

The NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY



Spring Number, 1939

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Little River, Codroy—Cape Ray Mountains in background.

Photo by C. O'N. Conroy.

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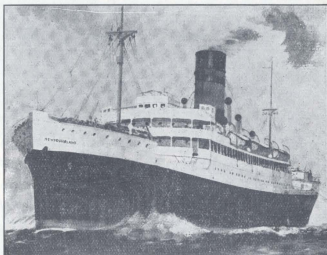
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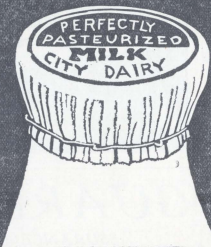
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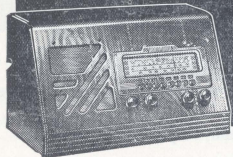
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The Newfoundland Quarterly

Vol. XXXVIII.—No. 4.

APRIL, 1939.

80 cents per year.

The King and Queen in Norwich.

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



TO-DAY the 29th of October, rich with autumn sunshine in the Capital of the King's native County, Norwich, at an early hour people are moving towards the Market Place, in ever increasing numbers, for to-day the King is coming to open the New City Hall in Norwich and the Queen is coming with the King. To find a like honour as this Norwich has to search history as far back as the reign of Charles II, because until to-day Charles was the last monarch to favour Norwich with an official visit accompanied by his Gracious Consort.

Norwich Market Place where the citizens are foregathering is a large rectangular space elegantly tiled and now forming a part of the Civic centre of the city, and it slopes downward from a terrace-garden of great artistic merit adjoining the promenade in front of the new City Hall.

Hanging at the moment from a glistening flag pole at each end of the terrace is a banner of red and gold silk which bears the ancient Arms of Norwich, while at a commanding place within the garden on the terrace gleams a chaste and solemn stone Monument to the gallant sons of Norwich who fell in the Great War. Above this setting of beauty, which is tinged with tender solemnity, towers the new City Hall, a magnificent modern structure of grey brick built at a cost of £250,000. And drooping down the facade of the Hall now, fastened to poles set at right angles to the building, are red and gold pennants alternately spaced with red and white pennants which, with a gold and red draped dais and a gold and red balcony above, dispel all traces of severity and conform the building completely to the spirit of the occasion.

Adequately to describe the beauty and utility of this vast and costly structure would entail the use of very much more space than is available just now, consequently but a few only of the many important outside features can be mentioned.

The building—which over a main frontage of something like three hundred feet—stands five stories high, and has at the north side a suitably

designed square sectioned tower which rises to a height of 185 feet above the street level, and which is surmounted by a bell chamber where is hung a bell which weighs close on three tons, and which works in conjunction with a clock situated at an altitude in the tower from where it can be seen from nearly all parts of the city. This clock is electrically operated and is four-faced, having a dial 14 feet diameter showing on each side of the tower.

The bell at the top of the tower, working in conjunction with the clock, sounds in deep tones the hours of the day as they arrive.

On the front of the Hall above the first floor, extending nearly the whole length of the building, is a balcony on which rests at its centre six round stone columns which support a massive stone canopy projecting from the top of the building.

Beneath this colonnade are the three bronze doors at the main entrance which carry 18 plaques depicting episodes in the history and industry of Norwich. Leading from the promenade in front to the doors are stone steps, which are flanked to the north and south by a bronze heraldic lion which add considerable attraction to what is a very imposing entrance.

The City Hall, standing above the terrace and garden in which is centered with an unobtrusive consciousness the silent but potent War Memorial, supply a background to Norwich Market Place unusually rich in modern grandeur; but this was not intended to complete the beauty of the scene, consequently the lay out of the City's civic centre allowed for the flanking of the market square by two priceless examples of old architecture, and the north is bounded by the ancient Guildhall, a fascinating structure dating from the 15th Century, which exhibits a fine example of decorative flint work on its exterior. And amongst many noteworthy features inside has a perfect Tudor court which, with unbroken continuity, has been used as the City's Council Chamber for 500 years.

At the opposite flank of the Market Place, standing on a slight prominence is St. Peter's Mancroft Church dating from the 15th century. This church

possesses many beautifully designed windows, and attracts much attention from visitors to Norwich.

Having regard to the inestimable value of these two old classic structures, and the modern decorative material which the centre contains, it is probable that the designers of this remodeled portion of Norwich have succeeded in presenting a scene of beauty and interest unsurpassed by that of any other Municipal Centre in Britain. Much of the reflective character has been imported into the lay-out by a remarkable symbolic aspect, as for example the relation of the new to the old—a trait always found in successful democratic government—and the friendly intercourse of religion with British civic administration is symbolized by the presence in the scheme of the old and graceful church dedicated in the name of St. Peter.

In this view we are conscious that many windows which give an outlook towards the City Hall are filled with people, and that roofs of shops and houses are lined with spectators anxious to see the King and Queen.

For a moment this vast concourse monopolizes our attention, but presently we awake to the appeal of structural features within the view and note the varied and interesting examples of architecture embodied in buildings which face us, and which stand beyond the thoroughfare passing the far side of the Market Place, and we also become intrigued by a well preserved house which probably has come down from an early date in the 17th century, and which abuts the southern side of the Market Place. And we recognize Norwich Castle is displayed to great advantage before us, standing as it does in the



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE CITY HALL.

Reproduced by courtesy of the "Eastern Daily Press," Norwich.

We pass now from the Market Place to St. Peter's Street, the promenade running north and south above the terrace and leading past the front of the City Hall. It is from here we are to see the arrival of the King and Queen.

From this position we are able to note the fresh and joyous faces of the 1,000 children who, close in front of us, are occupying seats on terraces under canopies of blue and white at either side of the main entrance of the Hall.

These children were chosen by vote of their school fellows from the various schools of Norwich to witness the opening Ceremony.

It is early yet, and we turn to survey in panorama the gathering crowd which fills at this stage the vast rectangle embracing the Market Place and adjoining thoroughfares.

back-ground and dominating the scene with its massive grey box-shaped form built in Norman style on the summit of an ancient mound of perplexing origin.

These features give a rare and interesting character to that portion of Norwich which is opposite the front of the City Hall.

At 11.30 a.m. we take our seats in front of the City Hall, and the amplifier which has entertained us by rendering music during the last half hour, now enlivens the surroundings with a jig, which colours the happy occasion with an atmosphere of light-heartedness borrowed from the merry spirit of Eire. This frolicsome music stops, and the sweet bewitching strains of "Men of Harlech" fills the air. When this strain ceases we turn to watch the Lord Mayor's procession as it emerges from the north end

of the Hall and slowly moves in picturesque detail to the old Guildhall not far down the sloping drive in front, there to await the arrival of the King and Queen.

This historic moment is charged with sentimental reflection, as now the last great honour in a long succession of grand events, during its 500 years of history, is about to take place in this beautiful and mellowed shrine where the names of men whose work for England is recorded in the history of the progress of Local Government in Norwich.

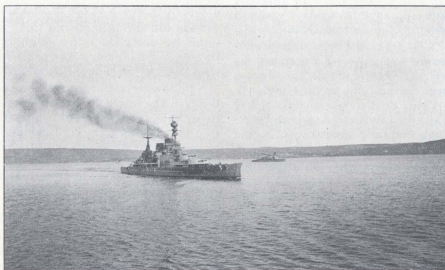
We again become interested in the amplified music which is still regaling, but our attention is drawn to another episode as there breaks upon the scene an exhilarating splash of martial pageantry, when the Fourth Royal Norfolk, the Guard of Honour, with fixed bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, arms sloped and bearing the King's colours, march past.

The King's car enters St. Peter's Street now from St. Giles Street, followed by cars in which ride their Majesties' entourage, turns to the left and slowly moved down to the entrance of the old Guildhall where the Lord Mayor, Councillor Charles Watling, J.P., with other city dignitaries and officials are in attendance to receive their Majesties. The band ceases playing, and a fanfare of trumpets sounds as the King's car halts.

Amidst vociferous cheering the King alights full of vigour. His face bronzed and glowing expresses an over-flowing genialty which instantly captures the imagination and infuses a joy of spirit into all who see him.

Following His Majesty the Queen alights, diffusing a graciousness exclusively Her Majesty's, which gives consummation to the pleasure of the waiting thousands.

Having received Their Majesties, the Lord Mayor



H.M.S. "REPULSE" WHICH WILL CONVEY THEIR MAJESTIES TO NEWFOUNDLAND
IN JUNE, 1939, LEAVING TOPSAIL BAY SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1924.

We are stirred and praise this brilliant spectacle, as we stand to salute the colours which are paraded only when Royalty are present.

After this we again take up the pleasant mood of reflection, but not for long, because the massive hands of the Town Hall clock have moved by this time very near to the marking place of noon; and noon is the moment when the King and Queen, who were received at the City Boundary at 11.45 a.m. by the Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk (Russell James Colman, Esq., J.P.) will arrive at the City Hall.

We notice the police are already moving the crowds, which are on St. Giles Street, into line.

The great clock in the tower strikes the first note of 12 noon, and the band plays the first bar of "God Save the King." We stand, the band continues to play "God Save the King," and the clock keeps on striking in measured sequence its noontide toll.

asks leave to present the Lady Mayoress and other distinguished personages whom Their Majesties graciously accept; and the Lord Mayor invites the King and Queen to inspect the ancient Council Chamber where Mayors and Lord Mayors have been elected in the Guildhall since 1403.

The following is the order in which the Procession, which is strikingly beautiful in much medieval show, has been formed, and is now proceeding from the Guildhall to the War Memorial—the King and Queen having concluded their inspection of the old Council Chamber:—

The St. George's Mace (crystal).

Two Castle Maces (crystal).

Two Gilt Maces.

The Sword of State, the only Sword of State carried in Civic Regalia outside London.

The Chief Constable.

The Town Clerk, Wigged and Gowned.

The Recorder, in Wig and Gown (Judges).

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

The Lord Mayor in black and gold Robe, and wearing the massive gold Chain of Office and carrying the Tricorn Hat of State.

With the Lord Mayor is the Lady Mayoress.

The Minister in attendance (Sir Samuel Hoare), The Lady in Waiting, the assistant Private Secretary and Equiry.

His Majesty's Lieutenant for Norfolk.

The Sheriff in Purple Robe and wearing the Chain of Office.

The Deputy Lord Mayor in Scarlet Robe.

General Officer Commanding 54th East Anglian Division.

Officer Commanding 163rd Infantry Brigade (T.A.).

This pageant of irresistible beauty halts before the War Memorial and stands there in reverent mien; the King alone stepping forward lays a wreath on this hallowed token to the Heroic Dead.

Leaving the War Memorial Their Majesties inspect the ex-service men and youth organizations paraded on the Market Place beneath the terrace. The King and Queen here show interest and ask many questions, not only of the ex-service men, but also of the Health and Beauty League whose representative detachment certainly are worthy of the organization's ambitious name.

Their Majesties having completed the inspection, the Procession proceeds to the south-east corner of the City Hall; one verse of the National Anthem is sung by the school children in accompaniment with the Band of the 4th Battalion Royal Norfolk Regiment (I.A.).

His Majesty here inspects the Guard of Honour, and then the Procession proceeds to the foot of the steps leading to the City Hall where the Lord Mayor asks leave to present to Their Majesties—Alderman Sir Ernest White, J.P., Councillor E. S. Blake, Alderman H. Frazer, J.P., Councillor B. Cannell, Herbert P. Gowen, Esq., J.P., Mrs. J. H. Barnes, Mrs. H. Harper-Smith, Lady White, Mrs. E. S. Blake, Mrs. H. Fraser, Mrs. B. Cannell, Mrs. Colman, Mrs. Pollock, Mr. C. H. James, A.R.A., F.R.I.B.A., and Mr. S. Rowland Pierce, F.R.I.B.A., the Architects of the building; Mr. Rbt. Atkinson, F.R.I.B.A., the Assessor of the Architectural Competition and the Architect for the layout of the Market.

DAIS.

C. H. James, S. R. Pierce, Senior Military Equerry Officer, Councillor E. S. Blake, Robt. Atkinson.

H. M. Lieutenant Sheriff for Norfolk, Assistant Private Secretary, Minister in Attendance, Lady-in-Waiting, Deputy Lord Mayor, Sir Ernest White.

Town Clerk, Recorder, Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, Lord Bishop.

THE KING AND QUEEN, *God Save the King*

Proceeding up the steps the Royal Party enters the Dais, and immediately the Royal Standard is unfurled on the City Hall.

We now witness a very ancient and interesting custom as the Lord Mayor tenders the Sword of State to His Majesty.

The Lord Mayor here asks permission for the Town Clerk to read the Loyal Address of the Corporation, and His Majesty having granted this the Town Clerk reads:—

"The Loyal Address of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of the City of Norwich.

"To His Most Gracious Majesty King George VI.

"May it please Your Majesty:

"We—the Lord Mayor, Sheriff, Aldermen and Citizens of the City and County of Norwich, extend to Your Majesty and to Your Royal Consort a loyal and heartfelt welcome to our ancient City.

"The Citizens remember with pleasure Your Majesty's associations with the County of Norfolk, of which Norwich is the capital City.

"On numerous occasions this City has been honoured by visits from the reigning Sovereign, but throughout its history no Sovereign head has been more warmly welcome than is Your Majesty to-day.

