The Newfoundland Quarterly

Christmas Number, 1938

John J. Evans, Sr., Printer and Proprietor,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Santa Claus.

Government Publications.

Bulletin No.	Title.	By.		Date.
	SERVICE BULLETINS.			
3	Newfoundland Cod Liver Oil.	N. L. Macpherson	Free	1937
4	Pink Fish—Its Cause and Prevention.	W. F. Hampton	"	1938
5	The Dogfish and How it can be used.	W. F. Hampton	"	1938
6	Trout and Their Conservation.	Nancy Frost	"	1938
7	Production and Composition of Commercial Salt.	Anna M. Wilson	"	1938
	RESEARCH BULLETINS.			
4	Some Fishes of Newfoundland Waters	Anna M. Wilson and Nancy Frost	20c.	1938
5	The Genus Ceratium and its Use, etc.	Anna M. Wilson	20c.	1938
	ECONOMIC BULLETINS.			
3	Report of Fishery Enquiry Commission.		50c.	1937
4	Report of Fishery Research Committee.		25c.	1937
5	U. S. A. Fishery Market Survey.	J. Maurice	Free	1937
6	Methods of Production and Curing of Norwegian Fish.	Capt. W. H. Foote	"	1938
	RECENT GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS.			
	Customs Returns 1937–8.		40c.	1938
	Report on Land Settlement.	J. H. Gorvin	10c.	1938

Copies of the above and full particulars regarding other Government Publications may be had on application to the Supplies Division, Department of Public Works.

Nov. 12th, 1938.

The Newfoundland Quarterly

Vol. XXXVIII.—No. 3. DECEMBER, 1938. 80 cents per year.

Harbour Grace History.

Chapter Twenty.

By W. A. Munn.

Conception Bay Bankers.

DURING the decade of the Seventies the Codfishery had been fairly successful both Shore and Labrador, but there was a feeling that the Bank Fishery, which had always been the central occupation of European rivals was neglected to a large extent in this Country.

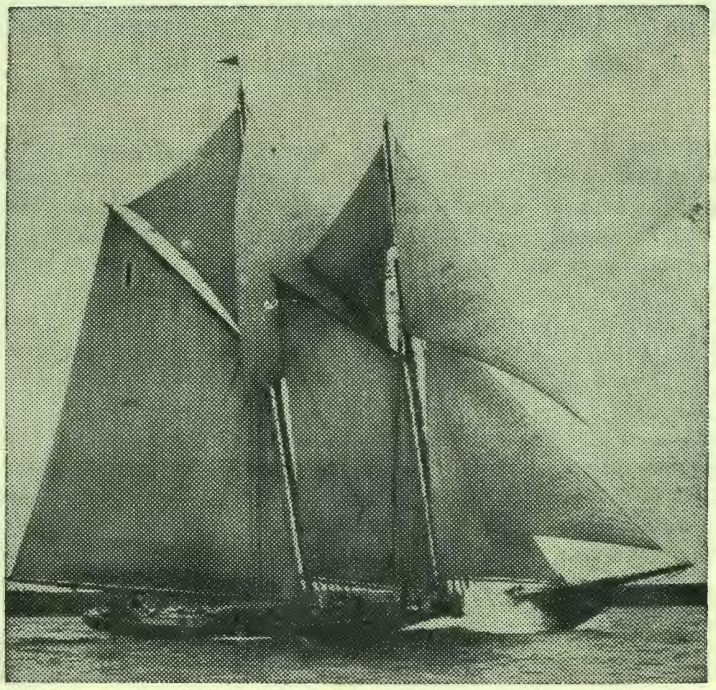
It was a period of further developments of our fisheries, as will be seen in this Chapter.

The Halifax Award and the Contest over the Bait Act created a national feeling that spread to every harbour in Conception Bay, and which shows itself prominently in the expansion of the Bank Fishery. It is difficult to get proper statistics, but there must have been a fleet of fully a hundred vessels prosecuting this fishery during the eighties, more than half of which came from Conception Bay.

There was an able body of fishermen at the head of Conception Bay—at Holyrood and Harbour Main—who were among the first at this period.

Capt. Walter Kennedy, who is still vigorous, made a name for himself in the "Annie B." and the "Northern Star," and more especially the "Silver Spring," and his colleague, Capt. John Lewis, both were pioneers with Capt. Michael O'Rourke, a still older generation in the schr. "Dolphin." The bountiful supply of bait for which Holyrood is famous must have inspired these Captains Courageous to take the lead. Subsequently Capt. John Lewis went Master of the schr. "Dolphin," but he is better known later on in the "Helena May" and the "Jubilee," but he was also Master of the "General Gordon" owned by John Joy of Holyrood.

In the early eighties the head of Conception Bay from Avondale to Kelligrews could boast of over one hundred vessels



"BLUENOSE"—THE CHAMPION BANKER.

prosecuting the fisheries in all directions, principally at Labrador, all insured in local clubs. Michael O'Rourke in the "Fanny" and John Sullivan of Harbour Main in the "Mary" are said to be the first pioneers on Northern Labrador about 1877, as far north as Kittle-o-pikes, which is just south of Cape Mugford.

The first records we find in Harbour Grace of bankers.

1880, April 20th—John Munn & Co., cleared at the Customs House for Bank Fishery, schr. "Louis Jane," Capt. Martin McGrath; "Prince," Capt. Patrick Laracy; both of these captains came from the vicinity of Colliers. The next year, Martin McGrath, went Master of the schr. "Anna A. Teel." The first of the Captains living at Harbour Grace was Captain Stephen Hawkins in the schr. "Selina," and shortly after the schr. "Effie." Capt. John F. Noel went first in charge of the "Anna A. Teel," but he is remembered still more in the schr. "Mary M."

1884—The Harbour Grace Banking Company was started with Patrick Farrell as President, and John Paterson as Treasurer. They were the prime movers. Their first vessel was the "Flying Arrow," Capt. Dick O'Neil. The following year he took charge of the schr. "Thrasher."

1886—The "Flying Arrow" Capt. Parsons was run down in the fog on the Banks by a large Nova Scotia barque, when the crew only saved their lives by climbing on her bobstay. We find a steady increase at Harbour Grace. C. W. Ross & Co., followed with vessels: "Switcher," Capt. Yetman; "Iona," Capt. Parmiter; "Industry," Capt. Barrett. A fourth fleet was the "J. R. Volger," "Jubilee," "Grover Cleveland," "Helena May," "J. C. Mayo."

Carbonear came to the front headed by the enterprising firms of John Rorke, Duff & Balmer, Penney Bros. and B. T. H. Gould with about a dozen bankers. C. & A. Dawe of Bay Roberts started with some excellent vessels built under their own supervision. "Ideli," "Hebe," "Fiona" and "Ruby." Capt. Henry Dawe had the "Enchantress." Brigus had the "Zebra", Capt. Saml. Bartlett; "General Grant," Capt. Henry Bartlett; "Victor," Capt. Moses Bartlett. Harbour Main—Patrick Hickey had the "Maggie." Avondale—Daniel Flynn built the "Sebastian Cabot" of which Con. Kennedy took charge. Holyrood—schrs. "Michael" and "Dart" were built here for the Banks. Walter Joy had the "schr. "J. Saint." Hearts Content—Joseph Hopkins and his two sons, Joseph and William did good work in vessels of their own. George Moore had another ship "E. B. Philips." Catalina—Norman & Fred Snelgrove had seven bankers, schrs. "Hyrangea," "Cactus," "Liberty," "Acme," "Sir John Glover," "Annie" and "Meda Anne." McCormack and Walsh, also J & D Ryan had more bankers.

I find it impossible to get a correct list, but this will show what energy was thrown into the prosecution of this industry in and near Conception Bay.

This brings us to the stirring times mentioned in the last chapter of the competition with the French at St. Pierre, when their fleet were largely increased by that unfair method of trade stimulated by artificial bounties granted by the Government of France for their own political reasons. Our whole Country recognized the effects of this artful contrivance to excite unnatural trade for ulterior motives, and were roused to keen combativeness. Not even disasters like "Flying Arrow" could deter them from the fishery. Even the loss of a Carbonear vessel, "Ocean Friend," with all her crew could not prevent others from the prosecution of this industry.

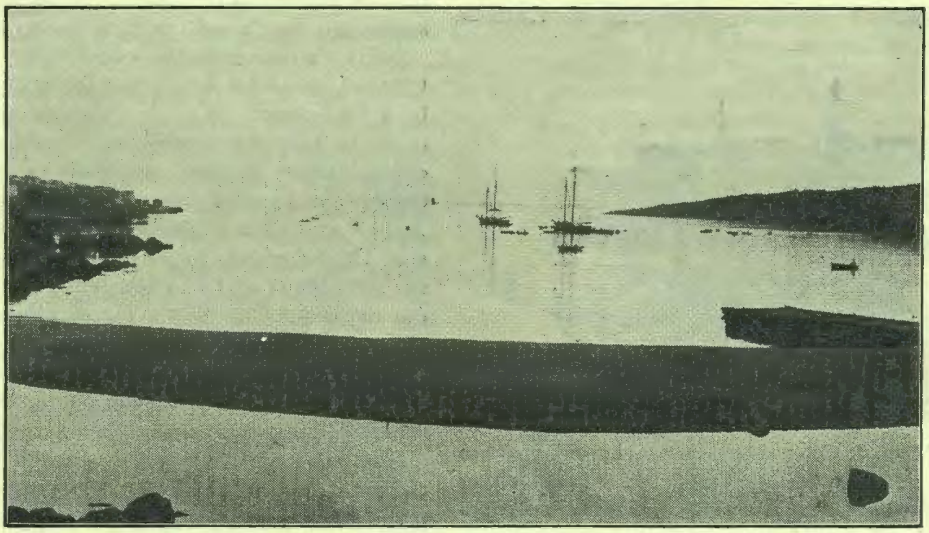
BANKERS GETTING SQUID BAIT AT HOLYROOD.
Photo by Ern Maunder.

We find a steady increase of the quantity of fish caught showing how this Bank Fishery was being studied to good advantage. The method of curing and culling codfish is a science, that can only be attained by thoughtful men in a life long experience. An expert would no more think of mixing Straits of Belle Isle fish or Bank fish with the genuine Labrador fish for the Italian market than he would think of flying. They knew where the best fish came from to suit the Brazil markets, and catered for it to the advantage of themselves and customers. In the early eighties there was such a quantity of Bank fish offering in Conception Bay, that John Munn & Co., decided to cater for the American market with "Boneless Codfish." This industry was largely prosecuted in Gloucester and other New England towns, where the Americans were then working a large Banking fleet.

That genius for inventions, Capt. F. W. Golder, was placed in charge, and it was not long before he had certain Harbour Grace vessels making a selection of suitable fish as it was caught on the Banks, salting heavily the large fish for boneless, and

lightly salting the small fish, which was intended for hard drying later on for other markets. A thorough study of the anatomy of the fish took place by a competent crew in Harbour Grace where every bone in the fish was removed. This fish was then cut to suit press boxes, and the finished article was tied in blocks or bricks, nicely wrapped in waxed paper, advertising the name of the firm, and telling the customers the very best methods to handle this fish for cooking. It is fifty years ago since this boneless and skinless codfish was put up in small boxes of ten, twenty and forty pounds, and sent to the markets of Canada and the United States meeting the approval of customers everywhere. Their "King Cod" brand was asked for in every town. As a proof of this the "Blue Ribbon" or very highest award was won at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 to celebrate the 400th Anniversary of Christopher Columbus discovery of America, and can still be shown. Every large producer of Boneless Codfish in Gloucester and Boston had exhibits of their fish at this contest in Chicago, but before the summer was out every exhibit of their fish was thrown out as a nuisance, having gone bad with the exception of Munn's Boneless Codfish put up in Harbour Grace. The curing of this fish brought increased employment to the people of the town. Capt. Golder in his efforts to make use of everything made a special fertilizer out of the bones, which was in great demand from those growing strawberries. The skin of the codfish created another industry, that of Liquid Fish Glue, the very strongest adhesive known. It was put up in small bottles for the retail trade, and in barrels for the wholesale boot and shoe manufacturers, who continued for many years to ask for this special glue. "It will mend anything except a broken heart" was the slogan which sold it. Many other items could be mentioned, but I have no doubt the fancy boxes distributed one Christmas will still be remembered. There were twelve bottles in the box, which was nicely labelled, and in the box a printed verse—

"As an emblem of Friendship, here is something that's New,
You will admit that to stick, there is nothing like Glue.
So let our friendship remain ever true,
You stick to me, and I'll stick to you."



HARBOUR MAIN—TWO BANKERS GETTING A BAITING OF SQUID.
Photo by A. G. Williams.

St. Stephen's Day.

1883—As the year grew to a close when Christmas cheer was in evidence, a riot took place on St Stephen's Day in the West End of Harbour Grace, that stirred the whole country to its very depths. It is too well remembered to dwell on here. A new election took place shortly after. The British Government stationed the warship "Tenedos" at Harbour Grace the following autumn, she was moored at the Beach premises. The riot was so much regretted by all that every townsman did his best to make the following winter the happiest possible for the officers and crew of the "Tenedos." It was a winter of jollification and entertainment with skating, snow-shoeing and tobogganing, and especially horse racing on the harbour, which was frozen over, and was in perfect condition for this sport.

