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Isthmus of Port au Port.

This Photo was taken from the Peninsula side.

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Harbour Grace History.

Chapter Eighteen—The Cricket Clubs.

By W. A. Munn.

NOTHING succeeds like success, but success is only won on failures, and the man who never failed has never done anything.

Cyrus Field had succeeded, but his success was short-lived. No sooner had the messages passed between the Queen of England and the President of the United States, but the electric cable showed signs of giving out and it soon went dead. All the toil and expenses had gone for nothing. Many believe it was only a hoax, but the British Government gave proof that it was a bonafide.

Public opinion was paralyzed at this failure, and it took five long years to revive before another attempt was made. The cable manufacturers in England now made the generous offer to take half the expense for another trial. It was claimed with good reason that it was a national concern and the Governments should guarantee assistance.

After the Civil War in the United States was over encouragement was held out and, happily, work began again.

Confidence was restored. Cyrus Field, who had crossed the Atlantic thirty-one times in this arduous service, was again in charge. They secured the "Great Eastern," the largest ship afloat, with Captain James Anderson in charge.

In 1865 new cables, double and treble the size of those of 1858, were placed aboard one ship, instead of two as on former occasions.

The "Great Eastern" had a weight of hull and cargo almost as great as the whole fleet that Nelson commanded in the Battle of Trafalgar.

The following verse comes from the "Signalman's Song," heard on every occasion during this voyage of the "Great Eastern." It will show the enthusiasm of all aboard to make a success of this great work:—

"We 'ave travelled about a bit in our time,
And of flashes seen a few,
But the greatest flash at the present time,
Is to flash the cable through.
We 'ill sink all strife in this castle of life,
While laying the cable through.

CHORUS:
"Then love a shipmate as yourself,
We all have something to do,
Never sit down with fear or a frown,
While laying the cable through."

Everything was progressing satisfactorily but another disaster occurred within six hundred miles of Newfoundland. The cable broke in a depth of water two and a half miles. It happened about noon when Captain Anderson was taking his observations and, so carefully were they taken, that he marked on the chart within half a mile of where they subsequently picked up the cable grappling. For nine days they remained there, but they did not have sufficient power to bring the cable to the surface, although they caught it three times. They had to return to England, but all recognized what could be done.

1866—The following year the "Great Eastern" sailed again with a new cable, and landed it safely at Heart's Content. Captain Anderson then took the "Great Eastern" to the spot where the cable had broken the year before. He grappled for it successfully, spliced it, and returned to Heart's Content. This appeared so incredible that one could hardly believe it. The Cable Company had two cables working satisfactorily.

The "Great Eastern" was now employed in Atlantic Cable work for several years in charge of Captain Robert Halpin, who had been First Officer with Captain Sir James Anderson. Captain Halpin was a frequent visitor at Harbour Grace, and married Miss Jessie Munn, the youngest daughter of Hon. John Munn. He made a great success in this arduous work of laying the Cable.

Newfoundland came in for very prominent notice in these trans-Atlantic voyages, which were one of the wonders of the world. Newfoundland was the stepping-stone, being just about half-way between Europe and New York. It was something new to everyone, and the ablest minds saw the possibilities, but were so often baffled that only a very few believed that it could be accomplished. The staff officials, that came to live in Heart's Content, were an able crowd and the social intercourse, which resulted from the intermarriage of several chief officials with the Harbour Grace ladies, gave that town a close intercourse that remained for half a century.

One of Capt. Halpin's officers, F. W. Golder, R.N., resigned from the "Great Eastern" to take a prominent position in John Munn & Co's employ as ship's husband. He was a genius for inventions, which met with great approval during the next twenty years in Harbour Grace and elsewhere. He was the inventor of the Patent Anchor, now in general use with all large

steamships, whereby the anchor shaft comes through the Hawse Pipe. He made other inventions that will come in for notice later. Now we must get back to important business matters that were happening in Harbour Grace business.

Hard Times.

The failure of Codfishery during the sixties was now having a serious effect on the trade of the Country in all directions. We hear of many failures in St. John's and elsewhere.

The first sign of improvement in the fishery is in 1869 A notice appears in the spring of 1869 that, notwithstanding the disasters that had occurred in recent years, the well-known firms of Ridley and Munn were not curtailing their planters, but that great caution had to be taken in issuing supplies on credit and this necessitated economies in all directions by the different planters.

We have already seen that Rutherford Brothers were forced to ask for extension of payments and now find they were forced to compromise with their creditors.

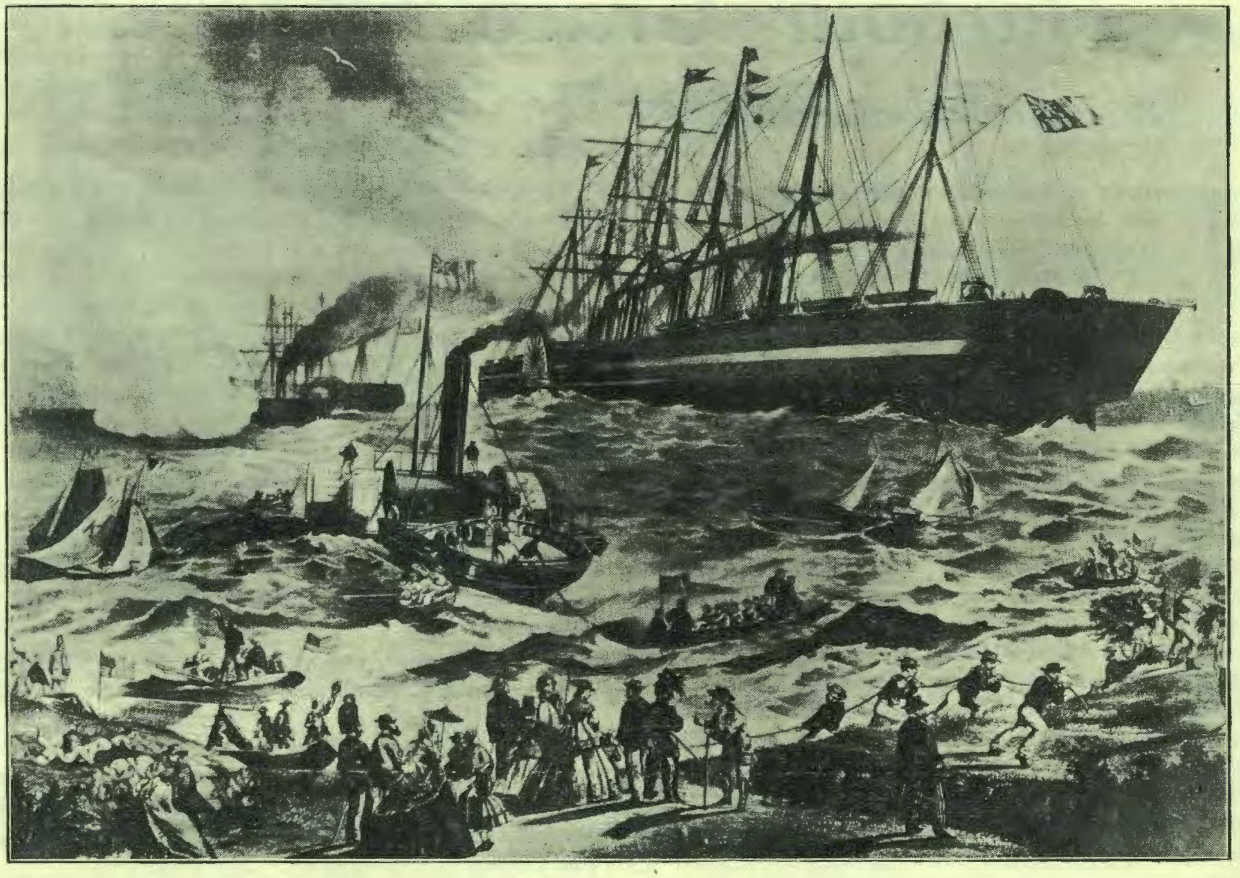
October 14th, 1870—As the fishermen were all returning from Labrador they were stunned to learn that Ridley & Sons were forced to put up their shutters. This sudden suspension was a bolt from the blue and caused consternation with many who were depending as usual for winter supplies.

A letter in my possession from St. John's says: that a gloom had gone over the whole City, when they heard that Ridley was in trouble. They all looked on that firm as one of the main outlets for Spanish fish. The year before this firm contracted sales and shipped not less than 80,000 quintals to the Spanish markets.

November 2nd—Mr. Ridley stated in the Harbour Grace Court House to his creditors, that he had lost three hundred thousand dollars during the past few years in general trade. Happily a compromise was arranged and strong efforts were made to keep the business going, but it was only for a short time, and in 1873 they were declared insolvent and sold out.

We find that the same fate occurred to Rutherford Brothers. James Murray who was appointed trustee for Rutherford sold their premises to J. & R. Maddock of Carbonear for $20,000.00

1874—We often hear the well-known proverb that it is "the darkest hour before the dawn," and this is just what happened. The fisheries showed a revival in all directions, and the year 1874 showed the largest catch of fish that Newfoundland had ever made in any one year. The days of cornmeal and molasses were a thing of the past, and all looked forward to a continuation of prosperous times.



THE LANDING OF THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE AT HEART'S CONTENT IN 1866
BY S.S. "GREAT EASTERN," THEN THE LARGEST SHIP AFLOAT,

The merchants that had fought through this terrible depression found their planters ready and willing to pay up old scores, and with fairly good markets the trade in Newfoundland was on its feet again.

Hon. John Rorke, of Carbonear, took over Ridley's two principal Labrador Stations, at Venison Island and Francis Harbour, and worked them most successfully for over fifty years.

Very few can realize to-day what these important centres on Labrador meant to the Conception Bay fishermen frequenting that Coast. The Agent of the firm in charge of these places looked out for the hundreds or thousands of men under their control. If a vessel was lost, the Agent had to replace it, and every man in trouble came to him for advice. This Agent knew everyone intimately, and he arranged for the supply of salt and necessary provisions, and found the vessels required to take their fish to market.

One small mail steamer was employed by the Government to visit the important places during summer, but all the business was done by sailing craft. There was no Marconi at that time, and every firm had to look after its own affairs, and motor boats were unheard of. The vessels that prosecuted the sealfishery were utilized at once to take the crews to Labrador, and it was not uncommon to find many vessels with 150 to 200 men and women aboard for the trip down to Labrador, and back again with their household furniture. These Labrador Agents were important men. Richard Hall of Harbour Grace was Ridley's head man, and had a worthy name, which is still well remembered. Everyone had confidence in him, and when he was taken suddenly sick, with pneumonia and died on 8th of September, 1871, it caused consternation among all the dealers. Everyone thought the world of Richard Hall, and it is said that his greatest competitor, William Bendell, an Englishman from Poole, who was Agent at Battle Harbour, put his flag at half-mast and kept it there until the flag blew away, so much did he feel the death of Richard Hall.

The Labrador Coast extends for one thousand miles from the Straits of Belle Isle to Cape Chidley. Its codfishery had been extended in a remarkable way by the merchants and planters of Conception Bay, principally, but others were interested as well. A book could be written about many of the Harbours, and how this fishery was developed during the past century, that would read like a fairy tale.

Cricket Clubs in the Sixties.

We have already mentioned the Boat Races that were started in 1860, and which were often continued for three days in a glorious picnic, at Lady Lake, when the town folks had a slack time awaiting the results of the Codfishery.

The ball game that was the most in evidence was Rounders, which the boys were ready to practise at short notice, and which laid the foundation for the present Baseball, which is the national game for North America at the present time.

The grown-ups were not to be denied, and the famous old game of cricket was introduced by the young men from the Old Country. The Englishmen play cricket wherever they go. It has been their ambition in the antipodes to send a team that would rival Dr. Grace and the best men he could gather at the "Oval" in London. You had to obey the "Rules" in cricket and follow the decision of the Umpire, and the old saying heard so often "Play Cricket" was the rules of an Englshman, which meant "fair play" for all.

John Cathrae, in Punton & Munn's employ, formed the Alexandria Cricket Club. It was he who introduced Round Arm or Overhead Bowling into Newfoundland as the early method was underarm bowling, and the man who bowled fastest was the greatest hero. John Cormack of Bay Roberts, the Captain of their Club, although of medium size, must have been very strong as he sent heart failure into many a batsman, and is known to have broken two wickets in one "over."

It is said the Harbour Grace team made as many as ten byes in "one over" as he did not get the wickets on every occasion. The Bay Roberts' team had to put two long stops when he was bowling. Many a man in after years could show a crooked finger which was a reminder of Cormack's bowling.

It is said that Sandy Bannerman, the Photographer, was the hardest hitter. He was a big red-headed Scotchman. He was also the wicket-keeper, and a smart man at that as will be shown shortly.

Tom Quinton was another very hard hitter and often ran up a good score. I can remember him in one of the matches when fielding "long off" for his team. The batter had sent the ball sky-high, but Tom was watching for it and caught it single-handed at arm's length over the fence. It drew a shout from all "Hurrah, for Tom!" He afterwards became the Rev. Thomas Quinton the Missionary to Battle Harbour, Labrador, which Doctor Grenfell took up in after years.

W. P. Munn was an enthusiastic cricketer, but not a skilful player. He kept them enlivened with practical jokes. His son, John, made up for his playing in after years, as he was one of the Oxford XI. when studying at England. He was a left-handed bowler and, with an overhead eccentric twist, he astonished may of the best players, when finding their wickets were down; John often won the "hat trick." He was a good batsman as well and was, undoubtedly, the finest cricketer ever produced in Newfoundland.

In the early days it was a gala time when the St. John's Club sent their best men to Harbour Grace for a trial of their skill. Too often they came in a patronizing sort of way, as they had a much larger crowd to draw from and expected an easy win.

In a match at Harbour Grace, still remembered, St. John's Team won the toss and decided to go in first, and, as usual, their best batsman started.

We will call him George. He was a handsome chap and the beau ideal of the ladies. As he swaggered out slowly twirling his bat, his chums cheered him: "Now George, show those fellows how to play." He leisurely took his stand, got the Umpire to give him centre; he was now prepared for the first ball. John Cathrae gave him one of his slow, overhand balls. It was an easy one. George stepped out to meet it but he missed the ball, and before he could get back to the crease, Sandy Bannerman had him stumped. "Out!" said the Umpire, and George retired with a duck's egg. The second batsman was no more successful, and in an incredibly short time the whole St. John's Team were out for fourteen runs. The Harbour Grace Team then took the wicket and ran up 75 runs.

The St. John's Team went in for their second innings but, notwithstanding their best efforts, they could not overtake the score of the Alexandria Club.