"Following the example of Your Majesty's forebears in the interest shown by them in this city and its welfare, Your Majesty has graciously consented to open the new City Hall which has been erected to provide for the needs of the civic administration of the City, taking the place of Municipal offices which—owing to the progress and development of Local Government—had become inadequate and unsuitable for the purpose.

"We desire respectfully to express our deep gratitude for the honour conferred upon our City by Your Majesty in consenting to perform the opening ceremony, and to offer to Her Majesty the Queen our humble and grateful thanks for Her gracious presence here to-day.

"We tender to Your Majesty our loyalty, and earnestly desire that Your Majesty may long continue to reign in health and happiness, and in peace and prosperity.

"Given under the Corporate Seal of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of the City of Norwich, this 29th of October, 1938, in the presence of

CHARLES WATLING, Lord Mayor;

J. H. BARNES, Sheriff;

BERNARD D. STOREY, Town Clerk."

Having finished reading The Loyal Address the Town Clerk hands it to the Lord Mayor who presents it to His Majesty. The King in firm and clear voice, now reads the following reply:—

"I thank you, my Lord Mayor, for the loyal terms of your address. The Queen and I have been deeply touched by the warmth of the welcome accorded to us by the people of Norwich, and we

are especially happy to be in the capital of my native county on so important a day in its history. The people of this ancient city have governed themselves by their representatives for many centuries, and great are the traditions which they inherit.

"As the scope of the services administered by local authorities has widened, Norwich has not failed to live up to those traditions, and, as a county borough, it has played a prominent part in the achievements of local government during the last fifty years.

"The provision of this fine building shows the determination of the citizens of Norwich that these local services, closely affecting in many ways the lives of the people, shall be efficiently administered, and that the City Hall, the centre of civic life shall be worthy of the past and equal to the demand of the present and the future.

"I congratulate you on the completion of this fine building, which I now declare open, and I trust that it will prove the centre of an administration which will play a large part in bringing health and happiness to the people of Norwich."

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich (Dr. Bertram Pollock, K.C.V.O.), having offered a dedicatory prayer, the Architects receiving His Majesty's accent present to His Majesty as a souvenir of the occasion a Ceremonial Baton with which His Majesty will knock at the door and declare the building open. At this moment a charming episode intervenes when Miss Fenella Cushing, the Lord Mayor's grand-daughter, presents a bouquet of carnations and lilies of the valley to the Queen which Her Majesty smilingly accepts and shakes hands with Miss Cushing.

The King going to the door now knocks with the Baton and declares the Hall open.

A fanfare of trumpets heralds the King's declaration, and while the notes of music are reverberating through space, the doors swing open and the King and Queen, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Architects and other members of the party on the Dais enter.

The Ceremonial Baton presented to the King by the Architects is of lignum vitae, surmounted by a castle and lion in silver and has inscribed on two bands of silver—

"Presented to His Majesty King George VI."

at the opening of the new City Hall, Norwich, by the Architects—C. H. James, A.R.A., F.R.I.B.A., and S. Rowland Pierce, F.R.I.B.A., 29th October, 1938. Ornamenting the base of the baton are two silver bands with engraved design.

At this point we become interested watchers of the various Organizations on parade as they move from their positions and march past the City Hall, the interior of which the King and Queen are inspecting, but suddenly find ourselves spectators of one of the most captivating incidents in the Ceremony, when the King and Queen appear on the

balcony with the Lord Mayor to the right of the King and the Lady Mayoress to the left of the Queen.

Their Majesties presence on the balcony electrifies the whole situation into a festival of loyalty and beauty. The Queen carrying the bouquet of carnations and lilies gives this thrilling scene a spell-binding loveliness inexpressible in words so rich is it in radiant Royal charm.

After viewing the inspiring scene of cheering thousands stretching before them, the Royal Party reenter the building to continue the inspection.

We await, but not for long, the pealing of the bells of St. Peter's Church in mighty clang coinciding with the Royal Salute as Their Majesties depart for St. Andrew's Hall to lunch there with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and more than three hundred guests.

While the Royal Party are lunching we repair to Carrow Road football ground, where Millwall meet Norwich City this afternoon, and the King will be present to see the kick off, making a precedent since this will be the first time that League football has been so honoured by any king.

The stands are filling up rapidly as we enter the ground, and it is evident that the patrons of the sport in Norwich intend to give the King an enthusiastic welcome.

To the right of the Grand Stand on the field, the Band in precise formation await the signal from their Conductor who stands on a portable platform near the centre of the ground. And in front of the main entrance drawn up at right angles to the grand stand, at distance of about 25 yards, are standing at attention the two teams facing each other at a distance of about six paces.

Millwall in blue and white colours have taken the left position, leaving Norwich to form to the right, where they stand in their striking colours of green and yellow.

A battery of press photographers two ranks deep, the front rank kneeling and rear rank standing take up a position extending across the space intervening between the farther flanks of the teams.

A fanfare of trumpets announce the arrival of the King. The Conductor near the centre of the ground raises his baton, the bandmen get ready, the Conductor's baton drops, and as the first notes of the Anthem rises from the instruments all who are sitting stand, and, with the Band leading, the whole 21,000 spectators join together in singing "God Save The King," at the moment that His Majesty passes through the entrance to the ground.

Cheering takes the place of music while Millwall players are being presented to the King; but now as His Majesty turns to the Norwich team, the spectators in spontaneous unison sing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and continue this jovial melody until Norwich team has been presented, and His Majesty with glowing face proceeds to his seat to watch the play.

While the King is at the football ground the Queen, who proceeded to Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, after lunch opened the Geoffrey Colman Memorial there, a maternity wing which has been added to the Hospital by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Colman as a memorial to their elder son Captain Geoffrey Colman.

The Queen who was received at the Hospital by the Chairman of the Board of Management was accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, Lady Hinde, Lady in Waiting; Captain Adeane, the Assistant Private Secretary, The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Watling; Mrs. J. H. Barnes, Mrs. Harper-Smith.

After the Lord Bishop of Norwich had offered a dedicatory prayer, and the Chairman of the Board of Management made a short address, Mr. Colman expressed his gratitude to the Queen for consenting to open the wing.

The key of the wing was presented to the Queen by David Colman, eldest son of the late Captain Geoffrey Colman, and Her Majesty declared the wing open, and went on tour of this new building.

Shortly afterwards the Queen, having signed the Hospital Visitors Book, left to join the King at the Lads' Club, where His Majesty had proceeded from the Carrow Road Football Ground.

Norwich Lads' Club, which Their Majesties join in inspecting, is a remarkable institution, the membership of which is open free of all charge or expense to every lad in Norwich; and as founder and Chairman of this successful venture the Chief Constable of Norwich (Mr. J. H. Dain) to-day presented to Their Majesties a number of the Club's ardent supporters during Their Majesties visit to the Club.

While touring the premises the King and Queen inspected the new King George V. Memorial Hall which they admired, and the Queen showed a keen

interest in the lay-out of the gymnasium and boxing ring, as seen from the balcony which houses the Club's library. Their Majesties also inspected and admired the lecture hall, band room, canteen, and bathroom.

The King and Queen on leaving the Lads' Club proceeded to the Mutual Service Club, Their Majesties final engagement.

Their Majesties arrived at the Mutual Service Club at 3.50, accompanied by Sir Samuel Hoare, the Queen's Lady in Waiting, the King's Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary, the Chief Constable of Norwich, the Chief Constable of Norfolk, the Lord Lieutenant and Mrs. Colman, the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriff and Mrs. Barnes, the Deputy Lord Mayor and Mrs. Harper-Smith, the Recorder, and the Town Clerk.

Their Majesties were enthusiastically received by the members, the members' wives and their children who cheered from the windows of the club and from the forecourt.

The King and Queen were received by Sir Ernest White, Chairman, and after the Queen had been presented with a beautiful bouquet from the Club, with tartan ribbon, the King and Queen toured the premises chatting freely with members, all of whom are unemployed.

As Their Majesties left the Club the orchestra rendered "Rule Britannia."

Having completed this engagement, Their Majesties proceeded via Dereham Road en route for Sandringham.

During the evening the Lord Mayor received the following telegram from the King:—

"The Queen and I greatly enjoyed our visit to Norwich to-day. We much appreciated your hospitality and admirable arrangements made for our reception. Please convey to your fellow citizens our grateful thanks for the loyal and friendly welcome which they gave us."

New Railway Cars Ready for Service

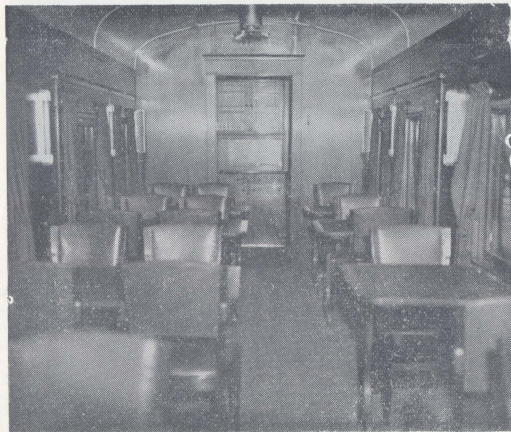
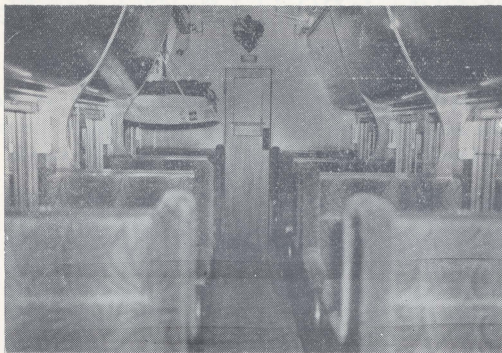
Two new sleeping cars, "St. George" and "Twillingate" and a new diner, products of the National Steel Car Company, Hamilton, Ontario, have recently been received by the Newfoundland Railway. These three cars, together with the compartment car "Bistol" which operated as a section of the "Overland Limited" last season, will form part of the "Overland Limited" during the coming season. The three new cars are each 54 feet long, 8 feet 6 inches wide, and 12 feet 6 inches high. They are built with a turtle back roof, the first of that kind on any cars in Newfoundland, and this roof gives increased head room, particularly at each side of the car.

The sleeping cars have not only a very attractive colour scheme in interior finish and upholstery but are planned a little differently. The woodwork is of medium dark mahogany, with the seats upholstered in mohair, the shades being a mixture of fawn, red and brown, and with carpet on the floor of matching shades. Two ventilators are placed in the roof with an electric fan at each end of the car. The heating system is thermostatically controlled so that passengers will not suffer from extreme heats as they have done in the past. The thermostat will be set and when the thermometer rises to the setting it will automatically cut off. The lighting fixtures are of the latest for pullman, namely luminator lighting and give a very soft light.

Each of the lighting fixtures has a revolving shade and passengers at night will be able to adjust the amount of light required. The drawing room is planned differently, having the washroom at the left entrance, inside the main door, but enclosed by a sliding door. The extra space at the rear is thrown into the ladies' room, which makes it much larger than those of any of the other sleeping cars. The men's washroom is furnished with seats and chairs which are upholstered in green leather and all the washing fixtures are of stainless steel.

The dining car is upholstered in green leather with the same luminator lighting as the sleeping cars, with the window shades' colour scheme of fawn and red. It has roof ventilators and four of the latest type electric fans. The pantry is well laid out with fixtures of stainless steel and an arrangement for carrying ice cream. The kitchen contains a stove designed by the Railway, with lockers of the latest refrigeration type. In the centre of the roof of the kitchen is an exhaust fan which will eliminate all smoke and odours not only from the kitchen but also from the dining car itself. The lockers in the kitchen are of porcelain enamel. The placing of these three cars on the road in the coming season will most certainly make for the added comfort of the travelling public.

NEW ACCOMMODATIONS ON "OVERLAND LIMITED."



Interior views of the new Railway cars "Twillingate" and "St. George." Top, the interior of the new sleeping car. Below, an interior view of the new diner.

(Engravings by courtesy of Daily News.)

Newfoundland Enters Into Chain of Radio Telephone Users.

Two-Way Conversation Carried Out Successfully With Ottawa, Montreal, Grimsby, and St. John's—Gen. Manager C. B. C. Reports Reception In Canada Perfect—Ceremony Broadcast Through Canada.



Seated before a microphone in Government House, His Excellency the Governor is shown above as he conducted his conversation with His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada.

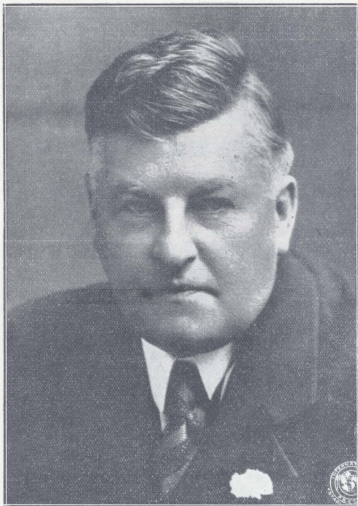
(Photo-Engraving by courtesy of Daily News.)

AT 7:45 p.m., January 10, a broadcast opening the Canada-Newfoundland Telephone Service took place from Government House and was concluded at 8 p.m., and following the inauguration of the service His Excellency the Governor and Lady Walwyn entertained the following guests at dinner: Captain Schwerdt, Private Secretary; Lt.-Com Dicken, A.D.C.; Hon. J. C. Puddester, Deputy Chairman of Commission of Government; Hon. J. H. Penson, Commissioner for Finance; Hon. J. A. Winter, Commissioner for Home Affairs; Sir Wm.