1883, November—The s.s. "Commodore" was entering Sydney Harbour and went ashore in a fog, becoming a total loss.

1884—The s.s. "Greenland" was being got ready in September for a trip to Labrador, and thence with a cargo of herring to Montreal. About midnight the fire bells rang out. A fire had broken out in the lazaretto below the cabin of the steamer. She was towed at once from the wharves where the other steamers were moored. As they reached the upper end of the harbour and near the South side she sank. The accompanying photograph shows a picturesque scene. She was fortunately insured, and Lloyd's Underwriters sent Admiral Grant from London to refloat her. The Admiral expected an easy job, but after going to considerable expense, he found that these sealing steamers, although built of wood, were very much heavier than he expected, and he had to admit defeat. The Underwriters now proposed a compromise with the owners, which they accepted. F. W. Golder, the ship's husband, set his ingenious wits to work, but it took him months of hard work to accomplish. He eventually got her afloat and fitted up. She prosecuted the seal fishery for another twenty-two years.

St. Paul's Hall was built the same year; the stone was brought from Lady Lake.

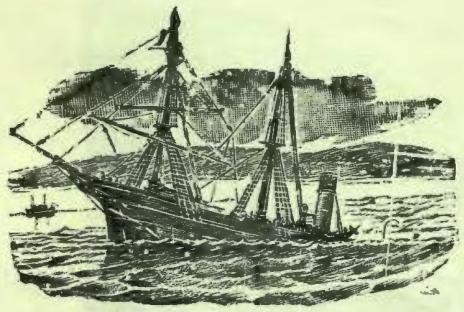
August 29th—The Welsh schooner "Roseolven" left Harbour

Grace for Labrador to load fish for market. Two days afterwards she was towed into Catalina by a man-o-war. She had struck an iceberg. Her crew and passengers in attempting to leave her had been swamped in their boat, and all lost. The mystery surrounding this loss on a fine day made it very eventful.

1884, October 11th—The official opening of the Railway between St. John's and Harbour Grace took place this day. Sir William Whiteway and a large party from St. John's met Mr. R. S. Munn and others at Whitbourne Station, where an important banquet with speeches took place.

1885—The death occurred of Mr. Nath. Jillard, a native of Darthmouth, and prominent business man for 51 years resident at Harbour Grace. Capt. Henry Bailey, master of the barque "Clutha," died at Brazil, both leaving many friends to mourn their loss.

1886—The fishery this year was an excellent one. John Munn & Co.'s collection from their planters was over 200,000 quintals of codfish at Labrador alone. About 130,000 quintals of this was shipped from Labrador direct to the Mediterranean markets; 70,000 quintals was brought by craft to Harbour Grace to be distributed later on.



S.S. "GREENLAND" SUBMERGED.

This year John Munn & Co. resorted to the chartering of two steamers to carry about 10 000 quintals each. It was a new method that was followed up regularly since then from Labrador. It enabled them to make sure of early arrivals at each market in Spain, Italy and Greece. It often happened that sailing vessels met unfavourable weather when leaving Labrador, and with a long passage to Gibraltar, they found that a month had been lost which interfered greatly with the amount of fish consumed at each place.

Fishery Board—Adolph Nielsen—1886 to 1895.

It is often seen that the greatest progress of a country comes during the hard times. While the whole country was fighting tooth and nail for the enforcement of the Bait Act against our unfair rivals with French bounties, the greatest efforts were being made by a Fishery Board composed of the principal mercantile firms. This Board was supported by the Legislature to investigate our fishery conditions.

1886—The services of Adolph Nielson were secured, and he selected Dildo Island at the bottom of Trinity Bay, and erected a Fish Hatchery, and laid plans for an extensive investigation of the habits of the codfish, herring and lobsters. Improved methods of catching, curing, cull and shipping to foreign markets were now carried out in the most up-to-date way, which if followed up at that time would have placed Newfoundland at the very apex of intelligent handling of fish products in competition with our rivals of Europe and America. Unfortunately a change of Government occurred, and this progressive policy was abandoned in 1895. It has put the Newfoundland fisheries back fifty years, and it is only now that circumstances are forcing the revival of this very important resource of the British Empire.

Adolph Nielsen took the deepest interest in the packing of the boneless codfish at Harbour Grace. He had many exhibits there of packing Scotch Cure Herring, and found the large fat Labrador herring a very suitable article.

The efforts that were made at Harbour Grace to improve the manufacture of cod liver oil got splendid support from him. This oil was subsequently found by the British Government Research Council to be a superior article to all rivals. The plans for freezing and clarifying the oil met with universal approval, which doubled and trebled the quantity exported in a few years.

Nielsen's yearly reports on the habits of the codfish, and their annual migration are still consulted as the most intensive research ever carried on in this industry.

It is impossible to make adequate laws for catching fish until the migration and habits of the fish are known. There has been no attempt in this country since Nielsen's time to find the spawning grounds and trace the life history of the fish.

Nielsen's reports on the winter fishery at Rose Blanche, and Channel, the Bank fishery and the work done in the numerous bays are splendid efforts for research, but a short visit that he made to Labrador in 1892 will show how little we have discovered since his time, and what we must do before we can develop our fisheries properly. He writes, "We left St. John's, August 17th 1892 on the coastal steamer "Virginia Lake," and met Dr. Grenfell, who was then visiting his stations on the sloop "Albert" at Turnavick. By going with him, it gave him the opportunity to visit the fishing grounds, while Dr. Grenfell visited sick patients, and he returned with him reaching Battle Harbour on the 29th of September. During this short period Mr. Nielsen met many singular phenomena, and mentions such facts, that it is a wonder this survey has never been followed up.

The heavy Arctic current is undoubtedly the coldest water in the world, and he gives instances of where many fish have been found floating stunned or dead from the cold, as they can only live when the temperature is right. The codfish dread the ice and cold water, therefore, why do they come into the coast through this current of 30 miles or more. To his surprise he found that the temperature of the water was sufficiently warm for about 20 fathoms at the bottom for codfish, and above it a 65 fathom layer of water that was so cold a fish would perish very quickly, and then a warmer strata at the top. He says, the Labrador codfish are quite a different variety from the codfish found in the bays of Newfoundland. The subject of migration was too important for him to make rash statements, but he believed they resort to the Southern coast of Newfoundland during the winter. Large and fine "Rooms" are to be seen on Labrador, such as will fully compare with, if not outdo, many establishments of a similar kind in any other fishing country outside of Newfoundland. The outfit for this fishery by some firms in Newfoundland is very extensive, and exceeds anything he has experienced in any other country. From 200 to 350 men are by some planters employed and fitted out direct for the fishery annually. The well known firm of John Munn & Co., of Harbour Grace alone, had 8,000 to 9,000 persons employed directly and indirectly annually, while the amount of codfish exported direct from Labrador by this house alone comes up in a good season to about 120,000 quintals, besides herring, salmon, and cod oil, etc.

The need of extending investigation is imperative, as correct information should be known for the benefit of the fishermen, as to whether the changes in the temperature of the water are permanent or liable to vary each year.

We have seen good years and bad years on the Labrador coast. Many stations have experienced such lean years, that they have had to be abandoned. It is foolish to state that the Labrador fishery is declining, as the fishermen now returning from this year's fishery tell us they never saw its equal before. The body of codfish frequenting many localities was phenomenal. At times it was really embarrasing for the crews to take care of all they caught.

1889—The brig "William" had a quick run from Cadiz to Harbour Grace. A few days after arrival a case of small pox was discovered among her crew. It spread rapidly, as their clothing had been dirtributed for washing among a lot of poor people. Over sixty cases occurred; the Rev. A. C. Warren, Church of England Minister of Upper Island Cove, being one of the victims, and was buried there. Dr. W. M. Allan did heroic work in stamping out this epidemic. He had to burn down many of the small houses, but got assistance for the sufferers with new houses, which started the village now known as Tilton.

1889, September 2nd—The burning of the R. C. Cathedral was a calamity. It was the greatest ornament of the town, and the handsomest building in Newfoundland. Under the energetic oversight of Bishop McDonald, a new Cathedral arose phœnix-like from its ashes, but all regretted the loss of the first building.

1892, April—The barque "Maggie Smith," on a passage with a valuable cargo of dry goods from England, struck the rocks at Bradley Cove about twenty miles from Harbour Grace. It was Saturday evening. A telegram reached John Munn & Co., notifying them, but before they could get a reply to the Captain that assistance would be sent him, they found that the telegraph wires had been cut. All recognized at once that there was trouble intended from wreckers. The s.s. "Lady Glover" was despatched with police officers, and the "Iceland" followed shortly after, arriving there about midnight. The hero on this occasion was James Evans, the Government Wreck Commissioner living at Adams' Cove. He stood alone on the hatches of that vessel all night, daring any man of the crowd who would interfere with his authority. It was a noted occurrence of lawlessness and efforts to sacrifice vessel and cargo by wreckers, but James Evans won by his fearless personality, and no such attempt has ever happened since. The two steamers managed to pluck her from the rocks, and towed her to Harbour Grace, but she cost more to repair than she was worth. The police remained there for a week hunting up the ring-leaders. One man evaded them for days, but they eventually found him in his cellar with his head and shoulders in a flour barrel, and his feet up against the wall. The police had kicked that barrel many times, but failed to detect such an innocent hiding place.

Many interesting items of the eighties have had to be left out.

In our next we will give the story of the terrible Labrador Gale of 1885 when seventy-three vessels and seventy lives were lost.

WINTER DAWN.

By Alma Robison Higbee.

WINTER spreads her sables on the ground,
When I looked out at dawn the trees were white
With slender penciling, no breath of sound
Stirred laden boughs, the laggard feet of night
In passing, left a faint blue tinge of light
That covered all; the cold gray sky stood guard
Until the sun's new arrow, swift and bright
Threaded the trees with diamond dust and starred
The tranquil hills to make a lovely Christmas Card.

WINTER.

By Laura Hoagland Pierce, Kansas City, Mo.

WINTER'S charm now spreads its beauty
Over hill and vale and wood,
Wrapping all the trees in ermine
And in silences that brood.

Brood of green leaves that have withered
When their reign of splendor ceased,
Brood of mystic throbs of Spring time
That will bring new life, released.

Underneath the warm snow blankets,
Violets and snow drops sleep,
Waiting for the kiss of Spring time
That will stir their slumber deep.

And will break the icy shackles
Chaining rivers, lakes and rills,
And, from hibernating slumber
Wake the grasses on the hills.

Winter has quiescent beauty,
Like the pause between two notes,
Yet it fills a measured rhythm,
And its share of life promotes.

NEWFOUNDLAND NOTES.

By Agnes Marion Ayre.

Two Little Princes in the Tower.

FOR many people their enjoyment of the fine exhibits of cattle, woven materials and vegetables at the All-Newfoundland Fair was spoilt by the serious danger of fire.

I put out two cigarettes that were burning gaily without owners. Those responsible for the Art Exhibition knew that the valuable loan collection of pictures could not have been replaced.

THE BALD EAGLE.

More depressing than the thought of fire was the sight of two magnificent young eagles in a small cage, in a dark corner of the building. To keep these mountain dwellers scientifically in a cage as large as the rink is bad enough. . . .

Upon inquiry I was told the birds had been captured young from the high hills in the vicinity of Rencontre, and had been kept at Twenty-Mile Pond near Round Pond for six weeks. It is not clear under what heading they were exhibited. Certainly not " Pets." They had no friends.

All day long boys beat at the cage with sticks, poked straws through the wires, meowed and barked to attract the birds' attention. All day long thousands of people stared at them. One thought of Sir Harry Vane.

The eagles were good sports. They could take it. Their beautiful eyes returned our gaze in a frank and friendly manner. One understands why the eagle has been taken as emblem by so many great nations.

At night the eagles sat close together, their eyes a little bewildered by all the noise and fuss. Two powerful electric lights blazed from ten till ten, level with their heads, inside the six foot cage. At the last only one of the lights was turned on; perhaps the other had burned out.

What will happen to them when the Exhibition closes? Those in authority assured us the eagles were to be returned to Rencontre and given their freedom. This seemed humane enough after their needless torture. But alas, it was too much trouble. We were told: " Nasty brutes. I had their heads cut off. Like hens."

A mean and unsporting act. A nice example for the lads who are attendants at the rink.

Pythagoras at Salmonier.

One summer a little friend of mine was suffering from whooping cough. The neighbours at Salmonier told her mother of all the usual cures: " Pass the child through the forked branch of an ash-tree." " Pass the child under a donkey," etc. One woman had cured her three little sons with an "old-fashioned remedy" which she handed on. Her husband had caught three live trout and held them to the boys' mouths. The trout then received the whooping cough, and were put back carefully into the Salmonier River, when they swam off.

Woodpecker Sunday.

