

The NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY



Spring Number, 1935

JOHN J. EVANS, SR., PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR,
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The Royal Procession on its Way to Coronation Ceremony at Westminster Abbey, June 22nd, 1911

From "The Newfoundland Quarterly," October, 1911.

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In Praise of Our Land.

IV.—THE "OLD DISTRICT OF HARBOUR MAIN."

By W. J. Browne.

THE electoral District of Harbour Main came into being on the introduction of Responsible Government in 1855, and almost alone amongst the Districts remained an electoral entity, and a most influential one, until 1932 when it was linked with Bell Island. It extends from St. Thomas's on the South shore of Conception Bay to Marysvalle near Brigus—a distance by road of about forty miles—and there is a village for nearly every mile of the way, each differing from all the rest in scenery as well as in the character, customs and speech of their twelve thousand inhabitants.

Highroad and Railway run through it from beginning to end, so that all who visit St. John's by train or car must travel the same way as the writer. The blue waters of the beautiful Bay alternatively lash and caress its winding coastline, whose shingle beaches the silvery caplin and the inky squid perennially visit in myriads to honeymoon and die. The natural features of the "Old District" are not pretty: they are beautiful. Field and forest, lake and stream, mountain and moor, cliffs that tower, smiling arms of the sea, nowhere can they be equalled.

A careful study of the map of Newfoundland will show that names such as Broad Cove, Silmon Cove, Deer Island and Gull Pond are frequent. To prevent confusion a Nomenclature

Board was appointed some years ago to find new place names and that is how Broad Cove, the picture-que village at the end of the Thorburn Road became St. Philip's, whilst Horse Cove, its lofty neighbour to the South, was called after the doubting Apostle. The folk who live there like their new names, but the rest of the world hankers after the old; the reasons for the change are hard to come by.

St. Thomas's (it is always in the possessive) is approached by a winding uphill lane leading on to a bare plateau, but you soon find yourself shut in with overhanging trees. These people are farmers who add to their earnings by catching salmon and her- ring in season from the waters beneath their homes. Each little homestead is complete from the old fashioned flower garden at the edge of the road, with house behind and barn beyond to the cleared land growing vegetables and hay, and the woodland for firewood. One must have a horse or pony to be able to bring the produce to market to the citizens of St. John's. There are haunting walks around here—in Ireland they would be called bohoreens, and the fairies would dance along them in the moonlight. A precipitous road leading to the seashore is the only way for bringing the invaluable caplin to fertilize their fair fields.

The Horse Cove Line (no St. Thomas's here) to the Topsail Road has a string of scattered cottages along its twisting course.



"FLANNERY'S"—ON THE HIGHROAD, JUST ABOVE TOPSAIL BEACH.



A VALLEY VISTA.

"And in the great ocean comes rushing and flowing
To greet the gay river that comes at his call."

Photo by A. G. Williams.

A byroad goes off East to a high table-land with a collection of houses mysteriously called Paradise. These belong to settlers who came here from Upper Island Cove on the other side of the Bay about thirty years ago.

The royal road to the District is along the Topsail Road from St. John's, one of the oldest and best roads in the whole country. It was built over a hundred years ago. The Irish settled on it, and until the coming of Prohibition they kept, at convenient distances apart, the hospitable taverns where travellers often tarried. The most famous of these houses of entertainment was "the Octagon," an eight sided building, about eight miles from town. Its interior was fantastically decorated by its eccentric but popular proprietor, the late Professor Danielle. This strange man whose early history was unknown is said to have had his coffin, beautifully lined, on exhibition in the Billroom. Notwithstanding this grim reminder of the shortness of human life, or, perhaps, because of it, his place was a favorite resort for the young bloods of the nineties and early years of the present century. It often presented a gay appearance, as it was beautifully situated, near the road and the wildwood, and its spacious grounds sloped easily to a pretty lake.

It was here that the Game Association were trying to create a sanctuary for wild geese, and did manage to keep about a score for a season or two as decoys. In 1933 they yearned for Southern skies and one day took flight to a pond near Bay Bulls, where, unfortunately, they were mistaken for their untamed brethern and, of course, shot without attempting to escape.

To-day there is a modern hostelry at the Octagon; the original one was burned down many years ago; the place seems to be as popular as ever, and, although big gatherings are fewer, in August, when Topsail Parish holds its annual Regatta on the lake, the spirit of Professor Danielle must watch enviously from beyond the Vale.

On the other side of the road is the splendid summer home of Mr. W. J. Woodford, a native of the settlement of Harbour Main, who represented this District in various capacities for nearly forty years. The grounds are laid out with great care; the interior of the house is delightful. Like its impressive, genial owner, whose name is a household word in every part of the District, the house is a landmark to the traveller.

