extension of the British Empire. Huge territories were added to it in Asia and Africa, America and Australasia, and islands almost without number in the various oceans. Ellesmere Land at the North Pole, and Graham Land at the South, Burma and Nigaria in the Tropics, Natal and New Zealand in the Temperate Zone were among the many new members included in the immense Imperial family between 1837 and 1901.

Indeed, the combined areas of the territories brought under the British Crown during that wonderful period exceed that of the United States with all its foreign possessions.

By Rev. Alexander Sharpe, M.A.

A SHORT time ago we read of the first territory formally annexed to the Empire in the reign of King Edward VIII., the recently-formed tiny coral reef off the coast of New South Wales. The first addition in Queen Victoria's reign was Aden, at the south-western corner of Arabia, and the honour of planting the British flag there belongs to one whose grave is in Highweek Churchyard, Newton Abbot, Capt. Joseph Sparkhall Rundle, of the Royal Navy.

The taking of Aden was due to the action of pirates there in robbing a party of Indian pilgrims in a British ship. The Bombay Government demanded reparation, and offered to purchase the Aden peninsula, as being very useful for a commercial and naval station. The local Sultan, an almost imbecile ruler, agreed to sell it for an annual money grant. He acted with treachery, however, and fired on a British ship without warning or provocation.

Thereupon the Bombay Government ordered Capt. Henry Smith, of H.M.S. Volage, to proceed to Aden with her and other ships of war, together with transports carrying a small force of Indians and some European troops, under Maj. Baillie. Sailing from Bombay, the squadron anchored at Aden on January 16, 1839. On the 19th, after some fruitless parleys, and our ships having been fired upon, a general bombardment began. The Arab batteries made a spirited defence for some hours, and then their firing almost ceased.

Gallant Services.

Thereupon Capt. Smith sent two parties to the shore. Lieut. Dobreé, who led the first, Mr. Rundle, mate, a rank corresponding to the present sub-lieutenant, of the Volage, and a quartermaster, were the first to land, the last batteries were soon silenced, and as Capt. Smith wrote in his report to the Commander-in-Chief—"the first British flag was planted by Mr. Rundle," who was, with others, recommended for "gallant services."

When all the troops were landed under Maj. Baillie it did not take long to clear the enemy out from their various positions, and the place was taken.

So Aden became a British possession. Two attempts to recapture it were made by the local chiefs in the following year, but they were unsuccessful.

The history of Aden from that time until the Great War is not very important, but in 1914 there was desultory fighting there with the Turks, who attempted to possess it. They also failed, and the British flag has floated continuously over Aden now for nearly a century.

Aden, the Arabic for Eden, is far from being a paradise. The little peninsula is simply a sun-scorched mass of volcanic rocks. The town itself in the crater of an extinct volcano, is surrounded by high cinder-like hills. Two promontories, however, form a splendid, spacious bay, in which a large fleet can anchor safely, and this gives Aden its great importance.

Strategic Importance.

Time has proved the wisdom of acquiring Aden for the Empire. Situated near the southern entrance to the Red Sea, on the great Indian and Far Eastern highway, strategically it is of vast importance. It is, therefore, strongly fortified, and is one of the principal naval stations in the great Imperial chain which encircles the globe. Nearly all ships to and from India pass it on their way, and it is a free port.

So it has greatly prospered, and become a general emporium for the commerce of the neighbouring Arabian and African coasts. The opening of the Suez Canal vastly increased its trade and growth. Exports and imports combined amount now to about £12,000,000 annually, and the population, which was only about 600 when we took it, is now nearly 50,000.

As a submarine cable and wireless station, it is also of great value. There is a railway of 25 miles connecting it with Lahej. It has been said that the real East begins at Aden, so far as its races, customs, and picturesque colouring are concerned. Here, for example, Indians are first seen.

Aden has a history dating from remote antiquity. Some think it the Eden mentioned by the Prophet Ezekiel as contributing to the luxuries of Tyre. It was known to the Greeks, and the Romans took it as part of Arabia Felix, the present Yemen. In the 5th century it was known as Emporium Romanum. In 525 the Abyssinians conquered it, and Aden was one of three Christian bishoprics of Yemen. Fifty years later the Persians expelled the Abyssinians. They excavated that wonderful series of reservoirs out of the solid rock, many of which have been restored by our engineers.

Newton's Tribute.

After various turns of fortune and a variety of rulers during the centuries, the great Portuguese, Albuquerque, unsuccessfully attacked it in 1513, and in 1538 it was taken by the Turks, under Solyman the Magnificent. They were in turn driven out by the Arabs, under the Sultan of Lahej, in 1735. Before the Portuguese rounded the Cape of Good Hope it was through

Aden that the wares of the East passed on to Venice or Genoa. Aden at first came under the Bombay Government, then under the British Indian, but is now to be a colony from April next.