If we run a finger across the map of North America as far west as we can go, we come to the place where one Sunday every spring the Miracle of the Birds takes place. If we run across the map as far east as we can go, we come to Portugal Cove, Newfoundland. A mile and a half uphill from Portugal Cove is Murray's Pond. On a Sunday in the middle of September each year we hold Woodpecker Sunday. For the past ten years on the same date, as regularly as clock-work, the woodpeckers arrive. We hear them before we get up. They start at dawn picking off the daddy-long-legs which have crawled up out of the grass on to the sides of the house.

In the early summer evenings when we are getting the garden ready, snipe, too high to see, are giving their peculiar call. John Murphy said: " They make it with their wings as they come

down. A sign of a fine day to-morrow.' At the same time the wild gay cry of the great loon rings out. We see them, like crosses in the sky, travelling in the direction of Bacalao Island at incredible speed. At dawn next day they wake us returning to Twenty-Mile Pond. We often see them swimming there in formation. Their home is at Gull Island in Twenty-Mile Pond.

One morning just as the sun was turning everything to gold and rose, I witnessed a strange scene. On the top of the swing were two golden flickers. The lady sat quite still, her head bent coyly. The suitor waltzed and bowed around her, keeping up a a noisy recitation which sounded rather like: "gob-ble-gobble-gobble." This went on for over an hour.

These flickers are always accompanied by small red birds which seem to act as messengers. I watched them from the garage. First the little bird entered a bedroom window; reported the coast was clear; and then the flickers entered the house. They pick at the flagpole, the woodshed, the verandah. Sometimes they are to be seen looking out of their little houses at Twenty-Mile Pond. This year a few black-and-white woodpeckers came later. I have not noticed them near Murray's Pond before.

On Woodpecker Sunday there is great excitement. Sometimes we count as many as twenty at once on the trees and wires near the house. They fly low, short distances only, and we get a good look at the red on their heads; see their long bills, and the beautiful golden colour under their wings. Then suddenly they are gone. Not one remains.

Snow Buntings and Lady Birds.

This autumn at the beginning of October the spaniels Butch and Smudge had been having a busy time chasing snow buntings along the furrows of an old potato patch at the head of Murray's Pond. When the dogs got near, the birds would all rise suddenly like a cloud of feathers, or a hundred scraps of white paper, and whirl across to another part of the field. The dogs tore along in streamlined pursuit, yelping madly.

One autumn our spaniel Chum got caught in a rabbit snare. The harder he tugged to get away, the tighter drew the copper noose. He cried bitterly (rabbits cry too). We hurried to set him free. To the end of his days he bore a scar, where the wire had torn his muzzle across.

Occasionally one comes across battles between red and black ants. They would make interesting moving pictures if one happened to have a camara at hand.

As we stood watching the spaniels chasing the snow buntings, at our feet, in the potato patch, was a congregation of ladybirds. There must have been a gathering of two or three hundred, close together on the sides of a tiny knoll. In the centre was a rather round black beetle, nearly twice as large as a ladybird. What was it all about? The beetle resembled the mystic scarabæus, supposed by the Egyptians to represent metamorphosis, and found on their monuments, amulets, and as the head of a god.

Nobody has learnt much about the Newfoundland insects since Philip Henry Gosse made his collection and notes at Carbonear over a hundred years ago.

"TWENTY-MILE POND"—WINSOR LAKE.

Frogs.

When I was a child there were no frogs in Newfoundland. We went to see the first ones in a marsh at Major's Path near St. john's. Now they have not spread very far from St. John's. Mr. Gray says some were brought to Angle Brook. Rev. Oliver Jackson told me he brought the first ones to Bell Island, and put them in a marsh to show the children. An old man forgetting he was talking to the parson, exclaimed: "Well I'll be d—d."

When gathering plants at North West River, Labrador, I saw frogs jumping about in the long

grass. It was a little startling at first. We are not accustomed to find them in the Newfoundland woods. Not long ago there were no frogs at Murray's Pond. There were many muskrats swimming about there until a few years ago. Now they have all been killed out, and their place has been taken by the newcomers-frogs. At Blast Hole, high above Portugal Cove, we found tadpoles in a marsh in October.

On the map of Newfoundland by Eugene Miller, "hellenist distingue," 1520, on the east coast are three Formosas. On later maps it is sometimes spelt Frongnoust. Perhaps Farmer's Isle near Fogo on Captain Cook's map is Fermowes.

THE LOON.

I asked Mrs. Bartlett, mother of the explorer, if she could tell me how Frogmarsh, near Brigus, got its name. She said the oldest people in Brigus informed her that the name was Frogmore. The early settlers there were from Tipperary.

There are no frogs at Frogmarsh. Could Frogmarsh or Frogmore be Formosa of the old maps? It is beautiful enough to have been so named. Sir William Vaughan writes of Formosa near Renews, and it is so spelt on old Portuguese maps.

Rats Cemetery.

My father-in-law the late F. W. Ayre told me that he came across a reference to a rats' cemetery in a book by A. L. O. E. (A Lady of England); and once when he was a boy watching some workmen tearing up old boards on Steer's wharf, St. John's, he saw a curious sight, a number of rats' skeletons were packed like sardines. Other rats perhaps had laid them thus "heads and tails."

Hillie.

We sometimes read of fish which live to a great age. A carp in a pool in France is said to have been there for a hundred years.

Hillie, a mud trout in Murray's Pond, grew from boyhood to young manhood under our eyes. We used to dig up worms for him. Hillie had a tremendous appetite. He thought nothing of a canful of worms at a meal, and was ready for scraps of bread too. He dwelt under our wharf. We used to show him off. We gave him a long straw and he swam out as far as the lillies with his banner waving jauntily above the water. I know it sounds far-fetched, but many people saw Hillie. By mistake we overdid it. We showed him to a fisherman. Next morning Hillie did not come to be fed.

Ringing Through Space.

To Marconi.

By Ethel Weir.

[July 20th of this year was the first anniversary of the death of this great man whose first experiments were conducted from signal hill in 1901.]

He needs not the floral tribute,
Nor the panegyric preached,
There's a monument that's lasting
In the great heights which he reached.
Voices in the air proclaim it,
From the land and o'er the sea,
Music wafts it in the breezes—
Gems of choicest melody.

Bringing cheer to those imprisoned,
By some human frailty long,
Baffling morbid fears and fancies,
With the charm of some sweet song.
Aged and infirm ones who also,
Are debarred from outside view,
Listen in with thankful hearing,
And take grip on life anew.

Wave lengths o'er the world are bringing
Programmes that please old and young,
From the far West to the Orient
Every clime and every tongue.
All the season's sports depicted,
Every phase of life outdoor
From the twittering of the song birds
To Niagara's mighty roar.

When great statesmen meet in conference
Their grave problems are portrayed—
War's dread cloud, or nation's hand clasp,
World relations to the trade.
From the throne and from the pulpit
Food for thought is given to all,
To palatial home transmitted
Same as to the cottage small.

There is yet another blessing
None can estimate its worth—
Human life to save and succour
Is the noblest call on earth.
When through din of shrieking storm waves,
Comes the signal of distress,
Countless lives are brought to safety
By the Heaven sent S. O. S.

Ah! how some their sanity forfeit
And to baser use employ
Their great talent in inventions
Not to save life—but destroy!
May He who controls the universe
In His realm above the air,
Raise up others and endow them
With high aims and vision clear.

This great genius, when his call came,
Left a legacy behind,
To the future generations
Benefitting all mankind.
Weep not, little daughter, he has
But outside the portals passed,
And the "Well done" will be hearing
In the Heavenly Choir's broadcast.

BOY BLUE'S CHRISTMAS

By Capt. Leo C. Murphy.

"LITTLE BOY BLUE," they called him, because he looked his best in a blue and white zipper suit, or white and blue rompers; his little pink face smiled at you under the light curly hair, and your heart warmed when he shouted out: "Look," which he always did, when anything attracted attention.

It was Christmas week, and Boy Blue had suddenly gone off colour. His cheerfulness, curiosity in everything, seemed to have vanished. Even the kitten, whom he hugged so vigorously whenever it came his way, did not excite his attention.

Christmas would soon be here, and little Boy Blue was sick.

COFFIN POOL—A HURDLE TO TEST THE LEAPING SALMON, MITCHELL'S BROOK, LONG HARBOUR, FORTUNE BAY.

The only boy in a family of three girls, naturally interest focused on him considerably. Daddy looked thoughtful, and Mammy was obviously worried. An indulgent Godfather made frequent enquiries, and an Aunt had numerous suggestions. The Doctor, when called, was kindly but non-committal. "Boy Blue" was three years old, and children could stand a lot. The boy was wiry, and this temporary set back might soon adjust itself.

In the meantime, his little sisters sent up frequent prayers to Heaven for "Junior," as well as numerous letters to Santa Claus, in which every possible article dear to the hearts of little girls were enumerated.

But little Boy Blue kept to bed, and a shadow hung over the house.

Daddy secured a tree, and had it concealed in the spare room until it was time to place it in position. Mama stole in with many little articles for the decorations, and put them in every available hiding place. Bureau drawers were now locked, and enquirers after the boy's health left mysterious looking parcels, which were only opened when the children went to bed. Sometimes a tear stole down Mama's cheek, and Daddy looked thoughtfully out through the window at the snow and the moon.

Little Boy Blue was their only little Boy Blue, and he was very, very sick.

It was Christmas Eve, early in the morning, when Godfather came to the house; Godfather, after whom the little boy was named; Godfather, fussy, worried, annoyed, because the little chap wasn't up. "Christmas Eve," he said, trying to affect a careless interest, "funny you don't shake him up. He should be on deck to-morrow. Don't expect me to dinner, if he won't be at table. What's the use of getting him a high-chair unless the little chap is going to sit in it. Let me see him."

The December sunlight fell across the room, and in that radiant streak, Little Boy Blue lay on the bed, his light curly head and blue pajama suit limned against the pillows. Godfather, with shining eyes, looked down on his namesake, but there was no response from the lad. He was very, very sick.

The day grew on. Sorrow delayed the preparations, and the zest had gone out of everything. It was a saddened, tired Daddy who came home to tea, and although everybody tried to be cheerful, it was a poor effort at best.

The green tree, with its splendid branches, was still in the spare room, and no one seemed worried about it.

Mammy continued her usual work, the turkey

was prepared; the girls said their prayers and went to bed; Daddy moved around, occasionally going in to see the sick boy, read a little, had a smoke, and fought hard to appear in good spirits.

Eleven o'clock!

A cry from the bed-room, and the parents were quickly there.

"Darling, darling," someone said.

There was little Boy Blue, standing on his bed, with his eyes wide open.

"Oh. Oh."

"It's all right now. You're awake. You're better. There. It's nothing."

"Look,—look," said the little chap, "Look."

"Only the moonlight, little man, coming on your face," came from Daddy, soothingly.

"It wasn't anything, really," Mammy said.

A knock at the door—a cough—a hurried step. Godfather. "Coming up," called the latter. "How is he?"

"Better," said the parents, together, happily.

"Humph."

"Look," said little Boy Blue. "The Moon and the man."

The Mother stood by the bedside, nervously. Father cleared his throat. The other man beamed.

"I'm sleepy now, Mum, must be up to-morrow for Santa."

The little chap closed his eyes. Everything was turning out satisfactorily. The Mother knelt by the bed. She heard his voice saying something, sleepily; he snuggled up beside her, and he fell into the dreamless sleep which promised recovery.

Downstairs the two men dug out the Christmas tree, and commenced to decorate it, and a short while later the Joy Bells rang out on the December air, calling the worshippers to Midnight Mass, and announcing the glorious message of the Christmas Season.

Little Boy Blue would have his Christmas after all!

The Expected One.

By Bertille Tobin.

ON that fatal day in Eden's Garden,
When man used "self-expression" to rebel,
God's mercy, tempering justice, promised pardon
As He His erring creatures did expel.
With all their late blissful prospects blighted
There came as a bright ray from distant sun
Comfort to the culprits that yet righted
By a Saviour would be damage they had done.
Four thousand years elapsed with their sorrow,
And through them like a wending crystal stream
Gleamed the hope that on some joyful morrow
Salvation would from open heavens teem.

Isaias told His Mother would be Virgin,
Jeremias that He'd be of David's race,
Daniel said the Tree of Life would burgeon
After seventy weeks of years did pace.
Micheas saw in vision Bethlehem
Was to be the hallowed place of the Birth
Of the Redeemer when He came to stem
The flood of ruin which nigh gulfed the earth.
Thus was foreknown Christ would come an Infant,
Also the City of that blessed Advent,
And the year—almosi the very instant—
But when He came He found no tenement,
No stately home had Judah's sons erected
To house the Babe divine when He'd appear—
Strange Paradox—eagerly expected,
And yet no shelter gave a Stable drear!

Much are we shocked at the crude unkindness
Which the Christ received from the chosen race,
But let us beware of greater blindness,
For to us has been gracled higher grace.
We know all the Price He paid in saving,
We know His latest Law—"Each other love"—
We know, for certain, the home He's craving—
The heart—to hold Him as its treasure trove;
Those other guests, self-interest. enjoyment,
Or, worst of all, evil, His arch-foe—
Let them feel truly out of environment
Because the dear Christ Child is welcome so!

Our Little Rivers.

CHAPTER V.—NORTH HARBOUR RIVER, ST. MARY'S BAY.

