

The Newfoundland Quarterly

Summer Number, 1937

John J. Evans, Sr., Printer and Proprietor,
St. John's, Newfoundland.



Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

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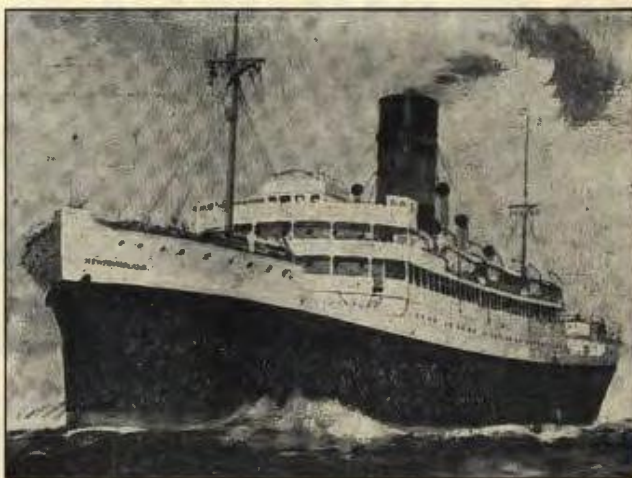
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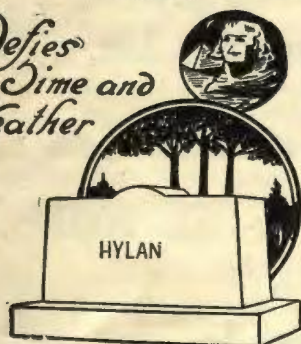
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Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1.

JULY, 1937.

80 cents per year.

The Coronation of Their Majesties King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth At Westminster, May 12th, 1937.

By Walter Scott, 30 Queen's Road, Norwich.

[NOTE.—Through the great kindness and interest of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Secretary of State for the Dominions, the English correspondent of *The Newfoundland Quarterly* was honoured with a seat in Westminster Abbey for the Coronation Ceremony. In consequence, we are able to present to our readers a very striking and original picture of this memorable and moving spectacle, as it appeared to a spectator. Mr. Scott is a Newfoundlander living in Norwich, England. Several of his articles have appeared in former issues.—EDITOR.]

IT is early morning of Wednesday, May 12th, 1937, as I take my seat in the old Gothic Abbey of Westminster. From the top corner of the north triforium, to which I ascended by the long spiral stairs at 6.15 a.m., I watch the ancient shrine gradually fill with colour in the soft morning light; the terraced seats in the Abbey are filling with distinguished guests in coloured robes and brilliant uniforms sparkling with decorations, so that the interior of the historic building resembles the banks of an ancient park slowly developing their offering of beauty as the flowers open to show their colours to the returning light of day. These distinguished guests, so many of whom are beautifully dressed, representing every important country in the world, ultimately convert the Abbey into a living portrait gallery of great people.

The following list enumerates but a few of the important representatives who are present:—

Their Imperial Highnesses Prince and Princess Chichibu of Japan, attended by Viscount Mastudaira and Madame Shizhka Yamaza.

His Royal Highness the Count of Flanders, attended by Baron Goffinet.

Her Royal Highness Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, and His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

Their Royal Highnesses The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway.

Their Royal Highnesses The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden.

Their Royal Highnesses The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark and Iceland.

Their Royal Highnesses The Prince Regent and Crown Prince of Yugoslavia.

His Royal Highness The Grand Voevod of Alba Julia.

His Royal Highness The Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia.

His Royal Highness The Prince of Preslav.

His Royal Highness The Crown Prince of Greece.

His Highness Prince Mahammed Abul Moneim, representing Egypt.

His Excellency Senor Raul Regis De Oliveira, G.B.E., representing the Republic of Brazil.

His Excellency Senor Dr. Don Tomas A. Le Breton, representing the Argentine Republic.

His Excellency Conte Grandi, representing His Majesty the King of Italy.

His Excellency Monsieur M. M. Litvinov, representing the Union of Soviet Republics.

The Hon. James Watson Gerard, representing the United States of America.

His Excellency Monsieur Y. Delbos, representing the French Republic.

His Excellency General Ismet Inonu, repre-

senting the Turkish Republic.

His Excellency Colonel Joseph Beck, representing the Republic of Poland.

His Excellency Dr. K'Ung Hsiang-Hsi, representing the Republic of China.

His Excellency Senor Don Agustin Edwards, G.B.E. representing the Republic of Chile.

His Excellency Senor Don Julian Besterio, representing the Spanish Republic.

Field Marshal Von Blomberg, representing the German Reich.

His Excellency Dr. Guido Schmidt, representing the Federal State of Austria.

His Excellency Dr. Milan Hodza, C.B., representing the Czechoslovak Republic.

His Excellency Dr. Rudolf Holsti, representing the Republic of Finland.

His Excellency Monsieur Vilhelms Munters, representing the Republic of Latvia.

Senor Don Alfredo Benavides, representing the Republic of Peru.

His Excellency Monsieur Stasys Lozoraitis,



THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

His Excellency Senor Dr. Armindo Rodrigues De Sttau Monteiro, representing the Republic of Portugal.

His Royal Highness Seif As Islam Hussein, representing His Majesty the King of the Yemen.

His Royal Highness Sirdar Shah ali Khan, representing the King of Afghanistan.

His Royal Highness Prince Chula Chakrabongs, representing His Majesty the King of Siam.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Luxemburg, representing Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg.

Monsieur Charles R. Paravicini, representing the Swiss Confederation.

representing the Republic of Lithuania.

Senor Dr. Don Constantino Herdocia, representing the Republic of Nicaragua.

General Johan Laidoner, K.C.M.G., representing the Republic of Esthonia.

Dejazmatch Makonnen Indalkatcho, O.B.E., representing His Majesty the Emperor Haile Sellassie I. (of Abyssinia).

Commanding General Sir Kaiser Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, G.B.E., representing His Majesty the Maharajadhiraja of Nepal.

Senor Don Rafael Paino Pichardo, representing the Dominican Republic.

His Excellency General Don Carlos Garcia



KING GEORGE VI BRINGS TO CLOSE CORONATION SPECTACLE

Proudly wearing the Crown that for centuries has symbolized the British monarchy, King George VI (pointed out by arrow) makes his exit from high vaulted Westminster Abbey to bring to an end the ancient coronation spectacle that had required two trying hours. He is attended by nobles and dignitaries of the Church as the procession wends its way past the rows of notables and peers who cram every vantage point.

Velez, K.B.E., representing the Republic of Cuba.

His Excellency Monsieur Kalman De Kanya, representing His Serene Highness the Regent of the Kingdom of Hungary.

His Excellency Ekrem Bey Libohova, representing His Majesty the King of the Albanians.

Senor Dr. Don Luis Alberto De Herrera, G.B.E., representing the Oriental Republic of the Uruguay.

Senor Dr. Don Caracciolo Parra-Perez, representing the United States of Venezuela.

Senor Dr. Don Arnulfo Arias, representing the Republic of Panama.

Sayid Raouf Al Chadirji, representing His Majesty the King of Iraq.

Senor Don Primo Villa Michel, representing the United States of Mexico.

Senor Don Antonio Quevedo, representing the Republic of Ecuador.

His Excellency Monsieur Hassan Esfandiary, representing His Imperial Majesty the Shahinshah of Iran.

Senor Don Luis Tamayo, representing the Republic of Colombia.

Monsieur Ernest G. Chauvet, representing the Republic of Hayti.

Senor Dr. Don Jose Matos, representing the Republic of Guatemala.

Senor Dr. Don Rogelio Espinoza, representing the Republic of Paraguay.

Senor Don Carlos Victor Aramayo, representing the Republic of Bolivia.

Senor Don Luis Fernandez, representing the Republic of Costa Rica.

Senor Don Tiburcio Carias, representing the Republic of Honduras.

Baron De Lynden, representing the Republic of Liberia.

Comte Henri De Maleville, representing His Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco.

Senor Don Raul Contreras, representing the Republic of Salvador.

Mr. Melvill A. Jamieson, representing the Republic of San Marino.

All the foreign representatives, as well as many of the noble Princes of India, have one or more of their important state officials in attendance. The magnificent and dazzling dresses of graceful ladies in the congregation, finding a variety of colour with which to blend, increase the charm and dignity of this marvellous scene, enriched by music from a choir of 500 voices joining to-day to sing the Litany and Psalms. The Abbey organ is presided over by Dr. Bullock, and there is an orchestra under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult.

The choir is less in evidence than the organ, and the band which, playing in subdued tones or swelling into volume until, in majestic mood, their music fills the historic edifice almost to bursting point. And yet so perfect do the players render their part, each instrument in the band can be appreciated and followed through the score, and so the strains of music subdued and full alternating through the time atune the congregation to the spirit of the day. Happily the time slips by, while thus we are engrossed with beauty's theme, until now the Royal Regalia in solemn mien is carried from the Jerusalem Chamber to Saint Edward's Shrine and thence to the altar, and then to the vestibule where it is handed to the Lord Great Chamberlain who allots it to the officers having right to bear them for the King. There are 14 Peers carrying the regalia: The Lord High Constable is the Marquis of Crewe. Saint Edward's Staff is borne by Viscount Halifax. Sceptre with Cross is borne by Duke of Somerset. Golden Spurs are borne by Lord Hastings and Lord Churston.

Third Sword is borne by Viscount Trenchard.

Second Sword is borne by Lord Milne.

Curtana is borne by Earl of Cork and Orrery.

The Sword of State is borne by the Marquis of Zetland.

Sceptre with Dove is borne by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Orb is borne by the Duke of Sutherland.

Saint Edward's Crown is borne by the Marquis of Salisbury, who is also the High Steward.

Bearing the Queen's Regalia are:—

Ivory Rod with Dove, Earl of Haddington.

Sceptre with Cross, Duke of Rutland.

Queen's Crown, Duke of Portland.

Knights of the Garter who carry the Canopy at the King's anointing:—

Marquis of Londonderry, and the Duke of Abercorn, Earl of Lytton, and Earl Stanhope.

Peeresses who carry the Canopy at the Queen's anointing:—

Duchess of Norfolk, Duchess of Rutland, Duchess of Buccleuch, Duchess of Roxburgh.

Supporters of the King are the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, and the supporters of the Queen are the Bishops of St. Albans and Blackburn.

The Bishop of Norwich carries the Bible, and the Chalice is carried by the Bishop of Winchester, while the Paten is carried by the Bishop of London.

The Regalia now awaits the King and Queen, the Litany finishes, and the members of the Royal Family enter by the west door. First comes the

Princess Royal and with her are the two children of the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, whose childish graces impart a loveliness all their own to the marvelous spectacle of grandeur in which they take their part. The Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent follow, each an embodiment of dignity and grace shedding a lustre, felt even in this concourse of the great, as they pass up the nave with coronets and their trains borne by ladies and pages. Now come other Royal relatives. Finally preceded by a procession of great splendour, Queen Mary enters with the Queen of Norway, and Queen Mary's grandson, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles and four youthful peers carrying Her Majesty's train. Slowly Queen Mary moves up the nave with her familiar stateliness which evokes admiring comment. The Choir bows as Her Majesty passes through, and Queen Mary bows both right and left. Passing up the curving stone steps which lead to the Royal box Queen Mary is followed by the Princess Royal and the two little Princesses who have waited in temporary seats near the Dais after entering the Abbey until now.

Shortly after Queen Mary and other Members of the Royal Family have taken their places in the Royal gallery, there filters through from the crowds, which line the streets outside, the sound of cheering, cheering which awakens thoughts of episodes steeped in romance, of which we have gained knowledge by reading history, and since it is the recorded cheering of the crowds which captivated our impressionable minds while we read in youth of great events, so now the cheers which grow more lusty as round follows round, bring to us on silvery wings of romance, a token that the King draws near, and so we thrill with a feeling that great things are about to happen; nor long have we to wait, before the trumpet's fanfare echoing through the Abbey, causes the congregation to stand to meet the grand moment when King George VI and his beautiful Queen Elizabeth enter for the exalted Ceremony of their Coronation.