Horwood, Chief Justice; Mrs. Schwerdt, His Worship Mayor Cornell, Mr. H. B. Quarton, Consul General for United States; Mr. Geoffrey Milling, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. H. J. Russell, General Manager of the Railway; Mr. C. E. Hunt, K.C., Lt.-Col. Outerbridge, Mr. C. McK. Harvey, Hon. J. S. Currie, Mr. C. E. A. Jeffery, Mr. J. D. Cameron, Mr. G. D. Frazer, Mr. R. M. Brophy, Mr. L. Stanley Payne.

Mr. Willmot, announcer for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, opened the broadcast.

RECEIVES NEW YEAR'S HONOUR.



HIS WORSHIP MAYOR ANDREW G. CARNELL

who has been made a Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (Civil Division) in the New Year's Honours' List conferred by His Majesty the King.

By the honour which has been accorded Mayor Carnell by His Majesty the King in conferring upon him the Most Excellent Order of Commander of the British Empire, the City of St. John's has also reason to feel gratified that the improvements which it has effected in its civic affairs has been so conspicuously recognized.

To the Mayor himself the honour comes as a fitting reward of service faithfully, enthusiastically and efficiently rendered. During the eight years in which he has filled the mayoral chair, St. John's has witnessed many marked improvements in its appearance and in matters relating to its administration. Largely due to the Mayor's persistent efforts, the heavy tax imposed upon the City, following the fire

of 1892, has been very materially reduced. The method of street surfacing has undergone a revolutionary change to correspond to the change that has taken place in vehicular traffic. As the result of modern methods of snow clearing, winter conditions no longer present insuperable obstacles to the use of motor vehicles. The fire hazards attendant upon inadequate supplies of water have been markedly reduced. An improved system of sanitation has all but removed the anachronism of the night cart. The recreation grounds for children have been considerably extended, and in various other ways St. John's has been undergoing a process of modernization. As a recognition of the personal service which Mayor Carnell has rendered in these matters, the conferring upon him of the British Empire Order meets with the fullest satisfaction by the entire body of citizens.

Harbour Grace History.

Chapter Twenty-One.

By W. A. Munn.



HE town of Harbour Grace in the Eighties was a lively place, and had every reason to be called the second City of Newfoundland.

We have seen it burnt down on several occasions, but always recovering with progressive visions for still greater success.

What wonderful changes had occurred in Conception Bay since the development of the Seal Fishery early in 1800.

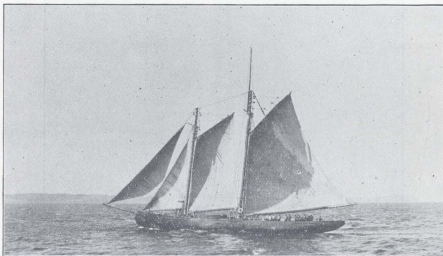
The rivalry amid the early settlers of Conception Bay in the building of vessels with the fearless prosecution amid the Arctic ice floes had set a pace for the whole country, and was the foundation for a race of men that were selected when expeditions were sent to the Arctic circle, and brought success to

Bank Fishery.

Many of those who lived through the exciting times of the eighties when Conception Bay put such vigor and determination into this industry have endorsed what I said, and sent me further particulars, which give a faithful account of what was being done to extend the trade of Newfoundland.

In addition to the list mentioned in our last chapter of those prosecuting the Bank fishery we find:—

CARBONEAR.—John Rorke had the schooner "Snowbird," Mulcahey, Master. Duff & Balmer had the schr. "Henry West" and "Oleander." Schr. "Ocean Friend," E. Penney, Master, was lost on the Virgin Rocks in 1887 with all hands. Schr. "Argonaut," Tucherson, Master; schr. "Raymond," E. Penney,



A NEWFOUNDLAND BANK FISHING SCHOONER.

Photo by Ern Maunder.

these enterprises. The Admirals of the British fleet have selected our Naval Reserve for difficult feats, and Lord Haig has pronounced our soldiers, "Better than the Best."

The development of the Labrador fishery was a great auxiliary to our Shore and Bank fisheries, particulars of which we have given in recent chapters.

The efforts to improve the standard of our products and find new markets were meeting with good success, but the great troubles that our merchants had in the Mediterranean markets where the bulk of our salt codfish is sold was the nightmare of French bounties, that they could not get over. The competition with the bounty fed St. Pierre fish was ruining them. The balance sheet of every exporter in Newfoundland was getting worse and worse every year. They had fought like trojans to get the "Bait Act," and were successful. That helped to limit the supply, but France set the price that must eventually bring ruin to the Country. This was predicted by the French themselves, and why the British Government attempted to aid them is still a conundrum.

Master; "schr. "Dart," Dan. Connelley, Master. Penney Bros. had the schr. "Orion," J. Davis, Master; schr. "A. W. Dodd," H. Pike, Master. Tucker & Cameron had the schrs. "Mary Young" and "Pet." B. T. H. Gould, had the schr. "Barbaronic," G. Dean, Master. There were two other schrs. out of Carbonear, "Spink," W. Rossiter, Master, and "Mystle," James Rossiter, Master.

BRIGUS.—John & George Rabbitts. schr. "Florence Silver," Lacey, Master; John & George Smith, schr. "Sherbrooke," Sam Edwards, Master.

The August Gale, 1887, on the Banks.

The following is from an eye witness:—

That night I experienced what it meant to ride on the ocean in a storm of wind. I never felt a vessel tremble under my feet to compare with it. Our riding sail blew away in strips. Only some shreds of canvas and the rope was remaining on the mainmast. The Captain called all hands to slack away some cable. It was a perilous job. We had a steam tarred 10 inch

manila cable. This cable had bedded itself in a spruce weltd windlass. My watch was from 4 to 5 a.m. Daylight was breaking when the cable parted. It gave such a spring that I thought it had parted just outside the hawse pipe, but it had broken about one hundred fathoms from the vessel. The Captain called us to hoist away the double reefed foresail. We loosened it, but had it only a few feet up the mast when the upper lace lines burst, and the sail blew away from the gaff. We drifted away over the eastern end of the Grand Bank. On the 15th of September we met another vessel, who told us that we had been given up for lost.

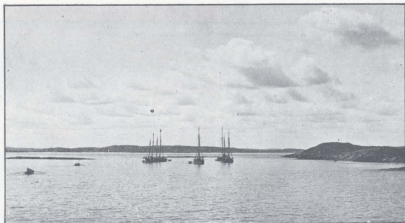
Many readers have asked what was the reason for the decline in trade at Harbour Grace when such an active business was being done. It was as plain as could be to those who understood things properly. It was the French bounties that were ruining the country. The fish caught by the French at St. Pierre were getting equal to sixty per cent (60%) of its value from their Government for all that they sold outside of France. They kept underselling the Newfoundlanders, and made the

The French recognize it themselves. A recent article in "Le Matin" the leading Paris journal calls these bounties "A stupid French Policy" creating enormous losses, which their population has to pay to give cheaper food to foreign countries than they can get in any other way.

Some of the Harbour Grace Captains.

Capt. Henry Thomey was such an inveterate seal-killer, that he often asked, that a Marble Whitecoat be placed over his tombstone. It was such a beautiful wish that when he passed away a small stuffed seal was sent to the famous marble quarries at Leghorn, giving them a model, but although such famous statuary comes from there, they had to admit they could not fill the order.

Another Italian story comes from Capt. Walker, who when visiting Italy in his vessel wished to bring back a correct painting of her. He was not satisfied to have Mount Vesuvius in the background, he wanted his vessel painted in the ice catching seals. This the artist had to decline, as there was no ice to be found in the Mediterranean, and he did not know what



FISHING SCHOONERS AT SANDY ISLANDS, LABRADOR.

price so low, that it was draining the life blood out of the country. Our own local political jealousies became intense. All must remember the slogan—"Down with the Merchants"—and who started it. The merchants were fighting for their very existence against the French bounties, and instead of all pulling together for the good of the country, we found unscrupulous politicians who had nothing to lose, but who were seeking place and pay starting this class cry, which hastened the crash of the Banks.

These French bounties are at the root of our troubles to-day. The Norwegians have had to pay bounties to keep their fisheries in existence. The Nova Scotians are doing the same. Our Newfoundland Government have had to guarantee that they would make good the loss if our Exporters fail to sell Labrador fish at over three dollars per quintal.

France is one of the most productive countries in the world favored by Nature with soil, climate and a thrifty population but suffers from bad Government. They believe that her resources are inexhaustible. Now is the time when so many countries are talking quotas and arranging tariffs between them for Chamberlain and the British Government to insist on France removing these bounties on salt fish, which is a direct hit against British Trade.

it was like.

The best story comes about Capt. Cyrus Taylor, who when visiting Naples in the "Trusty" was pestered by the authorities to join the Italian Army. They wanted him for the Drum Major to lead the King's Body Guard. He can still vouch for the truth of this story, but what a mistake he made to turn them down, and what a position he might be holding with Mussolini, and what a couple they would make to-day.

Years ago when the Atlantic Hotel was in existence I was staying there. Commander Robinson, who was the Government Supervisor for granting Certificates to Masters and Mates was another guest. We became quite friendly, and he told me many a good story. One remark was, "Capt. Bill Fitzgerald, sailing out of Harbour Grace is one of the smartest young men I ever met." On my request for further particulars, he changed the subject to—"How is Golder getting on in Harbour Grace?" I never met him without shaking hands—I take off my hat to him. He and I were shipmates on the famous "Great Eastern" while laying the cable. She was a terror to handle. She broke loose from us in mid-Atlantic, and was in the trough of the sea taking the rail on both sides. There was none of us could do anything. Golder, who was our bosun at the time took charge, and in five minutes he had her flying before the gale."

I took the occasion shortly after to ask Capt. Bill Fitzgerald, how he had gained such a good opinion with Commander Robinson. He said, it was news to him, as he only knew him when he was passing for his Captain's Certificate. He told me, I had answered all his questions when he placed another one before me. I puzzled for half an hour over that question, then went up to the Commander, and told him, that some mistake must have been made, as there were two positions mentioned that couldn't possibly be right. I was told to go back to my seat, and give a proper answer. In five minutes I was back again, with the reply that the man who had made that question was a darn fool. There were no more questions, and I got my Certificate.

Here is One of Captain Golder's Stories.

The brig "William" had just arrived, and they wanted her in a hurry for another cargo. I was told her rigging needed repairs. I told my men to haul her down from the upper room to the Beach premises, where we had our sail loft and could attend to it. After three days work he told his men to get her back to the upper room, telling them where she was to be

I well remember him, as he lived on Victoria Street, just across from our school house. He was a frail old man with a walking stick, and always wore black goggles. He had many quaint sayings. "Anyone can miss the young seals, but only a fool will miss the old seals." He was first home with his load very often, and on some occasions was reported well North waiting for the old seals. Instead of saying what he thought, he always said, "I feel such and such a thing will happen." John Munn met him one morning, telling him that he was looking for a good man to take charge of one of the sailing vessels that they were getting ready for the seal fishery. His reply was, "I feel you cannot do better than take my head man, and I will look out for another." "Send him to me at once," said John Munn, and it was not long before he was placed in charge, and he brought in a load that spring. That story well expresses the loyalty they held for the firm. Their own interests, even on such an important subject as his first mate was forgotten for the good of the firm.

I must stop telling these stories, as there were so many captains you could fill a book.



FISHING SCHOONERS AT INDIAN HARBOUR, LABRADOR.

moored. It was only a few hundred yards, and I expected them to get a long rope and haul her up. Judge my surprise to hear the men were getting the sails up, and before I could reach them, she had started for the South Side about a mile away. There was a strong breeze from the westward. Golder at once started for the upper room via Water Street. He stopped to see how they were getting on. The "William" had reached the South Side, and was coming back with more sails up, and a bone-between-her-teeth. "Oh my," said Golder, "They will never stop her." Just as she came within hailing distance, round went the top yards and her speed was checked, she came into the wind, and her sails were dropped. The anchor went down just where I wanted it. I went to the head of the wharf, and asked them what they meant by doing such things. The reply was, "We were testing her rigging." I turned on my heel and left them. There was nothing I could teach those fellows about sailing vessels.

One of the famous old sealing captains was Martin Smart in the brig "Mountaineer," and afterwards the "Ravenwood."

There was Mark Delaney who, although well up in years, was always ready for a pier-head-jump, and who will come in shortly on an exciting trip in the "Vanguard" during the frightful storm of 1885 on the Labrador Coast. He was the father of the well known Captain of the mail steamer "Bruce" on the Railway Service. Who, among his many passengers, will ever forget his splendid song—"The Wearin' of the Green?"

Another man brought up in the Munn employ was Captain William Parsons, who mapped out the route amid shoals and islands along the whole Labrador, which the mail service on that coast still follows.