A return match was played later in the season when Harbour Grace sent their team to St. John's

The Harbour Grace Team went in first and made a fairly good score. The St John's Team then took their turn. Bob Hayward, a lad of fourteen, was fielding square leg and had the good luck of catching out three of their best players. Their last man was one of them and they were then within two runs of equaling the Harbour Grace score when the Umpire shouted: "All Out."

The St. John's Team felt very badly at being beaten by boys, as the crowd told. They say it was Jim Walsh and Sandy Rankin that restored order but the second innings never came off.

In the St. John's Cricketing records of their noted players and famous matches in St. John's, very special mention is made

of the Rutherford boys from Harbour Grace who got settled at the wickets together, changing of bowling made no difference, those two boys kept the St. John's Team running all day.

Bob and Sandy Rutherford had just returned from studying at Edinburgh High School. The same school that Sir Walter Scott attended in his younger days and which King Edward VII. attended when he was a boy.

Sandy Rutherford and Munden Allan in 1870 won respectively, for boys under 15 years of age "the long jump" and the "quarter mile" at this College's Annual Games. Munden's Silver Mug can still be seen in Harbour Grace with his name engraved on it.

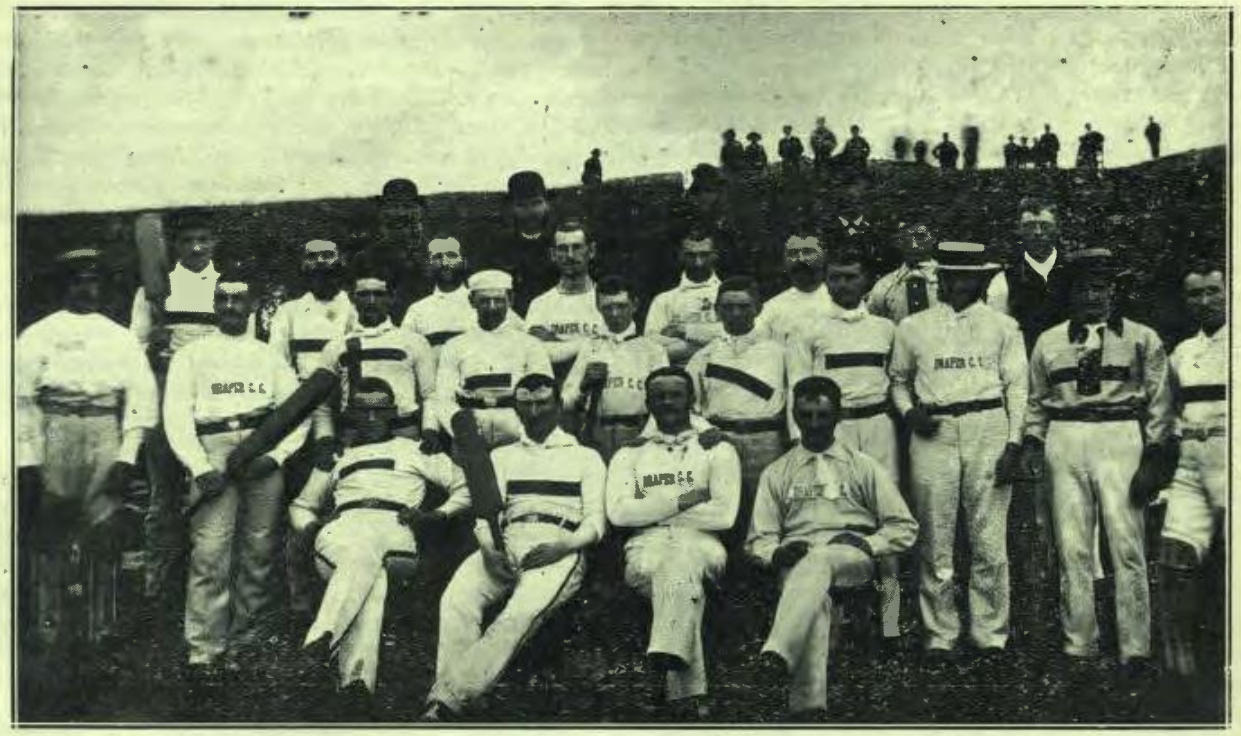
There were many of our Harbour Grace boys who went to the best Public Colleges in England and Scotland. There were eight of the Munn's and Paterson's who went to Merchiston Castle in Edinburgh and one of them was on the Champion Football Team when they beat every college in Scotland.

Dr. Paterson, the recent President of the Veterans of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, often tells us of learning drill there on their Cadet Corps, who were attached to the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade. His school chum was Jim Craig, afterwards Sir James Craig, now Lord Craigavon, the Prime Minister of Ulster, who is still fighting for North Ireland against DeValera.

I must get back to the Cricket Team for Conception Bay, whose men were equal and better than any team in the British Provinces. Among the famous ones was Cathrae, Longwill, — Taylor, Alf. Mullowney, Robert Brown, Will Donnelly, Jas. Worrall, Will Squarey, R. Pringle, Tom & Will Henderson, Tom Ross, O. V. Travers, Jos. Pike, Sandy and Bob Rutherford, George Paterson, George McLeod, John Tapp, Harry Shortis, Wm. Carson, Hugh Youdall, Robert Dow, R. D. McRae, Tom Quinton, Sandy Bannerman, Selby Allan, Henley Moore and, above all the Scotchman Kerr who was a real good all-round man.

Carbonear had a good team with Dr. Nelson, a very graceful bowler, also George, Arthur and Harry Peach, George Nicholl, Badcock, Taylor, Simpson and Burbridge. J. Shave, a brilliant player, came later.

Bay Roberts—The terrific bowler was ably assisted by Robert Simpson, Harvey Green, John Jardine, Costigan and others.



HARBOUR GRACE CRICKETERS OF 1886—DRAPERS vs. GROCERS.

Top Row—Thos. M. Cairns, Richard Rutherford, Samuel Fogwell, James Jarvis—Umpires.
Second Row—Joseph Ross, W. Ward, N. Pike, E. Parsons, W. Davis, — Mullally, E Meach, Arch Hall.
Third Row—N. Munn, John Murphy, E. Beach, C. Hutchings, J. Coats, F. Bennett, F. Hiscock, A. Parsons, Herbert Parsons, Hedley Taylor.
Front Row—Mart. Hall, A. Taylor, Henry F. Fitzgerald, Geo. H. Badcock.

Brigus had a famous player, Knight.

Portugal Cove had an Oxford graduate, the Rev. Mr. Cuyler, who was of splendid physique and always in demand for cricket matches.

There were always two large tents for important matches on the Alexandria Park. Two brass bands would be in attendance, and the St. John's Team brought Bennett's Band to cheer them up. The lady visitors were numerous.

These were happy and prosperous times in Conception Bay, when Harrison Ridley, W. P. Munn, Will Donnelly, Robert Walsh, W. H. Thompson, and others were ready to back the local team on every occasion. There was a fusilade of popping corks in those tents and not all spruce beer. I could mention

scores of others that took part, but the above were the best players.

In a match between Harbour Grace and Carbonear a tragedy came very near; Burbridge, who fielded point had a habit of coming too close to the batsman. Will Squarey, who had stepped out to meet the ball, found the end of his bat had removed two inches of Burbridge's nose, completely altering his facial expression. They say Burbridge never played cricket again after that unfortunate accident.

When a Man-of-War or Cable Ship arrived at Harbour Grace, it was the signal for a challenge. On one occasion, the cable-ship s.s. "Minia" Capt. Walsh accepted, as he had some good men. He got Harry Shortis who was telegraph operator at Harbour Grace to help him make up his team foi the electricians. Bob Allan was the youngest one on the Harbour Grace Team but he made the best score for the day.

The amusements in the short summers are not numerous, but they never missed a chance for a whole day, after the speckled beauties. Swimming was another favourite occupation. In the Fall of the year the many rifle men kept their eye in hunting for partridge, snipe and plover on the New Harbour Barrens.

Before closing this chapter mention must be made of many important events that had happened during the past ten years.

1862—The shore fishery that Summer was disastrous. Crews of fishermen between Carbonear and Bay Roberts did not average one quintal per man. Small Pox was prevalent. The well-remembered Dr. William Dow took charge of the town and stamped it out. Poverty was very prevalent but no crime was reported.

1863—The seal fishery for Harbour Grace vessels was good, with saving trips for all, except one blank. The heavy stone wall was built that year at Kerry Lane and around Ridley Hall.

1864—Material was laid for the Patent Slip at Ship's Head. Owing to a landslide, the Lighthouse at Harbour Grace Island was moved back by Michael Kearney.

1867—Sixty-nine sailing vessels left Harbour Gaace for the seal fishery, which was fairly good, but owing to a heavy storm half these vessels were lost. Only thirty-four arrived home safely.

The s.s. "Mastiff" took a cargo of fish in drums to Brazil but, owing to the difficulty of getting coal there, she came back under her own sails.

Dr. William Munden Allan returned from Edinburgh University on the schooner "Scotia," Captain Bursell. This vessel was lost two months later with all hands.

1868—Heavy snow-fall and intense frost. Said to be the worst since 1815.

The new Roman Catholic Cathedral is dedicated.

1869—Potato crop is blighted and almost a total failure.

1870—March 6th, there was an unprecented absence of snow during this Winter.

1866—W. J. S. Donnelly, of Harbour Grace, sent the first business message in the new Trans-Atlantic Cable costing $100. What a difference in the price to-day!

1866—Alex. M. McKay, in the sealing str. "Bloodhound," raised the Cable about halfway between Cape Ray and Cape Breton, repairing it successfully.

1843, February 14th—Mention is made that Thomas Ridley, M.H.A., had arrived home on Saturday night from his Legislative Duties, having crossed the Bay from Portugal Cove in an open boat.

It is little wonder that we find the Outport Members were fighting hard to have Legislation carried on during Summer when they had to run such risks in mid-winter.

BALLADE TO SONGS.

By Ann Williams.

A TINY bird sang songs to me
And as he sang he made me feel
The whole of his sweet rhapsody;
I felt my wounded spirit heal
Without the scars that sorrows deal;
For God alone, could put such gold
Into winged notes and thus reveal
Abiding love for all the fold.

Each time I watch a little tree
Lift up its arms to heart-leafed toil,
I pray that it may grow to be
Both full of life and have the zeal
To conquer storms with limbs of steel;
Then when the years have made it old
May it be used where people kneel—
Abiding love for all the fold.

A falling star's brief melody
Is sung but once, then must congeal
Its molten notes; for Destiny
With patient hand has laid the keel
Then built the bridge and set the wheel
Of Life for every thing; with mold
Of time the changing forms unseal
Abiding love for all the fold.

ENVOY.

Oh Hand, that makes my heart chimes peal
With songs still new though oft retold,
Let skeins of harmony unreal
Abiding love for all the fold.

Silent City.

By Alma Robison Higbee.

A SILENT city sleeps
Where shafted marble keeps
The dreams of those who lie
Where russet ivy creeps;
The bending willow weeps
Beneath the hazy sky.
A gray squirrel nimbly leaps
Among the stones where heaps
Of leaves are brown and dry.

I passed along that way
When shadows of the day
Had grown so still and tall,
Each bough a leafy spray
Had caught an elfin ray
Of sun; the high stone wall
Foreboding, dark and gray
Held all the autumn day,
And twilight covered all.

There in the afterglow
I watched the shadows go
Like ghosts on quiet feet,
The wind stole to and fro
Nor stirred the grass below;
Within this dim retreat
The hours, lifting slow
Wrapped sunset's amber flow
And made a dream complete.

RUBBER AND ROMANCE

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

RUBBER, which is described as an elastic vegetable substance, plays a familiar part in this mechanical age, having had a most phenomenal rise to importance during the last half century.

Though Columbus, during one of his visits to South America, was somewhat amazed by the very elastic quality of black heavy balls with which the native Indians were in the habit of amusing themselves, and which he found to be made from a vegetable gum (the substance which we know as rubber) the first introduction into commerce in Europe of this vegetable gum was three centuries afterwards. And it was then marketed as an efficient eraser of black lead pencil marks, hence the name rubber; but to the student of recent history rubber has a much more comprehensive meaning than the mere removal of pencil marks. To him rubber is a commodity very largely responsible for the change in the world's method of transport, resulting in an almost total removal of the easy going road travel of fifty years ago and replacing this by the terrific speed of the modern motor car. And he notes that it was also rubber which helped in no small measure to make air transport, which is a still more formidable means of speed travel, a successful proposition.

Rubber latex originates as liquid in very fine ducts or tubes, formed naturally in roots, stems, branches, leaves and fruit of a variety of trees found in tropical countries. This liquid when specially treated, after being drained from the trees, solidifies into a cohesive elastic material, thereby becoming endowed with characteristics which are of the utmost service to the present age in its quest of and adherence to speed in travel.

Rubber when drained from the tree is in appearance similar to cow's milk, but possesses about three times as much solid matter, and is obtainable from trees of various botanical families, but nearly the whole of the world's commercial rubber is supplied by the tree known as Herea brasiliensis belonging to the family euphorbiaceae, the latex of which frequently yields 90% rubber of good quality.

The quantity of Para rubber demanded in the markets of the world being much greater now than the supply obtainable from the forests of the Amazon. Herea brasiliensis trees have been planted and cultivated in Ceylon, Dutch East Indies and Malaya, where some grow to the height of 100 feet and have a trunk girth of more than 12 feet. The usual height of a rubber tree, however, is between 60 feet and 80 feet.

The leaves of this type of rubber producing tree are three-lobed, with long segments, narrow and tapering at each end. The flower of the tree is rather inconspicuous, being pale green, while both male and female bloom is borne on the same tree.

TAPPING A RUBBER TREE.

The fruit of a rubber tree of this family is a capsul which contains three seeds of oval shape, having a matted smooth brown coat. When ripe the fruit explodes violently, and ejects its seed to a distance sometimes more than 20 yards beyond the tree's shadow.

The structure of what is know as the bark of the rubber tree is of great importance in the production of the latex, because of the ducts, about 0.00015 inch diameter, in which the liquid is contained.

The trunk of the tree may be thought of as proportioned into wood which is the inside material and the outer covering bark, and between this bark and the wood are cells which form a layer about as thick as a sheet of paper and is known as the combuim. When the bark is removed this shows up as a slimy covering to the wood of the trunk. Next to this slimy coat and embedded in the soft portion of the bark are the latex tubes, very few of them being found in the harder strata of the bark.

Cultivated rubber trees reach the tapping age in from 5 to 6 years after being planted, and trees on most rubber estates yield about 30 lbs. of rubber per annum per tree. Trees of course

yield their greatest quantity of rubber at the age of 7 or 8 years.

The tapping of rubber trees to draw off the latex is an undertaking which calls for great skill and caution, since it is important that the spiral groove, which is carved deep into the bark and which follows a corkscrew course down the trunk, must not be cut deep enough to endanger the life of the tree, but be sufficiently deep to cut through the latex cells and drain these tubes which lie in the bark, of the liquid which is to be led downwards by way of the encircling groove to the base of the tree, where it is trapped by a bowl placed at the termination of the spiral channel.