Now the Royal procession is about to enter. Before the Cross of the Abbey, which is being borne into the nave, walk the King's Chaplains and the representatives of the Free Churches and the Church of Scotland. Behind the glistening Abbey Cross, walks the Dean of Westminster and following him are the High Commissioners of India, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia and Canada, carrying the Standards of their respective countries.

A pageant indeed of wealth and glory where

dogged pioneer work and ancient lineage join, ennobling each Standard which flutters as it passes expressing a history of magnificence shapen from the rough and crude, by men inspired with souls of noble stuff.

I miss my Country's Standard from amongst those of the Self Governing Dominions—Newfoundland's. That of the oldest of Britain's Dominions beyond the Seas is not here, but though Newfoundland, through adverse circumstances has not her banner here, she is well represented at the Coronation, both in the Abbey and in the Processional Route. Mr. MacDonald, Secretary of State for the Dominions, has seen to that.

The Union Standard, the Standard of Wales, the Standards of the Quarterings of the Royal Arms, which are borne respectively by the Earl of Granard, the Earl of Derby and Mr. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, the Royal Standard, borne by Lord Cholmondeley, follow now.

Near the Choir the Standards are handed to the Barons of the Cinque Ports who stand there in scarlet coats, the Standard bearers passing to their places.

The Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, the Treasurer of the Household and the Comptroller of the Household, following the Royal Standard are in turn followed by the Keeper of the Jewel House, bearing on a cushion the two Rings and the Sword for the offering.

Following the Keeper of the Jewel House, are Rouge Croix Pursuivant and Rouge Dragon Pursuivant.

The four Knights of the Garter who will hold the Canopy for the King's anointing, now come to view and are followed by the Lord Chamberlain of the Household and the Lord Steward of the Household, and the Lord President of the Council the Right Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald is following, and the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, the Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin, passes into the nave followed by the four Dominion Prime Ministers.

The gleaming Cross of York is now on its way up the nave, borne by the Rev. Warner, M.A., with the Archbishop of York following and the Lord High Chancellor in striking robes; next comes the Cross of Canterbury, borne by the Rev. A. C. Don, D.D., and the Archbishop of Canterbury follows him.

The Queen's Regalia is now entering; the Ivory Rod borne by the Earl of Haddington, the Sceptre of the Cross, borne by the Duke of Rutland, move

up the aisle with the Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, and behind these is the Queen's Crown borne by the Duke of Portland flanked on either side by a Sergeant at Arms. But now a still more radiant picture presents itself to our vision—the Queen in her Royal robes, moving with a quiet dignity, thrills everyone by her great beauty. Her Majesty is supported by the Bishops of Blackburn and Saint Alban's and is followed by a retinue of Ladies and Gentlemen who bear office for her Majesty. While we are still under the spell of Her Majesty's gracious presence the King's Regalia is borne into the Abbey in the following order:—Saint Edward's Staff, the Sceptre with the Cross, the two Golden Spurs, the Third Sword

Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Bishop of Durham. The King's train is borne by Earl Haig, Earl Kitchener, Viscount Lascelles, Earl Jellicoe and six other gentlemen. On the left the King has ten Gentlemen at Arms with Brig-General Sir Archibald Home, and on the right ten Gentlemen at Arms with Lieutenant-Colonel Sir St. John Gore.

Following these come the office bearers of the King, and twelve Yeomen of the Guard.

The Queen has arrived at her Chair of State at the north side of the Chancel and stands with her supporters and attendants, awaiting the arrival of the King. The Archbishop is at the Altar. Queen Mary, the Princess Royal and other members of the Royal Family stand in the Royal Box, when the



BOY SCOUTS IN THE CORONATION PARADE, MAY 12, PASSING UP DUCKWORTH STREET, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Maunder's Photo Finishing.

Curtana, the Second Sword and following are Norry King of Arms, Ulster King of Arms, Lyon King of Arms, Clarenceux King of Arms, who precede the Lord Mayor of London, Garter King of Arms, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

Following are the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Steward of Ireland and the High Constable of Scotland the Earl Marshal:

The Sword of State borne by the Marquis of Zetland and the High Constable of England.

The Sceptre with the Dove, Saint Edward's Crown and The Orb are the next in procession and the Paten, the Bible and the Chalice follow.

Now the King, slowly walking, comes to view in his Royal Crimson Robe of State, wearing the Collar of the Garter; on His Majesty's head is the Cap of State. The King is supported by the

Bishops bearing the Bible, the Chalice and the Paten pass to their places on the north side of the Altar. The King with his supporters and attendants preceded by the Lords bearing His Majesty's Regalia pass on the side of his Throne to his Chair of State on the north side of the Area. Now their Majesties, after a short prayer, kneeling at their faldstools, are taking their seats and the setting for the auspicious occasion is complete.

Words cannot describe the appeal which such a scene makes to the senses. The historic importance, the grandeur of the moment, the scenic beauty, the intense interest every Briton has in the Crowning of our King and Queen, awaken emotions indescribable, which may be imagined but cannot be portrayed. It is in such an atmosphere of high tension that the King rises from his Chair and the Archbishop of

Canterbury, after moving from his station at the S-East pillar, turns towards the East and calls out, "Sirs, I here present unto you King George, your undoubted King, wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?" and the congregation in a thunderous response which seems to make the very rafters of the great Church quiver shout "God Save King George."

The question is repeated towards the other three sides of the Abbey in succession, and the King facing each time that portion of the congregation which is addressed by the Archbishop, hears re-echoed through the Church in mighty response "God Save King George." The trumpets sound

goes to the Altar. Here His Majesty removes his Cap of State, kneels at the Altar steps, and the Archbishop asks of His Majesty a solemn promise to govern according to the Oath? and the King's deep voice again is heard replying, "All this I promise to do," and swears now to perform and keep his promise and signs the transcript of the Oath. The King signs the Declaration as prescribed by Act of Parliament after returning to His Chair.

The Communion Service begins, and the King, who has risen, is being disrobed by The Lord Great Chamberlain. His Majesty's Crimson Robe having been removed, the King himself removes his Cap of State. The Sword of State being borne before His Majesty by The Lord Great Chamber-



GIRL GUIDES IN CORONATION PARADE, MAY 12, PASSING UP DUCKWORTH STREET.
Maunder's Photo Finishing.

now and the King resumes his seat.

The Bishops bearing the Bible, the Chalice and the Paten place them on the Altar and proceed to their seats, and the Archbishop of Canterbury proceeds to the Altar where he receives Their Majesties' Regalia, (except the swords) and hands them to the Dean of Westminster, who lays them on the Altar. The Lords who bear the three swords stand by the King's Chair of State.

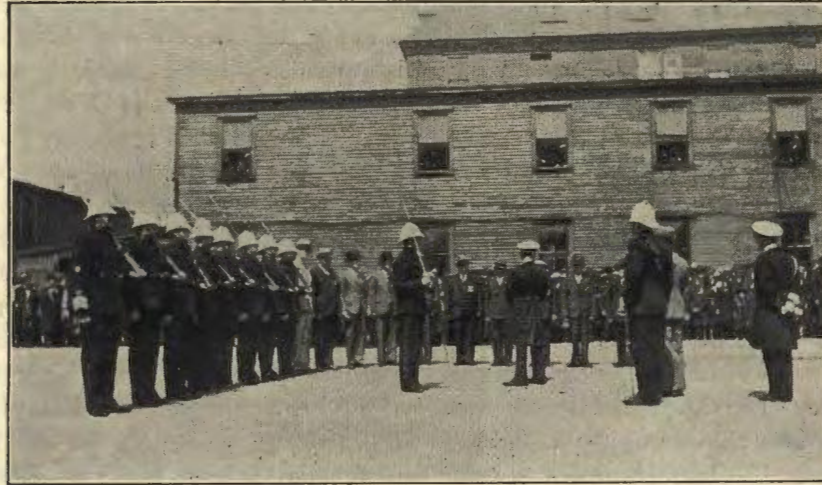
Here now is the stirring incident of the administration of the Oath to the King. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has proceeded from the Altar, is standing before the King and in a clear ringing voice is asking, "Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?" There is a short pause, and the answer of the King in a full soft voice floats to every corner of the Abbey, "I am willing," and rising from his Chair, with the Sword of State preceding him, he

lain, the King moves to, and seats himself in King Edward's Chair for the solemn Rite of Anointing.

Here is a subject full of real and hallowed history, for this Coronation Chair, with the old stone of destiny, adds much interest to the Coronation, even if a good deal of the tradition which has been woven into literature concerning the Stone is considered of less worth than the romantic poet who wrote the following lines seemed to consider it:—

"Except the fates be faithless grown,
And prophets' voice be vain;
Where e'er is found this sacred stone,
The wanderers' Race shall reign."

Here the four Knights of the Garter, as appointed, bear the Canopy of pure Gold Cloth and hold it over the head of the King, while the Dean of Westminster brings from the Altar the Ampulla from which he pours some Holy Oil into the anointing spoon,



POLICE CONTINGENT AND EX-SERVICE MEN INSPECTED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR
AT FORT TOWNSHEND, MAY 2, BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE CORONATION AT LONDON.

wherewith the Archbishop of Canterbury Anoints the King, after which the Dean of Westminster places the Ampulla and the Spoon on the Altar.

The King still kneeling hears the Blessing pronounced by the Archbishop, and then resumes his seat in King Edward's Chair, the Canopy of gold having been borne away by the four Knights of the Garter appointed to carry it.

Having been consecrated, the King rises from King Edward's Chair and is robed with the Colobium Sindonis and the Supertunica. This robing of His Majesty is a magnificent spectacle. First the Dean of Westminster robes the King (who stands before King Edward's Chair in scarlet underwear) with what appears to be a pure white priestly garment, and then arrays His Majesty in a Close Pall of Cloth of Gold not unlike a bishop's tunic, and having been girt with a Golden Girdle the King resumes his seat, and the Dean of Westminster bringing the Golden Spurs from the Altar delivers them to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who kneeling down places them against His Majesty's heels, and hands them back to the Dean who places them again on the Altar.

The Marquis of Zetland who has the Sword of State, which is far too massive to gird on any thigh, hands it to the Lord Chamberlain of the Household and receives from him another and lighter Sword in a Scabbard which has been handed to the Lord Chamberlain by the Keeper of the Jewel House. The Sword in the Scabbard is laid on the Altar by the Archbishop who receives it from the Marquis of Zetland.

The Archbishop takes the Sword from off the Altar, and being assisted by the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London and other Bishops,

brings it to the King and delivers it into His Majesty's right hand.

The King standing up now is girt with the Sword by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and as this function is completed His Majesty resumes his seat while the Archbishop says, "With this Sword do justice," &c.

Now we see an impressive and beautiful incident of the ceremony. The King rising from the Chair and ungirding the Sword moves to the Altar, before which he stands a solemn shining figure, an emblem of virtue, expressing kingship unmistakeably and loftily while he hands back the Sword, after which he returns to and sits down in King Edward's Chair.



"THE LONG BRIDGE."

The thoroughfare, from Water Street to the Southside, crossing what is known as "Job's" or "The Long Bridge," has been named St. Mary's Street as a tribute to the people of St. Mary's Parish and in commemoration of the Coronation.

The Sword which the King has handed back is redeemed now for 100 shillings by Lord Zetland, who on receiving it again from the Dean of Westminster, withdraws the blade from the scabbard, handing the scabbard to the Groom of the Robes.

The Armill and the cope-like Royal Robe of Cloth of Gold are placed on the King who is now standing. The Dean of Westminster performs this Rite and the Lord Great Chamberlain fastens the clasp. The King resumes his seat, while the Archbishop having received the Orb from the Dean of Westminster delivers it into the King's right hand. His Majesty returns the Orb and the Dean brings it back to the Altar.