There was Captains James Pike in the "Flora" and his brother Captain Josh. Joe. Taylor in the "Kestrel," Tom. Bemister in the "Telephone," Art. Apsey in the "Trusty," Munden Allan in the "Arctic," Fred. Cole in the "Resolven," There was no nobler man than John Barry, but it broke his heart when he lost the s.s. "Commodore," and he went off to British Columbia, where they made him chief of the Tug Company. There was Moses Parsons in the "Rosevear," Tizzard

in the "William," Hutchings in the "Bonita," Charles Layton in the "Oulton," who made seventy trips across the Atlantic in nine consecutive years. Bill Fitzgerald, in the "Rose of Torridge," who knew all the short-cuts and made record passages, and a score of others who could be mentioned. In later years we had George Webber in the "Antoinette," Mark Burke in the "Nellie Louise," Robert Sheppard in the "Amy Louise," Ned Burke in the steamer "Louise." There was William Yetman in McKae's "Harold," "Clara" and "Hilda R.," about every one of whom some interesting facts could be given. There was not a finer class of men in the Country who were ready to take charge of a sailing vessel or a steamer at short notice, and proceeded to any port in Europe or America.

Who can forget Capt. Nix Hanrahan, who made the record trip in the "Glengarry." He was always known as "Smiler," as he was never seen with a jovial countenance. What a contrast he was to the Rev. Tom, Quilton, mentioned in a former chapter, who had the heartiest laugh that any person ever heard.

Let us not forget Capt. William Hennessey, who made the record in the brgt. "Belle" on his famous trip from Harbour Grace to Lisbon in eight days—Wednesday to Wednesday. He then gave up foreign going voyages, and went fishing at Turnavik, Labrador. He knew the value of good fish on the foreign markets, and if all took the care of making good fish like he did, we would find Newfoundland products in a very different position to-day. Some of his remarks of what good fish should be like were entrancing.

There was Capt. William Whelan and his brother Captain Harry of Cupids and Brigus, who were right hand men; also Captain Steve Antle, whose son, the Rev. John Antle, is now called the Grenfell of the British Columbia coast.

Sealing Steamers.

1883—An interesting story comes to mind. One of the principal things for which the Dry Dock was started in St. John's was to look after the repairs of the sealing steamers. They were too heavy for ordinary slips intended for sailing vessels. Many must remember the annual trip of these steamers to Pictou where repairs were effected each year.

It was approaching the 1st of March in 1883 when the s.s. "Iceland" was getting ready for the ice. They took her outside the harbour, and when returning had the misfortune to strike the "Old Sow" at the entrance. She came off the rocks, but was leaking badly in the bow, and not fit to proceed to the seal fishery. The Dry Dock at St. John's was not ready, and useless to go to Pictou that season. The Experts were called in. The question was "Must we give up the 'Iceland's' one chance for the seal fishery, or what can we do?" Golder and his ship's carpenters solved the problem. We will build a coffer-dam, and repair her stem in this harbour. It was work for the carpenters day and night. A diver went down, and took the exact measurements. The coffer-dam was built, which encircled her bow, and the water pumped out. A new stem was placed in the steamer, and she sailed with the others on the appointed day. It was something new, but showed the resourcefulness of what sailors can do.

1884—"The Shamrock" was the last of the square rigged vessels built in Conception Bay. Horwoods, of Carbonear, did the work for Hon. John Rorke.

1885—An important plebiscite took place this year throughout the District of Harbour Grace, deciding that Local Option be enforced preventing the sale of Spirituous liquors.

1886—One of the best Labrador fishing voyages on record,

which helped to revive the disasters of the previous years. John Munn & Co. had forty-five English schooners chartered taking cargoes this year direct to market. They also had two steamers, which took 10,000 quintals each. The previous two years the sailing vessels had made long voyages from Labrador to Gibraltar, but the steamers overcame this and gave good satisfaction.

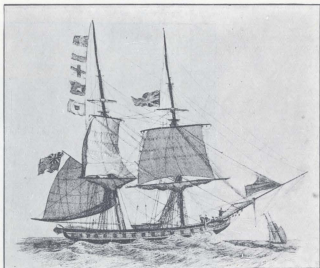
1887—The Ballot Act was passed for General Elections. This was Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

1885—The Labrador Gale—Terrific Hurricane—73 Vessels and 70 Lives Lost.

October 11th—To understand this story properly, one must see this rocky ironbound coast of five hundred miles, which at that time had not a telegraph office.

The only regular communication was one small Government steamer making fortnightly trips, weather permitting.

The fishermen had to depend on their sailing vessels of fifty to one hundred and fifty tons registered, leaving home about the 1st of June for the fishing season, till the end of October.



A SEALING BRIG OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

The Law allowed such craft to carry no more than one person per Registered ton. The fishermen and families took passage each summer in the hold on top of their supplies to reach the Coast.

At the time of the gale the season was just ending, and all were preparing for home, after shipping their summer's catch in the small English carriers for Europe.

It is now fifty-three years since then, but this frightful gale is still fresh in the minds of many as it has been so often repeated during the long winter nights by fathers and uncles.

It was on this occasion that the captains of these small 120 ton foreign freighters showed the stuff an English captain is made of, and proved the name they always held.

When the Newfoundland Government heard of this awful hurricane and the damage they sent relief, but were astonished to find themselves forestalled. These courageous captains had thrown orders and instructions to the winds, and devoted themselves and their ships to relieve the starvation and destitution.

It was on October 11th, Sunday morning, that this gale started blowing from the north-east, which continued all day Monday

with thick snow. The following are extracts from *Protests of Wrecks and Log Books* :—

At midnight the sealing steamer "Panther," Capt. William Bartlett, had all steam up to help her anchors, but is driven ashore at Mannoos Island.

The brig "Rolling Wave," "Emma," "Mariana," and topsail schooner "Guiding Star" have all been driven ashore.

At Cape Harrison Harbour, five vessels are lost here.

Two days later the small Government mail steamer passed North, and reported Seventy vessels lost to the South, and forty lives at the White Bears, and twenty more lives at Black Island, and others at Domino.

The s.s. "Panther" was refloated, and now has over 400 people aboard proceeding home for relief, and brings the first news. On Saturday evening October 24th she arrived at Bay Roberts, and the news of this disastrous gale is flashed to Harbour Grace and St. John's.

At Harbour Grace the excitement is intense, and Mr. Munn at once gives orders for the steamer "Lady Glover" and the "Mastiff" be fitted out. All day Sunday the work is rushed at

At the White Bears, Capt. Hayden in the schr. "Release" had 80 passengers aboard ready for home. The "Release" with three anchors out rode out the first part of Sunday, but towards evening the spars were cut away. The straining started her leaking badly. The women and children in the hold could see the water rising. There was no help to be had. Before morning the chains parted, and this schooner was driven on the cliff. Forty-five lives were lost out of eighty. None were saved by any management, they were just cast by the sea on the cliff.

At Emily and Brig Harbours the "Lady Elibank" 219 tons, of London, was ready to sail for market. Capt. Lee placed her at the disposal of the shipwrecked, and brought 400 souls safely to Harbour Grace.

At Grady, one of the principal mercantile centres, they felt the full force of the gale. The Bridgewater schr. "Lilly," Capt. Arnold, fish laden for Gibraltar, had put to sea the day previous. She was never heard of afterwards.

The Runcorn schr. "A. M. Brundett," Capt. Hay, the Brixham schr. "Augusta," Capt. Huxham, as well as several



BATTEAU HARBOUR, LABRADOR.

fever heat, and at 10 p.m. the "Lady Glover" sailed, followed by the "Mastiff" two hours later, both laden with everything necessary.

Two Government steamers were despatched from St. John's the following day.

Here are a few notes from the Labrador Log Book still to be seen.

RAGGED ISLANDS.—Sunday, 6 a.m., every appearance of a storm. 11 a.m., the "Rival" parts her chains in a heavy squall. 1 p.m., it swept the schooner away; we saw her no more. Store blown down. Erections that have stood for fifteen years are carried away. Spray going clean over the island. Monday—No fresh water to be had on this island, and very little food. Tuesday—Saw a topsail schooner in the distance. Launched a boat and intercepted her. She proved to be the "Forward," Capt. Coombs, bound for England, but being made aware of our helpless condition, she came to us at once and took 112 passengers to St. John's, where they got the train for Harbour Grace.

small schooners were lost on Black Islands.

Twenty people lost their lives in trying to reach the shore from the schr. "Excel," Morgan master.

R. D. McRae, the Manager at this station, had his wharves and stores swept away, and his supply of provisions at the lowest ebb. Over 1,000 refugees were crowded at these premises, and food allowances had to be restored to. Fortunately the "Vanguard" Capt. Mark Delaney, was on her way down to Labrador to bring the crews home. The "Vanguard" arrived there safely, and brought home the most valuable freight in her long existence, the number of passengers was never stated, but all said it was over 1,000. It was with a feeling of relief that Capt. Delaney steamed up safely to the owner's wharf at Harbour Grace. In her cabin with accommodation for 10 officers there were 65 passengers. One of her passengers was Sir R. F. Stupart, the chief of the Canadian Meteorological Service, and so familiarly known as "Old Probs."

At Batteau nine schooners were lost. Here it was that Capt. Bates, of the fish carrier "Elizabeth McLea" proved his

resourcefulness. One vessel after another was driven ashore and out of the harbour. Finally the "Fanny Gray" started to go. She had about sixty people on board. It was a helpless sight. She sheared close to the "McLea." Capt. Bates threw some lines aboard her, which they secured and this checked her. But the "McLea" then started to drag her anchor. Capt. Bates without a moment's indecision cut his two masts to the deck, and ordered the Captain of the "Fanny Gray" to do the same, and telling them not to fear he could save them. This they did immediately, and all were saved without the loss of one life.

At Punch Bowl, a veritable pond of a harbour, the Brazil barque "Clutha" was anchored awaiting cargo to be landed at Harbour Grace. She was light, and it was said her yards used to take the water at each roll. This was one of the harbours for shipping herring, empty barrels used to fly like feathers from one side of the harbour to the other, and large boats were seen to turn somersault.

An eye witness tells the following :—

I arrived at Punch Bowl on Saturday night to ship the last of my fish. The master of the "Mary M" said to me, "Tom I am short handed, and leaving on Monday, come with me, it will be a better passage." I consented. It was three weeks after this when I got away, and instead of being short-handed we had two hundred people aboard of that 90 ton schooner. It is needless to tell more.

Such is the story of the 1885 gale. For many years all history on Labrador dated from it. So many years before or after the gale.

The four relief steamers, "Mastiff," "Lady Glover," "Hercules," and "Plover" arrived on the scene about a fortnight after, but were astonished to find that the greater portion of their work was accomplished by the masters of the little English fish carriers. These men threw aside their orders and jeopardized their fish charters without any chance of payment or reward, thinking of nothing but to relieve humanity, and deserve every recognition that they have never received.

The s.s. "Lady Glover" towed the "Elizabeth McLea" back to Newfoundland, where she was refitted.

One of the victims of this gale was Captain Richard Gosse of Spaniard's Bay. He was an enterprising young man, who had just built a new vessel, and was on his way home from Labrador with a full load of fish. He was caught in the gale, his vessel

and cargo were lost without any insurance. He was well known, and was offered every assistance to start again, but he determined to try his luck elsewhere. He was one of the many Newfoundlanders who went to British Columbia at this time. His name will be seen as the first to register a vessel at Vancouver. He got work at canning salmon, and was soon appointed Manager. He caught salmon, where others failed to find them. Before long he was President of the principal salmon canning combine in British Columbia, and reckoned a millionaire. On a visit to Newfoundland about ten years ago he gave an address to the Board of Trade that is still well remembered. He told his audience that although he had been successful, he saw more chances of working the fish business in Newfoundland than he could see in British Columbia.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

By Bertille Tobin.

IN sad old Spain a calm Priest stood

Before the firing squad—

His only crime, his faithful zeal

For human souls and God.

"Why do you look so joyful,"

The stern Red leader said—

"As if some wondrous fate were yours

This penalty instead?"

"My wishes are being realized,"

The old Priest did reply,

"The first being that a martyr's death

It should be mine to die.

The second that Salvation's bliss

My earthly course might crown,

And which I humbly hope for

When your shot strikes me down.

The third that when my spirit

To Heaven's portals crossed,

It might bring as companion

Some soul that else were lost."

As those last words were spoken

His glance of fervor fell

On a member of the Red squad

Who seemed as wrapt in spell.

This man came quickly forward—

"Father, my soul will be

The one that you'll take with you.

I, too, will die," said he,

"For now I am converted

To the Faith for which you stand!"

The shots rang out—two martyrs fell

United hand in hand.

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RED ROSE TEA (Red Label),

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“Newfoundland Name-Lore.”

Republished from “The Newfoundland Quarterly,” Commencing October, 1901.

ARTICLE XXXVI.

P It is not easy to understand why the name of **Grand Bank** should have become appropriated by the harbour in Fortune Bay, which now bears the name. It can not have any connection with the “Great Bank of Newfoundland.” It is true that in late years, about 1860—to 1900, a large number of fine schooners were built here and a large fishery was carried on by the fishermen of this place, with the Great or Grand Bank. But that is not the origin of the name, as it was known very far back, at least in the beginning of the XVIII century.



BERNARD RIVER NEAR RAPIDS ON CONNE RIVER.

In a Report by the Sieur de Costebelle, Governor of Placentia, dated 7th August, 1710, (See Coll. MSS &c., Vo. III—p 510.) I find mention of the “Bay of the Grand Bank and Fortune. . . .” “Il y a cinq batiments en peche dans les Baies du Grand Banc et de Fortune.” There are five Fishing Rooms in the Bays of Grand Bank and Fortune.