By W. J. Browne.

If a visitor to our country were to ask you, "What are the prettiest places that I could see by motor car," it is ten to one that amongst the list you would give, the Cataract would be included. Everyone loves this place, and yet it is hard to describe its natural beauty, that can be better admired because of a slender span of concrete and

AT THE CATARACT—A BRANCH OF THE NORTH HARBOUR RIVER.

rustic lookouts perched on projecting ledges around the narrow gorge.

A rivulet falls into the dark pool at the bottom of the chasm with exaggerated splashings; independent streams trickle down its straight rocky sides, but on the lower side of the bridge daring trees have insinuated their roots into crevices in the rocks and manage by standing on tiptoe to peep up at sightseers lingering near.

You would never think that this surprising discovery of virginal freshness and indefinable charm along the lonely Placentia road, had any relation to the sluggish stream you passed a few minutes before. Yet the turgid waters of that bayou that is enclosed in a growth of trees of tropical luxuriance and mystery meet the sparkling Cataract about two miles below the road, at a pool called "The Forks"; the two branches now unite to become North Harbour River which flows into North Harbour, St. Mary's Bay about five miles below.

The river is the most popular one on the East Coast for sea trout fishing. In fact it may truly be called a sea-trout river; it should never be called a Salmon River. I once thought it was, but I don't think so any more, because I've tried so hard and so often and have never yet succeeded in landing a salmon there. I've risen them and even hooked them, but land one—No, Sir! I think that every angler who fancies that salmon can be caught anywhere at any time ought to fish this river once a year as a lesson in humility.

The first time I visited this river was with the Old Warden, now dead, God rest him. His duties were equally divided between the Colinet and North Harbour Rivers and I know now that he had not seen many salmon caught upon a fly. But I owe him gratitude for introducing me to an interesting river that has many attractions to compensate for poor salmon fishing. I was thrilled above all to find goosberries growing wild along its banks, but there were other shrubs and flowers too, as well as giant trees to make the journey downstream as pleasant as a walk in a park.

We had our rods up as we went along, but there were no places as far as I could see where the fish rested. By the time we reached the Forks Pool our tackle was well dry. I was first to try the pool. The cast fell short near the shore just outside of a pile of drifted foam, and the fly being dry floated on the water like a dry fly. There was a sudden surge from the dark depths of the pool and a salmon leapt high into the air, the fly before him. We were all excited at once, but I knew enough, or thought I did, to let the inhabitants of the pool resume their

composure by waiting a couple of minutes before casting again. Now I used all the skill I possessed and let the fly drop casually in the same spot. There was the same heart-accelerating upsurge and a salmon—I always thought it was the same one as we saw first, and was never doubtful until now—leapt up into the air this time with the fly in his mouth. He leapt again and again across the pool, I raised and lowered my rod in unison and the reel sang a joyous song. "Give him line" shouted the warden; "Give him line" he said as if it was a giant tuna or whale I had on. I don't know what happened then. All I can remember is seeing the salmon leap away from the wall on the other side of the pool and the

TURFEY HOLE ON NORTH HARBOUR RIVER.

line suddenly go slack. Gone! The salmon was gone after all. Then there ensued a quiet argument between me and the warden as to what he should not do when a salmon is hooked. He was really as excited as I was, I suppose; besides, I probably would have lost the fish if he had never spoken. I know it's unjust but every fisherman resents advice when he has a fish on. If the fish is lost there is a mental justification of the resentment; if the fish is saved there is a further resentment for the interference.

We went downstream again as far as the Turfey Hole which is one of the most fascinating pools I have ever seen. It can just be covered from the beach side by a person throwing a long line; on the other side there is a low ledge and behind that a high bank of turf from which the pool gets its name. There is a swift run into the pool on the west side and the effect is to create an eddy that swings back on the other side of the current. The fish generally lie in the deep still waters beyond the eddy although they are never still for very long but are swirling and rushing and leaping madly in all directions. I only once saw the pool empty and that was in very high water but ordinarily the fish seem to stay and even spawn in this pool.

The chief attraction which this pool has is due to the fact that large salmon resort to it. You can tell they are large by the size of the tail as they laze around near the surface, and you can also sometimes see them resting if you climb out on the spruce tree overhanging the pool from the turfy bank. I heard of two fish weighing 17 pounds which were caught here. I'm as sure that the run of fish is large as I am sure that they are very rare.

The next time I went to Turfey Hole I went by road, or rather partly by road. Construction had been started on a road from the Placentia line to North Harbour, and you could therefore walk along this, until you came to the signpost where you took the path for the Turfey Hole. It was not passable for a vehicle; fishermen parked their cars at the commencement of the road

This time I went there in August, one dazzling hot day and my first day's fishing for the season. My friends and the warden went looking for the Half Moon Pool and very kindly left the Turfey Hole to me. I waded out carefully, full of hope. In a couple of minutes I rose a fish, a big one, too. So I waited trying to calm my trembling nerves, for I realized that a big fish would give me all I could do to land him all alone. Two minutes were up and I poised for the cast. I threw down stream first so that I should make no mistake in the distance and then a back swish, pause, and forward, and the fly pitched on the water in perfect position. Up shot a huge salmon, I'd hooked him! That was the greatest thrill of my fishing experience because that fish was undoubtedly the largest fish I'd ever hooked. Not that he would break any world's record; but he weighed 16 pounds at least. He made a leap that I judged to be about ten feet long and when he reached the water—the line broke!

Every fisherman who has had a similar experience will appreciate the disappointment and the misery I felt at this tragedy. My sense of loss was made none the less when I examined my line to find that it was rotten for about half dozen yards, and I could, and did, snap off several pieces in my hands. "Experience is a dear school," the old proverb said "and fools learn in no other."

When an angler appears to be successful in landing more fish than his neighbours put it down to experience which he has dearly bought. I learned a lesson that I did not forget, and since that time I never put a fly into the water without seeing it is made fast; I never put a cast into the stream until I have examined it carefully and tested every strand

and I trust I should not be guilty of putting a line in the water untested. From time to time, too, the angler should take a look over his equipment and see that it is in order. Failure to do so cost me that salmon. However, I do not think that I've lost a fish because of negligence of that kind since.

It was no use trying any more. Turfey Hole may be good for one salmon but that is all. Although I spent the rest of the day there I had no further rise. The warden reported fish downstream, but I had no desire to go there. My friends caught nothing as I expected. I've been to Turfey Hole several times since, in high water and low, and fished it from the murky mists of dawn through the brightness of noon until the night closed in when I could not see the rod in my hand and my muscles were numb, but I hooked no more salmon.

Yes, North Harbour River is decidedly a sea-trout river. Yet, I've little to tell in this respect for I never went there to catch sea-trout; but I've heard the most wonderful tales, that I believe to be true, of large baskets of huge trout weighing two and three and four pounds apiece being taken from the pools below Turfey Hole, and most especially from the Half Moon Pool.

THE RIVER IN LOW WATER NEAR THE HALF MOON POOL.

This pool is ideal for trout fishing. It is shaped more like a crescent than a half moon, and it extends for nearly two hundred yards with high woods and deep water on one side and a sandy beach, from which you may fish and where you may easily land your catch, on the other. I saw a few trout there the past summer, but the sight of a salmon with a red mark on his back put all thought of trout from my mind until after angling for him for a while a sea-trout came around his nose and took the fly.

In a little gully off the main river I enjoyed a full quarter of an hour, hooking sea-trout as fast as I could throw out to them. Up above Turfey's, too, I saw little fishable pools, and in one of them I saw another salmon branded, that actually rose to my fly. But there was no water then to play a fish, for the river was very low.

This river is a mystery. I hate to think that the salmon are poached near the mouth, but it would not surprise me very much to learn that they were. The river falls too low in summer to warrant anyone going there for salmon, and I understand that the beaver above the road have something to do with the scarcity of water. The land is very level, just a gradual descent all the way from the road to tidal water.

Above the road and very near it there are good pools with sea-trout in them, where one may spend a pleasant afternoon. Fishing for sea-trout requires a different technique from salmon fishing. In the first place you require gaudy flies—Parmachene Belle, something white and something red, although a bright Silver Doctor is effective too. I saw a man fishing the Turfey one day with two big flies and a wreath of worms on a fish hook at the end. It will be seen that sea-trout fishing was not considered a very delicate art by this fisherman as he flogged the water to my consternation.

Trout fishing needs a fast moving fly. Salmon fishing requires a fly moving naturally with the current, although I've seen salmon go wild after a fly dragged against the stream. When the trout are plenty, fishing is real fun. It is not so exciting or as unprofitable as salmon fishing. It suits the man in search of a holiday. It is relaxation for the workingman. The salmon fisherman, on the other hand is as tempermental as an artist. If he is reputed to possess patience, he is judged superficially. The salmon fisher is restless, impatient, his mind alert constantly and his nerves on edge at the sight of a shadow moving near his line. Salmon fishing is a continual torture, and if it was not for the salutary environment in which it must be practiced, it would long ago have caused more nervous breakdowns than a collapse of the stockmarket. The fresh air, the blue sky, the perfume of the wild flowers, the robin's song and the black duck's flight compensate for the anguish that wrings the angler's heart at a lost fish.

In the end he is better off than the trout fisherman, for he is ennobled by his sufferings; occasional defeat keeps him humble and Victory when so hardly won, makes him the most tolerant of men.

THE MOON MAIDEN.

AN ESKIMO LEGEND.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

CHILDREN, see in the long long night
The bright Moon-Maiden's smile
Far over the ocean white and still
In the Arctic season of ice and chill,
That scatters the gloom awhile.

It was moons and moons and moons agone
In the summer-time warm and brief,
That Hoo-Loo-Meek in his skin canoe
Set out on the waters calm and blue—
Young son of our Innuit Chief.

But his sister called from the strand anear:
"Clumsily paddled," said she,
"Progress least with the greatest splash;
Back to the shore, thou stripling rash,
Or ocean thy grave will be!"

Loud she laughed at his boyish pranks
With the unaccustomed oar;
Saucily mocked at his efforts rude;
Till he paddled to land in a savage mood
And chased her along the shore.

Fleet and hardy was Hoo-Loo-Meek
But the Maiden faster sped,
Past the smoky tents of the Mountaineer,
Past the craggy holds of the mountain deer,
Like a terrified doe she fled.

Faster and faster over the fields,
And over the hills of snow;
By lakes bound fast with a glittering belt
Of ice that the Spring sun never can melt
Went this Maiden of long ago.

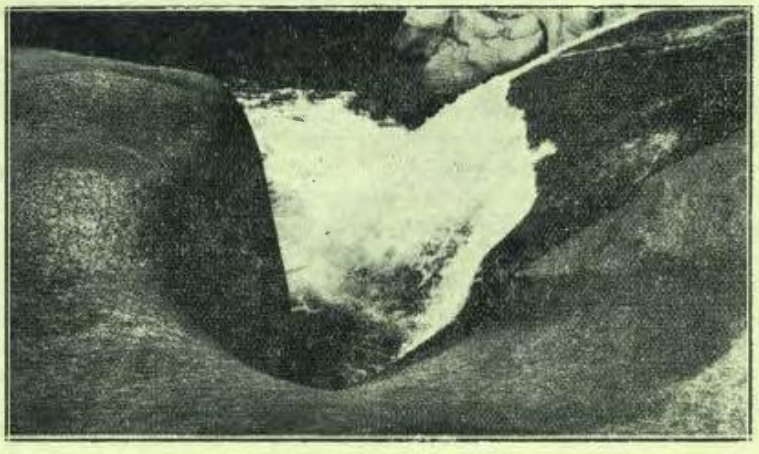
By the Northmost sea stands a mount so tall
You scarce can dream of its height;
Up this mountain the Maiden ran—
Whose sides had never been trodden by man—
Up the steep in her flight.

As the wild duck rises on whirring wing
And soars to the hill-top high,
So the Maiden glided, with never a pause
To its icy top that no Summer thaws,
With never a gasp or sigh.

Large and round in the twilight short
Where the sky and the ocean blend
Came the Moon's rim now, and it drew the Maid,
Drew her, loving and unafraid,
Drew her as friend draws friend.

Over the slippery top she went,
Down the ice-smooth sides she slid
As the gray wild duck slides into the pond—
Into the ocean and far beyond,
Till within the Moon she hid.

And still she smiles in the time of gloom
When the Arctic sun doth hide,
And the Moon alone or the Northern Light
Breaks through the black of the Polar night,
On children, this bright Moon-bride.



WATER-WORN GRANITE GROOVE FRAMING WATERFALL
IN MITCHELL'S BROOK, LONG HARBOUR, FORTUNE BAY.

Holy Night--A Christmas Legend.

By Rev. Walter Bugden.

Have thou thy will! I would not thee dispute
In solemn things, the sacred Day and Hour
When God and Man divine became as One—
As One, to lift us up to things above.
  What brooks it, its significance to thee,
  The Day and Hour of Christ's Nativity?

Talk as thou wilt of fairies—I have seen,
Aye seen the mystic things of life contend
With death and ruin, love with hate contest,
What is a name but thought declared as done,
  Desire in action, will fulfilled in deed?
  And fairies are such wills. Hear then my rede.