The keeper of the Jewel House has brought the King's Ring to the Archbishop who puts it on the fourth finger of the King's right hand and the Dean of Westminster bringing the Sceptre with the Cross and the Sceptre with the Dove delivers them to the Archbishop.

It is now that the Glove, presented by the Lord of the Manor of Worksop, is put on the King's right hand by the Earl of Lincoln who kneels at the King's feet as Deputy for his father the Duke of Newcastle. The Archbishop afterwards places in the King's right hand the Sceptre with the Cross and in His Majesty's left hand the Sceptre with the Dove.

The Archbishop returning to and standing before the Altar lifts and lays down Saint Edward's Crown as he repeats a prayer, and with the Archbishop of York and Bishops moves from the Altar, and the Archbishop receiving the Crown from the Dean of Westminster and standing before the King who is seated in King Edward's Chair lifts the Crown above the King's head where he reverently holds it for some seconds and then slowly lowers its glistening sacred mass until it rests on His Majesty's head.

The shouts now of "God Save The King" from thousands of voices in the Abbey reverberate through the sacred edifice, but still audible above this mighty shout are the sweetly sounding notes of the trumpets. The Princes and Peers now put on their coronets, the King is Crowned.

The Archbishop pronounces the prayer, "God Crown you with a Crown of Glory," and the choir sings, "Be strong and play the man."

The Archbishop who has received the Bible from the Dean of Westminster attended by the Archbishop of York now presents it to the King, and His Majesty hands back the Bible to the Archbishop who places it on the Altar.

The blessing is pronounced and the King rising

from the Coronation Chair ascends the Theatre where he is Enthroned by the Archbishops and Bishops.

The Sceptres are now delivered by His Majesty to the Lords who are appointed to bear them, and the Archbishop kneeling before the King pronounces the words of Fealty for himself and the other Lords Spiritual who kneel and say the words after him. The Archbishop kisses the King's left cheek, after which the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Kent respectively pay their homage to the King and are followed by representatives of the other Peers of the realm who pay homage.

The Act of Homage being over now the drums beat and the trumpets sound and the congregation cry "God Save King George, Long Live King George, May the King live for ever."

The Archbishop has returned to the Altar.

The King's Coronation Ceremony was full of majestic and soul-stirring splendour, but now a scene of transcendent beauty begins. The Queen rises to move towards the Altar to be Anointed and Crowned.

A lady of great personal charm, the Queen as she moves attended by the Mistress of the Robes and other graceful ladies who bear Her Majesty's train, create a spell-binding effect, an enchantment which embellishes the mellow glory of the Chancel of the ancient Abbey. Here is a fitting climax to the grandeur of a Coronation Ceremony.

Having reached the Altar, the Queen kneels at the steps while the Archbishop prays, and rising at the conclusion of the prayer Her Majesty goes to the faldstool, which has been placed between the Altar and King Edward's Chair, and here Her Majesty kneels, while the four Peeresses appointed for the service, who are the the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Rutland, the Duchess of Buccleuch and the Duchess of Roxburghe, hold a canopy of pure Gold Cloth over Her Majesty while the Archbishop anoints her.

The Anointing Rite concluded, the Canopy is borne away. There is the beautiful figure of the Queen, arrayed in her Coronation Robes, kneeling to receive her Ring from the hands of the Archbishop, before her standing at the great Altar with its priceless plate and Royal Regalia, while immediately behind Her Majesty is the beautiful old and mystic Coronation Chair with its Stone of Destiny. The beauty of the scene is enhanced by the costumes of the members of the Royal Family who occupy the Royal Gallery and Box on the south side, and the Lords Spirituals in their time-honoured and strik-

ingly impressive vestments seated at the north side of the Chancel make a picture of magnificence immediately in view of His Majesty's Throne, never surpassed in history.

The Archbishop puts the Ring on the fourth finger of Her Majesty's right hand.



THE QUEEN MOTHER: HER MAJESTY QUEEN
MARY, IN CORONATION ROBE,
JUNE 22ND, 1911.

The Archbishop now takes the Crown from off the Altar and reverently sets it on the Queen's head, saying, "Receive the Crown of Glory." The Princesses and the Peeresses now put on their coronets.

The Archbishop places the Sceptre with the Cross in the Queen's right hand, the Ivory Rod with the Dove in her left hand, saying the prayer, "O Lord the Giver of all Perfection."

The Queen rising now, attended by her ladies as before ascends the Theatre, bowing to the King as she passes his Throne, is conducted to her own Throne, just on the left of that of the King.

Their Majesties having delivered their Sceptres to the Lords appointed to bear them, the King's Sword being borne before them, the King and Queen go to the steps of the Altar, and removing their Crowns, deliver them to the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Chamberlain of the Household. They kneel down while the Bishops deliver the Paten and Chalice to the King, which the King delivers to the Archbishop, who places them on the Altar.

The King still kneeling makes an offering of Cloth for the Altar, and Ingot of Gold, a pound weight; the Archbishop receiving these, places them on the Altar.

The Queen now makes her oblation of an Altar Cloth and a mark weight of Gold.

The King and Queen now partake of Holy Communion.

Their Majesties receiving their Crowns from the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Chamberlain of the Household, repair to their Thrones.

From their Thrones their Majesties rising pass into St. Edward's Chapel, where the King is disrobed of the Robes of State, and being rerobed in his Robe of Purple Velvet by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Procession having been formed in the same order as on entering the Abbey, except that the Bishops who had carried the Bible, the Chalice and the Paton, remain in the Sacarium, and the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster also remain in the Sacarium. The Representatives of the Church of Scotland and the Free Churches, and the Domestic Chaplains and Chaplains remain in their seats, while their Majesties wearing their Crowns, the King bearing in his right hand the Sceptre with the Cross and in his left hand the Orb, and the Queen bearing in her right hand the Sceptre with the Cross and in her left hand the Ivory Rod with the Dove are conducted through the Choir to the west door of the Abbey, to return in State to the Royal Palace.

Thus I saw Crowned Britain's King and Queen whom God preserve.

"Unbroken be the golden chain,
Keep on this Line for ever."



AFTERMATH AND PROSPECT.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.



His Majesty King George VI.

'MID Northern Seas proclaimed, anointed, crowned,
With solemn gorgeous rites, our King and Queen,
Hold sway o'er lands in South and East, and West
Within the borders of the Commonwealth
Scattered across the seas, in many climes,
In all the continents, in isles innumerable;
And on that Day by Science' magic voice
Thrilling across the ether could be heard
By all their people, clear the very voice
Of Him who took that day upon himself
These weighty obligations, so to reign
As in the sight of God and man to be
Accounted worthy of this deep and vast
Tremendous undertaking; and the prayers
Of countless millions wafted to the Throne
Of God above, beseeched such strength for him
That he might keep his vows unfalteringly.
Nor less the gracious Lady at his side,
A sharer in his life, his work, his task,
Aspired to bear due part in all his toil,
His care for those beneath his sceptre placed.



Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth.

Our King and Queen, and many millions more
Far placed—among the vast Antipodes;
Where Canada fills half a continent;
Or amid India's millions—heard that day
Joyous acclaim from those assembled hosts
Who cheered the long procession till the air
A thousand leagues away seemed to vibrate
With the long echoing shout of English throats
That hurtled round the world.

So we rejoice
And while rejoicing gird our spirits' loins,
(Our Empire, one and indivisible)
To march with the bright Red Cross Flag above us
With Liberty our guide, and God our strength
Into the land of Peace for all mankind,
Founded on justice and on equal rights
For every land, while Freedom's sun on high
At blazing noon withers Dictatorships
And melts oppression's chains; till man stands up
Broad-fronted, open eyed, with lifted brow
In God's great golden sunshine, proud and free.



THE EXPLOITS VALLEY ROYAL STORES, LIMITED, GRAND FALLS.

Pictured above is the new Departmental Store, erected at Grand Falls for The Exploits Valley Royal Stores, Limited, who fittingly observed their 25th Anniversary of Merchandising in the town by its erection and occupation.

Architecturally and otherwise it is generally conceded to be the finest shopping centre in the country, and the largest outside of St. John's.

No expense has been spared and no detail overlooked in making the new store the leader in its field.

The building has a frontage of 130 feet, having a basement running the full length and half the width. The rear and both ends are of molded concrete blocks, while the front is of poured concrete, forming a series of panels sep-

parated by gradually tapering concrete shafts, bevelled at the top to match the curbing of the roof. The panels being hammered to give a hewn stone effect, contrast beautifully with the pure white shafts. There are two main entrances consisting of two sets of double doors, separated by aliminite bars.

A view of the interior reveals everything up-to-the-minute, beautiful fixtures in all departments, the grocery being a dream of spotless plate glass, shining marble and polished oak, and in the meat and fish market is installed the most modern "Frick" refrigerating plant in Newfoundland.

It's a building of which any modern town may be proud, and no doubt will be appreciated by the shopping public of Grand Falls and vicinity by their generous patronage.

The Coronation in Newfoundland.

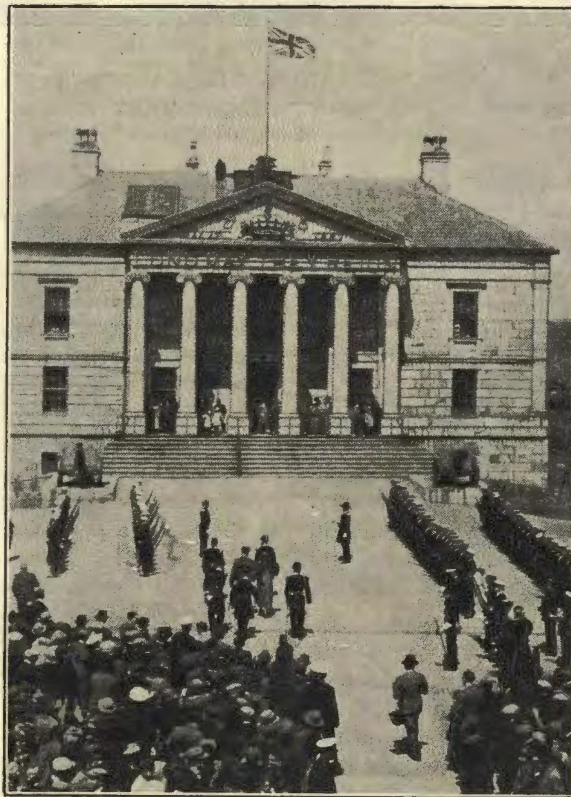
The Ancient Colony Rejoices.

By W. J. Browne.



IN common with all the other parts of the British Empire Newfoundland joyously celebrated the Coronation of King George VI. and his Queen Elizabeth on Wednesday, May 12th, 1937. Not only in St. John's, but all over the country, even in remote villages on the sea-coast, there were church services invoking the Divine Blessing on the new reign, parades, concerts, addresses of loyalty and banquets. The weather was

led by the Mounted Police followed by the Guards Band, Newfoundland Rangers, veterans of the Royal Naval Reserve and of the Newfoundland Regiment, Church Lads' Brigade with Naval Company and Old Comrades, Old Comrades of the Catholic Cadet Corps and the Mount Cashel Band; Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Salvation Army Bands, Students and Staff of the Memorial College, Officers of the Benevolent Irish Society, Newfoundland British Society, Total Abstinence Society and



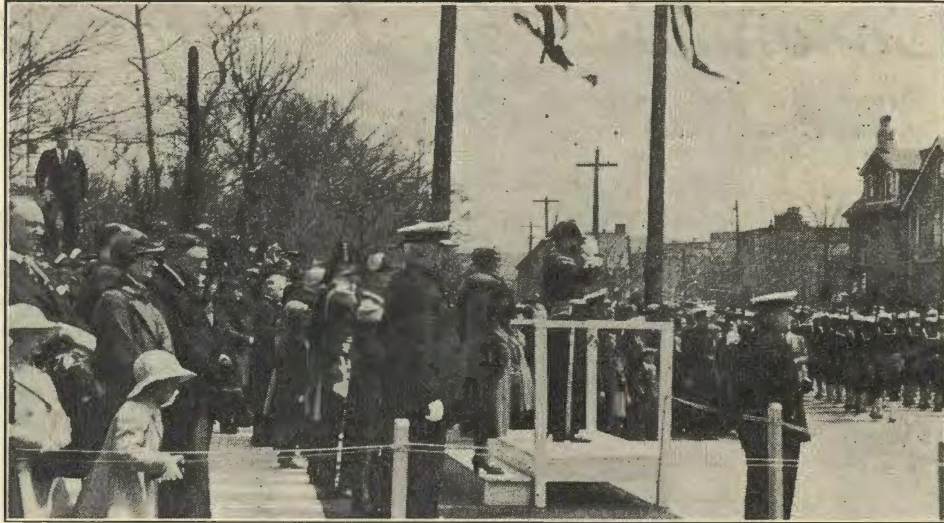
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR INSPECTING GUARDS OF
HONOUR FROM H.M.S. SCARBOROUGH AND U.S.S. PORTER
IN FRONT OF COLONIAL BUILDING.