All along the way from the City to Topsail, there are ponds, streams called steadies, and gullies where the youth of St. John's learned their first lessons in angling. Most of these places are now fished out, but youth persists in making the discovery by experience.

From the end of Octagon Pond there is a three mile descent to the village of Topsail. Conception Bay, which has been hidden from view, is suddenly seen framed by the hills; at first only the dim distant shore appears and the blue waters, but, as the hills recede, Little Belle Isle and Bell Island loom up. Topsail Hill is a magnificent sight as it pushes its round crest boldly out over the sea; down its side little streams leap and fall in shimmering cascades. At its base is a power plant, and a little way beyond you come to the "Beach" of fine shingle

Little streams leap and fall
in shimmering cascades.



where summer brings many to bathe in the smooth deep waters. An old song written by Richard Raftus in 1879 describes other uses for the Beach :—

"Oh! Topsail's stages and flakes umbrageous,
Are situate in Conception Bay,
There folks go browsing and some carousing,
From St. John's town on a summer's day."

Topsail has always had a strong hold on the affections of the people of St. John's, and many live here in summer. It is a place that grows upon you and it is always offering something new. A granite column on the Station Road gives the names of those who fought and died in the Great War. The postmistress is Miss Florence Miller whose poems, too few, reveal a depth of feeling for the "simple things," the things, incidentally, which mean so much in life, home, school days, holidays, Mother, the woods with their birds and flowers, the sea with its mystery; these and kindred things she expresses justly. Her love of Topsail is intense and sincere when she writes:

"The Bay of Conception,
Our own Bay of Beauty."

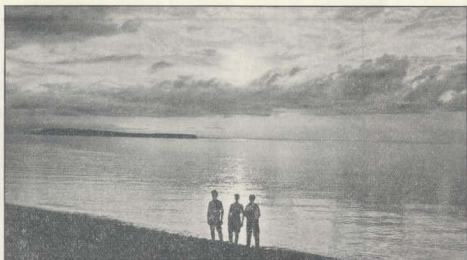
"For Topsail Bay at dawn of day
Is sweeter far than words can say;
And Topsail Bay at lull of noon
Is like a shining blue lagoon.
And Topsail Bay at set of sun—
Is the door of Heaven undone!
O life is simple, hearts are gay,
And folks are dear at Topsail Bay!"

Topsail fades imperceptibly into Chamberlains, a quiet, scattered farming settlement to which the Church Lads Brigade bring life and colour every summer. Whilst the camps are up, and the bugles are blowing and lads in uniform are marching on the roads the village is a cheerful place, but after they have departed, it resumes the even tenor of its way. Not so with Manuels, which rivals Topsail as a summer resort. During July and August all available camping ground along the beautiful river is taken, and anyone who comes to boil the kettle for a picnic can barely get room. The river below the road falls suddenly over the slaty stones in its bed and curves within view before entering the placid inlet far below. Near the small Catholic Church there was once an Orphan's Home, called Villa Nova, whose grounds still retain much of their loveliness. A monument in Bannerman Park was erected to the Saintly, Scholarly, Father Morris, the Founder of this institution, who lost his life when nursing the children through an epidemic. His Grace Archbishop Roche of St. John's spent ten years as

Parish Priest in this section and will always be remembered for the keen interest he took in the schools within his jurisdiction.

There is nothing of the summer resort about Long Pond which is the most thickly inhabited section in the District. The people are of English stock, such names as Taylor, Porter, Greenslade, Eison and Rideout being very common. They are a most industrious lot as their gardens and farms indicate. Nor are the women a whit less eager to work, for, in addition to the housework, and the knitting and sewing and mat making, they work in the fields, and, what is more laborious, often take their ponies to the City to sell their products. Every cottage has a flower garden, and honeysuckle and woodbine trail over the entrances. They grow delicious strawberries, and, although all strawberries are delicious, the Long Pond variety deserves a special mention.

The place is named after the large salt lake made by the action of the sea, which has piled up a long beach through



which there is a "Gut." Attempts, which have since been abandoned, were made to dredge this and make it suitable as a harbour, there being none along this section of the coast. The land is very fertile near the water. A road runs out to the Gut along the edge of the Pond. On still summer evenings this is a lovely spot with the little fishing boats reflected in the water; in the foreground there is a beautiful green island, and a wooded hill silhouetted against a crimson sky completes the picture.

In this as well as other settlements along here the byroads are called after the residents on them. There is Greenslade's Road, Rideout's Road (near Kitty Ade's turn), Fagan's Road and Jennings's Road. These were probably the names of the first settlers. Proof that farming is an occupation capable of producing a contented, prosperous people is demonstrated by the fact that when Bell Island was working full blast numbers went from this section to work in the Mines, but despite weekly wages they are no better off than, if as well, as those who stuck to the land. In the hills behind Long Pond is situated a Talc mine which once provided fair ladies with talcum powder, but it has ceased operations long ago.