Capt. Rundle later in 1839 and in 1840, in the Volage, took part in engagements in China which led to the taking of that other important outpost of the Empire, Hongkong, in 1841. Later still he did meritorious service in the Crimean War. He died at Highweek in 1880. The late Gen. Sir Leslie Rundle, who won fame in various wars, beginning with the Zulu, was his son. It was he who contributed the lining of his overcoat to make the white crosses of a Union Jack when besieged in Potchefstroom in the Boer rising of 1881. He was Kitchener's Chief of Staff at Omdurman in 1898, commanded a division in the South African War with conspicuous ability and was Governor of Malta from 1909 to 1915.

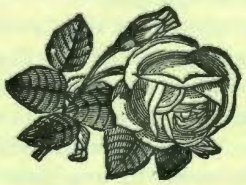
In Newton Abbot, his native town, Rundle Street is named in his honour.

Flag Presented to Residency.

A daughter of Capt. Rundle is Lady Wingate, wife of Gen. Sir Reginald Wingate, Bt., a former Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and for 17 years Governor-General of the Sudan. While there he won the battle in which the Khalifa was defeated and slain. In the terribly critical years of the Great War he splendidly held the Sudan for the Empire, subdued Ali Dinar, Sultan of Darfur, and brought that country, as large as Poland, definitely under our control as a Province of the Sudan. The identical flag which her father raised at Aden, Lady Wingate presented to the Residency there awhile ago.

Under the Aden Administration is the Aden Protectorate, larger than Wales, the island of Perim, the Kuria Muria Islands, and the large island of Sokotra. But, besides these, Great Britain, by subsidies, and treaties with the chiefs of Hadramut and the ruler of Oman, has political influence over all their shores, that is, the whole southern coast of Arabia, as well as its eastern far up in the Persian Gulf. Koweit, at the head of the Gulf, is also under our control.

So more than half of the immense coastline of the Great Arabian peninsula is more or less under British influence. Moreover, a considerable part of its northern frontier marches with the frontier of our mandated Transjordan country. Then, also, the large islands of Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, and Kamaran, in the Red Sea, are subject to us. So Great Britain has decidedly become an Arabian Power since Capt. Rundle raised its flag at Aden.



RICHES.

By Laura Hoagland Pierce, Kansas City, Mo.

I SOUGHT for riches long and far,
But found them just at hand,
By neither moth nor rust corrupt,
Nor built on shifting sand.

I found them in the sapphire blue
Of cloudless summer skies,
In topaz of the russet hue
That Autumn glorifies.

I saw them in the silver sheen
Of winter moonlight cold,
And in the diamonds of the stars
In galaxies unrolled.

I culled them from the sunset hues
Pure amethysts and gold,
And sunrise gave me coral rich—
Aurora's wealth untold.

I gathered them as velvets soft
From pansies, violet,
As damask from the moss-rose buds,
With pearls of dew beset.

I labored not nor toiled to gain
This wealth at my command,
I looked and listened joyously,
And found them just at hand.

FORT AMHERST LIGHTHOUSE
AT THE ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

The Lighthouse.

By Bertille Tobin.

THERE'S an eerie face at my window pane,
It comes, and it goes, and it comes again—
'Tis an eager face, and it scans the sea,
But it always stays for a glance at me.

It's a lonely face in the dead of night,
Yet near does it give the least affright,
But rather instills a meed of cheer
As though a faithful friend were near.

It's a face that inspires with earnest thought
When the world around with storm is fraught
And ships may be sailing the raging main—
Ships that will never make port again!

When the moon and stars are shining, too,
The face of my friend wears pallid hue
But it never neglects my window pane
Where it comes, and it goes, and it comes again.
It's the lighthouse beam which scans the sea
But always turns to smile at me!

The Passing of Hon. Sir Marmaduke G. Winter.

After a prolonged illness, Hon. Sir Marmaduke G. Winter passed away at his residence, "Winterholme," Rennie's Mill Road, August 11th. When the end came he was surrounded by the members of the family and everything possible was done to ease his passing, which for some time had been known to be inevitable. The deceased was in his eightieth year, and until the complaint from which he was suffering necessitated confinement to his home, he had been fully occupied with his many business activities.

Marmaduke George Winter was borne in Lamaline on April 4th, 1857. The son of the late James Winter of His Majesty's Customs, he was educated at the Church of England Academy,

THE LATE HON. SIR M. G. WINTER.

afterwards Bishop Feild College, and at Upper Canada College, Toronto. Later he entered business in St. John's and with his brother, Thomas, who predeceased him, established the firm of T. & M. Winter, which has become one of the largest wholesale businesses in Newfoundland. For many years the deceased was Principal Partner of the firm. In addition, he was President of the Standard Manufacturing Company, the Brehm Manufacturing Company, Vice-President of the Newfoundland Marine Insurance Company and Job's Sealfishery Company, Chairman of the local board of the Eastern Trust Company, Director of the Newfoundland Light and Power Company, and was the first President of the Board of Trade. In addition he was associated with a number of other commercial undertakings, in all of which his wide experience of conditions in the country and his keen business knowledge were regarded as of the greatest value.