Photo by Ern Maunder.

royal on that memorable day with sunshine and blue sky and fine westerly breezes helping to make everyone feel happy, jubilant and gay. For weeks before the event, Committees had been preparing plans and making arrangements to enable all the people to take some part in the Celebrations, and in many places all who were able to do so, took an active part. The whole country was en fete and all went merry as a marriage bell. Coronation Day was the happiest day for most people in many years.

In the capital there was a magnificent parade, a mile long,

Juvenile Branch, Lodges of the Sons of United Fishermen, Sons of England and Loyal Orange Association. Opposite the Colonial Building Naval detachments from H.M.S. Scarborough and the U.S.S. Porter, with the C.L.B. Band joined the head of Parade. The Parade began at Fort Townshend and marched down Military Road. At the gate of Government House on a special stand, His Excellency the Governor, attended by a large suite including the Members of the Commission of Government and the officers of the visiting warships, took the Salute. Thousands of persons, including many who had come from out of



HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR TAKING THE SALUTE AS THE CORONATION PARADE PASSES REVIEWING STAND AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE WESTERN GATE.
Mauder's Photo Finishing.

town, followed the Parade until it finally dispersed at Fort Townshend.

Various addresses of loyalty were presented at Government House to be forwarded to His Majesty the King. There were addresses from the various Societies, Memorial College, Great War Veterans, the Law Society, Board of Trade, The Newfoundland Conference of the United Church, and from the citizens of St. John's.

The whole city was aflame with flags, and many of the business stores on Water Street were most artistically decorated. Never before, it is safe to say, have citizens taken more personal interest, pride and pleasure in a public demonstration of loyalty. The humblest home flaunted its flags, the poorest child sported his modest medal or rosette or ribbon. Even the houses were dressed up, and, as for the motor cars, they were like flying clouds of red, white and blue.

At night the public buildings, the war-ships in the harbour and City Hall, the Society buildings, the mercantile establishments, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and hundreds of private homes were illuminated with thousands of lights. From the upper Battery the City looked more romantic and beautiful than ever. In the afternoon there was an At Home at Government House, and in the evening a Reception was held there: both events were attended by large numbers of citizens. There was a fireworks display at Quidi Vidi Lake attended by great crowds. There was a continuous line of motor cars all around the lake and the enclosure on the North side was filled with hundreds of others.

In the afternoon His Excellency the Governor turned the first sod for the erection of a new North wing to the Sanitorium. For the remainder of the week the display of rejoicing evoked by the Coronation continued. A special Committee arranged a concert, bus drives and a dance for the crews of the visiting war-ships, and there were two football games and basket-ball games between city teams and representative teams from the Scarborough and Porter.

On May 13th, His Excellency broadcast an address to the School children in which he announced that they would each be given a Souvenir Coronation Medal, and that a gift of playground equipment had been made to the City orphanages and to Victoria and Bannerman Parks.

Despite all the depression and personal anxiety felt in many households Newfoundland showed a spontaneous, unanimous and enthusiastic outburst of rejoicing and loyalty on this occasion. Our people have always been proved of the fact that our country is the foundation stone of Britain's overseas empire and of the part that Newfoundlanders have played in preserving it against its enemies. Pride in our heritage and love for the land of our ancestors produced on the great occasion of the Coronation of Our Sovereign the most devoted and sincere expression of good will and good wishes for His Majesty and His Queen.

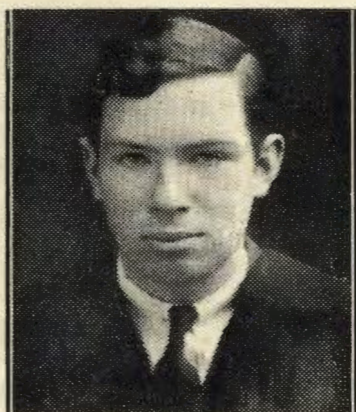
God Save the King!
Send him victorious
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save the King.



Successful Students at Memorial University College.

AMONG the prize winners for some years past, the name of Douglas Darcy has been found at the top of the list at the annual distributions of St. Bonaventure's College. In the final year, he succeeded in snatching from a group of brilliant rivals in other institutions, the coveted Junior Jubilee Scholarship and this feat he accomplished though he was but one year in the Matriculation class.

Studies did not claim his whole attention. In the very year in which he won the Scholarship, he secured the Victor Ludorum in the Intermediate division. What effort, time, and skill this athletic triumph demanded only those who have competed with him can fully adjudge. He has been prominently associated with intra mural games in all forms of sport.



MR. DOUGLAS DARCY,
SENIOR JUBILEE SCHOLAR.

Especially proud of his brilliant attainments in both athletics and studies were his fellow-members of the College Orchestra, pianist for which he has been since the inception of this cultural activity a few years ago.

Severing with regret the ties that bound him to his Alma Mater, in 1935 he entered the Memorial University College. In the June examinations of the present year, he secured first places in Latin, Greek, Chemistry, and Mathematics and second place in English, thus earning for himself the Senior Jubilee Scholarship, the highest award in the power of the Memorial University authorities to bestow.

It is with pleasure THE Nfld. QUARTERLY extends congratulations to this outstanding young student and to his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Darcy, Bond Street. The Scholastic records of Douglas, and indeed of his two brothers, Joseph and James, must be for them, as for their teachers, a source of deep gratification and of justifiable pride.

THE first of the two Memorial University College Scholarships for this year was awarded to Miss Margaret McGrath, former student of the Academy of Our Lady of Mercy. A daughter of the late R. T. McGrath, she comes of a family with an outstanding record for its achievements in the intellectual field. Margaret's sister Helena (now Mrs. G. A. Frecker) entered the Memorial University College with the Jubilee Scholarship, and became its first graduate. Rev. Richard McGrath, now attached to St. Patrick's Church of this City, entered the Memorial University College with the Junior Jubilee Scholarship. Her other brother, Rt. Rev. W. C. McGrath, at present Prefect Apostolic of the Canadian Catholic Missions in China, is one of Newfoundland's great sons.



MISS MARGARET MCGRATH.

In Miss Elizabeth Evans we find another distinguished alumna of the Academy of Our Lady of Mercy. Besides achieving splendid results in her examinations, Miss Evans was prominent in the extra-curricular activities of the College, not only in her capacity of Laboratory Assistant, but as an active member of the Students' Council.

Mr. Eric Reeves, the recipient of the second Memorial University Scholarship, comes from Flat Island, Placentia Bay, where he received his early education. Mr. Reeves was a member of the Engineering Class, and the high order of his work promises well for his future. The Engineering graduates of the Memorial University College have a fine record, both at the Nova Scotia Technical College and at McGill University. It is only two years ago that James Howley, present Rhodes Scholar, won the prize for general excellence at the Nova Scotia Technical College. We feel confident that Mr. Reeves will also bring credit to himself, his College, and his Country.

To all these young people THE Nfld. QUARTERLY extends its warmest congratulations.



STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL AT MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, 1936-37.

Top: G LeGrow, Miss A. Easterbrook, Miss E. Evans, E. Cheeseman.

Bottom: E. Shea, Miss M. Godfrey (Sec); G. Clarke (Pres.); M. Bishop (Treas.), Miss M. Barron.

Harbour Grace History.

Chapter Fourteen.

By W. A. Munn.



THE matter of greatest importance for Newfoundland at the beginning of the last Century was the determination of all to obtain Responsible Government, and the efforts put forward during many years by our leaders to gain that object. Every District took part, and while Dr. Carson of St. John's was the pivot on many occasions, it may well be said, that Harbour Grace and Carbonear, with their important friends in the Old Country, accomplished wonders.

It was a vessel that arrived at Carbonear from Poole that brought the first news, that the British Government had granted

1826—Population of Newfoundland now 55,000 inhabitants.

1828—Newfoundland School Society—Evening Schools for adults and youths. The second Newspaper—"Weekly Journal"—Thomas W. Ball, Publisher.

1831—Third Newspaper—"Conception Bay Mercury"—W. S. Comer, Publisher.

1832—Dorcas Society instituted; Rev. J. Burt, President and Treasurer.

1833—First Election for House of Assembly took place.

1834—First start of the Public Debt. A modest loan of £1,000 was raised locally. Population of Newfoundland now 70,000 people.



LADY LAKE, HARBOUR GRACE—WHERE THEIR ANNUAL REGATTA IS HELD.

Photo by R. T. Parsons.

the request to the many petitions sent them from our inhabitants for local legislation. The news was quickly sent to St. John's, but the majority all thought it was too good to be true. We did not obtain all that we had asked for, but it was a great step forward. For many years there were terrible riots at election times, and many a man's life was in danger. Intimidation at the Polling Booths was used to such an extent in Harbour Grace that the election had to be suspended, but law and order eventually prevailed.

1813—Rev. F. Carrington and W. Lilly were appointed Magistrates for Harbour Grace.

1818—Was the coldest winter ever experienced in Newfoundland.

1820—The first Newspaper—"Rising Sun"—by John J. Ryan, Jr., was published in Harbour Grace.

1823—The Friendly Marine Insurance Society, under the Management of James Crawley, was started.

1825—The Merchants Society instituted; Thomas Ridley, President.

1835—The whole country was shocked by an affair that took place on Saddle Hill. Henry Winton, the Editor of the St. John's "Public Ledger," was visiting Harbour Grace, and while proceeding on horseback from Carbonear was seized by four masked men who cut off his ears. A large reward was offered for information, but the delinquents were never revealed.

1837—Petitions sent to the House of Assembly requesting that roads be built from Harbour Grace to Riverhead, and to Island Cove, also down the North Shore of Conception Bay. Nothing their but dangerous foot paths. Light House built on Harbour Grace Island.

1838—Legislation granted \$175,000.00 for building roads.

1840—During elections Thomas Ridley, while trying to keep order, was hit on the head and nearly killed. Joseph Soper, Manager of one of the oldest Mercantile firms, retires from Harbour Grace to reside in Plymouth, England. He carried on quite a Branch establishment at Grady, Labrador. Captain Neddie Pike, one of Puntton & Munn's earliest dealers, and greatest seal killers, arrived at Harbour Grace, 17th March,

with a full load of seals. He made three trips to the Ice this spring bringing in 15,000 seals, a record to that date. The following comes from a Local Poet in after years:—

"Then I saw that grand old man,
Whose locks were silvery white,
Who hunting seals was ne'er deceived,
The brave old Neddie Pike."

1840—Public Library and Reading Room established.

1842—Thomas Ridley and John Munn were both elected to represent Harbour Grace in House of Assembly.

1844—Grammar School opened; John Irving Roddick, Principal. Disasterous fire, 24 houses burnt, including Thorne Hopper's premises valued at over \$125,000.00.

1845—Captain William Punton dies suddenly at Aberdeen while superintending the building of a foreign going vessel for the firm of Punton & Munn. John Munn, passenger on Mail steamer from Liverpool to Halifax, lands in a boat at Cape Race.