The folk who live at Fox Trap (puzzling name) "take life easy, as the leaves grow on the trees." If they are English they are from some other county than those of Long Pond, for although you have Rideout, and Porter and Taylor, where do you get Cabel (pr. Cá-bel), Batten, Petten, Greeley and Peach?

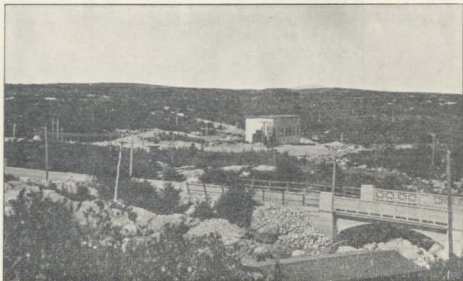
There are many old fishermen here who build boats by the roadside, and it is a pity that no one takes the trouble to make a record of their history and sayings while there is yet time. Their farms run well inland, so, if you go that way, you may be agreeably surprised to find in a sheltered valley at the end of Peachestown or Greeleytown Road a fine mansion sitting in an old fashioned garden, shut in by tall trees in whose leafy branches birds are sweetly singing.

Fox Trap appears in the official histories of Newfoundland as the scene of a famous battle, the picturesque engagement known as the "Battle of Fox Trap." It was the centre of the resistance to the laying of the Railway. Judge Prowse, who took a prominent part in quelling the affair thus describes it:

"In 1881 the inhabitants of the South Shore believing that all unutterable evils would happen to them if the line went through their lands, stoned the engineers, took away their instruments and drove them from their work. The Inspector of Police, Mr. Carty, and the police magistrate, with only eleven

of houses partly furnished. Kelligrews is a nice level spot, and it is on the Railway line, the usual end of half-holiday excursions from town. The Beach is covered with beach rocks, and here there is a stretch of sand at the west end, it is not quite suitable for bathers; the Government makes those concrete culverts to be seen on all the roads at the shed just along side the track. Kelligrews has a decided charm about it; it may be in the gay and playful manners of the people, the kindly, friendly, way they treat you; maybe it is in the fields where summer visitors take a hand at hay making, or in the lure of the water, Kelly's Island seems so near, but that it exists there can be no doubt. Motor cars may open more distant beauties to the vacationists, but surely there is no place better suited to make a two weeks holiday pass so pleasantly and swiftly.

Post offices and railway stations are the best guides to the villages along this shore, in fact, in many parts of the country; but, as has been seen, houses are met all the way from Topsail, and the Gullies, Upper and Lower, follow close after Kelligrews.



POWER HOUSE AND PENSTOCK AT SEAL COVE.

Photo by G. R. Williams.

men, were left to contend with a mad, excited crowd of about 500 men and women armed with guns and every variety of weapon. The arrest of the ringleader at the point of the bayonet, and the firm action of the authorities eventually restored order. . . . For five days the whole population from Topsail to Indian Pond were in an insane state of excitement. Though it was the busiest time of the year they never did a stroke of work; all day long they watched the engineers and the small posse of police, and followed them from place to place. . . . (They) believed the advent of this terrible monster, the railway, meant their ruin."

The Railway has not ruined these people, but it has meant very little to them, and they remain to this day, a gentle, easy-going, yet excitable folk, deeply attached to their land, wresting a somewhat uncertain livelihood from the soil and the sea.

At Middle Bight there is a High School, which probably accounts for the fact that the people here and at Kelligrews are much more sophisticated. But this may be due to the influence of the summer visitors who come in large numbers, some to board at the homely boarding houses and others to rent sections

You cross a bridge beyond St. Edward's school and it's Riverdale, farmers all, with a blacksmith or a wheelwright here and there. There are butchers galore, tall and thin, short and stout, who go off in their trucks, or, as is more usual in their expresses around the Bay and down to St. Mary's or even to the Cape Shore bargaining for cattle, calves and sheep. You will meet them at all hours of the day or night, going and coming, but not on Saturdays, for that is their day for going to town, and, while you won't meet them going there, for they begin at Seal Cove at three or four in the morning, you can see them any Saturday evening coming back perhaps five or six of them in a row, doing their forty or fifty miles a day, men and women, and boys, tired, cold, hungry, but always cheerful and independent.

Berry picking in late August and September is another source of income; the country side is all around and the blue carpet of whorts is swept then by old and young. The Railway passes close to the sea at the back of the villages, and a walk along the fields to the embankment gives you the whole Bay for a view.