There are several of the usual common-place names in Fortune Bay such as, Grand Beach, Grand Rock, White Point, Seal Cove, &c. Many others are quaint and interesting, and their origins unknown, as Mollieres Point. Famine Point seems to express the same idea as Famish Gut in Placentia Bay. The name:

Garnish

is one also whose origin I cannot trace.

On the French maps I find a very curious juxtaposition of the two names.

Devil's Brook.

Ruiscan du Diable and

Harbour My God—Havre Mon Dieu.

These names, given in both English and French, appear on the French Royal Maps. I do not find them on any English Maps. Probably

Good Harbour

is intended for the latter.

Garden Point

refers to a natural grassy spot, bare of wood, which is sometimes found on these coasts. These “Gardens” are frequently found in Bay St. George, towards the Cape and are called the

“Green Gardens.”

The name Point Enragee is a very common one among the French for any point with a dangerous reef of rocks near it. There is generally an angry surf off these points, hence the name, Angry or Mad, Cape in French. By the English speakers they are generally called

Stormy Point.

There is a Cape of this name off the mouth of the Great Codroy River, to which I have already alluded, and of which I will speak in a future number, as there is a very important History connected with it.

Wood Cove

is a name that speaks for itself, and

Pelfry Cove

has got its name undoubtedly from its being a good place for fur. It is near a Cove called

Fox Cove,

which probably received its name from the same cause. The name is a trite one and is found repeated in almost every Bay in Newfoundland. We have here (South-Side of Fortune Bay) a repetition of

Bay D'Argent,

and another corruption of it into

Grand John.

There is also here, a Platte Harbour. This is a purely French word. It has been fully explained in Article XII. when speaking of

Plate Cove

in Bonavista Bay. It means Flat Harbour, or Harbour in the form of a dish or bowl. It is strange that the makers of the French maps seem not to have understood it and call it Havre de Platte.

We have here also the name of

Grand Jervois

on the English maps, being an attempt to Gallicise the name while on the French maps an attempt is made to Anglicise it into

Grand Jervey.

We shall find the same name repeated in Hermitage Bay. What the origin is I do not know. We have next,

Eagle Point.

In French—Pointe de L' Aigle.

There is a well known point on the Island of St. Pierre called

Cap A L'Aigle.

The name is derived from the frequent presence of the Greep or American Eagle which frequents these coasts and builds in the clefts of the high cliffs.

There is a small harbour here called

Langue-A-Cerf,

or Deer's Tongue. This harbour may be so called from the abundance of the plant so named, its botanical name is *Liatris odoratissima*, it has the perfume of vanilla, and is found in many places in Newfoundland.

Next comes a rather curious name

Jack Fountain,

it is so given on the French maps though one might expect Jacques Fontaine.

Next comes

Harbour Mille.

I consider this name to be a corruption of

Havre Millieu

or Middle Harbour, as the point which forms it projects out into the middle of the bay, though the name is given as above, Hr. Millé, on the French Maps.

Between this and the bottom, or head, of the bay there are no harbours, nor are there any names, but on Howley's maps I find

Ryle Barrasway.

I never heard of this name during my residence of several years in Fortune Bay, nor is it to be found in the "Sailing Directions." If the name exists it is most likely taken from the proper name of a man.

Having penetrated to the bottom (or head) of Fortune Bay, we now return by the North Shore. The first place we meet is called

Grand Le Pierre.

This name is rather peculiar and seems to be a corruption, probably for Grand' Ile à Pierre—Great Stone Island, though there is no natural feature there to warrant such a name.

On Howley's map I find

Pays Cove.

I do not find it on any other map and do not know the meaning of it.

Harbour Femme

would mean in English Woman Harbour. This appears also to be a corruption, probably of Famine Cove already alluded to. Petticoat Island is (rather appropriately) next to Femme Harbour. Another name is found here also bearing it which would seem some affinity to these, viz:—

Smock Island.

There is a large Harbour named on the French maps *Havre le Comte*, Count's Hr. This Harbour is called on English maps and in the "Newfoundland Pilot," *Conne*. We shall meet this name further on in Bay Despair—as *Con River*, probably a variant of *Couche* (see Art. VI.) *Long Hr.* requires no remark. It verifies its name, extending inland about 14 miles, with a general breadth of half a mile. The Anglo Telegraph Office is situated at Otter Island, nearly a mile from the head or bottom of the harbour. There are several small Harbours and Coves along each side of the Arm, such as "Indian-Tea-Island," "Schooner Island," "Hoop Cove," "Billy Island." Some of these speak for themselves and denote some Natural features of the Coast. Others are local names given by the Fishermen.

There is here a large inlet named Bay de Nord. It is called Eastern Bay de Nord to distinguish it from another Arm further west in Bay Despair. This Bay contains many ramifications and small Harbours, all bearing distinctive names. Mall Bay. This does not mean, as generally thought, Bad Bay, but Codfish Bay. The name has been fully explained in Article XXVIII.

Belle Harbour.

if French would mean Beautiful Harbour. If English, Bell Hr., called from some Bell-formed Rock, as Bell Island.

Lally Cove

or Lolly Cove. This word is used on this Shore to mean what we about St. John's call slob, that is soft ground-ice, broken into a pulpy mass by contact with the rocks and shores.

On the western side of this Bay is a small Harbour called

Cinq Isles.

The name is very appropriate, meaning "five Islands." The Bay, or Harbour, is square in shape and divided near the middle by a line of five small Islands (*Nâd. Pilot*). It is erroneously called sometimes St. Keels.



ON THE CONNE RIVER—near I. de St. Pierre

Corbin

is a head forming the S. entrance to Cinq Iles, bay. The name has been fully explained in Article XXXIV. There is a small Harbour bearing the rather pretty name of *Bara* or *Barra*.

This is the name of an Island in the Western Hebrides in Scotland. It is a Gaelic word and simply means a head, a highland, a top-land. It is impossible to conceive that this Gaelic word should have any connection with that place. It is more likely only a corruption of the French *Barre*, (see Article XXXI.) where the origin of *Barren I.* is explained. On the French maps this place is called *Le Barasway de Barre*. There is a harbour here named

Rencontre,

pronounced by the French *Rongcontre* and corrupted by the English fishermen into

Round Counter.

The word in French means a meeting, or a hostile attack and also a collision of fishing boats or the wreck of one upon a rock or shoal. This name is repeated further westward in Bay

Despair, hence for distinction this is called Rencontre—or Round Counter East.

There are some names of rocks here which are rather curious, such as Ducie Rock, probably from a French proper name, Bob Head—origin unknown. Thrum Cap, on the French maps Turn Cap. An island here is called by the rather curious name of

Lord and Lady I.

A very high and remarkable Hill in the form of a skull is called
Iron Skull.

The rocks are stained with oxide of iron which gives it a rusty appearance and a rugged aspect. There is a large Island in the middle of this Bay called

Chapel Island.

The origin of the name is obscure. It is a very high and rugged Island "bold-to on all sides" (Nfld. Pilot). There is not only no chapel on it, but no building of any kind. It is suggested that the name may have been given by Lieutenant Chappell who made a voyage round the coast in 1814 in H.M.S. Rosamond, but the name is of more ancient origin as I find it on the French Royal map of 1747.

We now come to one of the most important settlements on the North Shore of Fortune Bay. It has also a name which is very euphonious, but, unintelligible, viz.:

Belloram.

The Harbour is picturesque, surrounded by high hills, "a semi-circular beach forms a snug harbour for small vessels. A large settlement surrounds the Harbour."—(Nfld. Pilot.) On the French maps this Harbour bears the name of

Bande De L' Arier.

It seems almost incredible that either of these names could be a corruption of the other, as regards sound. Then as to meaning, it is still more difficult to explain. The English Arier-ban or Arriere-ban, is a corrupt form from the French. Ban or Bann, means a public Edict or calling together of troops, Arrière, i.e., last or latest, is a corruption of the old Gaulois word Arban, heriban, hariban or heer-bann, which means a calling together of the Army, "A proclamation calling the feudatories and their vassals to war," but it is difficult to see any application of these words to the fishing Harbour in Fortune Bay.

The next Harbour is also an important one, viz.:

St. Jacques,

or St. James's. It was a few years ago the center of the great American herring fishery. St. James was a great Patron among the French fishermen.

JULY, 1913.

† M. F. H.

CAPTAIN OLAF OLSEN HONOURED BY LATVIAN GOVERNMENT

Has Conferred on Him Order of the Three Stars.



CAPTAIN OLAF OLSEN, Latvian Vice-Consul for Newfoundland, has been honoured by the President and Government of Latvia by having conferred on him the Latvian Order of the Three Stars.

Captain Olsen was officially informed of the honour by a letter from the Latvian Legation at London, which reads as follows:

"I have much pleasure in informing you that, on the occasion of the Twentieth Anniversary of Latvian Independence Day, the President and Government of Latvia have conferred upon you the Latvian Order of the Three Stars. The insignia is being forwarded to you direct from Riga by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I offer you my congratulations."

The recipient holds the position of Vice-Consul for Latvia, Vice-Consul for Finland, Royal Swedish Consul, Royal Norwegian Consul and is a Knight of the Order of St. Olav, First Class, which was conferred on him by King Haakon VI of Norway.



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Solemn Service of Requiem for the Late Pontiff, Pius XI

Cathedral Draped in Mourning—His Excellency the Governor and Lady Walwyn, and Official Guests in Attendance.

SUNDAY, February 19th, the solemn service of requiem in memory of the late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, was held in the R. C. Cathedral. The interior of the great edifice, main altar and sanctuary were suitably draped with the symbols of mourning and presented a sombre setting for the solemn service. Flags were flown at half staff on the twin towers and the great bell in the eastern tower tolled its funeral dirge. Precisely at 11 o'clock the proces-

convalescence from a recent severe attack of influenza to permit of his being present. The one feature noted with regret on the impressive occasion was the unavoidably vacant throne on the Gospel side.

Besides His Excellency the Governor, Lady Walwyn and suite, there were a number of official guests in attendance, amongst them being Rt. Hon. Sir R. A. Squires, K.C.M.G., P.C., their Lordships the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Honourable Members of the Commission of Government, representatives of the Churches, His Worship the Mayor of St. John's, Consular representatives, Honourable Members of the former Legislative Council, the Chief of Police, the Sheriff of the Supreme Court,



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

Born May 31, 1857; Ordained Priest, December 20, 1879; Created Cardinal, June 16, 1921; Elected Pope, February 6, 1922; Died, February 10, 1939.

sion of clergy-chanters, Priests' choir, Sacred Ministers and Prelates moved from the vestry to the sanctuary and awaited the arrival of His Excellency the Governor and suite who were met at the main door by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Kitchin, Ph.D., Administrator of the Cathedral, and Rev. R. McD. Murphy, Secretary to His Grace the Archbishop, who conducted them to a specially reserved pew.

It was hoped that His Grace the Archbishop, who had made the necessary arrangements for this memorial service might be able to attend, but unfortunately he had not sufficiently progressed in his



SQUARE AND ST. PETER'S BASILICA, ROME.

the Judge of the Central District Court, Secretaries and Officials of the Government Departments, Members of the City Council, the President of the Board of Trade, representatives of the G. W. V. A., St. Andrew's Society, Rotary, and the Presidents of the various Catholic Societies. In recognition of their Papal decorations, special seats in the Sanctuary were reserved for Mr. Charles Hutton, K.S.G., and Dr. Vincent P. Burke, C.E.P.

The solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. J. J. Greene, Ph.D., P.P., of Torbay, with Revs. P. J. Kennedy as Deacon and F. Bradshaw as Sub-Deacon. The ceremonies were under the direction of Rev. R. J. Greene. The singing at the Mass and during the absolution at the catafalque was rendered by the Priests' choir and a choir of boy choristers from St. Bonaventure's College. During the ceremonies Mr. Ignatius Rumboldt presided at the organ.

At the conclusion of the Mass a tribute to the

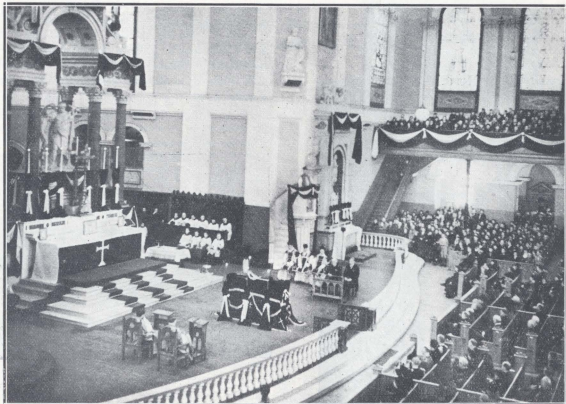
life and labours of the late Pope was given by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Flynn, B.A., of St. Patrick's,

After the sermon the clergy assembled around the catafalque for the singing of the "Libera" and the "Benedictus," at the conclusion of which the final absolution was pronounced by Rt. Rev. Monsignor McDermott, V.G., representing His Grace the Archbishop.

Following this the Dead March in Saul was rendered and the playing of the National Anthem brought the ceremony to a close.

The entire ceremony was most impressive to the huge congregation which thronged the Cathedral and the order and precision which were noted was in no small measure due to the services rendered by the special ushers, the Boy Scouts and the Holy Name Guard.