In 1910 he was appointed Member of the Legislative Council and during the last Liberal Administration was Leader of the Government in the Upper Chamber. In 1919 the Most Excellent Order of Commander of the British Empire was conferred upon him for his work for the Patriotic Association during the War, and in 1923 he was made Knight Bachelor.

In his time Sir Marmaduke was a noted cricketer and oarsman, and he never lost his love for sport, being a frequent spectator at athletic events, and was always a keen angler.

He was married in 1883 to Alice Augusta, daughter of R. W. W. Lilly, and there were four children of this marriage: Gordon, Herbert, who died in England in 1930, both in partnership with him in business; Muriel, the wife of Llewelyn Ryland, Esq., of Worcestershire, England, and Madeline, who married E A. Bowring, Esq. He was married a second time to the widow of Harrison Hayward, Esq., by whom he is survived.

A lifelong member of St. Thomas's Church, Sir Marmaduke Winter was always closely identified with the activities of the parish, filling the position of Rector's Warden for many years and acting on the Select Vestry as well as Synod representative. His advice and aid in connection with various Church organizations make his passing a loss that will long be felt, and generally in matters that concern the public welfare, the country is deprived of one of its most able and eminent sons.

To Lady Winter and the other members of the family the sympathy of the whole community goes out in the great bereavement which they have sustained.

The Funeral.

The funeral of the late Sir Marmaduke Winter, Kt., C.B.E., took place in the afternoon of August 13th from his residence "Winterholme," Rennie's Mill Road, to St. Thomas's Church, and interment was at the Church of England Cemetery.

At the residence a short service was held, attended by the family only, and conducted by Rev. Canon Bolt, Rev. Canon Howitt and Rev. E. E. Rusted of Carbonear.

Preceded by a hearse, laden with wreaths, the funeral cortege started at 2.30 o'clock. Following the hearse containing the casket were the immediate relatives and employees of the deceased's firm. Then the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Higgins, Honourable Members of the Legislative Council and the general public.

Arriving at St. Thomas's Church where Lt. Walwyn, R.N., represented His Excellency the Governor, the bier was met at the west door by the choir and clergy in processional order. The sentences were read by Rev. C. D. T. Sparshott; Psalm 90 was read by Rev. E. E. Rusted; the lesson from Corinthians 1 by Rev. Canon Bolt. Then followed the hymn "Abide With Me," and the prayers of the burial office by Rev. Canon Howitt. The Benediction was pronounced by the Lord Bishop of Newfoundland. The Procession reformed and preceded by the choir singing the "Nunc Dimittis," the casket left the Church by the north door. The funeral cortege then wended its way to the Church of England Cemetery where the committal service was taken by Rev. Canons Bolt and Howitt.

THE POETRY OF JAPAN.

By W. J. Browne.

Masterpieces of Japanese Poetry Ancient and Modern
Translated and Annotated by Miyamori Asataro: 2 vols., illustrated. Maruzen Company, Ltd., Tokyo.

HERE are two of the most beautiful books imaginable, that ought to serve as a model for all other collections of poetry of whatever nationality they may be. The Author modestly introduces himself as having been "born in 1869, the son of a business man in Ikuchiskima, a beautiful island on the Inland Sea." He has taught English in four Universities in Japan, has travelled in America and Europe, has written several books in English on Japanese literature and is an Advisory Counseller to the Shakespeare Association of Japan. Even this brief self-announcement proclaims a genius, the writer who takes infinite pains to make his readers understand and appreciate the poetry of his beautiful country.

It is natural, therefore, that he should supply an introduction describing the chief characteristics of Japanese poetry, and tracing its development through the centuries.

The principal poetic forms are the "haiku" and the "tanka" of extremely short and simple construction, the latter, which is the longer, containing but five phrases of thirty-one syllables in all. This form of poetry has been in use for two thousand years, and to-day it is written by, and appeals, as it has always done, to persons in every station of life.

These books contain more than a thousand examples of this type of poem from the pens of four hundred poets and poetesses during the last seventeen centuries. Many of the poems are illustrated with pictures of the most exquisite taste and charm by the best Japanese artists. There is a distinct resemblance between the art and poetry of Japan. Every poem is a picture and every picture has the finish, the wit and the grace of a poem. The picture and the poem are complementary to one another, and the effect of such a combination is enchanting. Poet and artist have caught the high lights in the changing seasons, the cherry blossoms on the hillsides, plum blossoms in the moonlight, nightingales in the branches and that humble harbinger of Spring, the cuckoo; trees in full leaf, the gorgeous chrysanthemums and all the other beautiful flowers in the full bloom of summer; the falling petals, the reddening maple leaves, of autumn, the whispering pines, rain, rushing waters, clouds scudding across the sky with a round silver moon rising high beyond in autumn; and snowflakes falling on the mountains in winter.