1849—The brig "Glide," Captain Pike, with 49 passengers, leaves for New York with some of the staunchest and most industrious citizens with the intention of settling in Wisconsin,

come with him to Newfoundland, and in spite of all the protests and tears of her friends, she ran away with him and got married. The Harrisons were a wealthy and aristocratic family, and must have eventually forgiven her, as we find her relatives visiting Newfoundland, and the firm in a few years was called Ridley, Harrison & Co.

John Munn went to Brigus in 1838 and married the eldest daughter of William Munden, who was the Prince of the Seal Killers, and as tradition goes was the leader and pioneer at the seal fishery among a galaxy of able men. He had a great opinion of John Munn, who must have followed his advice, as he became very fortunate at this business.

William Donnelly came out a Tradesman to Bay Roberts. He fell in love with a daughter of John Fergus, a Scotchman who carried on business there. The family were greatly opposed to the match, but he got her out through the window, and they eloped in a boat to Portugal Cove, where they were married.

There are many of these love stories to be related, and I will tell some more later on, about the son of Thomas Ridley, who married the niece of Governor Darling, and John Munn's



PORTUGAL COVE, CONCEPTION BAY.

United States. The brig "Hebe," Stapleton Master, with 70 respectable house keepers, left Carbonear for the United States. Methodist Church burnt.

Romances.

A few personal words about the leading men, who took a prominent part in Harbour Grace affairs, will be appropriate.

As we have pointed out in former chapters, the leading men carrying on business had their homes in England, and came to Newfoundland in the early spring, and left again for England each autumn.

The Merchants now taking their place had come to the country as young men, with the intention of making their home in this Country with Head-Quarters in Newfoundland.

We find them selecting their Brides from the fair daughters of Newfoundland, and as soon as they could afford it putting up comfortable and handsome residences. In Brigus, where they had been very fortunate at the seal fishery, we find a great rivalry as to who would have the largest house. Many of these houses are still to be seen, and so well were they built they are eagerly sought after to this day.

The story goes that Thomas Ridley, while on a visit to Liverpool, fell in love with Miss Harrison, who was nothing loathe to

daughter marrying the Captain of the famous "Great Eastern" who laid the Transatlantic Cables so successfully.

Another romance that I must not omit; believe it or not, but the newspapers give us the fact that John Fitzgerald, the Manager of the Marine Insurance Club of Harbour Grace, married Miss Emma Garland twice on the same day.

Mr. J. I. Roddick, the Principal of the Grammar School, and Mr. Edward Quinton, long remembered as Chief in charge of Ridley's dry goods store, married two Miss Marten's of Port-de-Grave.

Ship Building Yards.

There were many ship building yards. The locality near Courage's Beach goes back to the very earliest times, and there is probably not a more suitable place for building large ships in the whole country.

Just inside the Point of Beach was a favourite locality, near where the Marine Railway is now.

Just west of where the Public Wharf stands to-day was where Punton & Munn built their finest ships—the "Rothesay," "Naomi" and "Arabella Target."

Many vessels were built on the South Side. The Long Beach there could be converted into a wonderful Dry Dock at small

expense. Hundreds of ships were built in other harbours round Conception Bay, but invariably you will find some small locality still called "The Dock," which was selected as the most suitable place for building and launching vessels, but in Harbour Grace there was a score of places, which shows what a real convenient harbour it was for this work.

The hardships that these sealing vessels had to undergo meant many losses each year, and the average life of a sealer was only eight years. It shows the necessity of continually building new vessels.

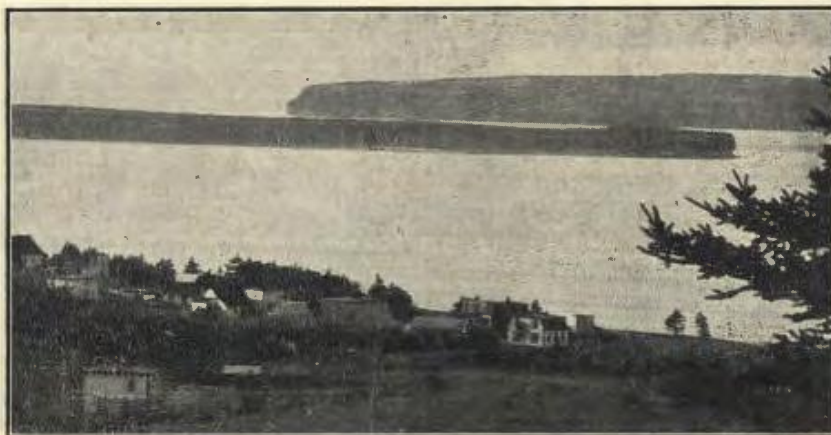
There were exceptions, and the following is well authenticated. We have already related what an exciting influence the building of the first hundred ton vessels had in the prosecution of the seal fishery in its pioneer days.

William Munden of Brigus not alone knew that his prestige was at stake in building this vessel about the year 1819 so much larger than the others, but he was determined to put extra good workmanship into her to rival all the others. He christened her the "Four Brothers," after his own four sons. In this vessel he was very successful, and she lasted his life-time. When he died

all knew her, as there were very few vessels that had carving like the 'Three Sisters.'" Not alone had she a fine figure head, but there was carving round her stern that the Frenchman, who now owned her, had gilded up in splendid fashion. This was not the last of this famous old vessel, now over fifty years of age. In 1872 she came into St. John's with a load of lumber intended for England, but she had received another bad drubbing, and ended her days in Newfoundland.

A good story can be told about the brig "Experiment," which was the second hundred ton vessel built to prosecute the seal fishery. She satisfied her owners that she was a good "Experiment" by bringing in 6,000 seals on her first trip. She made an historic trip to Quebec late one year, arriving home safely with provisions, when all expected starvation that winter, (a voyage that was long remembered). She met disaster on one occasion in the English Channel, when she was thrown on her beam ends and lost her Captain with part of the crew; but two of her sailors brought her safely into Poole.

During the next twenty years the majority of all the sealing vessels were built in Newfoundland; suitable timber must have



BELL ISLAND AND KELLY'S ISLAND, CONCEPTION BAY, AS SEEN FROM TOPSAIL.

in 1851 she passed into the hands of his son, Azariah Munden, who decided to rebuild her. I have the letter in my possession in which he writes to his brother-in-law, John Munn, in Harbour Grace, requesting him to come to Brigus for the week end, as he intended to launch the "Four Brothers," but as she had now changed hands, he was going to re-christen her the "Three Sisters," after his own daughters. I was anxious to find out how long she did last, and what happened to her eventually.

Her oil painting is well authenticated, and the light house just off her bow is the Edison Light House near Plymouth in the English Channel, showing that this painting was by an English marine artist. She had many Transatlantic trips.

In 1869 she was sent to Labrador to carry a load of herring to Montreal. I got the following from Capt. Alick Parsons, the master. "We arrived at Quebec in November, and just after reaching there a severe gale took her from her moorings up against a large Norwegian barque loading lumber for Europe. We had to cut the spars out of her that night, and she was auctioned next day as a total wreck. My crew and I left for Newfoundland. Judge our surprise to see the "Three Sisters" arrive at Harbour Grace next spring from Montreal with a load of flour. She had new masts, and a cabin built on deck. We

then been getting scarce, as we find many importations from Quebec, Prince Edward Island, Merimchi and Nova Scotia. Orders were then placed for many sealing vessels to be built in Prince Edward Island, many of which gave good satisfaction. This continued for another ten years, but the big catch of seals were dwindling. The sailing vessels were not so successful as formerly; then came the steamers in 1860.

Mines.

May, 1839—The first Geological Surveyor appointed for Newfoundland was J. Beete Jukes. We have a good diary of the work he accomplished in Newfoundland. One of the first places he went to was Harbour Grace, where a coal mine was reported. He states, "The Packet Boat had brought samples to St. John's, and I hurried across expecting to find at least 25 men digging at the outcrop of this bed of coals. I was taken to the blacksmith's shop, who said, he had got some of this coal from near Lady Pond. A lad undertook to show me the place, and as we proceeded we were joined by a strong escort of twenty people. After pushing through the woods we reached the margin of the Lake with a perfectly flat shore, and without any rock exposed. After dabbling in the water, I took some of the pieces of coal away with me, and after testing found them a

light spongy variety of bog-iron-ore. So ended my hopes of the Harbour Grace Coal Field." It is a pretty looking town with one long straggling street. Its population is about 3,000, and taking it altogether it has a more English and neat appearance than any other place in Newfoundland. It contains moreover a very decent inn, which at that time even St. John's was destitute of. He tells about visiting a landslide with Mr. St. John near a place called the "Grove." This subsidence was about 100 yards long, and forty yards across with a chasm 30 feet deep. The North Shore of Conception Bay is the most populous part of Newfoundland with upwards of 20,000 people. He had a small craft to take him around, and gives an interesting account of visiting many places. He went to the top of Cat Cove Hill (Harbour Main) also to the top of the Butterpot at Holyrood. He visited Kelly's Island and Little Bell Island, but what a misfortune he did not go to Great Bell Island. Was it the sport of Historic Misfortune?

In Anspach's History of 1819 we get some interesting facts about Harbour Grace that are well worth relating.

"There is an Iron Mine at Back Cove on the northern side

country from St. John's to Portugal Cove, also to Holyrood. There was also paths from Harbour Grace to Carbonear, and Heart's Content, but the principal communication was all by water in craft, and no regular communication was kept up.

The first good roads were built by Sir Thomas Cochrane, Governor. When Local Legislation was granted in 1832 we find a development of roads took place in all directions, particulars of which we will give later on. It is very interesting to follow the efforts made by the local packets belonging to each town arranging for dispatch of mails and passengers.

1806—We find Michael Doyle of Portugal Cove advertising that he has now a new skiff of six oars, and ready to take passengers across Conception Bay.

1822—John Murphy's packet lost while crossing Conception Bay, five lives lost.

1828—Thos. Ridley, of Harbour Grace and James Clift of St. John's advertise that the packet boat "Express" has undergone thorough repairs, and will continue to ply between Harbour Grace and Portugal Cove—Cabin Passengers 10s., Steerage Passengers 5s., Letters 6d. each.



VIEW GOING DOWN TOPSAIL HILL, CONCEPTION BAY.

Photo by A. G. Williams.

of Bell Island, near Portugal Cove, another on the high hill called the Look Out, on the back of the town of Harbour Grace. In this place there are two remarkable springs, which are considered of a mineral nature. One on the eastern boundary of Stetton's farm, the other about half way on the road from the Church to Riverhead."

Anspach was undoubtedly right about the Wabana Mine. I have often got my feet wet in this brook that flows through the Braehead property, now in the possession of Dr. Goodwin, perhaps he may tell us of its mineral qualities.

1848—Special mention should be made of a Slate Quarry started by C. F. Bennett at Port de Grave. Griffith Griffiths, William Jones, and other Welshmen made a gallant attempt. The slate proved small, and the locality was very much exposed in rough weather and had to be abandoned.

The Harbour Grace merchants started an excellent Slate Quarry at Random Sound where considerable work was done.

Mails and Passengers—First Communications on Conception Bay.

In a chart drawn up by Capt. James Cook and his successor Michael Lane about 1770 we find there were paths across the

Matthew Guzzwell advertises that the packet boat "Union" will go from Portugal Cove to Harbour Grace, Carbonear, Brigus and Port-de-Grave.

James Doyle of Carbonear states the packet "Dart" will carry passengers from there regularly.

1832—Great rivalry must have taken place this year, as we find the following competing for public patronage. Robert Oke of Harbour Grace has the packet, "Express." George Voisey, master of the packet, "Zephir" will leave Peter Brown's wharf at Harbour Grace. Edmund Phelan of Harbour Grace has the packet, "St. Patrick." James Doyle of Carbonear, the packet, "Native Lass." Maurice Doyle of Carbonear, the packet, "Nora Carina." S. W. Cousins of Brigus, the packet "Ariel." All promise regular communication with Portugal Cove.