Since 1930 a patent process has allowed rubber to be transported from the estates in liquid form by rail to the docks and then by ship to England.

For the first time plantation rubber was offered on the market in 1910, when 11,000 tons were sold, and the fact that by 1927 567,000 tons were sold gives some indication of the rapidity with which the manufacture of rubber articles expanded.

Now let us turn back the pages of history to the year 1887, before we were called upon to take up the white man's burden and carry civilization a little further on. Visualizing the period of 1887, we are compelled to admit that we are watching a stage set for the starting point in a great advance, a period when the clock has struck the hour which is to bring forth the man, John Boyd Dunlop, the inventor of the pneumatic tyre.

Dunlop was born in 1840, in the Scottish village of Dreghorn, and having graduated in Edinburgh set up practice as a veterinary surgeon in Belfast, when about 22 years of age, and became known in the surrounding country as a skilful veterinarian. At the age of 47, having reached a position where some degree of leisure could be enjoyed as the result of his earlier success as a veterinary surgeon, Dunlop entered into that enchanted domain where inventive spirits roam in pursuit of that elusive and enticing deideratum, improvement. In this he was like many other men, but unlike most other men Dunlop's succumbing to the wizardy of invention was to result in one of the most revolutionary advances the world has seen, and the result of his experiments is apparent in the transforming of the

THE FIRST PNEUMATIC TYRE AS MADE BY DUNLOP.

by recalling to memory the position held by rubber then as a utillity, and we find that its importance as a commodity dwarfs considerably by the backward roll of time, for the curtain we notice is raised on a kaleidoscopic view where old fashioned waterproofs known as rubber coats, rubber leggings and waders, rubber boots and rubber overshoes, tricycles with solid rubber tyres, and the penny farthing bicycle on which the rider seated precariously is satisfied that he is riding luxuriously because his machine is running on solid rubber tyres which are the most up-to-date shock absorbers of the period. These forgotten comforts of a by gone age fill the variegated picture which our memory portrays for us, and we murmur how lacking in comfort the whole scene appears to be, and we hold perhaps a little disdain for the accomplishments of the people who were glad to think them real convenience in their lives. But reflect for a moment and you will give up any tendency to such mood of condescension, for we who have the advantage of viewing this period of the past from the year 1938, stand on the pinnacle of achievement in the greatest mechanical era of history, by virtue of the pioneer work of those who passed through life established system of road transport out of all recognition within the lifetime of the inventor himself, and placing it on a basis of speed and comfort far beyond the conception of the most romantic dreamer.

It may be of some interest to note here how Dunlop was influenced to move gradually towards the invention of the pneumatic tyre, which was the real starting point of the revolution in travel which has been so productive in our time of change.

First awakened to the fact that the jolting of the dog cart which conveyed him from farm to farm while on his professional visits in the country, a cart which rode on iron shod wheels like all others of the time, with nothing to reduce the jolting but steel springs placed underneath the body as invented by Ward about a century before, did not give that degree of comfort which could be said to vie with luxury found in other services of the period.

Following this trend of thought, Dunlop devised a spring wheel intended to reduce the jolting, but after trying the idea out he was convinced that the spring wheel was unworkable in practice, and very sensibly abandoned the idea. This set-back,

however, did not dull his interest in the subject, and he continued to probe fresh propositions by experiment. Beautifully unaware of the vastness of the scheme for which he worked, and persistently but slowly he moved towards the goal, until during the process of experiment there came an instant when he saw by that flash of genius, vouchesafed only to those who wrestle determinedly with the alluring and tantalizing obstacles which conceal truth. That wheels fitted with air cushions would give the comfort of travel to vehicles, for which he sought, and now inspired with fresh enthusiasm he constructed a wooden disc 18 inches diameter, and to this he fastened a tube made from sheet rubber so that the tube encircled the circumference of the disc. And though the way by which he fastened this tube to the disc had no elaborate characteristics, for he simply overlaid the rubber tube with a strip of linen and nailed the edges of the linen to the sides of the disc, and though then he was compelled, by lack of a better method, to inflate the tube by means of a football pump, the first pneumatic tyre was made and ready for testing. Having thus demonstrated to his own satisfaction the practicability of adapting air cushioning to wheels, Dunlop employed the following simple but convincing test of comparative efficiency of his invention.

From a tricycle owned by his son, and which was fitted with solid rubber tyres, he removed the front wheel, and this wheel together with the pneumatic tyred wooden disc, he carried into the yard adjoining his workshop and there first he sent, with all his strength, the tricycle wheel with a solid rubber tyre rolling down the yard; but before reaching the far end of the yard the wheel wabbled and fell over. Then using the same force as nearly as possible as he had employed in rolling the tricycle wheel down the yard, he sent the wooden disc with the pneumatic tyre rolling over the same course. And now not only did the disc roll the whole length of the yard, but at the end, it struck the gate and rebounded with a buoyancy which foretold possibilities undreamed of before.

This and other experiments carried out by Dunlop, were so satisfactory that on July 28th, 1888, he took out a patent for his invention, and so laid the foundation on which has been built that great British enterprise, the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd.

It is worth noting that the first pneumatic tyre made for the market is preserved in the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. It is the front tyre of the first bicycle to be equipped with pneumatic tyres and was ridden 3,000 miles without puncturing and was never removed from its rim—a remarkable performance for such an early example of British tyre production. Such thoroughness in manufacture, coupled with Dunlop's boldness born of confidence, brought an early and important success for pneumatic tyres in May, 1889.

It so happened at that time that William Hume, the captain of a well known cycling club of Belfast, was disabled and likely to be compelled to forego competing in the forthcoming Queen's College Sports of the city, he having been involved in a very unpleasant accident earlier in the year.

Now Dunlop, looking about for something which would be likely to strikingly demonstrate the superiority of the pneumatic tyres which by now were being used in increasing numbers on bicycles, saw in the circumstances attending Hume's case the very opportunity that he required, and he persuaded Hume to enter for competition in four of the cycling events at the College sports, where he would have to ride against some of the best racers in Ireland.

A DUNLOP GIANT AEROPLANE TYRE—26 INCHES CROSS SECTION.

On the 18th of May, the day of the sports, when it became generally known that Hume had entered as a competitor and would ride a machine equipped with pneumatic tyres. In the cycling events the very idea was scoffed at by most of the sporting public who attended, the chances which he had of doing anything against such odds as were arrayed against him measured considerably by the effects of his recent accident, and riding an untried type of bicycle, it looked like madness for him to contend with other riders, all of tried capability and none of them handicapped by circumstances such as he was hampered by.

Scant indeed seemed hope for Dunlop tyres to triumph against such adverse conditions, so scant at times that it almost appeared to be that Dunlop and Hume were both the victims of delusion of optimism, as they insisted that the outcome would vindicate their confidence in the pneumatic tyre. And curiously enough, results to the great astonishment of the whole field proved Dunlop

and Hume to be right when, as happened, Hume won the whole four events for which he had entered, thereby establishing an instantaneous recognition of the claims made by Dunlop for his invention.

A company after this was floated in Dublin to manufacture tyres, but the concern proved too small to meet the increasing demand and so a move was made to Coventry in England, the centre of the cycle industry, and here the ever expanding demand for Dunlop tyres was dealt with until 1916. When the Company's business increased so rapidly that they found it necessary to purchase 400 acres of land at Erdington, Birmingham, and to found there Fort Dunlop, a real "Tyre Town," a place unquestionably entitled to the distinction. It has its own system of railroads on which travel locomotives owned and operated by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., while fire brigades and ambulance services are also maintained as part of the organization which is the Company's responsibility; and electric power, water supply, canteens and sports' grounds are also amongst the undertakings for which the founders of Fort Dunlop provide lavishly.

great and beautiful cities and by the less portentous ways of towns and hamlets of the world or over roads beset with enchantment of natural scenery, thereby bringing an intriguing romance right from the drabber time of Dunlop and blending it perfectly with the gaiety and life of to-day.

Not alone in the magnificent tyre service which is rendered to the world does the name of Dunlop keep in touch with beauty, for the great company who are known by his name manufacture many other useful articles as for instance the Dunlop weather proof clothing in which graceful ladies disport in defiance of a scowling weather clerk and which lend distinction to the wearers. Tennis balls, tennis rackets, golf balls and other sporting requisites are also in the list of their specialities as is also artistic and noise preventing rubber floors used in the spacious halls and vestibules of mansions and public buildings lending a sense of comfort and ease to the interior of the edifices. Rubber cushions made from aerated liquid latex is now one of the Dunlop comforts supplied to hospitals, institutions, railway coaches and theatres. These cushions give a natural springi-

DUNLOP WEATHER-PROOF ATTIRE FOR LADIES.

It is at this famous and generously equipped centre that Dunlop tyres which so gallantly uphold the prestige of Britain by spellbinding feats in speed and endurance trials recorded all over the world, are made and here are made and tested by every available scientific device, monster aeroplane tyres, measuring as much as 26 inches cross section. To these gigantic tyres is committed the onerous duty of making the landing of passenger carrying planes a safe performance whether the landing is voluntary or otherwise And here in this Birmingham tyre town are built up and tested the giant lorry tyres which work on the roads with an inflation pressure of more than 100 lbs. per square inch as they carry tons upon tons of merchandize while bearing the name of Dunlop to the far corners of the earth, and uphold there as in all other places, the great reputation of British made goods.

It is in the mighty mills of Fort Dunlop, too, that the varying types of tyres, bearing the familiar name of their origin and which are used on vastly differing types of pleasure cars, come into being and are matured for the service which they so thoroughly give while they pass through the thoroughfares of

ness unobtainable from any other cushion and are a boom to invalids and any who by force of circumstances are compelled to remain seated for long periods. There are many other articles of utility placed on the market by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.

Eloquent testimony to the importance of rubber in the world, and to British enterprise is to be found in the following quotation from an article on the "Dunlop Jubilee, 1888–1938":

"85,000 acres of rubber plantations are owned by the Company. This is the largest area under one management in the British Commonwealth. For the 12,000 Asiatics working on these plantations, fresh water supplies and hospitals have been provided in addition to living accommodation and hundreds of miles of motor roads have been constructed to enable the produce of ten million trees to be carried to the factories and railhead for shipment."

Can it then be questioned that the romance of Dunlop, expanding beyond the boundaries of the west, has reached even to the countries of the romantic east?

Our Little Rivers.

CHAPTER 3.—SOUTH-EAST RIVER, PLACENTIA.

By W. J. Browne.

One of the many curious things about the ardent, if incomplete, angler is his impatience. One day last summer as I was walking leisurely to the Third Mile Pool on the South-East I was overtaken by two young fellows, almost out of breath from hurrying, striding along as if in a race. Silently, but yet as if it was a life and death matter, they took the casings from their rods and jointed up. In no time they were wading out along the reeds and had begun their never-ending casting and retrieving with eager, ever hopeful, but futile energy. I have never known a place so hard to rise a salmon as this pool, and the fact that the salmon are there almost the whole summer steaming around like miniature torpedo boats makes it seem harder. The only time, or perhaps I should say, the best time,

A BEAVER COMING TO THE SURFACE TO INSPECT VISITORS.
Third Mile Pool, South-East, Placentia.

to try for a salmon here is after a big flood of rain when the salmon leave the round pool and come up into the river. There is a pool just like this one near the mouth of the Salmonier River, and the salmon are very difficult to fly. I found that a small, a very small, trout fly, attached to a very fine leader, hauled slowly through the water will catch salmon. I believe that the fly then appears to the fish as if floating in the current. To try this game at the Third Mile Pool would require a boat or very long waders to get near enough to see your fly in the water.

I have never thought that the tremendous energy fishermen display on times was a weakness, and yet looked at dispassionately fifty miles and two weeks from a salmon river it strikes me that sometimes we must appear a little mad to those who have not felt the thrill of hooking a fresh-run salmon. Both the Placentia and Salmonier rivers are very popular, and the fishing is entirely free, so that if you want a good pool or the best place in a pool you must get there early. At Tompkins' famous fishing resort, in the valley of the Little Codroy, it is the custom for the fishermen every evening after dinner to draw lots for the pools to be fished next day. You don't have to get up before dawn to get your fishing as at Placentia and Salmonier. Your fishing will be reserved for you, although after one o'clock one may fish wherever he finds a pool free.

I must admit that while this is mighty convenient and removes one of the greatest sources of anxiety from the fisherman's mind, it savours of conservatism and advanced years. The young man prefers to pour out the rich red wine of youth in adventure and experiment; it is sheer joy of life that makes him rush headlong over the rough trails and keeps driving him from one pool to another. Fishing is everything; therefore, it is meals at all hours but the regular times, and what is the sense of shaving if you must cover your face with Citronella Oil or Stockholm tar to keep off the mosquitoes? Youth ignores the beauty around him on every side. The birds are singing ever so sweetly from the tops of lacey junipers; a gentle breeze almost whispers a

SOUTH-EAST ARM, PLACENTIA.

symphony down the river; the air is heavy with the fragrance of the spruce or balsam; fleecy clouds like desert caravans slowly cross the sky; mists may creep in from the sea and frame the loveliest scene; all the beauty of a summer's glorious day—sunshine, blue sky, thunder lightning, and rain—is but an accompaniment to the eternal switching of a thousand rods along the salmon rivers.

As for the geography, topography, history or mystery of the place, the fisherman is seldom interested—selfish fellow! His mind is busy with a score of difficult problems, the kind of fly he should put on, the rod he should use, the place he should try first and how long he should try there. Placentia really ought not to be treated in a cavalier manner, and every fisherman should find time to discover for himself the beauty of the little town and its setting.

It is just about eighty miles by car to the South-East from the City. There are several hotels and boarding houses, the two principal ones being Fulfort's first on the right and Phippard's next door. These two hotels have been catering to fishermen as long as I can remember and longer; the two proprietors always took a special pride in the success of their guests.

There never was a more optimistic person than Ned Fulfort who died the past spring. R.I.P. On the hottest day in summer after a three weeks drought he would suggest the five-mile "late in the evening. The fish come in then": or he would say "Try the Four mile to-morrow morning early. There's always fish in the Four Mile." They say he was a great fisherman, and could throw a beautiful long line. Wherever fishing is spoken of the names of Ned Fulfort and Placentia must be mentioned together. He will always represent to me the angler's greatest assets, perseverance and faith.

Even when he was ailing last year he was always sure to walk down to meet you when you came back from fishing; never did he lose interest in the sport or your chance of hooking a fish.