The proceedings were broadcast over a hook-up of VONF, VOGY and VOCM. Mr. W. F. Galgay was in charge of the broadcast and the Rev. E. J. Rawlins, P.P., Petty Harbour, was the special announcer for the Mass.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HIGH ALTAR TAKEN DURING THE SOLEMN SERVICE OF REQUIEM FOR POPE PIUS XI HELD AT THE R. C. CATHEDRAL ON FEBRUARY 19TH, 1939.

In the Pulpit may be seen Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. J. Flynn, B.A., as he delivered the Panegyric on the late Pontiff. (Photo-Engraving by Evening Telegram, Ltd.)

THE POPE IS DEAD.

THROUGH the tense air has tragic news been flashed—
The world has lost one of its truest friends—
The Pope is dead, and many millions mourn
The loss of one who was a mighty force
For good—a Shield of strength for all mankind!
The pastime of his youth, great heights to climb,
Seemed augury, indeed, of greater Height
To which he later came—the Mount of God
From which he scanned with keen and kindly eye
The whole wide world, nor did his love debar
The needs of those who differed from his Creed.
To stricken ones his ready aid went swift.
Even Soviet Russia had her thanks to send
For help from him when Famine stalked that land.
Aloft upon his Mount he ever reared
The quick alarm when Evil reared its head
In any place—men marvelled have and paid
Profound respect to wisdom of his words.

Encyclicals to meet each urgent need
Came with rare speed from that great mind
Which had as ally such a heart as Christ
Approved in Peter when to latter's care
The Master consigned both His lambs and sheep.

The Pope is dead—the Pope who offered God
The sacrifice of his remaining years
As suppliant price for Peace to bless the Earth
When frightened Europe blanched at threat of Mass.
Not only then, but later time, as well,
Did the aged Pontiff this offering renew,
For in his Christmas Message thus he told.
Who will deny heroic love as his
Who having laboured most assiduously
To guard his flock from ravaging wolves of Ill
Did offer up his very life that they
And all mankind might live in peace secure?

—By Bertille Tobin.

The Beothics of Newfoundland.

CHAPTER V.—DETERMINED ATTEMPTS AT MUTUAL CONCILIATION—
WELL INTENTIONED EFFORTS, ERRORS AND MISFORTUNES.

By Rev. Walter Bugden.



HE mischief had been done. Whatever the cause lying in the dim past, the Micmacs had joined with the French, against the English, and in a war of extermination against the Beothics. The abundance of game and furs seems scarcely enough to arouse the enmity of one race of Red men against another.

"They probably had had long-standing cause of strife against the Beothics, before Frenchmen fomented the ill feeling; for 'Indians' have never yet attacked their kith and kin at the mere bidding of the White man."—(Rogers, 164).

There is another traditional tale of the long before, which seems to have taken a lasting hold upon the Micmac; seeing that in several places about the Coast sites are still pointed out where "a battle between the Indians had taken place, and where rocks still run red," as an indication of the desperate carnage then taking place.

For a century and more we wandered through our annals with glimpses only here and there of the Beothics and what was befalling them, until the times of Governor Lord Graves. Then like the recurrence of an evil dream, we note the ill-fated attempt of the ship-master Scott, who in 1762 made an effort to "open up friendly intercourse with the Red Indians. He landed at Exploits with another master and a strong crew, and built a kind of fort. A party of Indians appeared. They made a full stop, and would not come nearer. Scott went to meet them with a party from his crew all unarmed. Scott went up to them, mixed with them and shook hands. Suddenly an old 'Indian' (probably a chief) in pretended friendship, put his arm round Scott's neck. At the same instant another 'Indian' stabbed him in the back. A shower of arrows fired at the party killed the other master and four of the crew. The remainder fled to their vessel, and brought one dead man to St. John's, with the arrows sticking in his body."—(Quoted from Anspach. Prowse, page 324).

Our authority adds significantly, in view of the settled antipathy against the Beothics, and after a century or more of blood-thirsty reprisals. "Whatever may be said about the Beothics, there can be no doubt they were a most blood-thirsty and treacherous race." To which we add: Of course! What more could be expected of such as they? The mad ogre of trade rapacity and heartless butchery carried on for a hundred years, had left its irradicable mark upon the susceptibilities of the primitive human nature of the Beothic, and humanly speaking, their extinction was inevitable. Not so had they been in their dealings with the Whites in the early days.

At last a more determined and well meaning effort was undertaken to effect amicable relations with the people.

"Lieutenant John Cartwright, R.N., was sent by Governor Hugh Palliser, in the ship 'Gurnsey' to River Exploits in 1768, with a proclamation to protect the Red Indians against further molestation. He was accompanied by his brother, George Cartwright, and a company of men. They reached Red Indian

Lake, and passed through the Indian villages and their camps, which they had only recently left."

Writing an account of his journey and discoveries on his return, Cartwright gave the most complete account of the Beothics secured up to that time.

In securing "remains" and other possessions of the people, though under orders to protect, not to molest, but to treat them as subjects of the King as well as others, Cartwright unwisely pursued like tactics with those of an earlier age. So did the White man unwisely behave towards these uncultured child-people of the wilds.

Other than these "remains," and some further information concerning the Beothics, Cartwright's expedition was barren of results. They saw no "Indians."

"In all, ten of our Governors during the sixty years following 1764 took a keen interest in trying to bring about a happy and friendly condition of things between the Beothics and the colonists or settlers, and chief among them may be named Captain Hugh Palliser, 1764; Captain the Hon. John Byrne, 1769; Vice Admiral Pole, 1800; Admiral Holloway, 1807; Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Duckworth, 1810; Vice-Admiral Sir Richard G. Keates, 1813; and Admiral Sir Charles Hamilton, 1818.

"By means of proclamations and expeditions, as well as by their influence generally, they brought about a feeling among the public against the cruel manner in which the Beothics had been treated and led the way to an earnest effort to save them from further persecution."—(W. W. Blackall, M.B.E.)

The story of repeated attempts, and notwithstanding, counter oppression went on. * In 1803 a man named William Cull, of Fogo, captured a Beothic woman in the neighbourhood of Exploits River and brought her to St. John's. The story of her reception at the Capital seems to have been more an opportunity for curiosity than for friendliness.

She was received at Government House, loaded with presents and sent back to Exploits Bay, by the same master who had captured her, and who was given a "handsome remuneration" for his services.

In Anspach's historical work on Newfoundland, she is fully described; particularly in her habits and demeanour in company with the Whites, her fondness for children, music, bright colours and her tenacity in holding to her native furs.

Cull took her back and up the Exploits, and by his own account placed her alone, but where she could join her people; the intention being that she should present to her people the good-will of the Whites.

* "An Indian woman was brought to St. John's by the notorious William Cull, for which he received a reward of Fifty pounds. Cull evidently take kindly to His Excellency's ideas about the savages: in his opinion the only decent Indian was a dead Indian; he writes to the Governor: 'The people do not hold with civilizing the Indians, as they think they will kill more than they did before.' All thoughtful care and attention was shown to the poor Beothic woman, and she was to be sent back to her kindred loaded with presents. With the views held by Cull and his companions, it is very doubtful if she ever reached the wigwams of her tribe."—(Quoted from D. W. Prowse, Q.C., LL.D., History of Newfoundland, page 377).

"This was all that was heard of her, and it is not certain that she ever found her people again, for there was at the time a rumour that the unfortunate woman was, as a matter of fact, murdered in order that the presents which she had received in St. John's might be stolen."—(Quoted W. W. Blackall, M.B.E.)

During these years following, there is some confusion in dates and details, but it seems that about the year 1823, and certainly after the capture of Mary March, certain men from Notre Dame Bay, in the neighbourhood of Badger Bay, came upon a Beothic man and woman who turned out to be husband and wife.

"Whether there was provocation or not cannot be said, but unfortunately and most cruelly the man and woman were shot. The men who perpetrated the deed were taken and tried, but owing to lack of evidence, were not punished."

"It is said that the man who shot these Beothics was a Micmac, who boasted that he had before then shot as many as a hundred of these unfortunate people."

* * * * *

Again the sad story goes on. In 1810, or a year later, Governor Sir John T. Duckworth made a determined effort to reach and open friendly relationships with the Beothics. A strong and well appointed expedition, under the command of Lieutenant David Buchan, in H.M.S. "Pike," accompanied by the schr. "Adonis," went to the Exploits.

A party of trusted seamen and marines accompanied him, and they ascended the River intending to reach, if possible, the headquarters of the Indians at the Lake. They met with many difficulties, but reached the Lake by way of the river and portages, a distance of fifty miles. It was winter; but at last they came up with a party of Indians under their Chief, asleep in their manateeks (wigwams) in early morning.

Commander Buchan has left an interesting account of his visit, and the facts as he has given them are convincing though they are too long to quote. He found three manateeks on the shore, occupied by about fifty men, women and children. Upon being surprised, they showed "the utmost consternation," but as they became convinced of Buchan's friendly purpose, "everything promised the utmost cordiality." "For three hours and a half there was complete amity," the visitors being engaged in conciliatory endeavours towards them.

The English party had brought considerable gifts for the Indians as signs of good-will; but most unfortunately through hardship and difficulty in travel, these had been left some distance down stream.

Herein lay the error leading to misfortune. When the time came for distribution these were not forthcoming. The Indians understood that they had been left at the outlet of the Lake, and proceeded there with the British.

Their suspicions were aroused, for with these children of the forest the deceptions and cruelties of the Whites in days gone by must have left an abiding memory.

However, leaving two of his men, who had volunteered to remain behind with the Beothics as a guarantee of trustfulness, and taking two of the Indians with the rest of his party, Lieut. Buchan went back for the gifts.

The unfortunate tragedy almost naturally occurred. The suspicion, and the misunderstanding gave rise in the mind of the Chief (it is said) to the idea that the British had come to spy out their camp, and had gone back for more men and instruments for their destruction.

Each "hostage" in turn slipped away (four had gone from the Indian camp to the outlet of the Lake), and when the British

returned they "found to their horror the bodies of the two sailors—James Butler, corporal, and Thomas Bouthland, private of marines—lying decapitated on the shore." Their heads had been taken away, to be found afterwards impaled upon poles. They lay some distance apart, backs upward and with feet towards the Lake, perhaps with some significance of warning. They were stripped; each had been pierced in the back, the corporal with one, the marine with three arrows. The Indians had fled.

That the Beothics had during the long years of violence become equally murderous and blood-thirsty cannot be gainsaid. Their trust in the Whites had been shattered, and their suspicions aroused by repeated acts of bad faith and treachery, and there was nothing for them in their unreasoned hatred but to retaliate and resist with all their power. It was a sad ending, and the rest is easy to understand.

Mary March.

We cannot do better than to quote in its entirety the following account of this native woman, quoted from a small publication written by a worthy friend of ours, W. W. Blackall, D.C.L., M.B.E., former Superintendent of Education, Newfoundland. Doctor Blackall secures his facts from the writings of the late James P. Howley, Geologists Newfoundland Survey, etc. We quote with the full permission of the writer—Dr. Blackall.

The capture of the native Beothic woman subsequently known as Mary March "was effected in 1819 by Mr. John Peyton, Justice of the Peace of Twillingate.

"During these times the settlers or colonists suffered a great deal of annoyance from the Beothicks who would come down to the sea-front and steal the property of the fishermen, taking away such things as sails, lines, nets, hooks, axes, cooking utensils, etc. There were probably three reasons for their conduct in this matter. First, they had a great desire to possess the property, particularly the things made of iron. They knew little or nothing about the making of iron implements, and so were very anxious indeed to get them. Secondly, these unfortunate people were hunted and hounded down to such an extent that they had by this time been reduced to quite a small number and found it exceedingly difficult to live. In every direction they were barred. I do not think there is any doubt at all that during these years the actual want of food and other necessities of life compelled the Beothics to come to the sea-front to get food, or at all events the means of securing food. Third, they had been treated and subjected to extreme cruelty for so many years by the colonists and others, that one cannot be surprised to find in them a spirit of retaliation and revenge. They must have considered the settlers as bitter enemies, and probably sought opportunities of taking vengeance upon them.

"There was living at this time in the Northern town of Twillingate a gentleman by the name of John Peyton, a Justice of the Peace. In the summer of 1818 he was superintending salmon fishing operations up the Exploits River, and on a certain night a boat of his, filled with fishing gear of various sorts, and with other things, was attached to his wharf in readiness for a fishing excursion on the following morning. During the night the boat was taken away with all its contents. Mr. Peyton suspected that the Indians had done the mischief, and so on the following morning gave chase. He found the boat some distance up the river, but all its contents gone. He searched the neighbourhood for the guilty parties, but in vain, and one can imagine that Mr. Peyton did not feel very well pleased. Later in the year he was in St. John's, and made it his business to

report the whole matter to the Governor, Sir Charles Hamilton, who gave him authority to search for the stolen property, and if possible to capture one of the Indians.