Seal Cove is off the main road. The by-road branches off at Lance Cove, and in May fabulous catches of monster sea-trout

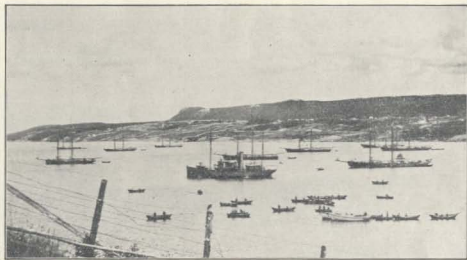
are reputed to have been caught on spinner bait outside the gut that runs under the railway bridge. This is a favorite spot for picnickers. Indian Pond is the last of the South Shore, and is beyond Seal Cove.

Duffs is a Railway station with few families. It is politically a part of Holyrood, to which the road from Lance Cove goes in a direct line, past Seal Cove Power Plant of the United Towns Electric Company. Only a few years ago this was known as the Cowpath, it was so narrow and uncomfortable; now it is a fine road which sweeps up over the hill and along a fine straight stretch of moorland, past deserted cottages, through an avenue of alders, and then, a mountain towers on your left, another looms ahead, and suddenly you see a school house, a cemetery, and other marks of settlement. As the road descends into Holyrood, valleys unfold their verdant beauty, the hills climb steeply up the sky, the houses stand along the roadside, as if cap in hand to welcome you; you see the sea again and the broad curve of the strand; something tells you that this is different

Its central position impressed Bishop Mullock as far back as 1860 when he spoke of the possibilities it held out for holding cattle fairs, an institution which would be advantageous to farmer, butcher and customer. Sad to relate, the only attempt made within memory was at Conception Harbour in 1934, where a fair was held in conjunction with the Agricultural Exhibition.

In 1932 the DO-X high powered sea plane landed at Holyrood on its Trans-Atlantic voyage.

The Railway crosses the road at Joy's Point, a dangerous place, and mounts up along the hillside a long distance to make a detour of the valley of the North Arm of the reach. The road skirts the shoreline until it has crossed the bridge over a little river and then climbs up swiftly to the top of the hill called Blommedown. At Healey's Cross a carpath leads out to the Ridge, a short distance above Chapel's Cove, but at Lakeview a branch road leads to this place. The Railway Station is called Woodford's, some distance inland, and there is also a village called Skibberreen which savours strongly of Cork.



BANKERS GETTING SQUID BAIT AT HOLYROOD.

The men in the little boats are jigging for squid, which are sold to the vessels which fish on the Banks of Newfoundland. The steamer is the "Arras," of the Canadian Government.—Photo by Ern Maunder.

from what you have seen. It is the beginning of the upper part of the district, where the people are all of Irish descent and Catholic in religion. It is longer settled; there were residents here in the seventeenth century; the French began one of their offensives against the English fishermen by marching here from Ferryland.

They are farmers here, too, but the chief occupation is catching bait—caplin and squid—which are sold to the fishing vessels from other parts, foreign as well as local. Two years ago a Cold Storage plant was built here to house the surplus caught. The caplin is a much more accommodating fish than the squid, but as bait is not as valuable; there are times when the harbour is full of bankers, and the waters are full of squid, but the unmannerly fish will not jig, so that the little huddles of boats must come back empty. Holyrood is the most famous harbour for bait in Newfoundland, and in a good season, a fisherman, at twenty cents a hundred, will earn enough to buy the necessities of life for the winter. His needs, of course, are modest.

There is a road, unfinished, that leads over to Witless Bay on the East Coast, and there is another road that scales the hills West to Salmonier, St. Mary's and Placentia, magical names.

Chapel's Cove has no harbour, so that there is not much fishing done here. Much vegetables are grown which are usually traded in at the village store for provisions. Most of the land suitable for growing crops was cleared two generations ago, and there is good land out to Crawley's Point, where, in the most remote spot a lonesome couple operate a large chicken farm. From this locality North there has been much emigration, but many grow tired of building bridges and skyscrapers in Canada and the United States and return to marry and settle down to a simple life. The fine dwellings and farm buildings to be seen have in most cases been built by men who have spent years in the United States. The people of Chapel's Cove are skilful workers as well as good farmers, and, of course, the women work in the field as well as the men. At one time they took in the Labrador fishery with the men from other parts of the North side of the Bay, but not recently.

They are people of large stature, Irish in speech and customs. On Sundays, the churches are like the churches in the Irish country side; the women precede the men inside, and the latter stand around till the bell rings for the beginning of Mass. Many go long distances on foot and by carriage to hear Mass. The

teacher is the "Master" here, sharing with the Parish Priest the role of guide, philosopher and friend.

"Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault:

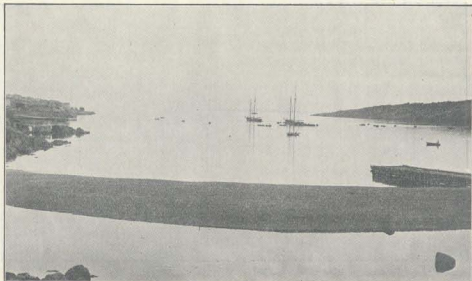
* * * * *
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge."

This is the lake country, with rich meadows rolling up to the steep hills to the West. You come down into Harbour Main, another old settlement with memories of the French and a few people with French names. The houses are close together, giving the place the air of a small town, but the harbour is empty of shipping, only a few small boats rocking on the swell, and the little public wharf is used chiefly for local purposes.

Harbour Main became the capital of the District because of its seniority; it was here that nomination of Candidates for election to the House of Assembly took place. Up to a decade ago this was a wonderful affair. People came from every settlement on nomination day in two vast processions of horses and

country; and the holy Altars he has made with his own hands. But this is his masterpiece in his native town. There is a Convent in the colonial style and a Presbytery, with gables, at the end of an avenue of fine trees. The people of this place have every reason to love their native town, for it has nestling harmoniously within a stone's throw of the rocky seashore, the most beautiful group of ecclesiastical buildings to be seen anywhere in the country.

The ancestors of the people of this harbour and the neighboring hamlets of Gallows Cove and Gaskiers were emigrants from Ireland. They were pioneers in land settlement, and in the Labrador fisheries. When Railway construction began, the fisheries were gradually deserted for track laying. In later years Bell Island beckoned from out the Bay, and the more adventurous amongst these hardy, stalwart men sailed to the States and Canada, and their letters home of plenty of work and high wages brought other girls and boys to leave the parental roof. Some have come home again, but principally the delicate ones and the injured, which is why one sees such a disproportionate



THE CAPITAL OF THE DISTRICT—HARBOUR MAIN—WITH TWO BANKERS GETTING A "BAITING" OF SQUID.

Photos by A. G. Williams.

carriages, and the side which made the best showing was the likely winner. Speeches were made by the candidates from the narrow windows of the Court House to crowds sitting or standing on the green below. Every man nails his colours to the mast and takes his stand with the other supporters to cheer his "members."

When the cheering was artificially stimulated, arguments would arise, and tempers grow short, and there would be unlimited possibilities of a riot. It never came to that. Good humour always prevailed over the passions of the moment, and the rival pilgrims travelled back home with news of sure victory for their respective members. But old customs are hard to kill, and at the nominations in 1932, the old politicians came as of yore, but in greatly reduced numbers to size up the situation for themselves. The candidates spoke from the Court House windows to expectant crowds.

The Court House is used for little else; there is very rarely a case for the magistrate to try, and dances and concerts are held in the school next door. Not far away is the fine church built by Mr. LaCour. The latter is a man of genius who has constructed several handsome churches in different parts of the

number of the old and the very young.

A little shore fishery is done, but the gombeen man and the credit system retard progress. There has been a slight revival of interest in Agriculture, but lack of sufficient capital prevents expansion in this direction. A warm-hearted, intelligent people of splendid physique—they are symbolical of Newfoundland; their strength and resourceful intelligence have hitherto endowed other lands than their own.

Salmon Cove Point separates Avondale from Harbour Main. It is a high land impassable by road, so that the road runs almost from the bottom of Harbour Main. A byroad which is more like a platform along the side of the hill leads down the Goat Shore where a few families reside. Far below the cliff can be seen a little wharf, and a boat, may be rowing alongside.

Avondale lies in a wide valley through which runs a river whose source is back in the high hills towards Salmonier. There is a fine bridge over the river here, and by moonlight, the scene of the harbour and river, with the hills rising all around is enchanting. The beautiful Church is admirably situated on an eminence which commands a complete view of the settlement. One cannot help remarking the many fine new homes of modern

design to be seen along the road. The houses in most cases have been built by men who were employed at steel work in skyscraper construction in New York. Riggers and riveters must be men of nerve, men who can sit astraddle a ten inch beam seven or eight hundred feet up in the sky; for work of that kind, men of Avondale and the neighborhood were well qualified, and with Scandinavians were chiefly employed.

The drive to Conception Harbour gives some lovely glimpses of the scenery. Between salmon time and blueberry time, one gets a thrill to come around a bend in the road and see a huge steamer high in the woods; but soon one realizes that she is at anchor in the deep waters of a little green cove. Once, Conception Harbour boasted many sail of ships which left home every June for Labrador, but now, only one solitary vessel, that of Capt. Jim Wade goes down.