If you asked him how he felt the answer was always the same, "Fine." His last words were "I'm better." I wonder if there is any quiet corner in Heaven where fishermen may meet, not to fish, but to talk over the little bits of Heaven that a kind Providence left on earth; if there is, I can see Isaak Walton, the Complete Angler and Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde the great Irish sportsman who died two years ago welcome Ned Fulfort to the group and asking about the fishing at McCallums in high water at the Beaver Falls, about forty-five minutes walk over a rough trail from the road. The main river has many pools, as far up as the Eight-Mile Pool where the river crosses the road and joins a chain of ponds. In fact, early in the season, when the water is in good condition, that is, when there is a good supply of water for the fish to get along comfortably, the lower part of the river is the best, for it is full of splendid runs. In low water the fish cannot get up the river and must wait in the Arm. The rocky bed of the river indicates that at one time Placentia river was of moderate size; during last summer it became so dry that a child could cross it anywhere without getting wet. Last summer was, of course, a particularly dry summer. Nevertheless it does not seem natural for a splendid fighting fish like the salmon to have to resort to so puny a river.

The best known pool on the lower part of the river is the McCallum. Here there is a swift current flowing deep past a low wall of rock. When fish are there, they take very well at this spot. The number of likely places with good water is very large. There was one well-known visitor who used to scurry up and down the river wearing, if I am not mistaken, a pair of canvas sneakers and taking a fish out of a good many pools.

FULFORT'S HOTEL, SOUTH-EAST, PLACENTIA.

or the Six-Mile. There will be other fishermen there, too, but Ned Fulfort from his great height will be looking down on them all, with his roguish eyes twinkling as he tells of battles lost and won with the salmon of the South-East.

Well, here we are at Fulfort's looking excitedly, straining our necks, out the dining room window at the South-East Arm where the river meets it. "There's a salmon jumping over there by the green bank," some one says. "There's another just off the wharf. That was a jump. There he is again. It looks like the same fish." Everyone falls for these exhibitions.

Every day from the end of June to mid-September when the season closes it is the same story; and every year it is the same, too. The salmon always come, although they do not seem to come on the same date each year. I don't think anyone knows what determines the time they come, but they are generally in the river by Midsummer's Day to begin their long and hazardous journey to the spawning grounds at the headwaters fifteen or twenty miles or more from "The Head," the starting point of their journey in the fresh water.

There are two branches to this river which meet about one and one half miles up. The Western branch offers good fishing He always used a drop fly. The tail fly had the barb broken off so as not to become tangled. He used a very short line, just hopping the drop-fly up and down on the water. He always thought this way was the most effective, and perhaps it was.

I generally use but one fly, although sometimes I used two. Much will depend on where you are fishing. There is a deep little pool a short distance up from the One-Mile where a drop fly is deadly. The One-Mile is so small that it is doubtful if fishing should be permitted in it except at high water. The fish get in basins of rock and an expert could throw them out with his hands. The Two-Mile is a series of falls and is the roughest part of the river. The Four Mile is like a small pond; it is a good place for sea trout, but a short distance above is the Round Hole which is the best place on the river to fish for sea trout. The Five Mile has probably the finest scenery, and gives good fishing with any sort of a current in the river entering into it. The Six Mile is also best when the river is in good condition. The Seven Mile and the Eight Mile are good at almost any time. The former pool is at the head of a pond; just above is another pond where wild fowl breed.

I was fishing here last summer when I saw a fish swirl on the

THE EIGHT-MILE POOL, PLACENTIA LINE.

off side of the stream as if it were after something and had missed. I immediately cast to the exact spot where I had noticed the commotion, and immediately the fly was snapped up by the fish. I have never caught a fish in the Eight Mile. It is a deep, quiet pool, and it is very rarely that the fish make any show. I have seen them jumping by the lilies near the shore, and I know several fishermen who go there regularly and come back with fish.

The chief drawback to good fishing is shortage of water, and I ascribe this condition mainly to the fact that there are no woods worth mentioning on the upper portions of the river. Only a few years ago a large cut of timber was made on the Beaver River. Cutting wood indiscriminately on the salmon rivers is in my opinion bad economy. Apart from the question of sport, the salmon enter the river to spawn, and it sometimes happens that due to low water they are unable to ascend the rivers and perish in the pools. If any quantity of fish cannot get up to spawn the effects will be noticed in the catch of salmon in the nets outside in the salt water. About ten years ago the pools on the North-East River were filled with fish dying or dead. Thick woods in the watershed prevent washout and floods, allowing time for the water to find its way to the river bank gradually. I am referring to this subject because I believe that many fishermen during the past couple of years have been very discouraged by the poor results they have had. Yet in other countries fishermen met a bad season last year, and this year there has been very poor fishing in the rivers of the British Isles. Except during the early part of the season, in June and the first week of July, the fishing was poor last year on the West Coast, and, in any case the run of fish was mostly grilse.

Even with good water it is not easy to catch fish during the hot days of July and August, so that fishermen have no reason to think less of their skill if they are not successful during weather of that kind. The dry-fly is supposed to be effective then, but there has been very little dry-fly fishing done on the South-East. Some persons use worms, but very few fishermen would condescend to walk to the funeral of a man who used worms to catch salmon. That other well known Irish fisherman, Stephen Gwynn, although his craft is more writing than fishing, sees nothing wrong in the use of the worm, for he thinks that all is fair in fishing provided, of course, that the fish are not taken illegally. It is the general opinion that worm fishing spoils the pools for the fly fisherman, and with that opinion I am inclined to agree, although my conclusions are based only upon the failure of fish to rise to what I consider a tempting fly.

There is in any case very little rough water in the South-East. This is a drawback because fish take so well in fast water. This is why the McCallum is so popular, and the other little runs

SALMON AT FULFORT'S, PLACENTIA.

HOOKING A SALMON.

below the first falls. With fast water, all that is necessary is to throw the fly across the stream and let it swing around with the current. A rising fish in swift water may miss on the first cast. It is advisable to wait a couple of minutes after a rise before casting again, and if the fly can be put where the fish can get it easily that should be done. This technique of waiting after a rise hardly ever fails, and applies in all conditions of water. The larger the fish the longer time he should be allowed. Two minutes must seem a long time to keep a fish waiting, but the fish is usually more patient than the fisherman and many a good prospect of hooking a fish is thrown away because of the fisherman's impatience.

In rough water coarser tackle may be used, but in still water it is necessary for the tackle to be fine, and the fly to pitch gently. The system of greased line fishing developed by the Englishman Wood on the Dee also requires fine tackle. It is obvious that if the fish are frightened in any way they will not rise, and sometimes they seem to be easily frightened. The fish in the Four Mile pool spend the whole day cruising around and never seem to be interested in any kind of a fly. It is terribly annoying to be watching fish jumping and splashing in this way and indifferent to any lures you might offer. If we kept a record of all the time spent with a rod and divided the number of hours by the number of fish I think we should find that our average per hour was very low.

Placentia river has one great advantage: it is easily accessible. With the exception of the Beaver Falls all the pools are within ten minutes walk of the Highroad which runs almost side by side with the river for the whole length of fishable water. For that reason the river is very suitable for ladies to fish. It is surprising in these modern days how few women take to fishing for salmon. Temperamentally they are unsuited for this sport; their quick minds and desire for action cannot be contented for long at what they regard as a very fruitless and tiresome task. They can and do enjoy the scenery and the pleasure of "having tea down the river." The five mile pool at the head of Connaughtsman's Pond is the favourite place for picnics of this kind. You put your car in the gravel pit opposite the beginning of the trail from the Highroad and you cross a marsh sprinkled with bakeapples. The path now comes out on the shore of the pond although, until two years ago, it went down along the river through trees and flowers of tropical luxuriance.

If the fisherman finds that his efforts in one pool fail he goes back to his car, puts his rod on the running board and returns to the Four Mile or the Three Mile, probably to make new failures. When he has exhausted his patience he returns to his hotel for his tea or to sit around drinking beer and exchanging yarns of the mighty episodes of the past. The true fisherman never wearies of the subject of fishing and it is surprising how he can go on into the night discussing adventures and fishing tackle and the big ones that got away.

In Summer.

By Bertille Tobin.

THE swing is in great demand once more
As summertide reigns in the great Outdoor,
And trees are burgeoning to the tune
Of birds that are jubilant over June.
The garden is carpeted emerald green,
And the blue of the sky in the Pond is seen.
With laughter and shout when they come from school
The children make for the shelter cool
Where the old swing sways in a reverie
Which soon is changed to a riot of glee.
Backwards and forwards through the air,
Going as high as ever they dare,
Taking turns to swing, and be swung,
With the zest for play that blesses the young,
Life may yet bring them costlier toys
But none to surpass the old swing's joys.

The Electric Organ and Its Place in Church Services.

By Charles Hutton, K.S.G.

CHARLES HUTTON, K.S.G., AT THE CONSOLE OF THE HAMMOND ORGAN.

Less than four years ago a new musical instrument, the Hammond Electric Organ, was introduced to the world and, like most innovations in the world of art, it has become the subject of considerable controversy. While many distinguished musicians and composers have hailed it as a notable contribution to music, and have predicted an important future for it, a number of professional organists and lay members have, after cursory examinations, dismissed it with criticisms and objections, many of which have seemed to me to be ill-considered.

Since this instrument, because of its comparatively low price and its extraordinary adaptability, offers a means of supplying liturgical music in hundreds of cases where pipe ogans are out of the question, is it not desirable that its potentialities should be carefully weighed? In truth, I find that most of the criticisms leveled at this instrument have dealt with unimportant details or indicated a lack of study and trial over a period of time sufficient for intelligent analysis.

In my capacity as organist and choir-master of the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist St. John's Newfoundland, I have had the pleasant experience of playing on three Hammond Organs and I now feel qualified to pass an opinion on it.

Convents, colleges and chapels have for centuries had to suffer with the snarling sounds of the harmonium or reed organ, either for lack of funds or space for organ and motor, plus the continual expense of proper upkeep. From the economic side alone the Hammond Organ is unique. Consider: There is no installation expense, the maintenance cost is trifling, and the instrument is always in tune and ready to meet all demands made upon it. The explanation is that the tone is produced entirely by electrical means. There are no reeds, pipes or wind mechanism, so that the instrument is impervious to atmospheric conditions. Temperature, humidity and dust cannot effect it, so that it never gets out of tune. In this respect it is admittedly phenomenal.

In most churches one finds organs of a limited number of stops, often unified in whole or in part, with the scale out of proportion, usually a few manual stops trying to do duty for many, accompanied by a few rumbling pedal pipes of one octave, the remaining tones borrowed from the manuals. The tone, with its character and volume set, definitely limits the possibilities for the organist.

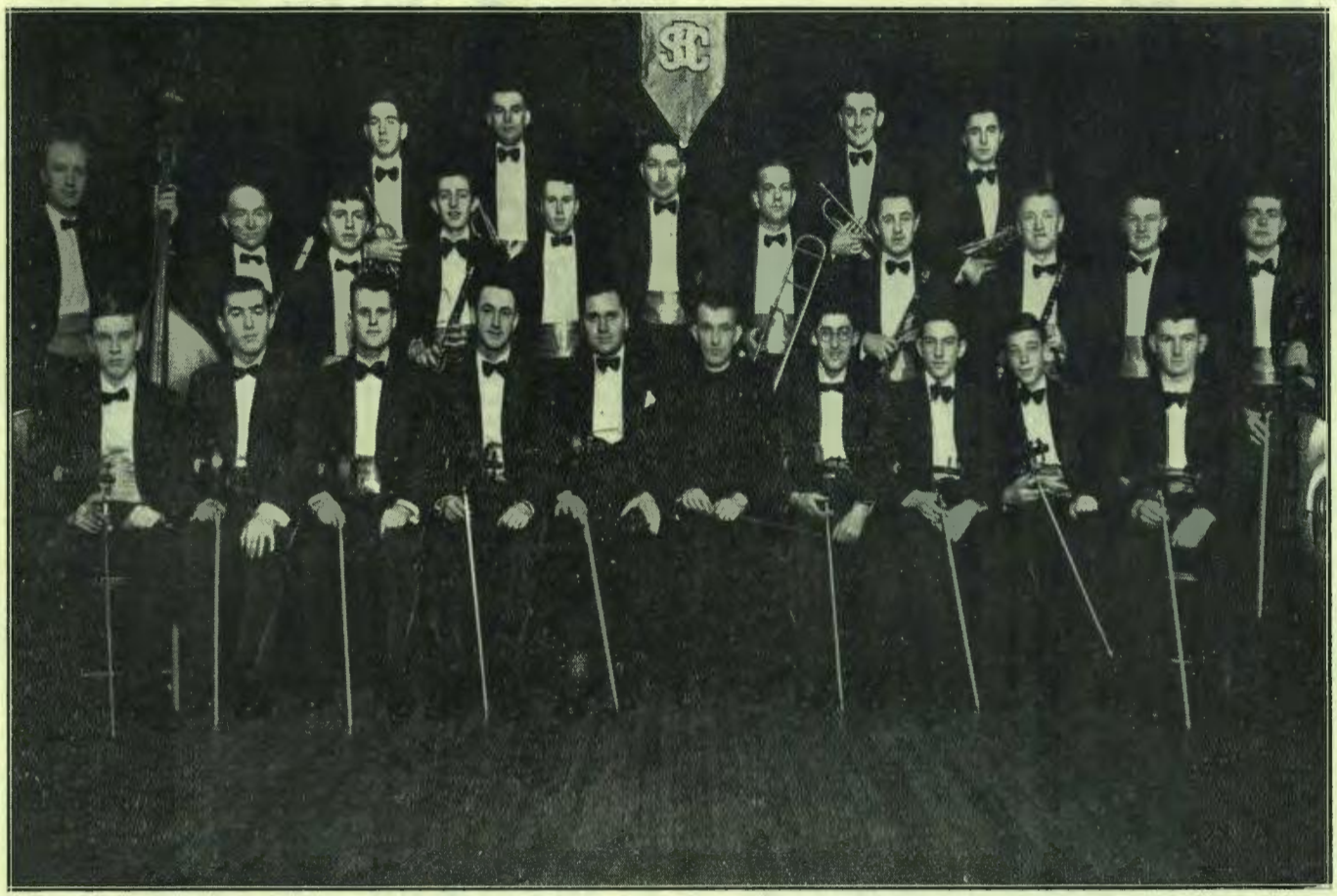
The Hammond Organ, in spite of its diminutive size, offers unlimited combinations of tone, volume and expression for one's choosing. Hence it may be made effective in any sized room with unlimited degrees of modification.

In view of its great versatility, the Hammond Organ, as compared with the pipe organ of large size and many stops, surely has a place in the musical world of prodigious importance, a fact that is now being recognized by the musical fraternity. The writer has found that, after a brief demonstration, pastors and committees regard the Hammond organ as an outstanding value from every angle.