'Twas midnight, and the light of day had set
Beyond the Western hills in gleaming white;
With supper done, and all the world being still,
To meet another day in cheerful guise
  I with my bairns to rest and sleep had gone,
  And slumber sealed my eyelids. When anon

The snow began to fall, soft feather-like
As falls the thistle-down afore the wind.
No sound disturbed the air and all was peace.
Stirred then the sleeping bairns. A murmur low
  Bespoke long ere the dawn one was awake
  A-wait upon the morn, and thus he spake:

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Would'st know the question of the human age,
Its weary waitings and its long dispair?
Would'st dream the springs of waking life begin,
And hear the voices of renewing days?
  Would'st know the Will of Heaven in Light above
  And see the Answer of Eternal Love?

Nay, nay! Dispute not: it were lightly done—
What ease to doubt of that we do not ken!
How long is time: how wide, how short the span?
How limitless beyond the natural sense
  Of sight and hearing—dost thou hear the knell,
  Where boundless realms unknown of Wisdom dwell?

"My Father, did you hear that pipe, more still
Than deepest silence?" trow I was awake—
I would be first, lest Oliver and Jean,
So early they to share this happy Day,
  Do see their hosen filled, before the Morn,
  The Birthday of The King may yet be born.

I was alone: no mortal was with me,
And without change and without movement due,
The rooms were one, and through the opaque walls
I saw the joy of Christmas shining through.
  No common joy was there beyond what flowed
  From earth, and air and sea; it streamed and glowed.

It was not sight that taught me. Heaven's light
Suffused the room beyond the closed door.
The hearth's late sparks up-sought the midnight sky,
And forms ethereal moved, and busy hands
  Fore-spread a tapestry in mystic sign
  Where lilies fair with passion flowers entwine.

No voice I heard, no gift of human sense
Taught me the lesson of that blissful hour.
For all was as before, yet glorified.
And there upon the wall the simple prints
  Of home and labour hung so earthly limned—
  Hung as before, the Rood alone was dimmed.

But suddenly uprose the sounds of song
From tongues unheard and blent with stringless notes.
The falling snow-flakes seemed the harbingers
To waft the gracious strains a-down to earth.
  And to the blue bespangled dome in light
  Up rose the strains of "Holy, Holy Night."

And came, in glimpses only, jovial souls,
The Prince and page, the Statesman, artisan,
Came tripping to the lilting lighting air,
And "rat-a-tat" rang racy through the room.
  Terpsichore in ready order meet,
  Marshalled the runic rhythm of the feet.

And far beyond the silly room I saw
The hedge-row, field and garden spring to life.
The Bellis put on bloom, Saint Joseph's thorn,
And willows donned their catkins. And the birds,
  The robin red and wren in single voice
  With hawk and owl forgot, joined to rejoice.

And graver still: the cattle in the stall
Forgot their munchings, ceased their rumen, when
Their fellows all gave heed, the lamb and hound
Fell forward on their knees, low bending down
  And joined their utterance with vast Nature's word
  Of "prayer and praise" to worship Nature's Lord.

O what a quire was there! The boundless realms
Of Earth and Air and Sea, and out beyond,
Joined in one song to joy this gracious Birth.
And there with me, my bairns and mystic men
  Heard, wrapped in stillness, held in one grand thought
  "The Lord has come, He has Redemption brought."

The vision fades, the light has died away;
And wearied with my vigil deep, I rest.
'Tis still again. Again Earth's listening creeps
Upon my soul; and through the open door
  A lanthorn gleams. And lo, a Baby fair!
  A Maiden, and a Guard are kneeling there.

Rough men with uncouth garments thickly clad
Against the cold and winds of winter's night,
Come reverently with "saving reverence," gaze
Upon the vision of a Holy Child.
  I creep, my bairns beside them, there we raise
  Our humble prayers. But O how faint our praise!

ADESTE FIDELES.

CRITICISM.

By Henry Polk Lowenstein.

JOHN MILTON SMITHER mows be down
  And stomps with "magic feet;"
But still I wear a glory-crown.
  And have enough to eat.

He fits his poem to the form
  In latest ornate style,
Then bares his breast to meet the storm
  That blusters for a while.

Inversion makes him sick at heart,
  Contraction still is worse,
And dull cliche—the fatal dart—
  Lands him in the hearse.

Kansas City, November 20, 1938.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

READING ROOM AND LENDING SECTION—GOSLING MEMORIAL LIBRARY.
Holloway Photos.

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' SECTION—GOSLING MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

St. Clare's Mercy Hospital.

THE following appeared in the Summer edition, 1922, of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY: On Sunday morning, May 21st, 1922, the Institution which has been known as St. Clare's Home was opened by His Grace Archbishop Roche as a hospital, and will in future be known as St. Clare's Hospital. The ceremony was a private and informal one, there being present only the Mothers General of the Presentation and Mercy Orders, Superiors of the City Convents and the Superior and Community of the new hospital.

THE OLD ST CLARES HOSPITAL

Mass was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop who in a brief address spoke of the work they were about to inaugurate. He said they were beginning this undertaking with a religious ceremony because it was the spirit of the Church to begin all her works of moment by the invocation of the Divine Blessing. His Grace went on to say that they had long had it in view to open a hospital under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy.

St. Clare's Hospital has been simply but modernly equipped, has an up-to-date operating room with all accessories, and will have accommodation for about thirty patients. Though the hospital is under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy it is in no sense sectional, but it is open to all patients who are recommended by their own physicians, and who are prepared to pay the fees of the Institution. Patients will be treated by their own doctors, and all practising physicians may avail of the hospital as far as accommodation will permit. The management will be pleased at any time to receive any of the medical fraternity who may wish to arrange for their patients or to see and inspect the Institution.

This Hospital even with its humble accommodation supplied a long felt want in the community. But with the years the demands on the Hospital grew, and as His Grace the Archbishop wrote in his letter of October 31st, 1937, "Either a new Hospital must be erected or the present Hospital very considerably enlarged. . . . After a very great deal of careful consideration, after examining the proposition from every standpoint, after having

sought advice from representative sections of the community, ecclesiastical and lay, the decision has at length been taken to undertake the erection of a modern and fully equipped Catholic Hospital."

On the Feast of Christ the King, October 31st, 1937, His Grace formally made this momentous decision public in a letter read at all the Masses on that day. The enthusiasm with which this announcement was received, as well as that calling for a first collection in aid of the project, made public on Palm Sunday of this year, is best seen by the magnificent and generous response from the General Public, in which almost Fifty Thousand Dollars was subscribed towards the Hospital Building Fund.

MOST REV. E. P. ROCHE, D.D..
Archbishop of St. John's.

Active work on the Hospital began on June 20th and the excavation having been completed the actual work of building commenced on July 25th. Originally—and indeed until the parapet was ready for construction—the building was planned 105 feet long by 62 feet wide and four storeys high. This would have provided accommodation for approximately 70 beds not including the accommodation provided in the present Hospital. In order to provide for future needs His Grace the Archbishop decided to add another storey which will give accommodation for some 28 or 30 patients in private and semi private rooms. The building will be thus five storeys with accommodation for 100 patients in the new Hospital.

The exterior of the building is in reinforced concrete with the main entrance in granite and Nova Scotia freestone. Over the main entrance will be the Archiepiscopal Coat of Arms, in carved freestone. Progress to date has been rapid and the work has gone along smoothly and efficiently. The concrete of the main structure has been poured, the roof has been placed, windows fitted and at the present time partitions and interior lay out are being given attention. The mechanical trades are at work and will continue throughout the winter so as to have the building ready for occupancy in the early autumn of 1939. It would not be appropriate at the moment to give a detailed description of the hospital floor by floor. That can be done more fully when the building is completed. It is sufficient to say that the building has been designed to be most modern in every detail. Within its walls will be found every help for the scientific care and treatment of the sick.

The firm of Delano & Aldrich, eminent New York Architects, designed the building. Alfred J. Offner, Consulting Engineer of New York City, looked after the mechanical and engineering layouts. Mr. Edward C. Fox of the James G. Stewart Co., Inc., New York, is Superintendent of all construction. Mr. J. E. Hoskins, Architect of this City, represents Delano & Aldrich in supervising the work.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY congratulates His Grace the Archbishop on his initiative in making possible this modern and fully equipped Hospital, and wishes him the greatest success in his undertaking

TROUT FISHING ON THE PLACENTIA LINE.

The Crisis---March, 1938.

By Ethel Weir.

In the world to-day there's turmoil,
Hatred and distrust are rife,
Comity has been forgotten,
And dissentions, forecast strife.
Hope of peace has almost vanished,
Dark clouds loom on every hand,
Nations are with fear tormented,
And at armed attention stand.

Statesmen differ in their policies,
There's perplexity and doubt,
But the peace so much desired,
'Tis their aim to bring about.
So they closely watch, and meanwhile
For emergencies prepare,
Speeding on their defence programme
Of land force, and sea and air.

To the youth a call has gone out,
On them future hopes will rest,
For their leadership and courage,
And of manhood, all that's best.
That must keep the fine traditions
That we've held from age to age,
And pass on, enhanced in value—
All our glorious heritage.

'Twas for this the torch was handed,
From that holocaust of woe,
As a sacred trust from those, who
Are asleep where poppies grow.
Only two decades! and now—Ah,
Once again for peace we plan,
Peace which means goodwill and friendship,
And the brotherhood of man.

Peace that renders loyal service
To our sovereign rulers' will,
And belief in One above all
Who has higher power still—
That Divine peace, which inspires
Faith and trust that will not cease,
And rears noblest of memorials,
In a world that is at peace!

THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND has the conformation of his chief ancestor, the beautiful Pyrenean sheep dog. These dogs were doubtless brought to Newfoundland by French fishermen dating from the year 1506 until the present century, and through their mating with Retrievers and large sporting dogs brought by English fishermen, the Newfoundland has evolved.

By nature and instinct he is a water dog, is an ideal family pet—mild, affectionate, loyal, a trusty companion for children, and for whom he readily assumes guardianship. He is a dog of great strength and activity and moves with a loose swinging gait—sailor fashion. The main features are: compact frame, immense build, strong webbed feet with powerful pads, his coat flat, dense and waterproof, either black or black and white.

One writer has aptly described him as "a gentleman from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail."

Twice a dog has been honoured by being the subject of a postage stamp—both times a Newfoundland.

The Beothics of Newfoundland.

CHAPTER III.—THE COMING OF THE MICMACS, AND THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS—TRADE JEALOUSY AND CUPIDITY OF THE WHITES.
CHAPTER IV.—THE FEAR OF THE RED INDIAN.

By Rev. Walter Bugden.

LIKE a dark blot upon a fair field, the dreary record of White indifference and hostility towards the Beothics, and their treachery begins with the occupancy of the several fishing posts along the North-Eastern coasts of Newfoundland. This occupancy between trade-zealous and competing nations, Portuguese, Basques, and French side by side with the English, became more and more determined about the time of Whitbourne, at the close of the sixteenth century.

It is related about that time, and probably somewhere in the region of French influence, that a strong party of "Red Indians" fell upon another small party of French fishermen unarmed, and a terrible scene of bloodshed ensued. Then, heated as the uncultured savage could easily be at the thought of victory and plunder, "they dressed themselves in the clothes of their victims, allured another fishing crew within their reach, and the same horrors were repeated." Twenty-one of the French were slain.

That the Beothics were inveterate free booters and plunderers admits of no dispute. What uncivilized race is not? We who write so dispassionately, might look upon a time now happily far distant, when scenes to rival this of the Beothic were the order of the day; when North-man, Anglo and Dane fell in fury upon the defenceless Briton and rapine, plunder and destruction stained the page. We doubt there is any nation but has its escutcheon sadly stained with just such dark deeds, their boasted civilization and centuries of culture notwithstanding.

Europe to-day has many races who just as surely, as did the Beothics, suffer unrecorded decimation at the hands of merciless invaders. Very likely the tale told to Cormack the traveller, in 1823-8, of "the great war in the long ago, in which Micmac rifle men shot down Beothic archers, and their wives and children" is an echo of an event more than half forgotten amongst them but nevertheless true.

We quite understand the thieving propensities of the untaught savage. The coming of the White folk with their treasures of unheard of things, must indeed have created insatiable desires for the like in them. While to the fisher folk of Western Europe, the desire to requite at full, every breach of their accepted code, was equally strong. Hence arose the vicious system of retaliation and counter revenge on both sides.

We wonder what led to the wanton butchery of these unarmed French fishermen! Prowse, speaking of the attack says:—

"On this subject it is unfortunate that we have only the White man's story, and the Red man is unheard. The French might have given them some great provocation, and revenge is part of the creed of an Indian."

That the French of that time were no saints in garments of white, is amply shown in the tales of their attempted occupancy of the English Capital in Newfoundland 1696 1708, and of Placentia in the same years. From these we take the one sentence only—

"The particulars relating to the savages are obscene."

This is illuminating and sufficient.

That the English were not far behind, is shown by a quotation from Whitbourne's communication to the British Commissioners of 1583-1620. He says:—

"Many of them (the Beothics) secretly every year come into Trinity Bay and Harbour in the night time, purposely to steal sails, lines, hatchets, hooks, knives and such like."