1833—Special mention is made of the packet, "Nora Carina." having towed the wrecked schooner "Sylph" into Mosquito. The "Sylph" was loaded at Liverpool with a valuable cargo of English merchandise, and struck an iceberg in Conception Bay. The crew had left her, but the crew of the "Nora Carina" after a great deal of work got her safely into Mosquito, and secured a handsome salvage from the underwriters.

1836—The coach "Victoria," and a covered in sleigh during the winter, will meet the packets at Carbonear. When bringing a foreign mail to Harbour Grace, they would blow their horns with great vigor.

1837—Robert and John Hines of Middle Bight (Kelligrews), advertise they have a packet boat ready to take passengers at short notice to Brigus and Port-de-Grave.

1837—Andrew Drydale of Harbour Grace advertises the packet cutter "Express" will leave Harbour Grace regularly. Thomas Fleming with a handsome coach starts from Keefe's Hotel to meet arrival of all packets.

1841—Two passenger packets were lost in Conception Bay this year. The "Fxpess" of Harbour Grace and the "Ariel" of Brigus in a snow storm, representing £1200. One of them on Maiden Rock near Carbonear with loss of life. Dwyer's packet in same south-east gale reached Carbonear safely.

December 31, 1841—A meeting was held at Harbour Grace with John Munn as Chairman, making a strong effort to establish a Steamboat Packet between Harbour Grace and Carbonear, to make daily trips to Portugal Cove. The capital of the company to be £3,000; but they had to wait another ten years before it was accomplished, and steamers plied on the Bay. The prospectus says that the population of Conception Bay was then one-third of the whole of Newfoundland.

1842—Capt. Drysdale, of Harbour Grace, advertises the new "Express," built by Michael Kearney, and is now ready for the Packet service to Portugal Cove.

1850—Capt. Phelan, of Harbour Grace, master of the packet boat "Princess Victoria," was lost with all hands. He left Portugal Cove in a gale of wind, in September, to deliver a foreign mail. It is supposed he struck the rocks at the eastern end of Bell Island, as the wreckage came into the Cove the next day. The Captain, his eldest son, and two men were drowned. Local subscription of \$1000 was collected for the lamented relatives of these individuals.

1851—The s.s. "St. George" expects to make trips every second day from St. John's to Harbour Grace, Brigus and Carbonear. Edward Hennessey's "Vehicle" will run every day from Harbour Grace; fare 6s. 5d. Public meetings held at Harbour Grace Commercial Rooms. The Newfoundland Steam Packet Company is formed with a capital of £6,000.

1852—Packet steamer "Lady LeMarchand" arrives from Greenock, commencing regular service in Conception Bay. She had to return to the Clyde the following year for repairs.

1853—The s.s. "Ellen Gisborne"—A Company was promoted by Frederick Gisborne, of Telegraph fame, to run regularly from Harbour Grace.

October 4, 1857—The s.s. "Ellen Gisborne," recently undergoing repairs for a new boiler, was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon.

It was not all plain sailing with the first steam packets on Conception Bay. The steamship business was only in its infancy at that time, and while all recognized the possibilities, there was much to be learnt. Canon Smith, who lived for many years at Portugal Cove, could give us many anecdotes of—how the engines of these steamers would stop in the middle of Conception Bay. The engineer did not know what was wrong, and to the surprise of all, the engine would start going after a rest of half an hour.

1862—The s.s. "Blue Jacket," while relieving the s.s. "Lady LeMarchand," was burnt off Kelly's Island. Mrs. Foley, of Brigus, was rescued from the bowsprit. Engineer Henderson lost his life.

1866—The s.s. "Lizzie," of Harbour Grace, was built for this work at Pugwash, N.S. George Makinson was agent, and carried on this work very successfully.

1875—The s.s. "Lizzie" sank accidentally in Harbour Grace as the valves had been left open.

1877—The s.s. "Lady Glover," specially built in England, now took up this service with George Makinson of Harbour Grace. She continued this work till 1883, when the Railway was completed round Conception Bay. The "Lady Glover" was sold to a Company in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where she is still afloat renamed the "Amherst."

Harbour Grace Ferry.

1855—James McLean, of Island Cove, stands for Member at Elections. He promises, if elected, to have a Ferry Boat built to cross Harbour Grace. He was not elected, but that was the start for the local ferry. Warren built the first ferry boat for W. Fitzgerald. Captain Stevenson built the second, Charles Fitzgerald, master. Captain Alick Parsons, Levi and Alick Noseworthy had another ferry boat on this route.

1908—Captain Isaac Bartlett built the motor aux. "Muriel." The first ferry had its terminus at the Lime Kiln at Andrew's Hill, but the Public Wharf was afterwards selected.

Postal Matters.

1851—The following will show the efforts of Mr. William L. Soloman, who was then Post Master General in St. John's, to arrange the despatch of the mails around Conception Bay. Mr. T. H. Brooking, M.H.A., and he made this test to see what could be done. They left St. John's on horseback, having arranged for fresh horses as they proceeded.

1st stage—St. John's to Topsail	12 miles
2nd " Topsail to Flood's near Holyrood	14 miles
3rd " Ferry from Flood's to Chapel's Cove	1 mile
4th " Chapel's Cove to Brigus	15 miles
5th " Brigus to Harbour Grace and Carbonear	20 miles

They did this in nine (9) hours.

The ride from Brigus to Harbour Grace took them 2 hours and 10 minutes, but the ride from Harbour Grace to Carbonear, which is only three miles, took them 40 minutes. We must suppose the horses were getting tired.

Andrew Drysdale was first Post Master at Harbour Grace.

William T. Stantaford, first Post Master at Brigus.

Edward Hanrahan, first Post Master at Carbonear.



Plea for Peace.

By Gladys Pickett, 925 Quindaro Blvd., Kansas City.

Yes, still "the pen is mightier than the sword,"

And peace, the weapon of the truly brave;

So let the nations cease their clamoring,

Lest all be blown into a war-dug grave.

Let standing armies pause before they march,

And rulers for awhile change greed to thought

Of lordly legions of the centuries,

That slayed for selfish power that death soon bought.

Then they will see the shame of needless wars,

And dread to hear again the war-mad rave.

Yes, still "the pen is mightier than the sword,"

And peace, the weapon of the truly brave!

An Angler's Paradise, *The Gambo River, North of St. John's.*

*STREAM AND LAKE NEAR THE CAPITAL IN WHICH ATLANTIC SALMON
AND TROUT ABOUND.*

By N. Milton Browne.

ONE often hears the term "Angler's Paradise." The phrase is applied to summer resorts where you might fish a week and get scarcely a nibble. There are hundreds of such resorts the world over and none deserves the title. The one country where this angler's dream is certain of realization in Newfoundland, where best of good fishing for salmon and trout can be had on any of the countless streams that interlace the colony.

Last summer the writer fished some of the important of the Island's rivers and caught as many fish as desired.

In the first week of June, I saw two boys take 350 sea trout from the mouth of Robinson's river, on the West Coast. Later,

Accompanied by Dick Mosdell, executive of the Newfoundland Railway, I stepped off the train at Gambo in the blackness of an August morning, where we were given royal hospitality by that prince of sports and gentleman, Tim Kelly.

The day following we pitched our duffel into a motor boat and started upstream.

The first three or four miles of water are dotted with large stones which protrude above the surface, some of them to a height of several feet. The swirls behind these rocks provided excellent seat for salmon, and on the run-up we hooked into and landed innumerable fish.

At the river's outflow from the lake, are the remains of a saw



SALMON POOLS ON THE GANDER.

at Corner Brook, it was reported to me that a brace of fishermen took 250 from the stream that empties into the Atlantic at the foot of Blow-Me-Down Mountain, which is twelve miles out the bay from Curling.

At Northwest Brook, in Notre Dame Bay, I fished an hour and a half and landed 90 trout, a majority of which weighed over three pounds.

From practically every pool on the twenty-five-mile stretch of the Gander River large trout were landed—these taking the big salmon flies we were using.

A Prolific Stream.

But the objective of this article is to inform angler residents of St. John's, and villages on the East Coast, that they have within about 150 miles of the capital, the best trout and salmon stream on which it has been this writer's good fortune to cast a line—the Gambo.

mill and rock dam. The latter has all but been washed away, with the exception of the centre, which forms a sluice through which the water rushes with great force.

It was at this point that Edward Ringwood Hewitt, famous United States author, proved his contention that salmon always fight against the pull of the line. When a fish is hooked downstream at this point, the quarry rushes into the rough water below and wrecks the tackle. Mr. Hewitt cast upstream, and after a fish had been hooked, he threw a bunch of loose line into the water. The line, carried down by the current, exerted a draw on the fish, which rushed into the lake.

Our party enjoyed excellent sport at this point before pushing off on the two mile run through the lake to the Narrows, which connects first and second ponds. We kept on to Triton Brook, where there is an excellent camp.



NEWFOUNDLAND SALMON.



TROUT CAUGHT AT DILDO.

A Dream Realized.

Our destination was Riverhead, about a mile and a half above the camp. We had been told there was an August run of sea trout at this point, and were eager to try our luck there. At dawn the lake was mirror-like. Slipping the outboard motor to the rear of our boat, we were soon off on the last leg of our journey.

It was one of those mornings when nature, lavish in display of her alluring charms, spread her canvases of sky and land and waterscape—mount and vale and fen the lea—in a panorama to intrigue the beholder. The sun peeped over the crest of a nearby hill, bathing the scene in a glow of light iridescent and stimulating.

"What a morning!" hazarded Mr. Mosdell, and echo answered, "Yes what a morning!"

Beyond this observation, wrung by the beauty of the picture from an otherwise phlegmatic railway executive, the silence was unbroken, save for the chug-chug of the busy motor.

It was a happy and contented party that finally reached the

head of the lake, where anchors was dropped at the mouth of a tiny brook. The surface was strewn with widely-separated lily pads and, so far as we could see, there was no sign of a solitary fish in all that vast expanse of water.

Fish In Thousands.

Our tackle assembled, Mr. Mosdell decided to try his luck with Terra Nova and Parmacheene Belle as dropper. I pinned my faith to a Black Knot dry fly. The first cast disproved our conclusion that there was not a trout in the lake. Immediately the lures hit the water there was a rush from the bottom, and the fish bumped each other as they plunged for the flies. We fished little more than an hour, and landed one hundred and nineteen trout, many of which weighed over three pounds. Had we desired we could have filled the boat with fish.

On both sides of this stream, and along the lake shore, there are excellent camp sites.

We marvelled at the statement of a Gambo guide that less than half a dozen anglers had visited the stream during the summer of 1936—in truth, a deserted angler's paradise!



GOING UP GRAND LAKE.



SALMON FISHING.

❁ Majesty of Nature. ❁



By John Milton Smither.

MOLTEN pearl of dawn,
Ruby cliffs of sunset,
Silver-spangled night;
Majesty of Nature!

When the petals of dawn are unfurled,
And the cliffs of the clouds are impealed,
I am lifted and freed from the world,
For Paradise is near.

Leaden canopy,
Thunder-crash and shower,
Sunburst and rainbow;
Majesty of Nature!

When the sky is a turbulent plain,
With the thunder and crystalline rain,
And the arc with its colorful stain;
Then God I see and hear.

Tapestry of summer,
Harvest-gold of autumn,
Ermine robe of winter;
Majesty of Nature!

When the blossoms of summer unfold,
When the harvest is laden with gold,
Or the winter is etched with cold,
Then ecstasy is mine.

Molten pearl of dawn,
Ruby cliffs of sunset,
Silver spangled night;
Majesty of Nature!

The Old Path Yonder.

By John D. Wells.

THE old path yonder through the trees,
Through shadowy lanes of memories,
That cluster like the summer bloom
And stir with every vagrant breeze.