Conception is a very scattered settlement, or rather, a number of scattered places. At the Cross, one road goes east towards the Church and below it there is a car-path leading to Bacon Cove, but the Main Road winds along the shore to Kitchues.

Another road goes west through a broad smiling valley up to Silver Springs, one leading across Driscoll's Marsh, and another to Healey's Pond. The people here have shown great initiative and the Branch of the Land Development Association has been most successful. Last year, a splendid exhibition of garden produce and knitted and fancy work, was followed by a cattle fair; the residents themselves were astonished by the fine quality of the animals shown. There is a handsome Church and Convent down the road, on level ground a short distance from the beach.

The way to Bacon Cove is a rocky one; huge boulders make an interesting one, but it is worth travelling to see the little cove in the rocks with stages over the water and homes perched high in the hillside all around. Down Kitchues way there are more people; the shore is inhospitable, and great ingenuity was needed to make a landing place for the boats. The road trails off down a grassy slope ending unexpectedly at a little cottage in a tiny garden shut in by the woods. The sea peeps so blue through the lilac trees that this must surely be the house where Red Riding Hood's grandmother lived; but the grandmother is sawing wood near the porch.

Colliers is over the Cemetery Road from Conception. The man who first settled in its little annex, called James's Cove, was a lonely fellow, but the fishing was better in his day. Colliers is a large harbour, a part of a bay. The road follows the shore line up to the bridge above the spot where the river flows in.

On the other side is a high perpendicular cliff, with red and blue streaks of mineral on its face. There is Colliers South and Colliers North. At the former the houses are close together, but in the latter they are scattered over the fertile hillside. Colliers must have been an old settlement because of its fine harbour, for, although there is little foreign trade here now, there are old rambling cottages which, like the gentle women of the houses, bear upon their heads the marks of time. The people are warm-hearted and loyal, and like in Ireland, if you enter the house with a "God save all here," you will be met with a "God save you kindly."

Now the Highroad which encircles Colliers mounts up the hill and passes the school. From here the view over the valley and harbour of Colliers is exhilarating. Suddenly you come to the "Split in the Rock" and on the right a narrow road descends into Marysvale. Few go down that way, but it is a quiet place

with quaint old weather-beaten houses and witty folk with dreamy blue eyes. The men were miners before the depression which has hit them hard. The soil is not good but they are cultivating it with a will. The valley is wide and well watered, therefore, capable of improvement with increased yield. The sea outside gives bait to those who seek it, but the people are not very well equipped to go fishing at present.

On the hill across the valley at the western end may be seen two or three "Crooked little houses"; if there are tinkers in Newfoundland they live here. High up on the bare summit of a hill they carry their cares with a light heart and look down upon a gadding world.

The Railway is now several miles inland, Brigus Junction being a part of the District. On the Highroad the district ends at Leary's, but nearby is a house with a fine cleared field rolling up into a forest of spruce and fir. Poultry run over the green meadow, and the cows feed in a rich pasture. That river, which runs so gaily from the Mill above to lose itself in the bosom of the Lake, marks the boundary of "The Old District of Harbour Main."



NEWFOUNDLAND SEA BIRD—THE HERRING GULL.

When the Birds Go North Again.

By Ella Higginson.

Oit, every year hath its Winter
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

When the new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage is on the wane—
When the cold, dark days are over,
Why, the birds go north again.



Cabotian Literature.



By Dr. Frank F. Pierson, Wilmington, Delaware.



HE earliest known accounts of the voyages of the Cabots are to be found in the writings of Spanish and Italian historians of the first half of the sixteenth century.

Sebastian Cabot was living in Spain at that time, and, as Pilot-Major, was charged with the supervision of the official maps.

Peter Martyr's and Ramusio's statements concerning the English discoveries in North America were based on information from Sebastian, either directly or indirectly.

He may have been unduly reticent in regard to the prominence of his father in the expeditions about which he told; or he may have been misunderstood as to dates and number of voyages, but the result was a confused narrative in which the father's fame was eclipsed by that of the son.

When Eden, followed by Hakluyt, compiled their records of voyages for English readers, nearly all their information about the Cabots came from Spanish and Italian sources.

Hakluyt did, indeed, find and published the text of the charter given to John Cabot and his sons in 1496; and also of the one of 1498 to Cabot alone, but he failed to distinguish the details of separate voyages, and so continued the confused story of foreign writers.

It is evident that the England of the latter part of the sixteenth century, less than a hundred years after the voyage of 1497, had but a hazy idea of what had taken place. John's activities had become so merged in the better-known reports about Sebastian that the latter received nearly all the credit for the discoveries which gave England claim to large territory in the New World.