This admiration, perhaps it would be more correct to say, this adoration of lovely ephemeral things is not confined to the Japanese. It is in the essence of all poetry that the soul of the poet should be attuned to Nature. Poets feel more intensely than ordinary persons, or rather, it is their ability to express what more stolid persons feel but do not comprehend that makes them what they are. Often they fall a prey to melancholy. Padraic Pearse, the Irish poet wrote on the eve of his execution:

> "The beauty of the world hath made me sad,
> This beauty that will pass—will pass and be no more."

It is thus with the poets of Japan. The pleasure they take in observing nature is the pleasure of Il Pensereso rather than that of L'Allegro.

Here is an example in a translation of a poem by Lady Nakatsukasa in the tenth century:

> "Before they bloomed I longed for them;
> After they bloomed, I mourned that they must fade;
> The mountain cherry flowers
> Sorrow alone for my poor heart have made."

Two centuries earlier, Hitomaro, one of the greatest of the Japanese poets, is in his least melancholy mood when he writes:

> "The ancient Capital on Shiga's shore
> Alas! it lies in ruins desolate;
> But the wild cherry flowers, as of yore
> Still bloom in beauty exquisite."

Allowing for the difficulties of translation, it is still rare to find a poet free from all things of sadness.

Here is a poem by a modern—Saishu, the founder of a school of poets.

A SMALL BIRD.

> A little bird in my garden
> Flitting from tree to tree,
> In its perfect freedom,
> Surpasses me.

Bearing in mind that most of these poems are metaphorical and full of inner meaning it is not very hard to interpret this pretty verse in the sense described.

We know very little about the Japanese people. We have witnessed, of course, their tremendous

successes in modern manufacture and international commerce; we have heard of their fierce patriotism which is religious in its nature; we have heard of a swarming, sweating people ambitious for colonial develvopment with a supurb military machine to enforce its policy, but we have never heard of the country where the Emperor invites his subjects to submit to him verses for a New Year's competition. Such was Emperor Meiji who died in 1912. He was the greatest of a long line of illustrious Japanese Emperors, and he was the composer of a hundred thousand verses. Here are some of his verses with the Japanese original of one in Roman characters.

O–ZORA.

Asa-midori Sumi watari taru Ozora no
Hiroki we ono ga Korere tomo gana.

THE BLUE SKY.

A vast expanse it is—
The clear blue sky.
Would that my heart were bread
As the vault is high.

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS.

Surely in this world men are brothers all
One family!
Then why do winds and waves on all the seas
Rage stormily?

This was composed in 1904, in the height of the Russo-Japanese war, and made a great impression on President Roosevelt who only then realized that the Emperor might really be a lover of Peace.

And here is one in introspective mood.

ONE'S OWN SELF.

Ah! men are apt to talk
Of other's faults,
And never to reflect
Upon themselves.

After reading these two books one cannot help feeling that the nation inspired so generally with the love of fine thoughts beautifully expressed is more than a nation of imitators. How much does a great national literature help to make a country strong?

SETTER "STANDING" ON A PARTRIDGE, TOR'S COVE BARRENS.

The Death of Newfoundland's Oldest Priest.

THE Very Rev. Stephen O'Driscoll passed quietly away at St. Mary's just before dawn Wednesday, September 30th.

The best description of his character that could be given is to say that the above simple statement is all the obituary he would have desired or expected. Selflessness was the key-note of his whole life and even in his last illness, when he fully realized he had no hope of recovery, his only concern was for others; for his parish, his friends, and those who tried to minister to his comfort at the end.

He was born at Mobile, Ferryland district, in the year 1854; the son of Michael O'Driscoll of Cork in Ireland. He was a brother of the late P. C. O'Driscoll, auctioneer.

After graduating from St. Bonaventure's College he pursued his ecclesiastical studies in Dublin. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1885 and was then appointed as curate to St. Mary's, assisting Father O'Donnell. Some few years later he was made Parish Priest of St. Bride's on the Cape Shore and after eight years in that mission became Parish Priest for St. Mary's where he served his people and his Church for thirty-eight years.

Last year in July he celebrated his Golden Jubilee, being the third Priest in the history of the Arch-Diocese to reach the full half-century of ministry.

That fifty years was a full and happy life such as falls to the lot of very few in this world. His one object in life was the service of God and his fellow man and in forgetfulness of self he achieved that peace of spirit and quiet certitude of faith that is so enviable and so rare.

All St. Mary's Bay knew his devotion to his duties and to the calls of the sick and the destitute, but only a very few of his most intimate friends suspected the extent of his benefactions—and only they because they were sometimes made the channel through which his gifts passed. He was a very well of private charity; of that best kind of charity that strove to conceal its benevolence as the ordinary man would conceal wrong-doing.