Yet Whitbourne himself, fine sailor and enlightened citizen though he was, confesses to having shared in a most outrageous spoilation of the poor savages. He tells the tale:—

"The Indians have great store of red oaker, which they use to colour their bodies, bows and arrowes, and canowes withal . . . Three mariners of a ship riding at anchor by me who being robbed in the night by the savages of their apparel and divers provisions, came suddenly upon them where they had set up their tents and were feasting . . . by shooting off a musket they all ran away . . . all their three cannowes, their flesh skins, yolkes of egges, targets, bowes and arrowes, and much fine oaker and divers other things were brought away and shared, and they brought to me the best canowes, bowes and arrowes . . . which may seem to invite us to find out some other trade with them."—(quoted by Prowse, Nfld. History, page 63).

Here then is a case of inconsiderate punishment and reciprocal spoilation which could lead to but one result, a vicious circle of injury and revenge. And in those sad old times nothing was done by responsible persons to protect, and bring the natives to civilization. Human nature being such the world over, it was the most unlikely result that untaught savages could be brought to peaceful trade by such unpromising means.

There is another sad tale told prior to Whitbourne's time. It is the more sad because but for its misunderstanding and unfortunate ending it might have resulted in good relations and lasting, between the natives and the settlers. In 1612 John Guy, as we have seen, made a voyage of discovery and trade about the upper waters of Trinity Bay. He seems to have made a second voyage there, in company with a Captain Whittington.

"They met the Indians at Random in Trinity Bay, ate and drank together, and exchanged furs and skins for hatchets and knives; appointed a meeting for next year by a sign when the grass should be of a height to bring down all their furs and skins for traffic with the English.

At the time appointed for their meeting, instead of Captain Whittington and other agents, there came a fisherman to this place to make a voyage. Seeing Indians. and not knowing the reason of their coming, he let fly a shot from aboard. Indians ran off, imagining them Guy's men, and now will not trade."—(Purchas' letter, quoted by Prowse, 64–65).

Here sure—was a misfortune for which no one was responsible, except for the premature discharge of the gun and the alarm of the English, at what was probably the appearance on the shore of a large body of the natives. Their activity, their

"paint" which they would be wearing as a token of native dignity and respect: their spears and bows, and in all probability, their cries of welcome, most certainly added to the alarm. "It was a day of regret at the ending of overtures which might have resulted in renewed amity and peace."

Apart from individual and irresponsible action, our Records show that throughout their whole sad story, the Beothics were not the persecuted "savages" we are careless enough to depict. But that they were neglected and misunderstood, that they were barbarously exploited by unscrupulous traders, English, French and Micmac, is most evident.

All through our State Records we meet with attempts at conciliation, protection and good treatment. In 1630 the British Government under Charles I. issued a Proclamation prohibiting disorderly trading with the Red Indians.—(Prowse, page 134.) And in 1640 the Lords Proprietors Patentees of Newfoundland, issued instructions that:—

"We would have you inform yourselves . . . for the reducing the Indians that live in Newfoundland into civility, that so they may be brot in time to know God."–(Prowse, p. 151).

Years, a century and more, rolled on. Little or nothing is recorded of the Beothics, until the times of the Treaty of Utrecht, Sir Hugh Palliser, Governor, and the Cartwrites, explorers and worthy philanthropists, 1630–1780. Meanwhile the Micmacs a tribe of Indians from Cape Breton to whom we have referred before, began to visit the Island. These came probably as early as 1700, and, it is said, apparently at the instigation of the French, first as visitors, as aids against the English, and finally as settlers and furriers. They lived and moved about the country very similar with the Beothics, though their habitat was chiefly along the South-west and West of the Island. These new comers soon came into conflict with the Beothics.

Cormack who travelled across the Island in 1822, from Smith Sound on the East to St. George's Bay on the West, came into contact with the Micmacs but saw nothing of the Beothics. While in conversation with the Micmacs, these claimed that "neither they nor their fathers knew of a time when they did not know the district through which they were then travelling." It was a large claim, perhaps made, in the Micmac view to discourage all knowledge of the Beothics.

However that may be, nothing was said of the Beothics; probably it was the Micmac policy to regard the Native Beothic as the invader and a menace to the land they had long before learnt to regard their own. In this claim they shared with the European settler.

The Micmacs came possessed of fire-arms, and herein lay the undoing of the Beothics. Quarrels soon arose over hunting claims, and both tribes implacable foes. There is a story of the Beothics having invited some Micmacs to a feast, found scalps, thought by them to be those of their slain kindred, upon their persons, and falling upon them slew them all. That then the Micmacs of the South gathered, and marching across Country, and down by Hannock Brook (said to be the Beothic name for Micmac, and now Noel Paul's Brook, a tributary stream from the South, emptying into the Exploits below Red Indian Lake), they engaged them in a war of extermination.

Retaliation bred revenge, and so as the years passed on the Beothics were driven from one part of the country to another, hunted and hounded down like beasts of prey. The enmity was long lived. We ourselves remember that in our young days, a matter only of forty years after their final disappearance, to speak of a Beothic was to speak of an implacable "savage impossible of civilization, and therefore had to be destroyed."

The French along the coast had deep hostility towards them, and it is said that they instigated the Micmacs to bring in the heads of the Beothics for reward. This they did, and hunting parties were said to be instituted and engaged in to earn it. (Rogers, p. 100–130).

Then the lust of trade added its evil to an already desperate pass. This was quickly learnt by the irresponsible amongst the baser settlers, and dark stories were blurted about of the trading furriers—that Beothics as well as "deer" were the quarry of hunters, that children and daughters and mothers were spirited away and did not return; and heavy packs of fur were being delivered at the Coast, passed on, and were worn by the wealthy, with no questions being asked nor expected.

To the "Indian" the crack of the gun meant death, and the face of the White man, English, French or not brought terror and abiding hatred to the hunted and helpless "savage." The eloquent remark of an early writer—"terrible deeds were done," is sufficient to pale the face and chill the heart in pity for the outraged Beothic, because of his natural resentment evinced at beings so like himself but whom he could not understand.

Following Major John, and his brother George Cartwrites' visit to Red Indian Lake in 1768, "two salmon fishers ascended the Exploits River purposely to destroy what was left of the Beothics. They reached their winter villages by the Lake, shot and drove off the inhabitants and burnt the houses, with the great approval of their countrymen."

In September, 1803, a Beothic woman was brought to the Governor, Admiral Lord Gambier. He loaded her with gifts and sent her back to her people in the vain hope that she would become an ambassador of peace. What became of this woman we do not know. The sad wail of the woman Shanawdithit of a later date, who declared that she "dared not go back to her people after holding communication with the Whites" is eloquent of despair. We shall continue the stories of these two Beothic women in a later chapter and in their proper order.—(See Rogers for these quoted tales.)

Meanwhile silence reigned along much of the Coast. The French and English were much too occupied in their struggles against each other for possession of the country, to mind what was going on in the interior. The French had invaded the English settlements, and had employed bodies of Indians from their possessions in Canada, and in all likelihood the Micmacs with whom they had always been upon friendly terms, against the English.

In the well built and secure homes of those who could, and we hope would, had they known, have taken up the effort for the suffering Red man next their doors, indifference ruled uninterrupted.

Through the lust of gain of professional furriers aided by the atrocious Micmac, and encouraged by the coast trader, the "Indian" shrank more and more in numbers. Rapacity for possession of their rich furs thinned their ranks, and save for a fugitive now and then fleeing with furtive look like a hunted animal, in haunts where he once moved supreme, the Beothic was seen no more.

CHAPTER IV.

The Fear of the Red Indians.

We had the doubtful privilege of living within forty years of the Beothic disappearance, a short time when years long passed are reckoned. We were often told upon youth's enquiry concerning the "Red Indians" and why they had disappeared, that

"they were so different from all other known people that they could not be civilized, and therefore had to be destroyed."

No doubt it was a tale told in extenuation of crimes committed, which could not be explained except with shame. Guns and knives and fire are poor persuasives to civilization. The tales which we heard, like many more concerning them, were evidently told after the Micmac version, who still visited the heads of our Sounds and Arms; and who still held the tradition of the "Indian hunt"—their stealing upon them in the dark, the "Indian mutterings" around the camp fire, and the speed with which they could get away.

In a different mood, we were interested in their mode of hunting the deer by "running them down" on foot in order to secure silence and save an arrow or spear. In this way, we were told, the Micmac too, emulated the Beothic, and what an appeal the Micmac remark upon his exploit had for us—"Me cech em fore, on'y me d— moc'sin so slipp'y"!

We shall tell a tale, for what it is worth, of the "Indian hunt." We have mentioned Smith's Sound as the traveler Cormack's starting point in his trans-country journey. Very likely the locality was frequented by the Beothics before the Micmacs came. The waters at the head of the Sounds at the "Bar," was then, as for long years afterwards, a veritable home for game, and it lay quite within their range from the Terra Nova River, "Bloody Bay"—suggestive in itself, through Clode Sound, to the head of the Bay, and Piper's Hole in Placentia Bay.

At the Eastern end of Random Island there is an extensive group of small islands, so rocky, so broken with so many coves and shelters, that it is quite imaginable that any hunted tribe of "Indians" in pursuit might flee there for safety.

There is a story of a fishing boat, a "Jack," with a crew of six, going to a cove on the south side of Trinity Bay for "rinding" in the Spring. While the men were away to the woods their jack was pulled ashore, stripped of everything and left stranded. On the men's return and finding things so, they at once placed the blame upon the "savages" and set to work to hunt them.

They proceeded cautiously, found their trail, and in short time came up to their camp. They saw the light of their fire through the bushes, and heard their "mutterings" as they joyously hacked and stripped the canvass of the boat.

But the "Indians" were wary, and made off through the woods, taking as the Whites learned afterwards a circuitous route to the shore. The Whites secured their belongings, and once more set off in pursuit. At the shore in an adjoining cove, where they found the "savages" had hidden their canoes, they heard the noise of paddling and saw three canoes rounding a point and going to sea. They fired, and had the "satisfaction" of hearing screams and confusion from the canoes. Then all was still; and further search resulted in nothing.

Several months passed, and though the tale of the "hunt" was told, not a trace of the "Indians" was found. Then a fisherman

THE CAPTURE OF MARY MARCH—LAST OF THE RED INDIANS.

The picture shown above is a reproduction from the original oil painting by Si Angelo Skinner, well known local Artist, and was shown at the Exhibition by the Newfoundland Society of Art, in the anti-room of the Arena, October 21, 1938.—Photo Engraving by Daily News.

of the name of Bailey, whose son we have seen as an old man in our early days, went ashore at one of the islands named, and in exploring while his breakfast was cooking, he came upon skeletons, one with the sign of a broken limb, bows, arrows and a lump or two of red ochre, lying by a steep hill and partly covered.

The island is now known as Indian Lookout; the fact of its being so named, and known for some generations, lends credence to the tale. Search in the long ago was made; but rocks had fallen from the steep hill and covered the spot. The story has faded in time, but residents of the neighborhood still point out the high pear-shaped island with the suggestive name.

How fear and antipathy fix a thought! For long years once the Redman had become the foe of the Newfoundland colonist, the "Big Indian" was the synonym for everything terrifying. With it the mothers called their children within doors, with it they called them back to rectitude—and kept them there by the threat upon every occasion.

The "Indian" was pictured as a giant, a strong and fearsome; and tales were told of the "Indian hunt" when "we shot the big Indian just as he was drawing his bow," or "was just about to strike us with his tomahawk." There are tales also told of "the big fellow hidden in the goose-grass, we mistaking him for a log until we had passed; when a shout from the boat, and a speedy run for the most of us saved our lives." And again, "Tom, poor fellow, was too far behind. He reached a sunken rock, where the Red-skins shot him full of arrows, and then wading off pulled him ashore." There was more following this—of the victim's skull found burnt, where the Red-skins had used it as a pot!"

Of such tales as these, however, there is no record save in the memory, or imagination of the older generation. The Coast dwellers' minds had become obsessed of the Beothic peril. But that there were conflicts and reprisals between the Beothic and the White man are unhappily certain.

"In 1724, one of Skiffington's (a planter from Bonavista) was killed by the Beothics at one of his salmon posts upon the "Strait Shore" beyond Cape Freels." And though the particulars are now unknown, the tale against the Beothics spread far and wide;—save one dark deed told of in whispers, which we heard in our earlied years, told along the same "strait shore."

"The men of the post rose, and arming themselves gave chase. The Beothics were overtaken, and one woman in a delicate state of health could not keep up. She was caught. The pen almost refuses to write; but let us hope that one merciful stroke fell before she was pinned to ground by a stake through the body! We tell the tale as it was told us—it is enough!

Our place names continue the tale of bitter resentment and hostility between the settlers and Beothics—Bloody Bay (now Alexander Bay), Bloody Point near New Perlican where "rocks run red," Indian Head, Indian Arm, Indian Island and the Lookout; other Bays, Brooks, Ponds and Tickles, all have their mute story to tell of the Red man of a sad past day.

It is not with pleasure that we contemplate the solitary White man caught in the Bay . . . or the defenseless "Indian" fastened to a tree to starve while. . . .