Two things have always prevented the organ from becoming the widely popular instrument it otherwise would be: High cost—and the ponderous, immovable size of a good organ. But the Hammond Organ eliminates both of these handicaps! It takes up little room, is easily moved! It costs no more than a fine piano!

Thus the way has been opened for a great rebirth of popular interest in the organ. Already the movement is gathering momentum in Newfoundland. There are now three church installations of Hammond Organs in Newfoundland, viz.: Saint Cyprian's Church, Bell Island; Redemptorist Father's Church, Corner Brook; St. Mary's Church, St. John's; and before long many more will be installed all over the Island.

As an organist for fifty-five years, I express my heartfelt admiration to Laurens Hammond for making fine organ music available, for the first time, to churches of moderate means.



ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

Standing :—F. P. Phelan, P. J. Foley, T. E. Williams, J. M. Darcy, C. J. McDonald, E. P. Ryan, E. P. Adams, G. T. Walsh, J. E. Nurse, J. P. Foley, V. J. Coleman, W. A. Felix, T. J. Fennessey. J. F. Hickey, B. F. Long.

Seated :—F. G. Carter, K. L. Evans, W. L. Chafe, G. J. Downs, H. A. O'Neill, J.P., Rev. Bro. J. X. Dunphy (Director), E. G. Keough, L. P. Foley, F. J. Whitten, P. F. Burke.

Some Poets of Newfoundland
AND THEIR WORK.

(Continued)—By Robert Gear MacDonald.

THE decade of the seventies produced another writer of the classical wing of our Literati in the person of the Honourable Thomas Talbot. Mr. Talbot came out (from Ireland I believe) as a Master at St. Bonaventure's College—I do not know if he were principal—before the Christian Brothers took over that institution. He was High Sheriff of Newfoundland, and a worthy one. Tall and ascetic in appearance, and of rather an austere countenance. he was, I am told, pleasant and chatty with his intimates. He was a bachelor, and a man of great piety, a daily communicant I fancy; and religion and education here fitted greatly in the distribution of his not small estate. His volume of Poems came out in 1879. I will quote a few stanzas from "Logy Bay Valley," one of the most pleasing of them.

What a sweet little vale; how it swells on the sight
In greensward and grove, and soft tremulous light,
With visions of peace the rapt vision it fills,
And it slumbers deep-set in its rim of rude hills.

Lo! there where the ocean in majesty rolls,
And there, where the tall cliff its anger controls,
Is he lashed by the tempest, his billows arise
And dash at the moonbeams, and rail at the skies.

But goaded no longer, he gladdens apace
And wears the bright radiance of joy on his face,
Yet the tempest may sweep in its fury along,
And the billows dash headlong the wild crags among.

But aside from its peace ne'er that vale can be won
In his own native loveliness still smiling on;
'Tis thus while the passions lead mortals astray,
Fair wisdom unwavering still keeps on its way.

Her step from the pathway no will can entice
All tranquil she moves 'neath the tumult of vice.
Sweet Logy Bay Valley, how soothing the thrill
Of my heart, when I view the from Sugarloaf Hill.

Mr. Talbot continued to write all through the eighties, and I remember in old Christmas Numbers a learned article on Pastoral Poetry, and at least one sonnet having for its subject the little river that flows into Quidi Vidi Lake near Pleasantville, and the valley through which it takes its course.

Two women poets of the eighties and nineties next claim attention—Mrs. Ohman, and Miss Ellen Carbery who habitually wrote under the initials E. C. Mrs. Ohman was a sister of the late James and Edwin Murray. She devoted herself to the cause of moral purity and temperance, and a little magazine "The Water Lily," which she edited and published contains a good deal of her verse. I regret I am unable to quote any of her poems, but my recollection of them is that they were sweet and musical enough, always inculcating the practice of virtue and self control. After 1892 she and her husband migrated to Canada, where they lived for many years, Mr. Ohman dying only last year at a very advanced age. The other lady Miss Carbery, was an aunt of the late Dr. Scully and great aunt of our friend Dr. Joe Murphy. Miss Carbery's work was beautiful in many of her pieces. A good sample is "On the Road to Colinet." Miss Carbery might have been mentioned with the H. G. group having been born in that town but is much later. Mr. Maurice A. Devine an indefatigable journalist, a loyal Newfoundlander, an enthusiastic member of the Historical Society, of which he was Recording Secretary and Treasurer for some years, wrote some popular verse, largely humorous, but not entirely so. "Those nights on Burton's Pond," and "A Girl I Used to Know," are examples of his more serious work. But he shines in humorous verse and "The Outport Planter" is a masterpiece. I wish I had time to quote it in full; but it has been reprinted several times, and is to be found in Mr. Doyle's Collection, and in Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland edited by Elizabeth Bristol Greenleaf. The best of Mr. Devine's poems of Sentiment and Reflection, to use a wordsworthian phrase, is his "Granny Bates's Hill." One of his latest things "The Sunday Gun" had an immense vogue, and one writer at least admitted that its titilating refrain

"He knows, I spose,
Who told Tom Rose
To stop the Sunday gun"

kept running through his brain in the most tantilizing fashion during Church Service when he should have been absorbed in his devotions! Mr. Devine survived till well on in the 20th century.

The name of Barrington Lodge is a shadowy one to-day but some of the older collectors of Newfoundland poems greatly admired his work, and some of his verses have been printed in anthologies of the early part of the century. James Murphy, whom some of us remember well, published several of these gatherings. The father of Barrington Lodge was born at Carlow County, Ireland, on December 31, 1785. After an adventurous career, fighting as he did through a large part of the Peninsular War in the Cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cottin afterwards Lord Combermere, he was present at and took part in Wellington's smashing victory at Salamanca, and at the rout of Vittoria; as well as at Wellington's crowning triumph of Waterloo; marrying a French Huguenot lady after the war, Sergeant Thomas Lodge settled for a time in Newfoundland, and his children were brought up in St. John's. He afterwards emigrated to Canada, where he died at the ripe age of 94. The son Barrington Lodge (Thomas Lodge was a Barrington on his mother's side), was brought up on Signal Hill; and he always writes of Newfoundland with a "recollected love"; most of his verse was written in the 80's.

Barrington Lodge was an uncle of the late Thomas and Wm. J., and of Mr. Walter Clouston, Senior. Barrington Lodge died at Albany, N. Y., in 1899. I met his sister and one of his sons in that city in the spring of 1914.

The names of Archbishop M. F. Howley and his brother Rev. Dr. Richard Howley should come in here. Dr. Richard was the older, and some thought the abler, and of his work some memorials remain in verse; but I have nothing of his at hand. His Grace, though a Prince of the Church, was always plain and

simple in his habits and conversation, and thought nothing that could help along his country, or encourage its welfare, too much trouble; how he managed to fit in all his activities ecclesiastical, literary, or patriotic was a puzzle to many. Archbishop Howley was a great Newfoundlander. His best songs, "The Flag of Newfoundland," "Dear Old Southside Hill," and others; are too well known to need quotation, and his more serious work, local Church History, Name Lore, original verses and translations, must form a pretty good total, which may, I hope will, some day be collected.

The name of that skilful and inveterate rhymster, John Burke, may come in just here; he was hardly a poet, but his verses were on the tongues of us all in St. John's. The "Kelligrews Soiree" which was published with music by one of the big American Music Houses, is the most famous; but perhaps Johny's most effective work was to be found in his extravaganza "The Topsail Geisha," which is inimitable as a parody. Without much of this world's goods, though he was well connected, John Burke always had a smile, a good word, a joke, and his prolific verse, never likely to be collected, was both witty and humorous.

THE SURF AT LOGY BAY.

A great contrast to Burke again, and quite at the other end of the scale in poetry, was one whose exiguous verse was greatly prized, long after he left Newfoundland, and indeed to the present day. Dr. Arthur Heber Browne, Lord Bishop of Bermuda, whom we older people remember as Canon Browne of the Cathedral, was here only some four years, but he left his mark on some of us, a mark which can never be obliterated. If you will forgive a personal reference, I confess that I owe more to him, spiritually, and artistically than to almost anyone else. The former debt need not be elaborated here; but Canon Browne was one of the earliest, and quite the best, critic of my early work, and gave great guidance and some encouragement to my efforts in verse writing. His verse was mostly religious, but some of it was humourous; and I was not alone at the time in believing that his "Migratori Te Salutamus," (1898) stands at the head of farewell poems to Newfoundland. Dr. Browne has never forgotten Newfoundland, and was able to pay a short visit here in 1930. Right up till the present he has never failed to send to his friends here a Christmas present of some of his deeply spiritual and cultured poetry.

Governor Sir Cavendish Boyle was here only some three or four years, between 1901 and 1904, but like many another visitor, he imbibed the spirit of Terra Nova, and his Ode to Newfoundland is no doubt the best thing of its kind, and set to music as it is, by Mr. Charles Hutton, K.S.G., it has become a classic. It is sung, at least in part, at many gatherings of our citizens, and has found its way into at least one hymn book, the fine Hymnary of the United Church of Canada and Newfoundland. I do not know if our brethren of the United Church sing it in full; I hope they do, as I think we lose considerably by not singing all four verses of the "Ode" at least sometimes.

James D. Munn, editor of the Harbour Grace Standard at the close of the last century and the opening part of this, who was by the way, a cousin of our good treasurer, published a good deal of verse under the pen name "Jesma" an anagram of his Christian name. I remember that the late Hon. J. A. Robinson, no mean Judge, thought highly of it. I have read some of Mr. Munn's verses; but have nothing of his at hand to quote.

Several of the writers mentioned above lived well into the new century, and some of them wrote during its early years.

THE VILLAGE OF QUIDI VIDI.

But one or two who flourished during the first decade of the twentieth century should be mentioned. Miss Fanny Knowling, who afterwards became Mrs. Hector McNeil, and who was a strong and at last successful advocate of woman suffrage, belongs to this period. One piece of her verse, which appeared in a quite obscure Christmas Number, dealing with St. Elizabeth and her son St. John the Baptist, was a remarkably fine piece of blank verse; and she wrote other good stuff.

It was about this time, that one of our most talented local poets began to write, at least for publication, in the person of Mr. Dan Carroll. Mr. Carroll is an artist in more senses than one, and a number of our outport Churches and Chapels bear witness to the work of his artistic brain and clever hands. But it is with his work as a poet that we are here concerned. Here Dan (I call him by his familiar name) shines particularly; I could quote piece after piece of his which you would enjoy; but time presses, and I can only give you one of his best, one most with the genuine Newfoundland spirit in it, to act as a sample of many other good things.

After 1910 a new group of poets arose whose work continued

THE NOON-DAY GUN AT SIGNAL HILL.

through the war years and later—some of them. The few, but not negligable, poems of C. E. Hunt belong to this period. Charlie is so well known and has so many interests that we have, I suppose, to forgive him for not writing more verse, and when he begins again his work will always be welcomed.

Miss Rose Greene who though born at Cape Broyle, did most of her writing on Bell Island, is a prominent member of this group. Her verse deals largely with nature subjects, and she had a very pretty touch. There was something sylph like about Miss Greene, and one typical portrait shows her with long hair flying in the wind. She is now Mrs. Regan, and resides at Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Fred. B. Wood, though he had been writing for a number of years, collected and published what of his verse he wished to preserve under the title Songs of Manhood, in 1908.

Mr. Wood was known to some of you here. He was a man of strong character, though sometimes argumentative and staunch to his own opinions, but he was always generous and liberal. No good cause ever appealed to him in vain; and I fear that some people not overscrupulous, prevailed over his good judgment with hard luck stories. His wife, an old friend of my mother and my wife, was one of the most beautiful and one of the sweetest natured women I have ever known; and Mr. Wood's frequent warm and affectionate tributes to her are not at all overdone. Mr. Wood is hard to quote, but one might give a quatrain of his which exhibits him at perhaps his best: "Atheism."

The soul without a sense of God
The universe without a plan,
The concept seems bright rudding black
Drives hope from out the breast of man.

Frederic Barnes Wood for all his slight eccentricities was a man who was good to know and to remember.

The West Coast about this time was the home of Mrs. Eunice T. Holbrook Ruel; she was the wife of the Manager of the Bank at Curling. Not a Newfoundlander, she readily entered into our inheritance, and some of her work is remarkably good. Her "Newfoundland" has been reprinted many times.

Mrs. Eva Constance Barrett, who has done some work of promise belongs to that part of the country also and Mr. Vincent Parsons, editor of the Humber Herald, has done some very amusing humorous work. Mrs. Ruel's work does not belong to a school, but the open air verse of Ex-Sheriff W. J. Carroll—"Where the Speckled Beauties Lie," and others; and that collected by Mr. Peter Mars under the Title of "The call of Terra Nova" is typical verse of the lakes and streams and woods. Here is a good one: "Log Cabin."

A Log Cabin hid 'neath the leafy trees,
A river amid the spruce,
Where the salmon lies, and the wild loons cry
Haunt of the deer and moose.

Where beavers lurk and foxes cry,
And lynx come out to kill,
Where rabbits play the livelong day
By brook and pond and rill.

Where man is known by scent alone
To beast and bird and fowl,
And the stilly night is rent in twain
By the screech of the hidden owl.

Where the sun comes up like a ball of blood
From the eastern sky afar,
And tips with phantom streaks of gold
Each spruce and pine and var.

When the moon rides high in the azure sky
And star points deck the blue,
And the flashing glints of the northern lights
Call out, call out—to you.

(To be Continued.)

THE OLD COLINET ROAD.

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 during the Autumn of 1936.

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 separated 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 has been thoroughly appreciated by the shopping public of Grand Falls and vicinity as shown by their generous patronage.

The Beothics of Newfoundland.

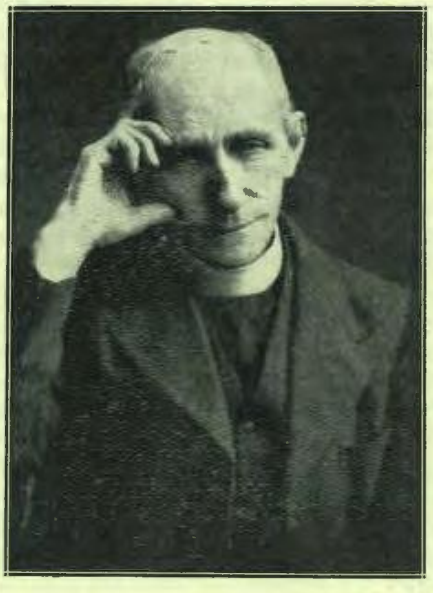
CHAPTER I. CONCLUDED.—CHAPTER II.—THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN—THE RANGE OF THE BEOTHICS—THEIR HABITS, DRESS AND FURTHER DESCRIPTION.

By Rev. Walter Bugden.

The Beothics' Story Continued.