Although he had reached the advanced age of eighty-one his mental powers were unimpaired, and up to the day before his last illness he fulfilled all his parochial duties (in a scattered parish of twelve hundred people) with undiminished zeal and energy. He was conscious to the last, and those who watched his passing had an object lesson they will never forget of how happy the coming of death can be to one who has laboured long and faithfully in God's service. He received the last rites of the Church from the hands of his close friend, Rev. John Enright, of St. Joseph's, and died without pain or distress early on Wednesday morning.

A simple service was held in St. Mary's by the Rev. George Battcock, P.P., of St. Vincent's, attended by a crowded congregation, and the remains were then conveyed by motor-hearse to St. Patrick's Church in St. John's. The coffin was laid in state in the Sanctuary until Thursday morning, a guard of honour being provided by the Catholic societies of the city. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at 10 a.m. Thursday by Father Savin, assisted by Father Power and Father Maher. The burial service was read by His Grace the Archbishop, and the procession through the church was led by His Grace and Monsignor Flynn and thirty Priests of nearby parishes.

The funeral then proceeded to Mobile where the body of the reverend and beloved pastor was laid to rest in the family plot in the parish cemetery. Mr. Geoffrey Carnell had charge of the funeral arrangements.

LAKES NEAR LAMANCHE.

The Centenary of St. Thomas's Church, St. John's.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

For the Centenary Memorial Eucharist
Saint Thomas's Church.
In the Octave of St. Matthew's Day, September 27th, 1936.
By Robert Gear MacDonald.

FOR all the days that have formed our hundred years,
For all the mercies gladdening our eyes,
To Thee Who hast stayed our hopes, allayed our fears,
We offer this Memorial Sacrifice;
That which Thy Son commanded, so we do,
In pure Gifts Red and White now offered up;
And dedicate ourselves to Him anew,
Tasting this Bread, partaking of this Cup.
So guide us in the days that are to be,
That when we have fulfilled our time on earth
Our children's children may give thanks to Thee
In joyous worship and deep holy mirth;
And at this Shrine happily through the days
Present this one true Sacrifice of Praise.

ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, ERECTED IN 1836.

[The writer of this article acknowledges considerable indebtedness to the book "A History of the Church of St. Thomas," published by the Centenary Committee of this Church, for records of facts and dates, etc]

THE keeping of the Centenary of a Church congregation in a community as young as Newfoundland, is always a notable event; and when in addition to this the original church building, of course with enlargement rendered necessary by the passing of years and the growth of the congregation, is still in existence at the close of this period, it is still more a matter for congratulation. St. Thomas's Church, St. John's, is now the oldest Church building in the Island.

The Parish Church of St. Thomas, erected in 1836, to supplement the Church of St. John, now represented by the Cathedral, by the indefatigable and devoted Archdeacon Wix, is this autumn keeping with thankfulness and pride the hundredth anniversary of its founding; and the original church, largely added to and considerably altered, still stands where it did at first. St. John's has during the period been twice devastated by destructive conflagrations, but the old Church has been spared; and to-day freshly painted and decorated, and illuminated at night by countless electric lights, seems, especially in its tower and spire—the oldest and only surviving part of the original building—to have renewed its youth. And with its thronged altars, vastly attended services, fine music and singing, dignified liturgical ceremonies, and eloquent preaching, this Centenary has been fittingly and whole heartedly celebrated.

The Church, as originally planned and completed by the efforts of Archdeacon Wix, measured sixty-two feet by thirty-two, with galleries; capable of holding seven hundred persons. It was hoped at the first that half these sittings could be free to all worshippers. The tower and spire were then the same as to-day, though the Church has been enlarged several times since, and practically no other portion of the original structure is left. The Church was built by contractor Patrick Kough, and was completed one year after the contract was signed, the building being opened for worship on St. Matthew's Day, Sept. 21, 1836.

No change in the outward appearance of the Church was made till about 1851. When first built there were no wings, but three long windows on each side reached from the eaves of the Church to within a few feet from the ground. But on the 19th of September, 1846, a terrific gale of wind visited this Colony and did a large amount of damage both on sea and on land. The Native Hall was blown down, many houses injured, and St. Thomas's Church was moved about six inches from its foundation; and thereafter when a heavy wind occurred the building used to sway so much that it was thought necessary, in order to stabilize it, to erect wings on the north and south sides of the Church. This was done about the year above mentioned.

The musical accompaniment to the Tate and Brady Psalter, then in almost universal use in the Anglican Communion, was in the earliest days, a barrel organ that played eight sacred

tunes. This was afterwards supplemented by an instrument known as a Seraphim. But in 1860 a proper church organ was obtained, and twice since larger and more complete organs have been installed, the present instrument being one of the finest in St. John's.