But let us consider the spirit of the times. If at one of the "salmonries" in 1725, "a Captain Bowler caused Englishmen who disturbed the salmonry to be whipped," and "three whippings of twenty lashes each in one day, for stealing the value of ten pence! Or being hanged for forging an order for seventeen shillings, or for stealing a sheep—and that by order of a duly authorized Court! It is little wonder that men of the type employed at the fisheries, dealt out condign punishment and worse, at sight upon the poor helpless Beothic. These were indeed evil days.

The Country teems with such tales. In almost every fishing village along the Eastern Coast there is to be heard the story of the "Indian" raid, when men went to fight the "Indian King," and put in ballad form too, both time and place being sometimes particularized. These tales show with what horror and indeed hatred the "savage" was held during the years of which our people know most, from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century.

But we do not delight in cruelty. It is enough to go on and tell briefly what history itself records of the last years of Beothic sorrow; and to realize that once enmity and the thirst for revenge are aroused, especially in the unenlightened, one can never tell to what lengths unregenerate human nature might go. We pause.

(To be Continued.)

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

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

ARTICLE XXXV.

THE point at the extreme end (S.W.) of the Burin peninsula, which is the nearest port of Newfoundland, to the Island of St. Pierre or St. Peter's (about 11 or 12 miles distant) is called

Point May.

I have not been able to find the origin of this name, but it is found as far back as 1671 on Seller's Map, and on that of Fitzhugh, 1693. After that it appears generally on all extant maps. This name figures very prominently in the diplomatic correspondence and arrangements concerning the settlement of the "French Shore" question. Disputes and conflicts had been of constant occurrence annually between the French and English fishermen, who frequented the coast during summer time. Finally it was decided that some formal arrangement should be made to put an end, if possible, to this unpleasant state of affairs. Hence when the Treaty of Utrecht was being formulated in 1713, the "Island of Newfoundland was declared to belong of right entirely to Britain," but unfortunately, by a clause, (XIII) a fatal and, it may be said, treacherous weakness on the part of the British Ministry, the French instead of being absolutely excluded from all ownership of, and rights, in or to, Newfoundland, were allowed fishing rights on that part of the coast "which stretches from the place called Cape Bonavista to . . . the place called Point Riche" on the Western Coast. This ill-timed concession was the source of the troubles and squabbles which have existed for centuries and well may we quote the hackneyed phrase—"Hinc (nobis) prima mali labes." Hence the cause of all our (piscatorial) woes!

The English fishermen never took kindly to this limitation of their rights on the shore, and little by little they began to encroach on the territory allotted to France, so that before the end of that century matters became so very unpleasant, and the tension so acute that it was found necessary to make a new arrangement between the two contesting nations. In 1783 the Treaty of Versailles was signed. By this treaty the French abandoned the right to fish on that part of the coast between Cape Bonavista and Cape St. John. This covers the two great northern bays of Bonavista and Notre Dame, or Green Bay, comprising a stretch of coast of about 250 miles. In return for this concession they demanded that the Western terminus of their fishing rights should be extended from Point Riche to Cape Ray,* comprising a stretch of coast about equal to what they had abandoned. In the correspondence which preceded this treaty (1782) M. De Rayneval, a French Minister, claimed as the extreme western, or southern, limit asked for by France,

Point May.

"But," says the Count de Rayneval, "he (i.e. Lord Shelburne) observed to me that there were establishments to the westward of Point May, and that undoubtedly we, (the French) did not pretend to their cession. The Minister finally said, that he would make no difficulty in yielding to us up to Cape May."

This is rather vague and ambiguous. However, it is now of no practical importance, as the whole "French Shore" question is settled, and I only bring it forward to show that as far back as that time (1782) Point May was a well known and important point.

A little further on, as the peninsula rounds into the N.E., we find the point and cove of

Dantsic

or Dantzic, so spelt on Howley's map (1901). On Page's map (1860) we have Dantzick Pt. and great and little Dantzick Cove.

Dantzic, or Dantziq, is a well-known town and fortress in the Baltic Sea, on the mouth of the River Vistula in Prussia. But how the name could have ever come to be given to a point on the coast of Newfoundland is certainly one of the greatest puzzles in nomenclature that it has yet been my lot to encounter. The development of the name is also one of the strangest freaks of misspelling and transformation imaginable; so much so that I fancy at first my explanation will be only scoffed at and set aside with ridicule. However, I am perfectly convinced of its correctness, and I am sure after due consideration it will be accepted by any intelligent reader. It is only by a close study and comparison of various old maps that I have been able to solve the mystery and piece the puzzle together. On all the early maps the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon are surrounded with a Bank, shoal, or reef. On Dudly's map (1647), the names on which are all in Italian, this Bank is named Seccagna di S Pietro that is Bank or shoal of St. Peter's. On the coast of the main land of Newfoundland, but somewhat further westward on the coast, near the site of Burgeo, we have the names G. S. Danie and C. Danie, indicating a cove and a cape.

On Sillers' map (1671) the islands of St. Pierre, Miquelon and Langley are represented surrounded by a bank or shoal, and are named "Greene Isles."

On Thornton's map (1689) we have the following:—I. Verte, I. Perre, Langlois, Dunes (shown as an island) and Maquelon. All these islands are shown correctly in their places as they stand on our maps of to-day, except that at present the Dunes is but a strip of sand joining the islands of Miquelon and Langley. On the main land opposite these islands, and occupying the place held on modern maps by Dantzic Point, we have Gr. Dane and Pet. Dane (great and little Dane).

On Fitzhugh's map (1693) we have as follows:—S. Pierre, I. Verte, Langlois and Maquelon, all in their proper places. At the northern point of Langlois is shown a shoal or beach called Dunes. It is in the spot occupied by the Dunes at the present day, but it does not reach as far as Miquelon. It is attached by its southern end to the N. end of Langlois, and the opening or gut is shown at the northern end of this tongue of beach between it and Miquelon Island. At the present day there is no opening

* More correctly C. Rage. I shall have something to say on this matter later on.

or gut, and this tongue of beach joins both islands. We find, however, by Cook's maps that this gut or opening existed as late as 1784. On Fitzhugh's map mentioned above (1693) besides the islands and dunes, at Miquelon we have, on the main land, on the site of Dantsic, Gr. Dane and Pt. Dans.

On Moll's map (1735) we have the following islands:—I. St. Peter, Dunes: Maynelon (a mistake for Maquelon), and on the main land, G. Dans, and P. Dans (great and little Dans).

On a map in the "British Pilot," date 1735, we have, in its proper place between Miquelon and Langlois, Dunes, while on the main land at Dantzic Point we have Grand done and Petit dane. The name finally developed into Dantzic, though exactly when, I have been unable to find out. The earliest date at which I find it is on Cook's map of 1784. I find it also in the "American Coast Pilot" of 1806, It is easy to trace the source and transitions of the word. We have first the ordinary and frequently used word,

Dunes.

This word is often, in fact more frequently, given in English as "Down" or "Downs." It signifies a bank or rounded hillock

THE DOWNS AT FERRYLAND.

of sand thrown up along the shore by the wind. It is also used to express a shoal or shallow anchoring place near shore, as the celebrated bank off Dover known as "The Downs," par excellence. It is alluded to in the familiar ballad of "Black eyed Susan,"—All in the Downs the fleet lay moored."

There are a few places in Newfoundland which still retain the name as "The Downs" at Ferryland, the site of Lord Maltimore's settlement (see art. XXV.), also "The Downs," at Point Verde, Placentia. The more correct form of the word is Dun or Dune, a Keltic or Irish word meaning a Fort, as the banks of sand thrown up and covered with grass bear a striking resemblance to artificial mounds or ramparts.

The spit of sand at Miquelon still retains the name of the Dunes. In the course of time the name became transferred from the island to the mainland immediately opposite. This is a process of translocation which we find very frequently occurring all over the coast of Newfoundland. Having by this transfer lost its original characteristic of a beach or anchorage-ground, it began also to lose its name. Hence we find the numberless variations such as Danie, Dane, Dans, Done, &c., &c. The two islands of Langley and Miquelon form part of the Archipelago of St. Pierre and belong to the French Government. At the present time, as mentioned above, they are united by a tongue of beach called the Dunes and form a sort of Geographical Siamese twins. Until quite recently there was a gut, and they were two separate islands. The name of

Langley,

as it is now found on English maps, has been already explained in No. VII. of this series, when speaking of L'Englee on, the peninsula of Petit Nord, but a few words more may not be altogether without interest here. The name of the island as now called by the French is

Langlade.

This I consider to be a French attempt at pronouncing the word England. The St. Pierrais, that is the French-men of the island of S. Pierre, gave the name of England, in their patois L'Anglade to all Newfoundland, and somehow or other it became confined to the large double island in their neighbourhood, in the mouth of Fortune Bay. From Père Biart, S. I., we glean the following interesting remarks. The Pilgrim Fathers arrived in Maine in 1620. They began at once to build their new town of Plymouth Rock, and to open up intercourse with their neighbours. They suffered much during the first winter. One day in March, 1621, an Indian presented himself boldly in the street of Plymouth and astonished the Colonists by addressing them in English. "Welcome Yangeese! Welcome Yangees!" he repeated. He was named Samoset and was a chief of a tribe. He had frequently met with English fishermen, and had learnt some of their language. The word "English" was too hard for the tongue of the savages and became softened into Inghese or Enghese, and with a slight French twang, it became Anghese or Yanghese. Hence the word

Yankees,

which became a nickname for all English in the United States. Afterwards it was confined to the New England States, and was accepted as the definite national synonym for an American as John Bull is for a British subject. How very few Englishmen think that when they denominate Americans as Yankees, which is often done in a sense of contempt or ridicule, they are really honouring and perpetuating the name of their own race and people? Père Biart says that the Iroquois and Etchemens call the English "Ingres," and as he was a Frenchman, he meant by this, angrès. Whether the Indians took up the name through the French source "Anglais," or whether the word was not pronounced by the English themselves as Anglish is doubtful. It is certain that our present pronunciation "Inglish," is quite modern. It still shows traces of its original pronunciation in the first syllable En (English) pronounced by the French Anglish or Onglish. We know that it is derived from the Angles whom we still designate by the original pronunciation as East and West Angles. When the original name Anglish became Inglish I know not. It may have come about in this way. A Frenchman hearing the word Anglish would spell it Inglish. Then an Englishman seeing it thus written would pronounce it Ing-lish, as we would. Another explanation of

Langlade

may be the following. It is a French family name and we find that at the siege of Louisburg, 1755, there was a Mons. Mouet de Langlade, a Captain of a regiment of Artois, in the French Army. He was taken prisoner by the English. But as he was in the army and not in the navy, and I have not found his name in any way connected with Newfoundland, I cannot say if it has any connection with the name of the island of Langlade.

The third and largest island of the St. Pierre group is

Miquelon;

the origin and meaning of this name is not known to me. It will be seen from what I have already written that it had many variants. The first time I find it is on Mason's or Vaughan's map of 1617. It is there given with the English phonetic spelling

Micklon.

On Fitzhugh's map, 1693, it appears as "Maquelon." On Thornton's map, 1689, the same form. On Friend's map, 1713, Miclon. On Cour Lotter's, 1720, we have it as Miquelon. On Moll's map, 1735, it appears as Maynelon. This is evidently a misprint. The same form appesrs on a map in the British Pilot dated 1755. On Cook's maps, 1774, and from that time onwards to the present the name of Miquelon remains permanent.

Crew Point

near Dantzick is considered to be the southern or eastern point of entrance to Fortune Bay. The name is probably a corruption of

names of Fortuna are placed on these maps towards the northern part of Newfoundland—to the northward of Bonavista and Bird Islands (Funks). The only relic of the name now remaining in thnt vicinity is

Fortune Harbour,

in Notre Dame Bay. The name does not begin to appear in its present position as Fortune Bay until about 1671 in the English Pilot map of Seller. On Mason's, or Vaughan's map (1625) in the position which ought to be occupied by Fortune Bay, there is a large lake, the boundaries of which are left undefined, it is called

"Lacus Incognitus,"

the unknown lake. I here repeat what I said of this "lake" in my Lecture on Vaughan's Map, delivered before the Newfoundland Historical Society, April, 1911:—"In the place where Fortune Bay should be we find an immense lake partly undelinated, and on it this inscription,"—"Lacus Incognitus (Unknown Lake)." Then, in English — "Great Lake or Sea

GAULTOIS—FORTUNE BAY.

Creux Point,

viz., dug-out or Hollowed-out Point.

Rounding this point we open up the magnificent estuary of

Fortune Bay.