"AND just by, there is a wide low island, so low, so wooded, that it may be part of the great land behind; and only we who know that we can paddle all the way, and where game in plenty may be had. We shall go there.

"We go paddling softly and with only a low muttering of voices lest we disturb what we may find, and we keep against the wind. We are wary of the otter; and a rustle in the bushes by the shore tells of the presence of further quarry. Presently the head of a great black bear lifts itself from the growth. Quickly two of our stalwarts are over and ashore, to forestall



REV. WALTER BUGDEN, AUTHOR.

him and cut off the retreat. There is no sound while we lie motionless—not a ripple, not a stir of an eyelid disturbs him until—Chash! and with gutteral whine he tries to make off.

"But no! In his eagerness to escape on one hand, from where that sharp stinging came, he runs upon the pointed spear on the other. He is pierced and pierced again, and our braves gather and fetch him on board. What a fine skin, what a warm robe it will make for the old brave who now begins to sit in the wigwam, toothless and too weak for the hunt! It will serve him until he 'melts'!

"Five moons more, and we shall go to the Land of the Morning for fish, when, if he cannot keep up in the trail, two or more of us shall step out. Then he will not join the march again, but shall have gone to join our fathers who have gone the way before—and it is well!

"We go around the island. It is a long paddle and our arms become weary. But we gather a dusky duck or two here, a few teal there, and at dusk we return to our wigwams by the shore.

"All along the shore, some within, some without the fringe of woods by the water; and over the sheltering point, the lodges of our people each sends up its column of blue wood smoke. We detect the sort of wood this one, that one is burning. There are the resiuous scent of burning pine rising from this, and the soft scent of birch from that wigwam. From the wigwam next the shore arises the smell of the mean alders and other trash. That 'cosuck' (wife, squaw) is lazy and does not work. We like the wood which makes no sound burning as do fir, spruce and juniper; it gives no alarm.

"How the boys run out and chatter once they are assured of us! Their tongues have been let loose, and must be trained to greater silence, else they may fail at the moment in the hunt or on the trail. Then they should get no wife!

"How the cooking pot boils and simmers—two and more to every wigwam! We shall gather and feast again to-morrow—the morrow will bring more; then reclining, we shall rest and sleep, not wasting too much breath and strength in much words.

"The fire flickers and dies down leaving glowing coals here and there, which the careful women cover in the ashes to save time in the morning. There is much labour with the bow and the fire-stone. The specks of light come out in the blue-black above us—we wonder what they are! Are they holes in the floor of the Great Chief's tepee to let out the light?

"Then over the long unbroken sweep of the wooded land, over the water to the place where the Big Light comes in the morning, the moon too comes up—poor failing light, but sending across a fainter light, useful at times but false to us at others; for the watched is then easily seen, the watchers are also visible. And so calm falls over the camp and we sleep.

* * * * * * *

"Morning dawns once more and we are astir. The day is before us and we have much to do before the moons tell us of the coming of the White Death which seals up our way, and we must guard against that. There are trout, ouniniche and clams to get from day to day. Then there are moss and down to be gathered from the trees and stored against the cold coming upon us. There are many skins and robes to dress.

"Would you know our occupations during the time of cold? Look about you. How came those light and graceful canoes, with their slim but strong side poles bent and joined into such good shape; their keel sticks, and ribs like the springing deer? How came those store caches where we keep our meat safe from the prowling lynx and wolf by night, and the black villainous birds by day? And then the neat sewing of our women upon all our mocasins, robes, blankets and drinking cups!

"It is ours, all ours; our labour through all the long moons; through, until 'Kuis, Mangaroonish,' the sun returns to his place, over there.

"We know nothing of your idling, though we have accomplished less than you. Life for us is too short, too hard to look on and wait for the coming of Evil—from the waters it may be where the Evil eye looks upon us as we pass, or from the grim hills beyond. And we have forgotten in what leisure we have, the evil-smelling weed of our fathers from the Great Away so many moons ago. We should have no time to waste. . . . Our days are spent in trailing, hunting and preparing. And during bad weather we sit within and cut and make many things handsome and useful, things to whet the fancy of our visitors, things for the 'immamooset' (child, children).

"(Would you see our handywork? Look beyond us, many many moons hence, and see us in our poor remains, snatched from our graves dispoiled and desecrated by another race.)

"But the moons pass; and we shall be on the trail once more. We shall not all go together nor to one place. But some where and at times to suit we shall go towards the sun. We love solitude, and here, there, elsewhere all over our Land the smoke of our wigwams shall rise again.

SHANAWDITHIT (OR NANCY) THE LAST OF THE BEOTHICS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

"Away to the rising sun, to the Land of the Morning, following him from his coldest bound where our fathers lie buried (north), to his warmest limit by the sheltered lands and many islands of the Pleasant sea we shall go.

"Or away to the Shore of the Setting Sun where the great sea is on fire with his beams as he goes to rest. There the Great Spirit too has his seat, watching his children the birds, the fish, the gentle beaver and us! There we shall go, to the grassy waters and the murmuring stream in the sheltered Bay. There the music of Evening whistles from the reeds by the water. There the plover pipes and the 'twillick' calls and rocks in indecision. Following along the broken waters to many a cove, and beach and outlook, there we shall fish, and hunt and observe.

"Through swift waters over rocks and downfalls with their clouds of spray shining in the brave colours of the sun, where we may see once more the foot-print of the Great Spirit, we shall go; and where the bobbing flakes of foam beguile the unwary to the loss of an arrow! And we shall pass through great ravines where the sun shines not, and by cliffs and gray-headed mountains where we hurry by, fearful of the dead and the unseen.

"We shall go by many a wet marsh with their winding trails to avoid the muskegs between, going on on to the Land of the Evening Sun.

"Sands and shallows; the drifting winds sweeping and rolling the sands into great billows high above our heads! Here we shall repeat the round of our summer employments in other parts. Game is plentiful, and here are fine leads and watching places. Here too are fish a-plenty waiting only our energy in securing them. We shall gather too, fine herbs and roots for our happy times and for medicine and healing. The balm (balsam poplar) of this Land is good in time of chill and for the relief of injury done in the chase.

"Our women too like the potato found growing here and there along the shore. We shall take some of these when we return; and the gums and the spice plants and leaves which you so lightly regard; we shall take these. So we shall be away many days before we shall once more turn our faces to the rising sun and smell the smokes of our wigwams by the Great Lake.

* * * * * * *

"Your sons will mark our lodging places by our poor graves, and will call them by names unknown to us—the Lookout, the Burying Place, the Bay, the Arm, the Island and the Head, all these by a name we do not own. And you will wonder at our numbers, which could spread and occupy so large and fine a Land without greater evidence of ourselves behind. You will be forgetful of our wanderings, and our absorbing aptitude to hunt and gaze.

"Your names for our abodes and burial places will be our memorials, and may be you will sometimes pass with a shiver at the thought of the dark deeds done against us in the name of Advance, deeds which so often laid us there. Would that it be also your sorrow and your repenting for evils done!

"But here and now, in this light Evening Land we shall linger for a while, spite of the Shannock—our kindred though they be but own it not, and who have joined with you to oppressing us. Here we shall fish, and hunt and pursue our even course. We shall linger, though not entirely at peace and happy. And here shall we die and go to our fathers. And here shall we be buried, with our little possessions about us—who knows but we may have need of them in the Unknown.

"We know no better. Our Land is a fixed number to us. Save for a faint glimmering memory and in shadows and whispers of our fathers of a Land beyond, we know no other Land; and you the inscrutable White Men came plundering from we know not where.

"Will you not respect our graves and our pitiful remains? To you there is no beauty as you tell us, in our handicraft. They are only a few fragments of what was good in our eyes, only a few bits of withered bone, sunken eye-sockets and gaping grinning teeth. They are like your own, and it needs but a touch to lay yours beside us. There we would lie. Will you not let us be?"

CHAPTER II.

The Coming of the White Men—The Range of the Beothics—Their Habits, Dress and Further Description—Their Attitude Towards the White Men.

The Story of the Beothics as we know of them is vague and incomplete. In themselves they can scarcely be called a Nation, and less a Race. Evidently their existence in Newfoundland began with a few companies or less, coming to the Island from the North American continent through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, not earlier than a century before the coming of the Europeans. They were therefore members of some well established "Nation" (tribe rather) of the North American "Red Indian" Race.

This claim for their short occupancy of the Island seems to gain strength from the facts, that they did not penetrate along the South-east and South-west shores of the Island where the Micmacs, another Indian tribe had begun to settle in the late seventeenth century; and save a few discovered burial places, a few stone arrow heads and very insignificant remains, they left no permanent proofs of their numbers, their progress, nor of their early coming.

Everything seems to show that they were a small tribe with the one tribal name, springing from a larger parent tribe in what we now know as Canada. They were found scattered and wandering over the Island within certain ranges—from Saint George's Bay they seem to have connected with the North-west Coast and Bonne Bay. Their remains have been found extensively at Norris Point, and along the coast as far as Belburns and Port Saunders.

From St. George's Bay it is easy to conclude that they made connection with The Exploits Valley with its numerous lakes and rivers, and with all the East coast from the North of Notre Dame Bay to the South of Trinity Bay.

The rivers and lakes were their highways, so it is reasonable to conclude that they coursed up the Humber, through Bay of Islands and Sandy Lakes and reached White Bay, where their arrow heads have been found as far as Harbour Deep, Duggan's Cove and Williamsport.

Southward they do not seem to have reached beyond Trinity Bay, although there are legends of their having visited the South shore of that Bay and on to Ochre Pit Cove in Conception Bay. To this latter place they are said to have gone for the red ochre with which they made their "war-paint." But this as it may! There is no evidence that they ever went farther South-east beyond this point. Across the narrow isthmus of Avalon, from Trinity to Placentia Bay, would be an easy entrance to the South of the Island. But again there is no evidence of their presence upon the whole of that coast.

Whether Red Indian Lake was a great Head-quarters in their earlier years does not appear. The Lake and indeed the whole interior of the Island was unknown for centuries after the coming of the Europeans. But once the Beothics had begun to retire from the Coast before the Whites, the dwindling tribe sought safety there. From this on after the summer's travels, fishing and gatherings were over the greater number of them returned there, where better shelter could be had, where the winter's hunting could be pursued, and from where an easy outlet could be had once the time for the spring migration came round.

The known Story of the Beothics opens early in the sixteenth century, coeval with the coming of the Europeans. If we have little to tell of the story of the Beothics, it is because of the disjointed and fragmentary character of the record. As Prowse (page 15) truly says—"History in the early days did not deal with the doings of the herd. The silence of historians on such subjects is no evidence whatever. . . . The annals of the Kingdom were the acts of princes." The "savages" was a subject with which the historians had nothing to do, and it is only here and there that mention is made of them; hence the piece-meal story, and the long intervals between.

There is, however, sufficient to show that during the first years of English and French occupation, reasonably fair relations had begun, and were continued between these new comers and the natives of the land.

The first mention of the aboriginal natives of Newfoundland made in Prowse, is against the year 1592, five years after the coming of Cabot and his men (see Prowse, History of Newfoundland p.16). It reads as follows:—"This year were brought into the Kingdom three men taken in ye New Found Land Islands by Sabastian Cabote, before named in Anno Domoni 1498. These men were clothed in beasts skins and eate raw flesh, but spake such a language as no man could understand; of the which three men, two of them were seen in the King's court at Westminster two years after. They were clothed like Englishmen and could not be discerned from Englishmen."—(Quoted from Records of the Acts of Parliament).

Again on page 63 of the same author, is this valuable quotation from Whitbourne (1583-1623).

"Saw the natural inhabitants. . . . They are few in number and are something rude and savage people, having neither knowledge of God nor living under any kind of civil government. In their habits, customs and manners they resemble the Indian of the continent from whence, I suppose, they came." (Still they are said to be) "an ingenious and tractable people, being well used (and as) "ready to assist in the whale fishery for even small reward."

"We were bound to the Grand Bay (which lieth on the North side of that land) purporting there to trade with the savage people (for whom we carried sundry commodities)."

How these first native Beothics from Newfoundland were induced to trust themselves with strangers, and in what manner they were taken to England, we have no means of knowing. But that they were well treated is evidenced by the above quotations from the earliest records.

Much of what we read in later accounts of their ferocity and the heartless treatment then meted out to them is surely without foundation. The French too, "made amicable relations with just such natives of New France (now Canada); and it was only when in national jealousy towards the English, and hoped-for trade dominion, that they enlisted the savage tactics of the Micmacs of Cape Breton and Acadia against the English (see Rogers', Historical Geo., Br. Col., Vol. V, part IV, Nf. page 29).

It was then that the war of extermination broke upon the Beothics, a war which in their unarmed and defenceless state could only end in extinction. This hostility of the Micmacs against the Beothics was of course intensified by the former's greed in securing furs for trade.

It is a long call from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. The lust of greed in order to pander to the wealth and vanity of a more cultured people, induced an unceasing desire in the adventurer and trader, to obtain by every means, the rich furs which, it was well known the Beothic could secure in his ramblings over the uninhabited country.

The Micmacs were settling in the Southern and Western parts. They too were a nomadic people depending upon the products of the chase; and the unscrupulous European trader and the equally greedy Micmac soon joined forces to despoil the poor unguarded Beothic in every cunning and cruel way.

Who of them could know and judge between the avaricious and bloodthirsty Micmac, the treacherous and equally avaricious English, Irish and French trader; and the better though unmindful claimant of their land? Moreover it is evident that in colonizing the new country the native came in for little or no consideration.

Yet there were men who could write, and did, as we have shown. There were worthy men who oftener than is recorded, employed the native Beothic as servants at the fisheries and otherwise; as did Jeffery, Street Co. of Trinity (quoted by Wm. J. Bugden, diarist, of St. John's) and the priest-doctor

John Clinch, of the same town, who employed and taught the native John August, whose name and burial are recorded in the old Church registers of St. Paul's:—

"October 29th, 1788.—Inter'd John August (a native Indian of this Island) and servant to Jeffery & Street."

It is common knowledge handed on from father to son in the old English families of that historic town, that all the Northern side of Trinity Bay was from the earliest times frequented by the "Indians," that they made raids upon floating property, that they were employed from time to time in fishing operations, and that they have left behind them many evidences of their placability. Indeed, there is a story that once marital relations were established between an advanced native and an English woman. Again be this as it may.

As Prowse observes, already quoted, that "the silence of historians is no evidence whatever," either of amicable or unfriendly relations between Whites and savages; and for the greater part of the period in which the tale of the Beothic lies. We have to depend for the truth often upon the scrawled annals of the unrecognized recorder; annals with which he is most particularly or personally concerned, and even upon the unwritten folk-lore of the poor and unlettered.