The path that wanders on and on
Where happiness and love have drawn
Their inspiration deep, and where
The best of life has come and gone.

The first we see the happy bride,
And next the toddler by her side,
To lead the tired toiler home,
Where happiness and love abide.

And next the laughing, prattling pair,
With wonder eyes and tossing hair;
The fairest, sweetest blooms of all
That fringe the little pathway there.

Then youth, that for a moment stood,
In ripened man and womanhood,
And curious, as Youth must be,
Of all that lies beyond the wood.

At length Ambition had its sway—
It called and lured the young away,
And led them down their childhood path,
And out of arms and sight for aye.

'Tis heavy now with bloom and scent,
And two old people sit content
To live in dreams of other days,
And watch the pathway where they went.



BAY OF ISLANDS.



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



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

ARTICLE XXVIII.

ST. MARY'S BAY, may be called the first bay on the Southern coast of the Island, as Trepassey Bay is not much more than a bight. It is a beautiful inlet, and no doubt the early navigators had it in their mind to honour the Blessed Virgin Mary, in giving the name to this lovely sheet of water. The name was a very popular one among the early pioneers of discovery, especially the Portuguese, whose country is placed especially under the Patronage of "Mary the Virgin." We have the name to a bay in Nova Scotia, and also to another small bay in Newfoundland near Kirpon.

lated on the French maps as "Pointe au Boulanger." There is a "Baker Cove" near North Harbour in Placentia Bay, and a "Baker's Loaf" near C. Bauld called from the resemblance of some boulder rocks. Under Baker Point or Head is a small cove where boats lie safely at anchor in certain winds. Just inside the Cape, west $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile is another cove called

Arnold's Cove

we have this name repeated in the bottom of Placentia Bay, but I have no idea of the origin of it.

About two miles to the S.W. of Cape Pine is the headland of



OFF THE "NARROWS"—UNDER FORT AMHERST.



A LABRADOR FISHING SKIFF.

There is a Cape St. Mary's in the South of Portugal in the Province of Algarve, and the Portuguese gave the name to one of the group of islands in the Azores as early as 1336, and I have no doubt that it was they who named our St. Mary's Bay, and Cape St. Mary's. The devotion of both Spaniards and Portuguese, to St. Mary was very pronounced and enthusiastic. The name of Columbus's vessel was the

Santa Maria.

This devotion was not confined to the Latin races but was quite as popular in England, and the whole country of England was dedicated the Vergin under the title of "Mary's Dowry."

Near Cape Pine a little to the east at the eastern point of entrance to St. Mary's is

Baker Head.

a steep bluff about 360 feet high. It is no doubt called after a man's name. The name still survives in Marystown, Placentia Bay, and elsewhere as a family name. But as in the case already mentioned of Tinker's Cove (Article XXVI.) it has been trans-

Cape Freels South.

In Article XI, speaking of Cape Freels North, in Bonavista Bay, I stated all that is known concerning the origin of this name which is Breton and is a corruption of the name C. Frehel a point on the coast of Brittany.

Inside of C. Pine are two coves whose names are somewhat difficult to trace, viz:—

St. Shotts and St. Shores.

Very unlikely as it may seem, I interpret these two names as corruptions of St. Jacques (St. James) and St. George's. In the broad and thick pronunciation of the Breton fishermen these names would sound to our English ears like S. Jock or St. Jots. An example of this particular transmutation of sound is found in the name Arishot, which the French (correctly) pronounce Arichac (or Arishock). The Bretons would pronounce St. George's as Saint Shoarge which would be easily corrupted into St. Shores.

There is next a very large bight in the coast between Gull

Island on the south and Cape English at the north. At the bottom of this bight are situated Peter's River and Holyrood Pond, of which I will speak immediately.

To go back to Gull Island. The shore is very bluff here and the place is the scene of many wrecks, the latest being that of the schr. C. B. Whidden, which occurred this past month, Thursday, 28th day of October, and the story of the rescue of the crew of which is so thrilling.

At Gull Island there is another bluff head bearing the name of **Spurawinkle.**

In Articles XV. and XXV. I have already spoken at length on this name. Some of the fishermen of the neighbouring settlement told me that the name was given by some persons from "the Norrid," probably from somewhere about Trinity. They said the Northern men called it "Spurawig."

From Gull Island the coast trends in eastwards. It is very steep and bluff and has been the scene of many wrecks. There is a cove called

am not quite sufficiently acquainted with the place to know whether the natural characteristics give any probability to such an interpretation. The French may have called it Riviere de Pierre and some Englishman may have translated it "Peter's River" instead of Rocky River. In the Exploits Valley, near Botwood, there is also a small bay called

"Peter's Arm."

The New Railway, just built by the A. N. D. Co., runs round this arm or harbour on its course from Grand Falls to Botwood. At Peter's River there is a settlement of some 70 to 100 persons. They are well-to-do fishermen and most daring and hospitable life savers. The heroic deeds performed by them for the past century lie unrecorded on the pages of the world's fame, and are only to be learnt from intercourse with this brave and noble people, and even then it is not easy to get them to speak of the deeds of prowess and heroism performed by themselves or their ancestors. They never have been heard of by the "Humane Societies." No gold medals have rewarded them; indeed they have often been maligned and attacked, and that by some of



FISHING SCHOONERS DRYING SAILS IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

Marine's Cove,

so called on account of a wreck of a frigate which occurred here many years ago. There were marines on board, hence the name was given to the cove. Among the wrecks which have made this place notorious were:

1—s.s. "Robert Low," 1872; 2—sailing vessel "Isabel," Feb. 22, 1881; 3—schooner, Dec. 2nd, 1881; 4—schooner, Oct. 30, 1882; 5—s.s. "Langshaw," June 1, 1883; 6—s.s. "Canima," Sept. 6, 1883; 7—s.s. "Gertrude," June 15, 1886; 8—s.s. "Fernholm," July 11, 1888; 9—s.s. "Delta," Sept. 13, 1889; 10—bgt. "Lontana," January 4, 1891; 11—s.s. Astrubal, June 20, 1892; 12—s.s. "Capulet," June 22, 1896; 13—s.s. "Arbela," June 10, 1898; 14—s.s. "Prodano," Oct. 2, 1899; 15—s.s. "Heligoland," June 10, 1900; 16—brigt. "C. B. Whidden," Oct. 24, 1909. At the S.E. corner of this bight the large river named

Peter's River

flows from a pond of the same name into the Bay. I have not been able to trace the origin of the name, nor who the Mythic or Mystic Peter may have been. In looking over some French maps, however, I came across what may be a clue to the name. It is there called

Riviere De Pierre.

This may mean either "Peter's River" or "Rocky River." I

their own countrymen as wreckers and plunderers. Sometimes, however, their noble deeds have been worthily appreciated, and I hope to be excused if I here break in on my voyage around the shore to quote a few words from a tribute paid to the people of Peter's River by the crew of the last wrecked ship to which I have already alluded, the "C. B. Whidden":—

"... Molloy piloted all to Peter's River, the kindly people made them take off their wet clothing gave them new and warm inside wearables, and all the people of the place treated them with the greatest kindness... their feet which were bleeding and swollen from climbing the cliffs were looked after. Both captain and crew say they will never forget the kindness of the people of Peter's River."

Among these unrecorded heroes stood out conspicuously until recently one whose name will be long remembered, I mean the late

Mickle Londregan

as he was familiarly called. He has passed from the scenes in which he ever took a leading part. He has braved the storm and fought the raging billows for the last time, and has now, we securely trust, entered into the haven of rest and perpetual calm. He was a man of powerful physique, and noble mein, and many stories of his herculean strength and great prowess are handed down among the people. He was a great favorite with the

"sports" from St. John's who came out annually to whip the streams or course the barrens. Once he went home to England with his wife who was ill. He created a great sensation by his splendid appearance and handsome face as he "walked down Piccadilly" or strolled the "Strand," looking at the shop windows. People stopped and turned to look at him. A photographer once caught sight of him and his artistic eye told him he had got "something good." He tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, Sir, I think you're a stranger. I'll give you a bob if you'll let me take your likeness!"

"All right, be gob," said Mick.

He used to show the picture with much pride, and I believe his genial countenance and distinguished figure may be seen to the present day adorning a show-window in the "Strand." Poor Mick died last summer and in a very sad manner. He fell over the dark stair-way at the General Post Office, and broke his neck. Yet as another proof of his great physical strength he lived for more than two days, though it would have caused instant death to an ordinary man. May he rest in peace!

In the N. E. corner of this bight or bay of St. Peter, is the very remarkable inlet of

confusion. It might be changed yet keep all its original meaning and interest if it were called either Sancroix or Holy Cross.

The Northern Head of the bight of Peter's Bay is

Cape English.

In writing of Cape Race (Article XXVII.) I have fully dwelt on this name.

On a very crude map in (Taverner) 1775 I find two names which I cannot verify at present, viz.: Chinkhole near C. Freels, and C. Mengloy, near C. English. This latter may be a mistaken attempt to produce the French C.L'Angloy (for L'Anglais).

Before coming to St. Mary's Harbour we have

Point La Haye.

It is an important point marking the southern entrance to St. Mary's, and has a lighthouse. La Haye on the River Venne, in Touraine, was the birthplace of Descartes, the famous philosopher. The name was, therefore, well known to the inhabitants of the Valley of the Loire, who were among the principal of our early colonizers. The name is the same as the German

La Hague,

a name become very familiar to us lately in connection with our Fishery Arbitration. It is the name of the capital of Holland.



ST. LAWRENCE.

Holyrood Pond.

It is remarkable as having been once an arm of the sea or deep harbour, and now in consequence of the mouth of it being entirely closed up by a high beach of rubble stones thrown up from the bottom of the sea, it is converted into a large salt water pond. The ebb and flow of the tide keeps open a small gut at the southern end, and the pond which extends into the land some ten or fifteen miles, is teeming with fish. The settlement of

Holyrood South

or Holyrood in St. Mary's Bay, is a very neat little village of over 300 inhabitants. It is the birth-place of some of our worthy old vikings and seal killers. Among whom I may mention Captain Barron, father of the late Pierce Barron, and the renowned "Terry" Hallern.

This name, being a repetition of the name of the better known settlement at the foot of Conception Bay, has to be qualified by some such term as Holyrood South, &c. This is a pity as it causes some confusion. In Article XX. I gave a full dissertation on the origin and history of this name. I also there mentioned that the principal family residing at this place now bears the name of Sancroix which is the French form of Holyrood, or Holy Cross. It would be well if the Nomenclature Committee would take in hand this name and change it so as to avoid

It means in Dutch (Den Haag) a fence or dyke. In English "Ha-ha" or "Haw-haw" a sunk fence or ditch. There is a very large Barachois at this place, and this may have suggested the name.

At the southern entrance to St. Mary's harbour is a point which the people call

Double Road Point.

At first I was puzzled as to the meaning of this name until, in conversation with one of the inhabitants, Mike Fagan, from whom I learnt a great deal concerning the names in St. Mary's, by listening attentively to the way he pronounced the word I got the clue to the name. It is

Double Rote Point.

The fishermen are accustomed, in foggy weather, to find their bearings by carefully listening to the rout of the sea on the shore, which they (very correctly) call rote, or rut. According to the nature of the shore, whether, sandy beach, gravel, rocky caves, and so forth, a different rote is made, and the fishermen are wonderfully expert in detecting their whereabouts by this sign. Sometimes the rote is deep and hollow, like the bellowing of distant thunder or of artillery, as the water rushes into deep caves, again sharp and shrill as it rolls over moving pebbly beaches; again hissing and seething as it creeps over a sandy

shore. This point at St. Mary's has a sort of cave or gorge or split in the rock, so that after the sea strikes and makes its first rote, it then rushes into the fissure of the rock and again striking, it produces a second rote.