A new Bell was provided by the congregation in 1847, and though to a certain extent supplanted by a set of tubular bells installed as a War Memorial in 1823, yet still on occasion sends its inviting tones over the air, to call the people to the worship of Almighty God.

The first incumbent of St. Thomas's was Archdeacon Wix, who remained as minister for four years. He was followed, after an interval, during which no regular incumbent was appointed, by the Rev. Charles Blackman, M.A., in 1842. Mr. Blackman was appointed Registrar of the Diocese by Bishop Spencer, and was also Garrison Chaplain. Mr. Blackman remained incumbent

REV. CANON A. H. HOWITT, B.A.

of the church till his death in 1853; and a mural tablet to his memory stands over the west door of the church.

On Mr. Blackman's death the Rev. Thomas Martyn Wood was appointed incumbent, and became in 1877, when St. Thomas's was made a Parish, its first Rector, until his death in the 74th year of his age, and the 50th of his ministry in the Diocese, in 1881. For some years before his death, he was ably assisted by his son—the Rev. A. C. F. Wood—who upon the death of his father became the second Rector. Meanwhile, the city and the congregation were growing In 1874, some four years after the troops had been withdrawn from this station, it was found necessary to extend the nave some thirty feet eastward, and to some extent to remodel the interior of the building. Mr. A. C. F. Wood's energy was so great, and his preaching so acceptable, that the congregation increased rapidly through the late seventies, and in 1882-3 it was found necessary again to enlarge the Church. And finally in 1903 the building was still further considerably enlarged, and now has seating accomodation for some 1300, or more.

Mr. Wood was in 1896 appointed, as one of the first Chapter, of the Cathedral, Canon, being collated to the stall of St. Boniface. After a fruitful ministry of thirteen years as Curate, and sixteen as Rector, Canon Wood who had been for some months suffering from an internal complaint, passed away at Philadelphia, U. S. A., in 1897, and his body was brought to St. John's and interred on the 17th of August in that year. Canon Wood, for his single hearted faith, his utter devotion to duty, his painstaking labors in all good works, was greatly beloved and his name is revered by the older parishioners till to-day. Few men have left such a record for thoroughness and mastery of detail, and his untimely death was probably due in part to the amount of hard work and attention of detail which he put into every object, and they were many, on which he was engaged.

The next rectorate, that of Canon Dunfield, who had been Curate under Canon Wood for some sixteen years, and whose term of office as Rector was for thirteen years longer, was also very successful. Endowed with a wonderful tenor voice, which he was ready to place at the service of any worthy object, but which his delight was particularly to use in the Services of the Church, in his time the music of our services was especially fine. And his sermons, brief and scholarly, sparing of verbal ornament, concentrated as to matter, packed full of Catholic Theology, were a delight to the discriminating. Canon Dunfield knew practically every parishioner by name, and in circumstance, and was beloved by all. He passed away in 1911 at the age of 60.

Rev. G. R. Godden's rectorate was shorter; but he gave his whole life to the work of the Parish and of Education, and labored faithfully till his early and lamented death in 1915.

Mr. Godden was succeeded by the Rev. Edgar Jones, B.D., Ph.D., who remained for six years, and under whose energetic leadership the Parish expanded remarkably. It would be impossible within the limits of an article like this, to give in detail the story of Dr. Jones' rectorship. Old activities were revived, new ones begun. The renewal of the work of St. Andrew's Brotherhood, the founding of the Llewellyn Club, the providing of a new vestry, the fitting up and opening of the Chapel of St. Andrew, and an abounding spiritual life was diffused through the Parish by his faithful preaching of the Word and administration of the Sacraments. To him St. Thomas's Church owes the inception of Parochial Missions, which since from time to time have such a remarkable feature in our spiritual life; while his eloquence was a proverb, and has become a legend.

Canon Earp, whose rectorate, too short, was terminated after three years of faithful ministry, partly because his health could not continue to bear the strain of strenuous work in this climate, was a very pleasing personality; and his sermons renewed, in some degree, the charm of Canon Dunfield's, though fuller in expression, and adorned with great felicity of phrase and cadence.

His successor, Rev. J. B. Elliott, C.F., was pre-eminently a man among men, and was openhearted and sincere *in excelsis*. He worked very hard, and his sermons were good to listen to for their sincerity and unadorned piety. After three years of happy work among us he resigned to take up once more the work of a Military Chaplain.