Speaking of the misfortunes which fell upon the Beothics in the eighteenth century; who amongst them could distinguish the right from the wrong in the White man's code? They had not been taught the morality of our code, no more than had our race had prior to our adoption of the Hebrew adage—"Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour." To them "morality" meant the natural need of the present. As another writer puts it—"To them such objects as knives, hatchets, nails and lines presented a temptation almost irresistible"—(Harvey), and when they took these or any article lying about, and which took their fancy, they were obeying an impulse natural to their needs and their code. Surely as we know ourselves, and speaking generally, the White is no better, save only as expediency with respect to common law directs!

Surely the European colonists of the day might have reserved judgment. He might have reasoned considering untrained human nature, that every condign punishment was a sure road to retaliation and revenge. And so grew up a vicious system of hatred and counter hatred, blood revenge and heartless murder on both sides which pales the face and chills the heart.

But we live in a different age. It is not easy for us of to-day to enter into the spirit of that time of stress and insistent needs; when men were carving out for themselves new homes in a new and struggling land; when the unaccustomed cold of a long winter called for the rigid conservation of every possession; and when very life seemed to depend upon their implements of trade and their few household goods. It seems to have been a time when he who would flitch from them the slightest needed thing, might flitch their very lives. And be he White man or Red skin, he had to be, nay ought to be regarded and treated as a public enemy.

So the enmity once engendered, raged relentlessly until the silence of the forest and shore proclaimed the extermination of the Beothic, and security in the settlers' homes.

(To be Continued.)

A Newfoundland Lullaby.

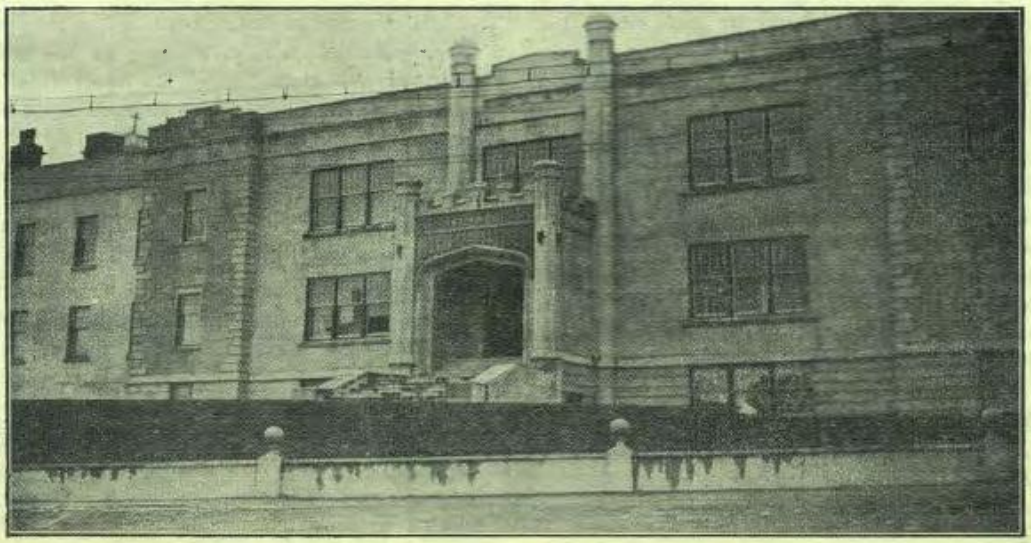
By Eunice Holbrook Ruel.

SUN, low in the West—
Sails red in the Sun;
The smoke from the little cottages
Tells that the day is done.

Fish piled high on the beach,
Gulls swinging low in the sky—
Murmur of wind and of wave,
Making a lullaby.

Hush and Bye for the Baby—
Little swift gulls of the Bay—
Spread your white wings above him
And keep the bad dreams away.

Flash in the sun, little Herring,
Winds of the North, sing low—
Hushaby, Hushaby, Baby,
Sleep where the plum trees grow.



Presentation Convent New School—Opened September 12th, 1937.

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

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

ARTICLE XXXII.

BEFORE proceeding onwards in my voyage round the Coast, I have a few remarks to make concerning some of the names mentioned in last number.

With regard to Barren Island, a suggestion has been made to call it by the name of

Bar Port.

This would conserve the word Bar which is the most distinctive characteristic of the place, and at the same time do away with the distasteful word "Harbour."

At a recent meeting of the Board of Nomenclature the Postmaster General asked that some name be substituted for that of Burgeo, a small Island near Bar-Port, as, on account of the well known name of Burgeo, attaching to a large settlement further westward, which gives the name to the Electoral District of Burgeo and LaPoile, a good deal of confusion arises in despatching letters. I was deputed to take charge of the matter. I wrote Rev. Fr. Doutney, of St. Kyran's, and he suggested the name of

"Chambers."

He wrote as follows: "I enclose a note received from Mr. Chambers re change of name of Burgeo. He suggests Chambers Island. 'There is not, I think, a more appropriate one. The island has been in the possession and ownership of the Chambers family from time immemorial, and no others ever carried on business there, as far as I can ascertain.' This change would confer a just and truly entitled honour upon the family."

With regard to the name "St. Leonard's," Father Doutney tells me that he gave the name of Presque to the harbour now bearing that name. Up to his arrival in the Bay it was called "Nor' West Cove." The name of Presque being applied to the arm of the sea only.

It was Rev. Fr. Doutney also who gave the name of

St. Leonard's.

"I changed," he says, "the name of Oliver's Cove to St. Leonard's immediately on my coming to St. Kyran's (1876). Looking about for a suitable name, and having the name of 'Saint Leonard's by the sea' in my mind and believing that it would be a compliment to the old folk, then living there, and the first settlers in the place, I gave it the name, sinking forever in oblivion both Oliver and 'Crummle.'"

The name

St. Anne's,

THE BAIT SKIFF SEINING CAPLIN.

concerning which I expressed my wonder and ignorance in my last article, was also given by Father Doutney. "The harbour of St. Anne's," he writes, 'is really a place of two harbours. Up to 1876 they had two distinct names, the eastern cove was called 'Green's Cove,' and the western one 'Swaddler's Cove.' I changed those names and put the beautiful one of St. Anne's in their place." So the name is not so ancient as I thought; it is not a survival of the Cabot period, and Father Doutney had good reason to laugh at my farfetched notion.

On entering the harbour of Presque last summer on the s.s. "Argyle" a rock was pointed out to me to which the mate—Bill Hartigan—gave the very strange name of

Cobbleater.

This was indeed a puzzler. I thought at first it might have been a corruption of Cabilaue or Kabeljouwe, for explanation of

which see Article No. 2 of this series. It is a corruption of Baccaloas. From information since received I am inclined to believe that the word has a different origin. The Rev. Father Doutney informs me that the name as pronounced by the people of the Bay is

Coppalean,

which he says sounds like Irish, and so indeed it does, for it is a perfect correct Irish word though not quite correctly spelt. It should be

Coppaleen,

which means a small horse or pony. The name is quite appropriate, whether we consider the shape of the rock which is somewhat like a horse's back and the colour which is a sort of reddish bay; or the fact that the rock being just above the surface of the water, creates, when the wind blows, a surf which looks like what sailors call white horses on the water. As to the word being Irish my readers will not be astonished at this when they will see, a little further on, what a number of names in this neighbourhod are of Irish origin.

Mention was made in the last article (XXXI.) of

La Dame Blanche,

or the White Lady, a formation of a quartz vein in the cliff, bearing some resemblance to a lady. Father Doutney writes: "It is known as the 'White Lady' . . . the appearance seems to me to be more like an Archbishop! sitting on his archiepiscopal chair wearing full canonicals and therefore I call it the White Archbishop."

To the south-westward of Marticot Island there is an island about four and three-quarter miles long. It is called

Long Island.

This name should be changed, there being another and much better known island of the same name further in the Bay, which has several harbours as already mentioned. It is thirteen miles long and hence more deserving of its name. A lighthouse has recently been erected on the western point of this outer long island. This is an additional reason why the name should be changed to avoid mistakes in following the Sailing Directions. The name

Alexandra Island

has been suggested in honour of our late Gracious Queen.

The harbour next westward from Petty Fort is

Non Such.

This is an abbreviation for none such, and is equivalent to nonpariel, unequalled. The name was in use in the age of the Tudors for anything splendid or beautiful. It was given by Henry VIII. to a palace built by him in 1527. Though Henry lived in it for ten years it was not completed at the time of his death (1547), it was completed by the Earl of Arundel in Queen Mary's time. It was considered the most beautiful and magnificently luxurious building in the world, hence the name:— Leland (John Oxon) writes thus of it:—

> "Hanc quia non habent similem, laudare Britanni
> Sæpe solent nullique parem cognomine dicunt."

which may be thus translated:—

> "No equal can be found, so Britons claim,
> To this grand palace: hence none such, its name."

Queen Elizabeth often slept there. Hertzner, a German traveler, says; it was built with an excess of magnificence and elegance even to ostentation, &c., so that it may well claim and justify its name of Nonsuch as the poet sings:—

> "This which no equal has in art or fame:
> Britons deservedly do nonsuch name."

It may be asked whether there is anything about this harbour to justify a name which implies such beauty? This I cannot answer from personal experience, not having ever been inside the headlands of the harbour. The bay-steamer passes it by and I believe it has no inhabitants. The name does not appear in the Census of 1901. I think however the following may be the explanation of the name. It was a custom, then as now, to give to newly built boats, schooners, or war-ships the name of anything whether a victory in war, such as "Waterloo," "Agincourt," &c; some great monument or building, as Versailles, Hampton Court, Alhambra, &c., so there was in the British Navy in those days a "ketch" or gun-boat named the "Nonsuch." She made several cruises, and did much service on the coast of Newfoundland and North America. Thus we hear of her in 1668, when under command of Captain Zacharian Gillam, she made a voyage to Hudson's Straits, (see Taverner, English Pilot, Bk. IV., p.3). Again in 1703, under command of Capt. Carleton, and in the fleet under Commander Underdown of the ship "Falkland,' she accompanied an expedition from St. John's to Bonavista, Fleur-de-Lys, Councbe, St. Julian, &c. They captured six French ships and took much booty (Prowse, p.247, quoting from Anspach). I have not found any record of the Nonsuch having been in Placentia Bay, but no doubt she must have been there, and left her name as a legacy to this harbour. West of Non Such is

Cape Roger,

and a harbour of the same name. There is a conspicuous hill called Cape Roger Mountain. I have no idea of the origin of the name.

To the westward of Roger Bay there is a large double harbour, formerly called Great and Little

Gallows Harbour.

The late Rev. Fr. Morris when stationed at Oderin, not liking the name of Gallows Harbour changed the name of this place to

St. Joseph's.

The name was certainly an improvement, but unfortunately it was unjudiciously chosen as there are other places of the same name in the country, and the Postmaster General now asks for a change of name of one or two of these places (there are three of them) as it causes confusion in the Post Office. The harbour next west of St. Joseph's is

Baye De L'eau.

This of course the ordinary French name corresponding to our English "Fresh-water-bay." All these harbours have fine brooks flowing into them which have been used from time immemorial for watering ships. In the Census of 1901, this place is called

Bay De L'ieu.

This is an absurd corruption. It does not belong to any language and does not mean anything. It is a pity that such corruptions, showing a great ignorance or carelessness, should be allowed to appear in an official document. There are numerous such errors in the Census, and it is to be hoped that in compiling the new Census some attention may be paid to the Nomenclature as well as to the figures. The next harbour is

Boat Harbour,

a name which speaks for itself. The French maps give it as

Havre Au Chaloup.

There is here one of those statue-like rocks which bear the generic name of "The Friar." The name is quite commonly given to the many peaked rocks along the coast. An island off the coast bears the name of

Cross Island.

The name is somewhat ancient as I find it on the Royal French map of 1745 as

Isle De La Croix.

The next harbour is named

Bain Harbour.

It is spelt in different manners. In the Census of 1901 it is given as Baine Harbour. Howley map (1907) gives it Bane Harbour. I would be inclined to think it means Havre au Bain, Bath or Bathing Harbour only that I find it given on French maps as Havre Bane which is not a French word and would seem to imply that the French did not understand the word. Mr. LeMessurier says it is so called because it is shaped like a bath or basin. There is a telegraph station at this Harbour and a line across the country to Bay de l'Argent in Fortune Bay. The next harbour is

Rushoon.

The meaning of this name is obscure. This place is the point of division between the Electoral Districts of Burin and Placentia. There is a very large and rapid brook flowing into the harbour and it has occurred to me that the name may be a corruption of Ruisseau, a brook. We next come to

John The Bay

or John de Bay. It seems to me that this curious name is a corruption, by a sort of histeron-proteron process of Bay de John, which itself would be a corruption of Baye d'argent, Silver Bay, a name given to other places in this neighborhood. Howley's map gives it d'Argent Bay.

Some few miles off the coast in this neighborhood there is an archipelago of Islands, the principal ones of which are Oderin (Audierne), Flat Islands and Judy Island.

Oderin,

so this name is now phonetically spelt, but on the French maps it is Audierne. This is the name of a bay and seaport in Brittany. It is thus described by Reclus, Geographie, vol. III. p 250, "Doubling the bold headland called Penmarch or 'the horse's head,' we enter the desolate bay of Audierne. Not a tree grows upon the heights which surround it, and no traces of cultivation greet the eye." Of the town of Audierne he says, "it has 1627 inhabitants and it is likewise a decayed city." In a Report to the Minister of State, sent by le Sieur de Costebelle, Governor of Placentia in 1712, we find the name spelt in a rather peculiar manner first as

Haridienne

and afterwards as Audienne, but this latter may be a misprint.

From this despatch it appears that Oderin was fortified at that time and was a place of some importance. A certain merchant of the place, named LaFosse had deserted from the French and handed over some important documents to the English. He was arrested by Le Sieur de Mont Commander of the Postillon. He escaped and rejoined the English. He had a fort and fishing "Room" (habitation) at Audierne. He took away his small cannons aboard his ship but he left at Audierne his wife and family. Of this good woman Le Sieur de Costebelle gravely remarks "the said lady is not less given to disturbing her neighbours than her husband was" Costabelle sent a detachment from Placentia to take away the lady and her family and to send them to France. He determined to demolish and reduce to ashes everything which might serve the renegade as a place of shelter, should he come back. . . . He was again captured, most damaging papers were found upon him. He was taken by De la Ronde to Guadaloupe where he died in hospital 1714. These few items throw a side light on the state of Oderin at that early period.

The next largest of the group of islands is

Judy Island.