Captain Fitzpatrice, of the s.s. "Portia," has suggested to me another and very plausible reason for this name. In about the middle of the entrance to St. Mary's Harbour, half-way between Double Rote Point and Crapeau Point on the north, there is a very good fishing "ground." It is called the Double Rote Ground, and the way to find it in a fog is to row out from the shore till you hear the two rotes one from Double Rote Point on the south, and one from Crapeau Point on the north, then you are on the "ground." The distance from point to point is about two miles.

Inside the Harbour of St. Mary's there are several interesting names. Certain black rocks which show above water are called

The Coal Pits.

It is said that when a storm is approaching the Coal Pits emit a strange wierd noise. Above these on the eastern side is a place with the remains of an old camp. It is called

Langley.

Tradition has it that an old Englishman lived here many years ago, in the time of the French possession. They called him "L'Anglais," the Englishman. This gave rise to the name. Above this still on the southern side of the harbour is a high bank, well wooded and where there are many farms and houses is a point called

Cook's Point.

This is the name of a bird of the duck species. Still I do not think the name is known in Newfoundland, and, moreover, I found a great uncertainty about the pronunciation of the word among the settlers, some calling it Cook's Point, some Goose Point, some Coors Point, &c. This latter seems to give the cue. The word is Course Point, pronounced by the people Coorse, and it is a sailing direction for taking the correct course on entering the harbour. On the north or west side of the Arm is a place called the

Graving Bank.

It is a sandy spit on which the French in olden times beached their boats. The name is derived from the French word Grève (pronounced Grave or grahve). Outside of this near the recently erected (and since abandoned) whaling factory, is a point called

Lizzie's Point.

This is a peculiar corruption of Ellis's Point. Inside of Crapeau Point there is a large arm running to the northward, which is named

Mal Bay.

This name is not as many think, derived from the French Mal, bad or ill, but from the word Malue which is a form of Molue, and this again from Morue, codfish. The name occurs in different forms on our coast, as Point Mol near Placentia. Although some may not be inclined to accept this derivation, yet there can be no doubt about it. At page 49 of the "Voyages of Champlain," dated 1603, we read as follows:—" . . . Puis nous vysmes une autre Baye que l'on appelle la Baye des Molues." (Then we saw another Bay which is called the Bay of the Molues).

In a note to this we read:—"Cette Baye est au Sud de Gaspe. "On l'appelle aujourd'hui la

Malbie.

Ce mot parait etre une corruption de l'expression Anglaise,

Malue Bay. Des l'an 1545 Jean Alfonse parle de la Baye des Molues, et de toute cette cote comme d'un lieu frequente depuis longues anuees pour l'abondance et l'excellente qualite de la peche. 'Et ce est le poisson,' dit il 'meilleur que celui de la dicte Terre Neufue.'"—Cosmographie Universelle.

(This Bay is to the south of Gaspé. It is at the present day called Malbay. This word appears to be a corruption of the English expression, Malue Bay. Since the year 1545, John Alfonse speaks of the Bay of Malues, and of all that coast, as a place frequented for many years, on account of the abundance and excellent quality of its fish. "And this is the fish," he says, "better than that of the said Newfoundland.")

Molue is a corruption of Morue, and this form is constantly used in Champlain and Cartier. On Champlain's grand map a veritable cod is shown under which is the word Molue. This Bay in St. Mary's Harbour is famous for its fish. There is another Malbay, at the mouth of the River of Ponds, on the West Shore, between Bonne Bay and Port Saunders.

The northern head of St. Mary's harbour is called

Crapeaud.

The meaning of the word is clear enough, but why it should be applied to any cape in this Island is not so clear as there are neither frogs nor trads in Newfoundland, (see Article XXIV. Torrs' Cove).

Some of the "Fishing grounds," about St. Mary's have rather peculiar names, thus, The Bowl, Cary's Ladder, Granny's Gulch, Bantam, Kittle's Bottom, &c, (see Art. XXII.—XXVI.)

In the middle of the Bay are two islands called Great and Little

Colinet Islands.

These are so called from a range of small serrated hills on the larger island. They are little more than hummocks. The islands give the name to the principal harbour at the bottom of the bay. The people from analogy with the word colonel call these islands by the name of

Curnet Island.

Prowse, p. 185, gives it as Coroneat, but he does not quote any authority. On page 320, Prowse quotes a Proclamation from Governor Palliser in which mention is made of one

Andrew Colinet,

a trader on the coast. He does not appear, though, to have been on the southern part of the coast. There are many other names in this bay which do not merit any special mention or which have been explained in previous articles such are Admiral's Beach, Mother Ex or Rex, now called by Rev. J. St. John, Regina, Mosquito, Salmonier, Cape Dog, North Harbour, Mussel Pond, Pirate's Head, foreshadowing some tale of treasure.

Haricot

is a name whose meaning lies hidden. There is a narrow passage between an island and the main land which rejoiced in the not over euphonious name of

Pinch Gut Tickle.

The Rev. Dr. O'Reilley's cultured ears were offended by this unpleasant name so he re-christened it

Assumption Passage

after the Religious Mystery of the Assumption of the Virgin. A rather amusing corruption crept in which somewhat spoiled the aesthetic idea of the learned clergyman for the people began to call it

Consumption Passage,

getting back somewhat towards its original nomenclature. The people of Regina, principally Daltons and Powers, are men of

gigantic stature. It is said that they never open a gate but walk over fences and gates with the greatest ease.

There is a pinnacle or "spear" of rock on the southern side of Colinet Island which bears the very musical name of

Dura Ling,

though what the meaning of it may be, or what language it may be, I cannot tell. It sounds somewhat like Celtic. On the west shore of the bay is a place called

Nancy Cann.

This is a corruption of L'Anse a Cann, or Cann Cove. The word cann I believe to be a French effort to pronounce the English word King, which they would pronounce Kang, with a nasal twang, which our English people taking up, would convert into cann.

On the west side of the bay are John's Pond, probably a corruption. Cape Dog, probably from the presence of seals or sea-dogs, or from the head at the entrance which from some points of view has the appearance of a Newfoundland Dog's Head. Somewhat inland is a round backed mountain named

Mount Sepoy.

This name is also mysterious. There is only a narrow passage between Great and Little Colinet Islands. On the Great Island is a head called Brimstone Head. The origin of the name I know not. On the Little Island is a remarkable rock which from its appearance is called

Horse's Head.

It is one of the numerous places in this bay which has a

Hidden Treasure Story Connected With It.

It is said that in days gone by a man named Paddy Mahony lived here in a solitary hut. It was revealed to him in some way that the treasure was to be found in a certain place. He commenced working, and as it was rather lonely and wierd work, he brought his daughter with him. She sat on a rock looking at him working. When he was coming close to the money, in fact just as his shovel struck something hard—and the iron-bound chest appeared exposed to his view; just at that moment he heard a great roar like thunder, and a scream came from his daughter. He turned around and saw a raging bull dashing from the woods and rushing, with tail erect and head down, straight for the girl who was sitting on the rock. The old man ran with shovel in hand ready to cleave down the bull, when it suddenly disappeared. But so had the chest also, and he saw at some distance from the shore a small boat rowed by one single man, and he was a huge blackman, and in the stern of the boat was a large iron-bound chest.

Coming out the Bay, on the northern or western side, is a small settlement named

Beckford.

The origin of this name is unknown. In Article X. I mentioned that one of the Outer Widham Islands is named Peckford,

which would seem to be the same name, and I suggested that it may be the name of an officer of a man-of-war or surveying ship.

Next comes the important settlement of

Branche,

a name which also awaits an explanation, the French maps give it as Les Branches, possibly woody. Outside of Branche come the following coves: Red Cove, Gull Cove, Lance Point, probably called from the presence of the small fish of that name, we have many coves so called all over the coast. There are three rocks some distance from the shore named the

Bull, Cow, and Calf.

Vessels may sail between them and the land. Near the land in this vicinity is the celebrated

Bird Rock.

It is like a piece of the cliff riven from its place and standing out alone. It is always covered with myriads of birds, gulls, gannets, &c., so that its top looks as if it were covered with perpetual snow. Between this and Cape St. Mary's is

Golden Bay,

another place famous as the traditional site of hidden treasure. The last story connected with it dates about thirty years back (1879). Two strange looking men appeared at the place, having walked all the distance from Placentia. Each of them carried a bag on his back, apparently loaded with something heavy. They took Tom. Downey of St. Bride's with them as a guide or pilot. He brought them to the place called Redland, so called from the purple colour of the porphyritic rock of which the cliffs are formed. This Redland is indented by a cove, which from time immemorial has been known as Golden Bay. The tradition is that many years ago some pirates landed and buried gold here. As soon as the men laid down their bags, and took certain measurements, they began to dig, having come provided with tools, picks and shovels. They availed of the services of Tom. Downey for a certain time, but when they got down a certain depth they sent him off to Branche, some seven miles away, on the plea of getting a bottle of rum. When he came back he found them tying up their bags. They had emptied out what was in them, and he saw it was only stones. They started back to Cape St. Mary's carrying the bags still on their backs. They had brought them merely as a blind, lest the people, seeing them come empty handed and going back loaded, might be roused to suspicion. Tom. Downey is still alive at St. Bride's, and can vouch for the truth of this story. I had it also confirmed by Mrs. (Captain) Fitzpatrick. She was a little girl at the time, and was living at Cape St. Mary's. She remembers seeing the two strange men and hearing the story. The men made their way back to Placentia, where they remained the winter, and it is said they were lavishly generous with their money. What became of them afterwards I have not heard.

Next article will treat of the Grand Bay of Placentia.

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Real Estate and Loans on Real Estate	1,050,533.76
Interest, Rents and other Assets	164,594.62

\$54,906,194.29

LIABILITIES

Provision for unpaid claims	\$ 1,127,222.06
Reserve of unearned premiums	8,255,807.72
Provision for taxes, other liabilities	1,340,847.50

TOTAL	\$10,723,877.28
Cash Capital	6,000,000.00
NET SURPLUS	38,182,317.01

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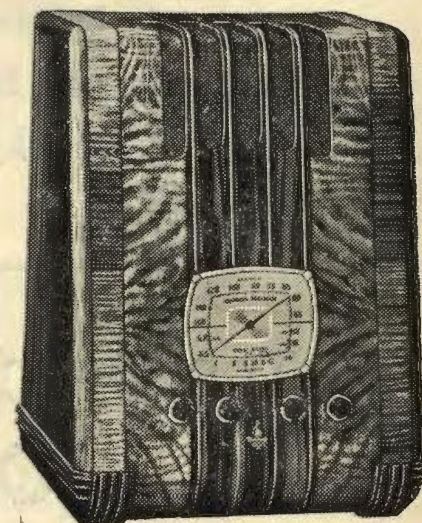
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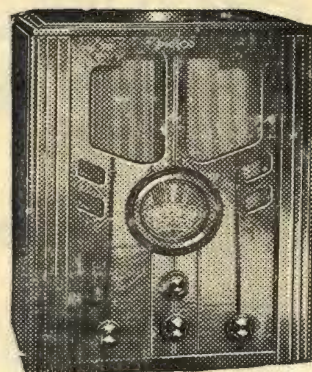
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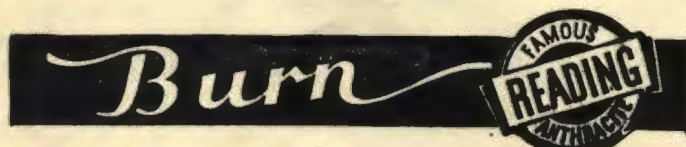
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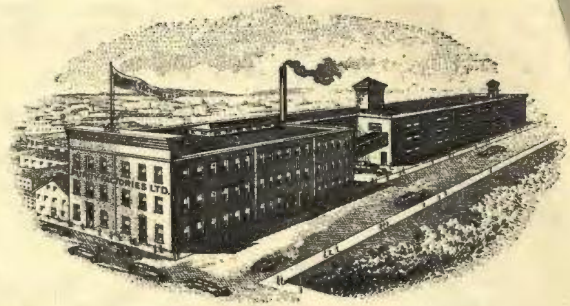
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