This misunderstanding prevailed until Richard Biddle, of Pittsburgh, Pa., published his "Memoir of Sebastian Cabot" in 1831. He wrote before the discovery of valuable papers having to do with the early life of John Cabot and with his voyages; also before the finding of certain maps which helped to clear the field.

But with painstaking care he examined all the documents then available, and he established the fact that there had been two voyages instead of the one so misrepresented. Mr. Biddle still ascribed the chief honor to Sebastian, and assigned the landfall in North America to Southern Labrador. Later-found documents and maps bearing on the subject have made some of the claims of Mr. Biddle untenable, but his book marks the beginning of critical study of the Cabot problem, and it furnished valuable information for later writers.

The opinions of Biddle were generally accepted for some time after the publication of his book; but during these years successive appearance of maps, records and letters which had been buried in European archives gradually changed critical viewpoint, and a new school of writers included these evidences and placed the Cabotian legend on more sure ground.

1—The LaCosa Map was found in 1832.

2—The Paris, or Sebastian Cabot Map, in 1843.

3—The Pasqualigo letter from London to Italy in 1837.

4—The record of John Cabot's naturalization in Venice, 1858.

5—The Ayala letter from London to Spain in 1862.

6—The Sorcino letter from London to Milan in 1865.

Still later, scraps of information have been found in English archives relating to pensions paid the Cabots and to contemporaries supposed to have been companions with them.

A careful study of all these documents formed the basis for a new interpretation of the subject, and, as the four-hundredth anniversary of Cabot's first voyage drew near, books and magazine articles appeared in rapid succession.

The contents of these studies, with their differing conclusions, gave rise to the "Cabot Controversies" in which opinions were



SEBASTIAN CABOT'S SHIP.

earnestly presented of the most diverse geographic and cartographic findings. In some instances very fantastic ideas were expressed as to dates, courses and landfalls.

Out of all this, however, a certain dependence on documentary and cartographic evidences prevailed over conjecture, and general views to-day are less controversial because of the widespread argument of that period.

Judge Prowse, Bishop Howley and Rev. Moses Harvey, of Newfoundland, took active parts in this symposium, as did Dr. S. E. Dawson, of Canada, and Justin Winsor in the United States. Across the Atlantic Sir Clements Markham and C. R.

Beazely, in England, and Henry Harrisse, in France, were able writers on the subject. The latter, in particular, was responsible for the publication of many documents and maps then unknown to the public. His "Discovery of North America," and his John and Sebastian Cabot" contain monumental records of research.

The two chief conclusions in his study of the Cabot voyages were that the landfall was in Labrador, and that Sebastian was an arch liar whose statements could not be accepted without corroboration.

Dr. S. E. Dawson, a Canadian, from his greater familiarity with North American geography, and with an open mind as to the value of Sebastian's reports, combatted the opinions of Harrisse in a series of papers which were published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada" from 1894 to 1898.

He contended that the true landfall was probably at Cape Breton, and accepted Sebastian's statements as applying to the second voyage of 1498.

This idea has been followed by Beazely, Biggar, and others until Winship, in 1900, and Williamson, in 1928, insisted that a later voyage, made by Sebastian after the death of his father, was the source of his accounts.

"The Cabot Bibliography," by George Parker Winship, appeared in 1900, and proved to be indispensable for all seeking information about the Cabots and their voyages.

In an introductory essay an analysis of all available information is made, and the bibliography proper contains notes to nearly six hundred books, articles, letters and maps concerning the question.

This book is still the best guide to serious Cabotian reading since that publication there have been but few additions to be noted.

F. Nansen devoted a chapter to the voyages in his book "In Northern Mists," and H. P. Biggar in "The Voyages of the Cabots and of the Cortereals," made a careful analysis of the early sixteenth century maps.

The most recent, and perhaps the most comprehensive, study of the Cabots, their voyages and their relation to English Explorations of the period, is to be found in J. A. Williamson's "Voyages of the Cabots," published in 1929.

Beginning with a list of all documents known to-day bearing on the subject, in chronological order, the reader is prepared for the author's biography of the Cabots and reconstruction of their voyages.

Dr. Williamson has enlarged upon the suggestions of Dr. Winship and has presented a convincing argument for a later voyage than the ones usually considered; and that it was on his one, perhaps in 1508, that Sebastian's experiences took place.

In this book the LaCosa map is used as the key to all geographic conceptions as to the points reached by the Cabots in North America.

The map is of equal importance with documentary material in trying to trace the voyage of 1497 at least, and probably that also of 1498. Since its discovery in 1832 it has been conceded to be the first map known which shows any sign of the New World, as it bears the date 1500.

In a recent monograph, Dr. George E. Nunn considers that his map bears evidence of geographic ideas not possible in 1500, and that, as we have it, the probable date should be 1508.