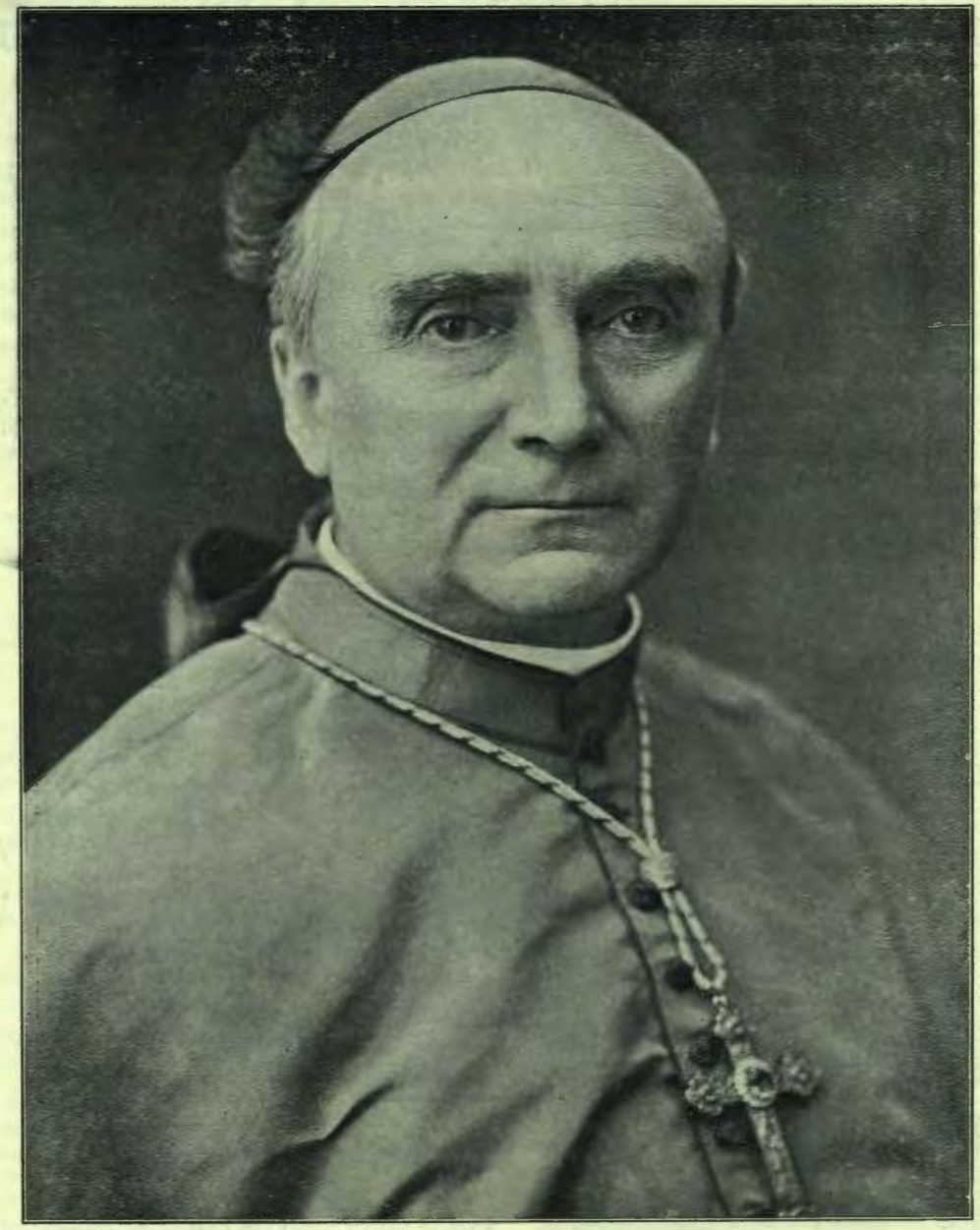
The name is spelt in several ways and the origin is doubtful. On Fitzhugh's map (1693) it is written C. Judas. It is the same on Friend's map (1713); also on Mcll's map (1735); also on the Imperial French map of 1784. On this map the island is called I. du Milieu, or Middle island, while its southern cape is called C. de Judas (pronounced by the French, Judah). It is so called also on Page's map as late as 1860. Howley's map (1907) gives it as Jude island, and C. Jude. So also the latest edition (1907) of Maxwell's Coastal Pilot. Mr. LeMessurier in his Lecture p. 19, says it is Jeudi or Thursday island though he gives no authority. The people simply call it Cape Judy.

DECEMBER, 1911. † M. F. H.

Students' Representative Council at Memorial University College, 1937–1938.

Back Row (Left to Right): R. M. Parsons, Miss E. Davis, D. B. Baird (Treas.)

Front Row: J. R. Wareham, Miss R. Angel (Secty.), W. C. Hudson (Pres.), Miss V. Crummey.



Festive Greetings

June 24th, St. John's Day, saw the forty-first anniversary of the Priestly Ordination of His Grace the Archbishop of St. John's. June 29th, the Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul was the twenty-third anniversary of his Episcopal Consecration. These two anniversaries are suitably marked this year by the commencement of work on a project which has long been before His Grace's mind, the building of the new St. Clare's Mercy Hospital.

On the occasion of these two anniversaries The Newfoundland Quarterly extends to

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. JOHN'S

its homage and sincere good wishes for the future.

Annual Service at the National War Memorial.

By Capt. Leo C. Murphy.

DARK clouds gave way to glorious sunshine at the National War Memorial Sunday morning, July 3, when there was another exceptionally large attendance of citizens to witness the Annual Service.

Through the courtesy of the Stations VOCM, VONF and VOGY, the whole ceremony was broadcast, and Capt. L. C. Murphy gave a narrative of the Monument, what it stood for, its symbolical figures, and the story of it completion.

His Excellency the Governor attended with Lady Walwyn and the Vice-Regal Staff, and were received on the Plateau with the Royal Salute. Commissioners in charge of the Departments, His Honour the Mayor and thousands of prominent citizens were present. The Dominion President, Major F. W. Marshall, M.B.E., and Executive formed the Reception Committee.

The Massed Choirs were under the direction of Mr. Frank Bradshaw, and the Band selections were particularly tuneful. The reports of the broadcast were most encouraging.

Mr. Chas. Parson, M.M., and Bar, acted as Master of Ceremonies, and the whole Parade was under the Command of Major J. W. March, M.C., and C. de G. The Colour party was in command of Lieuts. Ron. McK. Chafe and Jas. P. Lang, and the firing party, under Sergt. J. J. Dooley, was in splendid formation and precision.

The Blue Ensign was once more officially raised by Comrade Geo. Macklin, in early morning, and as this was one of these flown at the London Cenotaph it gave an impressive touch to the proceedings.

The War Memorial before the Governor's party left was en-

CEREMONY AT NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL, KING'S BEACH.

The wreaths this year showed an increase of eighteen in number, while the personal floral tributes were singularly beautiful.

The official order was :

1. His Excellency the Governor.
2. Lady Walwyan, on behalf of Women's Patriotic Assn.
3. Hon. L. E. Emerson, K.C., for the Commission of Govt.
4. President Great War Veterans' Association, Inc., accompanied by Dominion Secretary.
5. His Worship the Mayor.
6. Representative of Bereaved Mothers—accompanied by Hon. Asst. Secretary.
7. Consuls.
8. Captain Schwerdt, R.N., for the Royal Navy.
9. The President Ladies' Auxiliary, G.W.V.A.
10. Khaki Guild—Mrs. MacKeen and Mrs. Tessier.
11. President St. John's Branch, G.W.V.A., accompanied by Hon. Asst. Secretary.
12. Sergeants' Mess of Newfoundland. Board of Trade.
13. Army and Navy League.
14. Societies, B.I.S., Masonic, etc. Genernal Public.

compassed by a vast throng doing hummage to "them." At the base of the figures were heaped a profusion of flowers, a tribute sweet and clinging, and memories, sad, bitter, sweet—lingering with those who remained after the crowd dispersed.

"Over yonder in the close embrace of the fields where poppies grow they sleep."

Some special tribute should be paid to those in charge of the wreaths and flowers—Capt. W. J. Long and Mr. P. F. Mansfield—who were on duty early Saturday and until the floral remembrances were all distributed Sunday morning.

Every Nation, according to the war-time Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, has memories which even time cannot efface, memories which live on, not only in written history, but in the stories of valour which pass from lip to lip. Such is the story of those three hundred Spartans, who, on a summer morning, waited bravely for death in the passes of Thermopylae; such is the story of Roland in the Valley of Roncevaux; such the Armada; such Beaumont Hamel.

When July comes round, we always remember with pride the sacrifice and achievement of the Royal Nfld. Regiment. Their

SERGEANTS' MEMORIAL, QUEEN'S ROAD.

courage was sublime; they had abounding faith in their country and the justice of their cause; in the darkest hour they never lost confidence in ultimate victory nor the belief that liberty would triumph.

Gladly and willingly they offered all they had. Many, too many, now rest in the long stillness of the war cemeteries, near where they fought and died. As the shadows lengthen, the sound of their feet mingles with the tramp of the legions of the past, and men know that Newfoundlanders knew and did their duty.

"A half-blown poppy leaning at the side
Its graceful head to dream among the corn,
Forget-me-nots that seem as though the morn had tumbled down."

Their memory endures. We do them honour as our honour deems, and as their worth beseems with attendance at the Memorial Day Services, by the wearing of a simple little flower of remembrance, and a fervent prayer that the war drums and trumpets will sleep in our time!

The Sergeants' Memorial.

"To keep their memory green—we meet and pray,
A whole world silent for this little while:
And memory brings them back to us in spirit,
And through the mists of time we see them smile."

Although the service at the Sergeants' Memorial was short and simplicity itself Sunday morning, just previous to the entire parade moving off for the National Monument, it presented an opportunity of seeing what had been done by the Comrades who are devoting their energies to the work of perpetuating the names of their old Messmates.

The floral work and shrubbery was most attractive, and the railing was all newly painted, a voluntary work on the part of several Sergeants who performed the task most satisfactorily.

In storm or calm, their duty is solemnly performed each year by the Members of the Mess.

The whole section hereby had been attended to through the interest of the Council Superintendent and two or three of the Council men, who expressed the desire to clean up the area while they were working near Bond Street. This thoughtful action is appreciated, because this simple Shrine will lose no part of its radiance, for it is the petalled unfolding of the Newfoundland Sergeants' Boquet of remembrance eternal as her rugged coast-line.

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR HUMPHREY THOMAS WALWYN, K.C.S.I., C.B, D.S.O., AND CAPT. S. M. R. SCHWERDT, R.N.

BOY SCOUTS PASSING UP DUCKWORTH STREET.

GIRL GUIDES PASSING UP DUCKWORTH STREET.

TERRA NOVA.

By F. C. Merchant, 191 Bronson Avenue, Rochester, New York.

Have you ever seen the ocean?
Have you listened to its moaning
Down along the caverned shore-line,
Or the smashing of its thunder
As it raged against the head-lands,
Or its softly, soothing lulling
When it gently laved the land-wash?

If you have, and wandered Northward
To the Isle of Terra Nova
Where the coast is upward sheering;
Where the ground-swell rolls eternal;
Where the soul of the Aurora
Dances on its granite hilltops;
Where the dogwood and witchhazel
And the ash and spruce and fir-wood
Hang above the tumbling cascades
Cool and clear as sparkling crystal;

You would hear the birds at dawning
Chanting Matins to the morning
Stealing o'er the leagues of ocean,
Or the lonely Loon at midnight
Thro' the darkness calling echoes,
From the tarns and o'er the barrens.

Off the shore at early daybreak,
Hear the gnarled old fishers crooning
Crooning to old Neptune's music,
To the first stray beams of dawnlight,
To the fishes, to the heavens,
To his lean to in the hillside;
Hidden down a limestone fissure
From the roaring Winter's Northers.

Trawling, fishing, crooning, rocking
On the smooth and rolling upswell
Of the giant Ocean sleeping
Calm and tranquil, deeply breathing,
You could watch the great ships surging
From the world's end thro' the sunrise
And the white gulls zooming resting
Riding on the glassy surface,
While the day came creeping inland
Lighting up the dew-drenched hillsides
Tipping all the fleece clouds rose-hue;
Shedding gold on craggy ridge-tops
Filling air and breeze with nectar.

Autumn.

Then the clear white clouds of autumn,
Up against the blue of heaven.
Pungent haze of weary nature,
Flooding down the vales and meadows,
Homely shouts and distant echoes.
From the toilers at the harvest;
Gathering in the after gleanings;
Burning stalks with happy laughter.
Sea and land with crops abundant.
Upturned punts along the landwash.
Scent of tar and burning pitch-gum;
Caulking mallets softly tapping,
To the tune of curlews calling;
Heading down the world to south-lands
And the last wildrose leaves floating
On the brooks down to the ocean

Autumn, nature's grand siesta,
Ere she wakes in potent fury,
When the equinox comes roaring,
Tearing up the ferns and mosses
In its grasp the quaking timber
Creak and groan, in mighty struggle.
Ages monarchs splintering, falling
Blasted by the mad South-easter.

Then the sullen sky is lowering
And the blue fades from the ocean.
Dour and darkly nature changes
As in pain the waters moaning
Rising up against the headlands
Sullen gloomy in defiance
Of the coming grip of Winter.

Winter.

Creeping down along the harbors
Stripping bare the painted hillsides
But the fir and spruce withstanding
All its rage and wild outpourings
Sullen green against the skyline.

Village cabin, valley sheltering
From the blasts down from the Arctic
Laden with its whirls of snowflakes
Sagging down with weight of hailstone
In its shroud of sleet, deep buried
Raging, maddened, fury-driven,
Smashing at the windows, lintels,
Tearing at the turf-topped tilt roofs,
Raging round the anchored schooners
Riding in the land-locked tickles.

Shrieking through the highland passes,
Skimming chill on foam-capped combers,
Biting at the raging ocean,
Flinging out in wild endeavor
To escape that ruthless menace,
That will quiet down its turmoil
Chill its restless heart to stillness
Then the struggle is abated
All the white-land lies asleeping,
Tranquil, clad in winter's beauty.

Spring.

Now the spring comes gently creeping,
Whispering to the ice-clad hillsides
Searching out the frozen rivulets,
Calling them to life and music;
Breathing softly through the forests.

Melting down the shrinking snow-drifts,
Splitting frozen lakes asunder,
Coaxing life back to the meadows,
Gently touching buried seedlings,
Waiting for the magic challenge
Of the sun and wind and raindrops.

Once again to waft their perfume
Through the dells and glens and valleys,
On the river-banks and hillsides.
Calling to the vast Atlantic,
That the time has come to waken,
From its ice-locked crystal prison.

Calling to the eager children,
Calling to the rugged fishers;
Calling to the sails unfurling;
To the ocean to the sunshine;
To the south winds softly breathing,
Calling to the foam-drenched shoreline;
To the leaping fishes, gleaming,
To the deer upon the highlands,
To the moonlight to the dawning,
To its God and great Jehova,
To the soul of Terra Nova.

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