"Mr. Peyton was not able to undertake the excursion into the country in the fall of the year, and determined to wait until the spring of 1819, when he would be able to take advantage of the ice for travelling purposes; so all preparations were made for an expedition of search to be made in the month of March. When the time arrived, Mr. Peyton, accompanied by other men, went up the Exploits River until he reached Red Indian Lake, and there by careful manoeuvrings he was able to do as Captain Buchan had done some years before; namely, to take by surprise three manateeks filled with men, women and children; but the Indians were not taken so completely by surprise on this occasion as they had been on the occasion when Capt. Buchan came upon them. All of them ran for the woods. It was noticed, however, that one of the Beothucks could not run quite so fast as the others, and so Mr. Peyton himself, being a young and able man, determined to give chase. He ran as fast as he could after the Indians, who was lagging behind, and the rest of his party followed him. Gradually he overtook the object of his chase, who, as soon as Mr. Peyton got quite near, threw herself down on the ice, opened her cassock and exposed her bosom to show she was a female and to appeal to his manhood. For the purpose of showing that he had no evil intentions, he threw aside his gun, and making all signs possible of friendship, approached the female and shook hands with her. He then proceeded to lead her back to his party, but as soon as he began to do this one of the male Indians came to her rescue and demanded that Mr. Peyton should give her up, but Mr. Peyton was determined not to do so, and in spite of the earnest entreaty of the Indian man he proceeded to lead the woman away. Thereupon the man opened his cassock, took out an axe with shining blade that was concealed there and was about to split the head of Mr. Peyton. Fortunately some of the rest of the party had then come up, and in order to save Mr. Peyton's life a fellow shot and killed the Indian. This of course was most unfortunate, but it is difficult to think what else could have been done under the circumstances.

"Full of regret at the incident, Mr. Peyton took the woman down the river and placed her in the care of the Rev. John Leigh, Episcopal Missionary stationed at Twillingate. Her Indian name was Demasduit. She also appears to have had a second name, Waunathoake; but among the English people, because she was caught in the month of March, she was named Mary March.

"Later in the year the Rev. Mr. Leigh took Mary March to St. John's, where she was received by His Excellency the Governor and treated with the greatest kindness by the people of the City. Laden with presents, she was at a later date taken back to Twillingate and arrangements were made for restoring her to her people in the hope that she might become the means of reconciliation. His Majesty's sloop "Drake" was set aside for the purpose, Mary March put aboard as guide and interpreter, and the many runs, tickles and islands of Notre Dame Bay were searched in the hope that the party might come across some of the Beothucks; but summer passed in this work and to no purpose, as no Indians were found.

"She was brought back to Twillingate, and Captain Buchan was appointed to take her with a party aboard H.M.S. "Grasshopper" up the Exploits River, where it was hoped he might come in contact with the Indians and through the means of

Mary March effect a reconciliation; but as bad luck would have it, the poor woman died on the ship on the way up the river. Captain Buchan had a coffin made for her, placed her in it with all sorts of presents and articles she had treasured, and had arrows made in Indian fashion, and other such things for purpose of presentation to the Indians, should he meet any. His idea was that he would take the body up the river in the hope of finding Indians; consequently, up the river he went as far as Red Indian Lake, but not one Red Indian did he meet. At Red Indian Lake he found the three manateeks where Mary March had been found in the previous year. There, in order that the body might be preserved from injury by wolves and other wild animals, it was slung on high poles in the hope that the Indians themselves might come along after the departure of Captain Buchan and his party and bury the body in the usual manner. This, it was afterwards found from another Indian that was captured, is exactly what happened.

"Mary March was captured in the spring of 1819, and was buried near the spot of her capture in the spring of 1820.

"It was afterwards learned from the Indian of the next story (Shanadithit), that the man who so bravely faced death in defence of Mary March was her husband, Nonosbawut."

It is said of Mary March that she died of "consumption," and being buried as the above relates, that her coffin was subsequently seen by the traveller Cormack when visiting Red Indian Lake in 1827.

The story of Demasduit Waunathoake, Mary March, is most pitiful. We picture to ourselves a like occurrence with ourselves as the actors, the "Indians" they the Whites, we the "Indians." There are in the scene the helpless White woman, chased, captured and at the mercy of the barbarous "Indian." Who amongst us but would, had we the chivalry and courage shown by Nonosbawut, have not rushed to the defence of the beloved? Who amongst us in the last resource, but would have cloven the head of the menacing "Indian?" And the long year with its meaningless parade among the very persons who had so cruelly bereaved her of her husband and her kind! In common, with this as with every such tale, no matter what the purpose of the heartless cruelty, our sympathies do not go along with it.

NOTE.—The portrait of Mary March, Demasduit Waunathoake, was painted by Lady (Sir Charles) Hamilton, Governor 1818-1825, and is now among the Archives of the Country. She is depicted wearing native dress. Her features are regular with little difference to the European, save the keen look in the eyes, characteristic no doubt of her racial life and habit of observation.

It is easy now to see the error in John Peyton's expedition. The forcible holding and taking away the woman. He should not have laid hands upon her, but waited the coming of her husband and tribe, and his own men in turn and all unarmed—as he already was. There was too great haste; it might and should have taken days to effect a peace approach.

(To be Continued.)

On the King's Beach.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

"WITH many fears and many heartfelt sighs
For my dear Country, do I linger here."

—Wordsworth (words slightly transposed).

I stand upon the long-historic Beach,
Beneath the emblems of our Country's might
In time of War—the grand familiar sight
I see the millionth time; the Harbour reach,
The Hills, the Narrows, still beloved each;
First things I saw, my infancy's delight,
And still the same, a vista dark or bright
As cloud or sunshine rules, to inspire or teach.
Thou, O my Country, thou art sore beset
By circumstance that prompts thy boding sons
To sad bewildered thought, and fears; but let
Them pray for courage and a heart at once
Subdued and hopeful; as each season runs
To dare and to achieve, and conquer yet!

Tim Crosses the Ferry.

AN INCIDENT FROM LIFE:

By Capt. Leo C. Murphy.



OLD TIM had crossed the Ferry! Timothy—one of the stock whose people had always reached four score years or more before they realized the meaning of "the sere and yellow leaf."

A fine man he was—firm, honest and upright, but with a mind of his own. Inclined, sometimes, to take the very opposite view if he thought you were trying to slight a friend; and one who could take confidences, and keep them, too.

To see him walking his gallery, smoking peacefully, you would never think that he had sailed the Seven Seas; that he had vivid recollections of the South African War, that he had been South with the Naval Reserve and wanted to go when the Great Conflict broke out in 1914.

Poor Old Tim—the memory of him was with all these people who had followed the long winding road to where the "tawny lichen glows on marble, spattering the timeless prose of epitaph." How soon a life is read!

Tim's heart was wrapped up in his only grandson—a little two year, smiling, touseled headed young chap, who even at that age seemed wonderfully precocious. He anticipated the old man's movements—he fished out his slippers from a remote corner of the kitchen, and watched quietly at the gate, awaiting the return of "Gramp" from his afternoon stroll.

Naturally, he was called "Timothy," and responded promptly to the name. It was amusing to see the two of them walking slowly out the avenue and around the road on the occasions when the weather—and good temper—permitted this exercise.

They say that when the Old Gentleman was passing on that his son and daughter-in-law waited by the bed for some final message from the kindly,

calm figure resting there, but he seldom asked for anything. The younger Timothy was to have the Homestead, the furniture, the farm-lands on the hill—all his. Another "Tim" must carry on, and keep things going.

When the dawn did come on the last day for "Old Timothy," the group waited. Only once or twice did the eyes flicker, and the lips move. His son—Yes; he recognized him; the young wife; a little smile, too. Was it the boy? They brought him in, solemnly, this little mystified youth. Ah yes, that was it. The old man looked so anxiously—ever so anxiously—at his namesake; the mouth moved; the lips twitched. "Tim," came the whisper. "Timothy." Then that long, tired sigh, and he fell into that sleep which knows no dreams!

It was all over. Tim's son crossed the pond, under the gray air and the still sky of early March. Across the frozen glass-like surface he faced the blast of the chill wind and tackled the last hundred yards or so homeward.

He had left the Old Man behind him. The loyal, confidant friend of his youth and middle age. In the house the fire burned cheerfully; the light was bright, and at the end of the table the son and heir sat indifferently in his high chair. Evidently displeased, he was distributing his boiled egg generously over the cloth.

"Spoiled boy," said his Mother.

"Here, daddy," here," came from the lad, as he stretched out a spoonful to his Father.

"Hello, old man," was his Daddy's greeting.

An hour or so later, Tim's son went out into the March air, and stood under the tree near the well-house. He looked out to where the City was veiled in the evening. The branches kept the moonlight from him, so that it fell everywhere else—over the snow-clad fields and far, far away, and on the windows of the old house behind, which was now the property of his boy.

Old Tim had crossed the Ferry, and another Tim would one day take the sculling oar!

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Newfoundland's Rhodes Scholar, 1939



FABIAN A. O'DEA.

THE coveted honour of Rhodes Scholar has this year been awarded to Mr. Fabian A. O'Dea, son of Hon. J. V. and Mrs. O'Dea of this city. To his friends and acquaintances this comes as no surprise. Fabian has always been prominent among the leaders in the class-room and on the field.

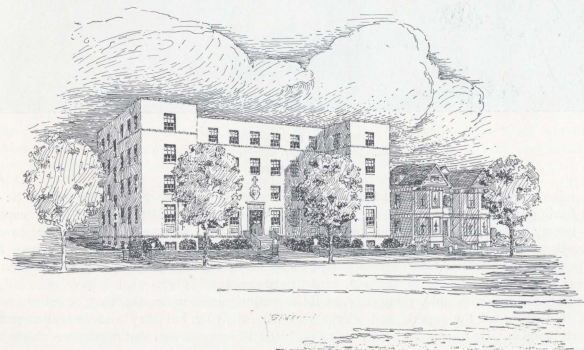
From his entrance into St. Bonaventure's in 1923

until his graduation in 1934 the light-hearted enthusiasm that marked his every effort was as much a source of admiration to his teachers as of emulation to his class-mates. He always secured a place of distinction in his grades and in competitive sports. He did his junior college work at the Memorial University College. For the completion of his arts course he selected St. Michael's an affiliate college of the University of Toronto where he is specializing in Political Science. He is the first St. Michael's man to receive the Rhodes Scholarship.

Not only is he a distinguished student but also an outstanding athlete. In track and field events he excelled, having won on two occasions the St. Bonaventure's Victor Ludorum cup. He also played on the College hockey and basketball teams.

Fabian's esthetic tastes are commensurate with his intellectual and physical attainments as is evidenced by his membership in the Oratorical Club of St. Michael's. Theta Delta Chi claims him as a member and as one of the Dramatic Club he is in the cast of "The First Legion."

In September Fabian will go to Oxford, that famous centre of world culture, where he will study law. We feel sure that the honours brought to the O'Dea family by Miss Agnes O'Dea, B.A., also a graduate of St. Michael's, and by Mr. Francis O'Dea student of Medicine, National University, Dublin, will be augmented by the brilliant work of the Rhodes Scholar-elect, Mr. Fabian A. O'Dea.



Artist's Sketch of the New St. Clare's Hospital showing the original building on the right.



Our Little Rivers.



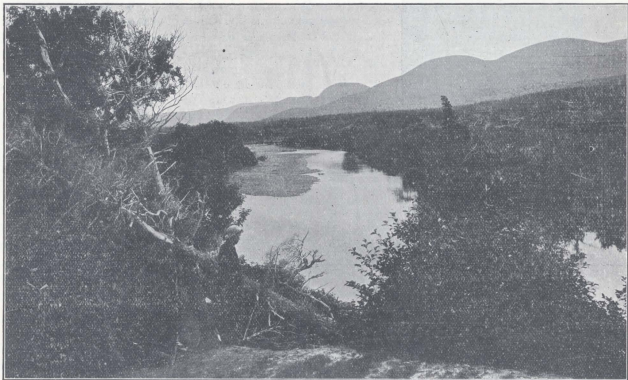
CHAPTER VI.—"THE" LITTLE RIVER.

By W. J. Browne.

IN the West Coast of Newfoundland, that is West of the Topsails, the rivers, like the climate and the soil, are superior to those on the East Coast. In fact the strip of coast line from Bonne Bay to Port-aux-Basques, in addition to possessing the most beautiful scenery contains a group of salmon rivers that is unique, for in that stretch of one hundred

forest and looked out over the rich meadows beyond the gleaming river to the white cottages on the mountain's lower slopes, are fascinated as if by a fairy spell and year after year until they die, like the swallow and the starling, they come North to this half forgotten valley of the Little Codroy.

The salmon too, unlike those which come up the streams of Avalon, seem content to loiter in the



LITTLE RIVER, CODROY.

"The most serene of all these rivers winds its way to the sea."

Photo by J. C. Parsons.

and fifty miles there are over a score of them with the finest fishing in the world.

About twenty miles from the Railway terminus at Port-aux-Basques at the foot of the wooded slopes of the snow-capped Table Mountain, the most serene of all these rivers wind its way to the sea, in a stately, queenly fashion, with unhurrying pace, as if it wished to take in all the superb and glorious scenery that spreads afar on either bank; visitors who come from sunny climes in the South once they have stood with their backs to the retreating

lower reaches, and after they have gained the pools show no madcap haste to leave them, especially when they have become hooked, in trying to drown a most annoying little silver grey or brown hackle that may have been peeping at them all day. The most beautiful places that I have seen all have something in common, that may be called grand, it is so satisfying, but may also be called peaceful. Little River possesses that mysterious charm which I cannot describe but can only suggest by saying that if there were no work to do, most of the fish-

ermen I know would be content to spend their summers along the green banks of Little River.

They called it Little River because it was little in comparison with its neighbour and partner, the Grand Codroy, but it is not little like the rivers I have already described. There are about three miles of fishable tidal water where you travel by boat before you enter the actual river; after that, there are runs and pools but no falls for several miles. All along the river there is a path to take you from one pool to another. You may cross the river by the bridge above the "Widows" Pool but in low water there are one or two fordable places.