Of the present Rector, Rev. Canon A. H. Howitt, B.A., to whose intitiative and energy the present Centenary celebration is very largely due, it must be said that since coming to live among us he has made hosts of friends, and that he continues to guide this old Garrison Church and its destinies through these difficult years with great skill and address. He is foremost in all works

for the good of the parish and its numerous activities, and not less in those of the missionary work at Cartwright on Labrador, in which the Rev. C. D. T. Sparshott is now engaged, within the diocese, but particularly under the fostering care of St. Thomas's Parish. He has seen that strenuous support continues to be given to activities more or less outside the Parish, such as the C. E. Orphanage, and B. & F. Bible Society. He is eloquent and very acceptable as a preacher, and by means of Radio Broadcast (this latter by kind favor of Station V.O.W.R. and its sponsors, Wesley United Church) his voice has been carried to the most remote and isolated parts of the country. We wish him and Mrs. Howitt, who has been a valuable and untiring co-worker with her husband, many more years of fruitful work among us.

St. Thomas's Church has always stood for the principles of "Evangelical truth with Apostolic order," and if at times the congregation has seemed a little over-conservative, this very caution has been due to a wise feeling that changes in ritual and ceremonial should, before being put into force, be very carefully considered. In good works, in devotional life, in sensitiveness to religious influences, St. Thomas's Church has never been wanting; and the conclusion of its first hundred years finds it still very much alive and full of energy, and ready to begin the great adventure of its second century with confidence, hope and courage.

A quotation of the concluding paragraph of the History referred to in the note at the head of this article, may well bring it to a fitting close:

"Keeping thus the joyful centenary of the founding of our Parish Church of St. Thomas, we are not unmindful of those gone before us who in their time on earth worshipped here, and now continue to worship in the nearer presence of God; we with them, and they with us, in one undivided Communion. And we too realize that our congregation is but a portion of a larger body; we claim fellowship with our fellow Churchmen in this Diocese; with the larger Anglican Communion throughout the world; with the whole Church Catholic, Militant, Expectant, Triumphant. And in this our spiritual home on earth we worship as children of the Universal Church, partaking of her life, instructed by her doctrines, taught by her scriptures, blessed and sustained by her Sacraments, sharers in the worship which she perpetually offers up to God the Father in her Sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving; and looking humbly but hopefully forward to the Resurrection of the Body, and the Life Everlasting."

On Sunday, September 27th, in the Octave of St. Matthew's Day, the opening of the Centenary was signalized by the holding of a Centenary Memorial Eucharist with general Communion for the Parish. The sacred ministers were the Rector, celebrant, the Revs. J. A. Meaden and M. Norman; Rev. J. Rhodes also assisting at the distribution. There were several hundred communicants. At the 11 o'clock Service His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese preached, and at Evensong, Canon Bolt. Both addresses were historical in character, and were listened to with rapt attention by crowded congregations. At the close of Evening Prayer a solemn Te Deum was sung in thanksgiving for the blessings bestowed upon the Parish during its century of existence. The outside of the church was outlined in electric lights, and the effect was remarkably brilliant. This feature was continued each evening during the celebrations.

On Thursday evening a reception was held for the special guest during the celebration—the Most Rev. Derwyn T. Owen, Archbishop of Toronto and Primate of all Canada; and a very happy time was spent. On Sunday, October 4th, the Guilds and Societies of the Church made their Corporate Communion, and again a great number, largely young people, thronged God's altar. At the principal Service of the day, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto celebrated the Holy Mysteries, assisted by the Bishop of Newfoundland and Rev. J. Rhodes; His Grace also preached the Centenary Sermon, and brought greetings and good wishes from the great Church in Canada, giving a message of hope and courage for the future. In the afternoon he also preached at a parade service of the C. L. B. the Old Comrades and the Girl Guides, a thronged congregation. At the Evening Service Rev. Canon Stirling, Rector of St. Mary's and an old St. Thomas's boy, was the preacher, and his deeply spiritual discourse was a challenge and an inspiration. The Hallelujah Chorus was sung at the close of this service.

REV. EDGAR JONES, B.D., PH.D.

On Monday evening there was an Historical Night, at which addresses were given by the Bishop of Newfoundland, by Canon Bolt, and by Mr. R. R. Wood, who is the son and grandson of former rectors. A presentation was made to the Archbishop; and a few earnest words from him, closed these notable events in the history of the Old Garrison Church. Many letters and telegrams of congratulation were received during the celebrations, including one from His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, conveying his felicitations, and imparting his Patriarchal Benediction.

The Rector, Churchwardens, and Committee are to be congratulated on the successful outcome of the Centenary exercises.

Knighted by the King of Norway

CAPTAIN OLAF OLSEN, K.S.O.

CAPTAIN OLAF OLSEN, Managing Director of the Marine Agencies, Ltd., Royal Swedish Consul, and Consul for Finland and Latvia, has received the Order and Insignia of a first class Knight of the Royal Order of St. Olaf, from His Majesty King Haakon VII. of Norway. The Order, which was founded by King Oscar I. in 1847, is awarded for distinguished service to the country. King Haakon is Grand Master of the Order. Congratulations are heartily extended to Captain Olsen on the high honour conferred upon him.

REST.

By Mary Woolsey Howland.
(1832-64.)

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part—
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blues be dim;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after him.