This is a grand and magnificent sheet of water measuring at its mouth, from Crew Point to Pass Island on the N W.. 35 miles, and it extends inward to the N.E. to a depth of 67 miles. At half this distance, between St. Jacques and Point Enragée, it narrows and forms a splendid almost land-locked lake. It has been called the "Home of the Herring." Some few years ago a large and prosperous winter herring fishery was carried on here. In latter years, however, the herring have somewhat deserted these waters for those of Placentia Bay, Bay of Islands and Bonne Bay. The name of Fortune appears on the very earliest maps extant, viz, those of Majollo, 1527; Verrazzano, 1528; Ribeiro, 1529. These are Italian and Spanish maps and the names are given in these languages. Thus Isola di Fortuna (Fortune Island), Majollo. On Verrazzano and Ribeiro, Ya de la Fortuna, i.e. Ysla or Island of Fortune. On Majollo, Isola de la Fortuna, Isle of Fortune. On the last mentioned two maps, in close proximity to the name Fortuna, we have Ya de la tormenta, and the juxtaposition is very appropriate and reveals an untold story. The word Fortuna does not mean any kind of fortune but evil fortune or misfortune, and in the present case it means a marine misfortune, or disaster or a wreck; and Tormenta means a storm. It is easy then to see that "thereby hangs a tale" of shipwreck, but it is not recorded in the annals of these early voyages as far as I know. These unknowne, discovered in Anno 1617, by Captain Mason." It is possible that travelling over the high lands between Placentia and Fortune Bays the waters of this latter bay may have been seen, and taken for a part of a great lake.

There are two islands in the mouth of Fortune Bay besides the St. Peter's group. The first of these is

Brunet Island,

nearly in the middle of the entrance. It rises to a ridge of about 528 feet. On the summit is a lighthouse with a flashing light. The name, which may be derived from the dark brown colour of the rocks, has undergone no change as far as I can see on the maps in my possession.

About six miles further in the Bay, and about N.E. from Brunet is an island bearing the very pretty and euphoneous name of

Sagona.

The name seems to sound like Italian, but I fear it is corrupted and so changed as to render its original form unrecognizable. It has undergone many changes of spelling. On the map of Dudley, 1647, which has the names generally in Italian, we find St. Peter's Bank called "Seccagna di S. Pietro," pronounced Seccannya, which means a bank or shoal; from the Italian word Seccar, to dry, it may be a corruption of this word. On Thornton's map, 1689, it appears as Saquanon. The same on Fitzhugh's, 1693. On Cour Lotta, 1720, exactly as it is at present—I. Sagona. On Moll's map, 1735, "Sagnon." On a map in the British Pilot, 1755, it appears

Sagnanon.

It is evident that the Cartographers were at sea as regards this name.—APRIL, 1913. † M. F. H.

Madrid's Day of the Dead.

By Mariano Jose de Larra.

Ironic as it may seem in a city where every twenty-four hours takes its violent toll of innocent victims, there is in Madrid one recognized Day of the Dead, something like our Memorial Day, when people go to the cemeteries beyond the city gates to pay reverent homage. In celebration of that day the following fantasy appeared in a Madrid newspaper.

I do not remember when it was that I wrote I was living in perpetual astonishment at the things that passed before my eyes. . . . It does not matter, for to day I am amazed at nothing. I have seen so many, many things. What does happen is that I do not always understand clearly what I am seeing, and that is why, when the Day of the Dead dawned, I was not actually surprised that there were so many men still living; I merely realized that I did not understand it. . . .

I had been buried in one of those melancholy meditations whose bitterness only a Spanish liberal in these days can understand. The gloom of a man who believes in friendship and finds it false, of a schoolboy in love with an older woman, of a nephew whose rich uncle dies without leaving a will, of a man who holds government bonds, of a widow whose pension depends on the Spanish Treasury, of a Deputy elected to the Cortes in the last election, of a soldier who lost a leg fighting for the Constitution and now has neither leg nor Constitution, of an editor jailed for freedom of the press, of a Minister in the present government—all these forms of melancholy are gay and spirited compared to the despair which weighed me down.

I twisted and turned in one of those armchairs which are as big as beds; I beat my brow as if my woes were those of a deceived husband; I thrust my hands deep into my pockets hunting coins to rub against each other, as if my pockets were the Spanish people and my fingers another set of governments; I raised my eyes to heaven as if, being a liberal, there was no hope left anywhere else; I lowered them in shame as if seeing one Rebel more —when suddenly a sad and monotonous sound, like the clamor that follows the reading of decrees, roused me out of my misery.

"The Day of the Dead!" I exclaimed.

The hoarse bronze notes which announced the eternal absence of those who once had been, seemed to vibrate more lugubriously than ever before, as if tolling for its own death. The bells, too, had come to their last hour, and their slow and heavy ringing was the death-rattle of the dying: they, too, were about to die at the hands of liberty, which regenerates all, and they would be the only ones in Spain —heaven save us!—who would die hanging. And people still say that there is divine justice.

My despair vanished. By a kind of natural reaction that comes when a situation is exhausted, I suddenly realized that melancholy is the funniest thing in the world for those who are looking at it. "Away with it!" I exclaimed, as if I were watching a Spanish actor. "Outside!" as if I were listening to a speaker in the Cortes. And I threw myself out into the street. . . .

People were moving through the streets in great numbers and in a long procession, winding from one to another like an enormous and many-coloured snake. "To the cemetery, to the cemetery!" And for that they were going out through the gates of Madrid.

"Wait a moment," I said to myself. "Let us see this thing clearly. Where is this cemetery—inside the city gates, or out?"

A fearful dizziness overcame me, and then my eyes cleared. The cemetery was inside Madrid. It was Madrid itself that was the cemetery—an enormous cemetery where every house was a family vault, every street the tomb of an event, every heart the grave of a hope or a desire.

Then, and while those who thought they were still alive were bowed before the graves of those they regarded as the dead. I began to thread the streets of the great graveyard with all the devotion and respect of which I am capable.

"Idiots," I said to the passers-by, "does it move you so much to see the dead? Have you no mirrors? . . . Look at yourselves, imbeciles, and you will see heads! Have you come out to look at your fathers and your grandfathers when it is you yourselves who are truly the dead?

"They live, because they are at peace; they have liberty, the liberty death gives, which is the only kind that is possible on earth; they pay no taxes which they cannot afford; they are neither enlisted

nor mobilized, taken prisoners nor denounced as traitors; they do no weeping under the eye of a jailer; they are the only ones who enjoy true freedom of speech, for they speak to the world. They speak in a loud voice, and no jury would dare to indict or to condemn them. In short, they recognize only one law—the imperious law of nature which put them there; and that they obey."

"WHAT monument is this?" I exclaimed, as I made my way through the vast graveyard. Is it in itself an enormous skeleton of the centuries that are gone, or is it the tomb of other skeletons? A palace! . . . And over the door an epitaph: "Here lies the throne—born in the reign of Isabel the Catholic, died . . . of a cold draft!" On the base, a scepter, a crown and other ornaments of royal dignity. Legitimacy, a colossal figure in black marble, wept above the tomb. Small boys had amused themselves by throwing stones and the figures showed marks of base ingratitude.

And this mausoleum at the left? The Armory. "Here lies Castilian valor, with all its accouterments. R. I. P."

The Buildings of the Ministry—"Here lies half Spain, killed by the other half."

And further on—"Here lies the Inquisition, daughter of faith and fanaticism; dead of old age." Everywhere I went I kept hunting for a hint of resurrection; either none had been put on the tombs or should not have been.

What is this? The Prison—"Here lies freedom of thought." My God! In Spain, the country which is now educated to free institutions! The figures of two editors mourn above this great sepulcher. A chain, a gag and a pen stand sculptured in relief. "This pen," I said to myself, "does it belong to the writers or to the crooked notaries?" There was no way of telling. Anybody might be in jail.

The market street, the shopping street. These are not so much toombs as ossuaries where commerce, industry, business and good faith sleep together in a tangled pile.

"The Postoffice—"Here lies military insubordination." A plaster figure above the vast sepulcher with a finger on its lips; in the other hand a kind of hieroglyphic—a broken lash representing broken discipline—speaks for it.

Puerta del Sol—This is the tomb of the lying decrees that were posted on its walls.

The Stock Exchange–"Here lies Spanish credit!" "Is it possible," I asked myself, "that, like the pyramids of Egypt, this great building was erected solely to enclose so small a thing?"

The National Printing Office—Unlike the Puerta del Sol, this building, where censorship holds forth, is the sepulcher where truth lies done to death and buried. It is the only tomb in our country where crowds come, in the French fashion, to scatter flowers.

The Theatres—"Here lies Spanish genius." Not a flower, but a memorial, not an inscription.

The Cortes—This was formerly the house of the Holy Spirit; but the Holy Spirit no longer comes down to earth in tongues of flame—

Here lies the Constitution,
Born and died in a minute.

"So be it, and it will be so for many years," I added. "It must have had rickets, judging by the little life there was in it."

TWILIGHT came, and it was time for me to leave. I cast a last glance over the vast cemetery. Death smelled close at hand. Dogs barked with that prolonged howl which bespeaks their instinct for divination; the whole city shifted before my eyes like a dying man testing his slender thread of life; then it became a single vast sepulcher; the stones fused to one enormous block that covered the great tomb.

The epitaphs were blurred by darkness, but the names of the dead still leaped to the eye.

"Away," I cried, "with this horrible nightmare! Away!" Liberty! The Constitution! National opinion! Shame! Discussion! The words mingled with the last echoes of the bells tolling for the Day of the Dead.

A dark cloud covered it from sight. Night came. Cold froze my veins. I wanted to rush out from this horrible graveyard and take refuge in my own heart, filled so short a time ago with life, illusions and desires.

Holy heaven! That, too, was a cemetery. My heart was nothing but another tomb. Who had died in it? Read the epitaph. "Here lies hope."

That bit of satire was written not yesterday, or within the past year, but a hundred years ago. Yet how poignantly it describes the situation ia the Spain of to-day.

Beauty's Treasure.

By Gladys Pickett.

GLISTENING beam-gems of a gold-veiled crescent moon
Cool, Carrera marble of a monarch's tomb.

Vibrant, moving melody that music sings,
Muffled, cautious whisperings that nightfall brings.

Calm serenity, pain-graven on a face,
Awe-inspiring silence of a holy place.

Roses, carmine-hued and veiled with silver dew,
Sleep, the dreamless opiate when day is through.

These are things I cannot by a rule make measure—
Precious jewels I took from out of Beauty's treasure!

THE EXPLOITS VALLEY ROYAL STORES, LIMITED, GRAND FALLS.

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

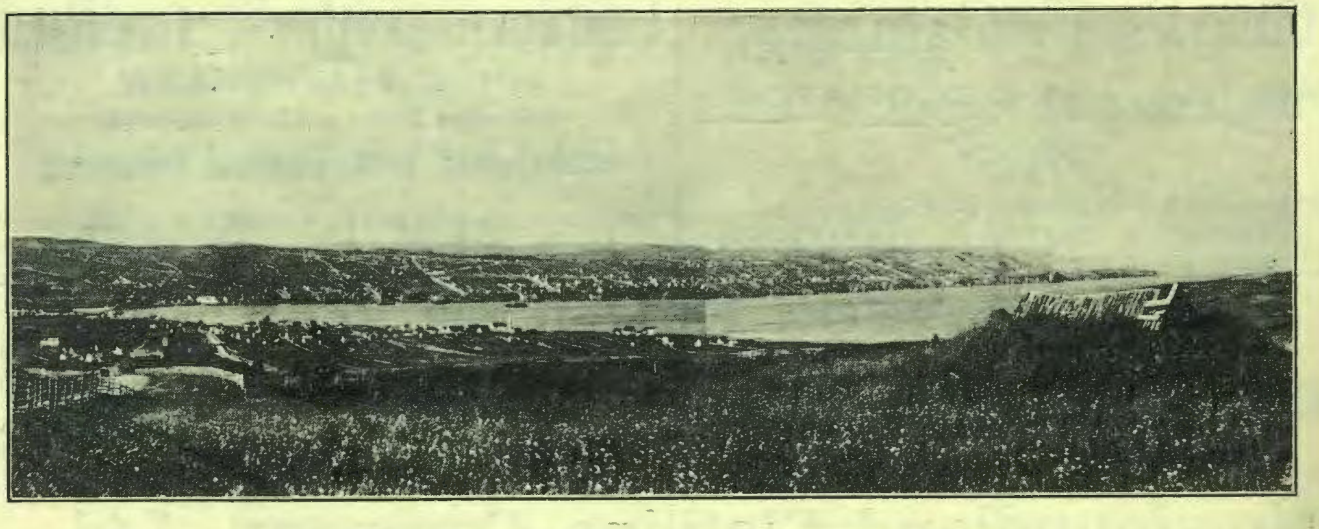
Architecturally and otherwise it is generally conceded to be the finest shopping centre in the country, and the largest outside of St. John's.

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

The building has a frontage of 130 feet, having a basement running the full length and half the width. The rear and both ends are of molded concrete blocks, while the front is of poured concrete, forming a series of panels 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 no doubt will be appreciated by the shopping public of Grand Falls and vicinity by their generous patronage.



THE TOWN OF CARBONEAR, CONCEPTION BAY.
Holloway Photo.

The Newfoundland Quarterly.

—AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE—

Issued every third month about the 15th of March, June, September and December from the office
38 Prescott Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

JOHN J. EVANS, SR., PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR

To whom all Communications should be addressed.

Subscription Rates:

Single Copies, each	20 cents.
One Year, in advance, Newfoundland	80 "
Foreign Subscriptions (including Canada)	90 "