The centre from which the fishing on this river is done is "Afton Farm," the homely hotel of the Tompkins family. For anybody who really likes fishing and talking about fishing this is the place he must go; for although other conversation is not absolutely prohibited under pain of fine or imprisonment, it has come to be an accepted thing that for at least one month of the year from say, the middle of June to mid-July, everyone is interested only in the theory and practice of the arts of fishing.

Sometimes, of course, after a record is broken, or a man catches his first forty-pounder, on especial conditions like these, but only after dinner, there may be songs and dancing in celebration of the piscatorial triumphs. Otherwise it is all fishing unless—I think readers will understand if I omit any references to indiscretions.

Here you may have all the comforts of a home, and all the privileges of a fishing club, and "who could wish for more?" It has been told of the late Father McCarthy, that adventurous and distinguished Jesuit who once said Mass above the Grand Falls of Labrador, that when he got off at Tompkins Station he looked around and said: "This will never do. It is too much like home to me. I came here for a rest, and I shall not be able to sleep unless there are some falls around." So they had to take him up the river to a cabin built above the falls, where he might feel he was out in the forest alone. I do not believe he did much salmon fishing although I know he had a marvellous outfit.

Most people get more pleasure from fishing when they have comfort as well, and so they prefer to stay at the Farm and live under its iron discipline. In the busy season, pools are drawn by lot each evening. The pool you draw will be yours until 1 p.m. After that, a fisherman may fish wherever he finds a pool free.

After breakfast of grape fruit, porridge and cream and bacon and eggs, you and your guide go off to your pool. He looks at the sky, notes the direction

of the wind, and having soaked your cast and tested it and the line and the reel and the rod, he carefully picks out the fly he thinks best suited for the day. After he has looked into the dark depths of a pool he will tell you where to stand—about ten feet back from the river—and show you where to cast so that your line may swing out. Perhaps it is a poor day, the river may be low and the fish logy. You must then try another fly, and then another and another, and so on until you feel that the book of flies you prized so highly was only good to be thrown away on sea trout.

You stop fishing for lunch on the river bank. If you are lucky you may have grilled salmon and



"YOUR BOOK OF FLIES—ONLY GOOD TO BE THROWN AWAY ON SEA TROUT"—LIKE THESE!

toast, but if your luck is out you must be content with macaroni and tomato or pork and beans and lashings of hot buttered toast and tea. Some of the guides are expert fishermen, and some are expert cooks. He is twice blest who gets a guide proficient in the two arts. After lunch you may feel drowsy, the sandy shore is very comfortable, and after all, the whole afternoon is before you; or you may be one of those who can't keep still, and as soon as you're done eating you want to be trying a new fly. Each man has his choice, he may make fishing an end in itself or a means to an end.

In contrast with the rivers on the East Coast, the fish in Little River are of much larger size and are divided into two classes—grilse and salmon. Grilse, which are fish who have not yet spawned, may weigh as high as seven pounds, but the salmon are larger; at Little River the proportion of salmon to grilse is higher than on some of the other rivers on the West Coast.

I have never caught anything at Tidal Water although it is here the largest fish, and on some days, the most fish, are caught. You have to be keen to fish Bull Run and Deadman's with a west wind blowing your line out of the water at every cast. I once spent a most enjoyable day fishing Cold Brook, which is right under the Railway line. I was anxious that day to catch a fish, as I wished to bring it with me on the Express which was leaving that evening, so that I might have it fresh as a present to a friend in St. John's. Another fisherman and I made plans the day before. We selected Cold Brook as the best place, and we began to fish deliberately and methodically, and before long we had both hooked a grilse but we lost them. It looked as if our choice had been a good one. But it was not so, although there were plenty of fish schooling up and down between Cold Brook and Kidd's Run causing great noise and paying not the slightest attention to us. We ate our lunch with resignation, sitting on the bank by the alder bushes, with the air full of the scent of new mown hay as the farmers tirelessly gathered the harvest.

After a siesta, we went back to fishing. The day wore on, and at length as the shadows lengthened my companion said:

"Let's go home."

Just at that moment I fancied I saw a salmon's tail moving slowly near the fly. I said, "Just a minute."

He reeled in and watched me. I cast again and I got a nice rise. "Did you see that?" I asked.

"Ah, its only a grilse, let's go home," he said.

I was satisfied it was no grilse, but whatever it was I resolved to see. I lit a cigarette with trembling hands and waited the usual two minutes and cast again—splash! and leap! I had hooked him, and it was a big salmon, the biggest I had ever hooked, by the look of him. He started down stream, and as luck would have it, our boat was not there. Just at this place is a high clump of alders that lean out over the water, so it was necessary for me, if I wished to follow my salmon to get along as best I could in the deep water beneath the bank. By holding on to the alders with my left hand I could still hold the rod in the other; but in the meantime the salmon was jumping this way and that, and it was impossible for me to exercise any control over him. The last I saw of this great fish, and I can still see him as I write, he had turned back, and at the end of about forty yards of line he was jumping towards the shore. With this leap the fly came out and he was free.

Luck has been kinder to me at Kidd's Run, which is the first of the fresh water pools. It is the easiest place on the river to fish. There are a few stones sunk in the river near which the salmon lie. Just above this run is Kidd's Pool, where I once saw from the high meadow bank a huge salmon leap high into the air and come down with an immense splash. This was the largest salmon I ever saw jump, he must have weighed full fifty pounds and seemed to be about five feet long. I know how prone fishermen are to exaggerate, but I am not exaggerating now because I absolutely got a terrible scare when this salmon appeared. My first impulse was to look around and see if anyone else saw what I saw, and then I feverishly pulled out line and vainly tried to cast the fly near the spot where he had jumped. All this anxiety was useless, and I am sure that I was glad and relieved that this salmon did not take my fly.

Just above that spot in the shallow portion of Kidd's Pool I once tried a big brown dry fly. It was a lovely calm Sunday evening in July. I asked my wife to stand on the bank where she could see the fish, while I stood in the pool behind them. She was to call out to me when the fish would take the fly, and I was then to strike. This plan worked well up to a point. I fastened on the huge brown fly to a piece of extra fine hardy leader, put the oil dressing of kerosene and emmolene on the fly and then swished the fly back and forth until I finally let it light gently on the water about ten yards ahead of me. Soon my wife called "Look-out!" and I pulled, but too soon.

I went through the performance again, and as the brown fly floated challengingly near the resting salmon, my wife called out again. This time I did not pull too soon—no, I pulled too hard, and the fine gut broke, and the first salmon I ever hooked on a dry fly went off with it in his upper lip. Spruce Pool is another good pool for dry fly, and probably for greased line fishing, which many fishermen have practised for several years on these waters. Country Path Pool is a good pool in high water. I remember once in the last day of the season, fishing this pool from a boat, but not catching anything, although my guide hooked a fish and held him for a little while. He used a very large fly, the largest I had, a Thunder and Lightning. I disapproved then of large flies but don't do so now. Anyway to show him he was wrong I put on a much smaller fly, a No. 4, and almost immediately caught a grilse. This was at Chasson's Rock. It was here I caught my largest fish one very wet day, and I shall never forget the double somersaults he did all over the pool. As I watched the guide go after him I thought of that story about the great fish that would not come ashore but gradually pulled in the guide who would not let go and was drowned.

In the run above, my wife caught a fish which gave plenty of fun because she had to play it from the high left bank. About the same time I saw a well-known American sportsman who had been three or four minutes at the "Widow's Pool" dapping with a dry fly, hook a fish. He was using a very slight rod, four or five ounces, and the fish took him down to Country Path although he weighed only ten pounds.

At Doucette's Run above the bridge, and just below Home Pool, I caught three grilse one day in flood water. My guide stood at the end of our boat down stream from me and opposite the fish where he could see them. He directed me where to put the fly and told me when the fish were coming after it. Such co-operation was very effective.

Tompkin's Nose is often full of fish, but it is one of those deep pools with muddy bottom, and although the fish are schooling and leaping they are rarely in the mood to take a fly. I saw my wife raising fish in the run many a time by letting her fly bob on the crest of the wavelets but she did not catch one. At this place a little brook—I think it is called Doucette's Brook—runs down over the hill and joins the river. I saw a school of mud trout feeding here one day, and being anxious to catch something I tried them with a dry fly. They came up after it every time, and even attracted a large mud trout who seemed only very mildly amused, for he never stirred after he saw what was going on. I am afraid we condescended to bait a hook with trout's flesh to catch that one. He took the bait very greedily, and was very much surprised to find he was caught. He weighed five pounds.

At Delaney's Pool I caught a sea trout that weighed about seven pounds, but it is a good pool for salmon too, although not so good as The Ford, where there is rough water above the pool. The fish frequently lie in the rapids behind stones, but the keen eyes of a guide can see them there quite

easily. This spotting of the fish is very important, for it is absolutely necessary to know if there are fish in the pool before you decide to spend the day there.

There is a number of minor pools around here, Black Rock, Red Rock No. 2. The Pockets, Daggett's Rock, McDonald's, and then you come to Aggravation whose name suggests its history. It is a beautiful long pool, but a very difficult place to hook a fish.

At Alder Bank above, I think it was, I lost a fish through over-anxiety. I had been given a small piece of fine Hardy leader to which I attached a bright Wilkinson No. 6. It would be all right to use fine leaders in calm water but in rough water you need a strong leader. Being tired of the orthodox method of fishing I decided to pull this Wilkinson across the rough water. As it leaped and gleamed a salmon rose at it and snapped off the leader as the reel sang that he was hooked. The good fisherman learns from experience, that is he learns from his own and other's mistakes what not to do.

Above this place there are still other pools, Red Bank and Green Bank, Big John's, Skinner's and the Forks, and as you go up the river the scenery gets more beautiful so that even if you catch nothing you still feel that you have had a wonderful day. When you get home and get washed up and have your dinner you can sit out on the veranda till the bats come around, and listen to the other fishermen telling about the fish they've landed or lost, in landing a fish there is a feeling of satisfaction that you don't get when you lose one. You enjoy talking about the one you've lost, too, but the pleasure is bitter sweet.

And when the lots are drawn for to-morrow's pools and the last nightcap's drunk, and mine host says "there'll be rain because of that orange sunset to-night," you'll go to bed contentedly, full of faith and hope and love.

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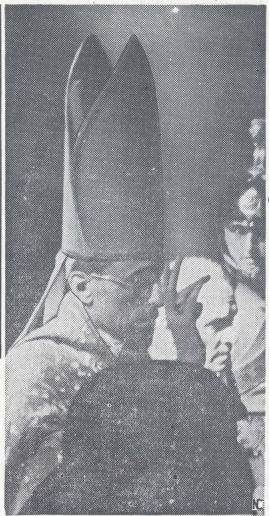
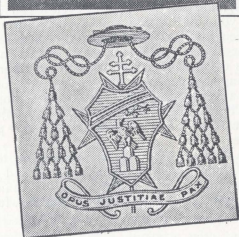
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POPE PIUS XII ON HIS THRONE



The 261st successor of St. Peter, is shown in his white robes on his throne; in full pontifical vestments giving his blessing, and below, the coat of arms of Pope Pius XII. (N.C.W.C. photos.)

EUGENIO CARDINAL PACELLI was elected Pope March 2nd and took the name of Pius XII on his sixty-third birthday after one of history's shortest conclaves. He was chosen on the third ballot of the first day of voting. Pope Pius XII the 262nd Pontiff and the spiritual ruler of 331,500,000 Catholics and the temporal sovereign of Vatican City just 20 days after the death of Pope Pius whom he served as Papal Secretary of State for eight years. He is the first Pope ever to have been in North America. As Papal Secretary of State he went to United States in 1936 and was received by President Roosevelt.

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The succession of the former Papal Secretary of State has brought expressions of marked satisfaction from most capitals but apparently caused some disappointment in Berlin.

The first reactions of the Italian press were favourable. The democracies heard of the election with gratification. Great Britain and France looked to the new Pope with keen hope for the future in which the Vatican will play an even greater role than ever toward peace and respect for individual human rights.

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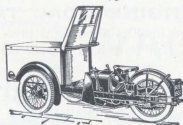
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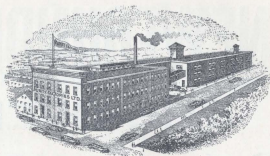
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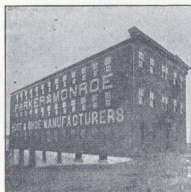
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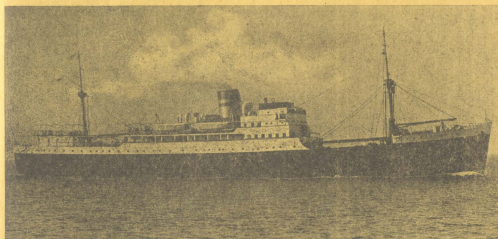
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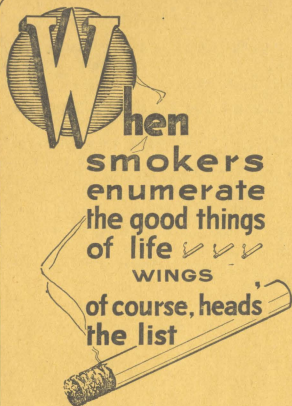
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