John Cabot's Landfall.

UNDER the title "A Celebration Challenged," the Toronto Globe in a leading article gives an assurance that there is no likelihood of any falling out between Canada and Newfoundland over the question of the Landfall of Cabot, and even goes so far as to suggest that the available records regarding this historic event are of such a sketchy character that there is little desire to attempt to usury the claims to the honour put forward by Newfoundland. The article reads:

The Summer Number of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY gives an account of a paper read by Mr. W. A. Munn before the Newfoundland Historical Society in which he reasserts the claim of Newfoundland to have been the first part of America touched by Cabot in 1497. It is time, Mr. Munn maintains, that the Island was accorded her just rights.

Many historical writers claim that it was the Island of Cape Breton that John Cabot first sighted, and that whatever glory is attached to the event belongs to the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Munn, however, says:

"The efforts made by Lawrence J. Burpee, editor of the Canadian Geographical Journal, in the June issue of 1933, and the subsequent celebration in Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, 1934, have created a resentment from Newfoundlanders that Canadians have overstepped the bounds of courtesy by asserting what they cannot prove."

The inaccuracy of fifteenth-century and later map-makers and the unreliability of contemporary accounts are the cause of this controversy among historians, and it is only by the careful weighing of evidence on both sides that any satisfactory concluclusion may be reached.

John Cabot himself left no records of his voyage, since he did not realize its importance, and his son, Sebastian, who left a map showing Prima Terra Vista, or the first land sighted, as Cape North on Cape Breton Island, cannot be relied upon for accuracy.

In support of the theory that Newfoundland was the first spot touched by the explorer, Mr. Munn refers to the tradition of the island itself, which has always supported his view, and quotes many historians, ancient and modern, who assign the Cabot landfall to Newfoundland.

The question itself is hardly one which should disturb the relations existing between Canada and the island, and to the majority it may seem a matter of small importance. Historians, however, delight in the sifting of such evidence to arrive at the exact truth, and man always derives a certain amount of pride from the historical importance of the place in which he lives. If Mr. Munn is right, Canada has no desire to usurp any of the fame which belongs to her neighbour.

TRUST.

By Laura Hoagland Pierce.

RAGGED brown sparrows now come to my window
Begging a crumb from my plenteous store,
Knowing that God has for each a provision,
Chirping their gratitude, asking for more.

" Living, splendid earth land, where the grass is pulsing, stirring "

" Ice land, hill land, caribou and trout land."

NEWFOUNDLAND.

By Eunice T. Holbrook Ruel, Formerly of Birchy Cove, Bay of Islands.

(" East, West, Hame's best.")

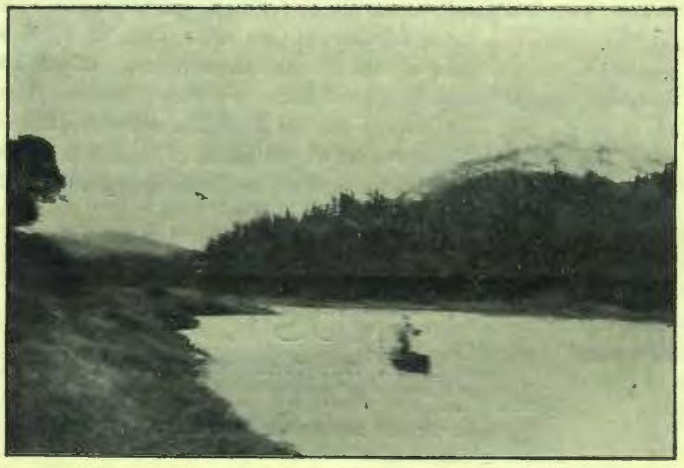
SILVER land, gold land, bleating baby lambs' land,
Land of winds that bluster and sing up from the sea—
Living, splendid earth land where the grass is pulsing, stirring,
Land of living promise of the land that is to be.

Ice land, snow land, caribou and trout land,
Land of throbbing, beating heart swept by the salt sea foam,
Pine land, barren land, stars that shine at evening land,
Land of love and longing and tenderness and home.

Oh! I hear the woodland calling and I hear the salmon river,
And I see the blue and silver of the stretches of the Bay,
And the evening sun is setting where the West is clear and golden,
And the mountains are all glowing in a splendid rose and grey.

And the light is on the water and the pines are deep in shadow,
And it's violet in the darkness and rosy in the light,
And the big stars slowly dream out and the little moon hangs tender,
And the lamps gleam from the windows and it's sweet and still and night.

Oh! I cannot bear the rushing and the whirl and swirl of cities,
And the people who are tired of the work that's theirs to do,
And I'm coming, coming, coming; coming back my land of promise,
With your loneliness and loveliness I'm coming back to you.



" The light is on the water, and the pines grow dark in shadow."

" My land of promise, with your loneliness and loveliness."