But whenever it was drawn, it remains the only map of that period which shows positive knowledge of English explorations north of those by Spain.

It is not within the scope of this paper to discuss the location of those English landmarks. It is sufficient to say that different writers have selected different points respectively for the "first land seen."

From Labrador to Halifax the trail has been traced and the latest critic of the map, Dr. Nunn, suggests that the region indicated runs from Greenland to Cape Breton, and perhaps beyond.

If the place-names on the map could be rightly interpreted it would greatly help.

In the compilation of these notes the writer is chiefly indebted to Winship's "Bibliography," and Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History," and to the fine collection of books and periodicals on the subject in the Wilmington Institute Free Library.



YACHTING OFF THE WEST COAST.

Spring in Newfoundland.

By R. J. Connolly.

THREE ships with silvery, rippling sails
Passed down the coast to-day,
Along those ageless, trackless lanes,
Where cod and salmon play.

Those friendly trading winds are here
That sing the song of Spring,
And urge the foamy spray to rise
To kiss the seagull's wing.

In soft shell pinks of early morn
On tiptoe Spring comes dressed;
While crimson sunset's softest glow
To earth brings hope and rest.

No frostings drape our window panes;
In dreamy thought we hear
Deep breathing from the heart of Spring
And purpled hills seem near.

Free brooks are hurrying along;
Frail robins pick the sod;
Should every soul not heed the call
To keep its tryst with God?

Death dies as beauty leaps to birth;
Though some hearts nurture strife,
Spring's poetry recounts for all
The mystery of life.

As years speed on and Springs return,
Time's tickings fainter grow.
May our ships see, when life's sun sets,
The lasting afterglow!

The Jerseymen at Harbor Grace.

Chapter Six.—Census of Residents.

By W. A. Munn.

Governor JOHN GUY gives us a full description of his residence called "Sea Forest," Stores and Fort built by him in 1610 at Cuper's Cove.

During the first winter he built his Bank ship called "Ye Endeavor" of ten tons, and Captain John Mason tells us three years later he built a fifteen ton ship to replace one lost.

Guy's ten ton ship carrying fifteen men for forty-nine days must have had considerable accommodation. The shallops were also work of local industry being large sail-boats with movable deck-boards, and a protection fore and aft for five men to sleep.

It is curious that neither Guy, Mason or Whitbourne make any direct reference to the Jerseymen, as they were permanently located in every important Harbour of Conception Bay long

of the Jerseymen of Harbour Grace were in league with him, as they understood this business thoroughly, and must have been at it for years.

We have already seen that the Channel Islands were "Free Ports," and admirably situated for the disposal of plunder either in England, France or Flemish Ports.

We find Governor Edens of Jamestown, Virginia, in league with the notorious pirate, *Blackbeard*—giving him protection and no doubt dividing the plunder. Easton's plunder was from the galleys of the Spanish Main. He must have been remarkably successful prior to this date, or he would never have been able to double his fleet in Newfoundland, and 500 men to join him.

In 1617 Robert Hayman took charge of their subdivision,



MODERN NORSEMEN—THE "LIEF ERICKSON."

Norwegian vessel of 10 tons—the style and size of ships used in Guy's time—1610.

before this time, but it clearly proves that they had very little intercourse with them.

It was not all plain sailing with John Guy for we find him complaining at once about that arch pirate, Peter Easton, refitting his vessels at Harbour Grace and creating trouble with his men. The Pirate's Fort must have been in existence for years at Harbour Grace before John Guy's arrival in 1610, for he mentions it as a well known spot. The pirate requires a lurking place on the land, where he has congenial friends, who can help him in refitting his vessels, and who will either buy or find a market for his booty, for unless he can dispose of his plunder in a satisfactory way, he is only running the risk of being hanged. It is his business to work with lawless traders, who will not ask awkward questions. There was no Government of any kind in Newfoundland at this time, and there was no judicial machinery in any of the British Colonies until 1701, so that conditions favored the pirate.

John Guy had good reason to complain of Peter Easton in the year 1612. To do such enormous damage he must have had confederates helping him, and it is quite possible that some

of the Bristol Hope Company, with his residence in Harbour Grace. It is likely that he spent the winters in Bristol, but remained in charge at Harbour Grace till 1628, and perhaps longer. In a letter written by him direct to King Charles I. he makes request for special privileges for fishing operations, stating,—“If this is granted it will make Harbour Grace a great town. It would grow populous, rich and strong.”

“The French (Jerseymen) and Biskons (Spaniards) come yearly in great numbers to fish and dispossess us. These Mallowayans (Jerseymen) have promised the French, and the Biskons promised the Spaniards to furnish them with fish, but your Majesty might easily amend this, and make them glad to take ours.”

There can be only one conclusion that Robert Hayman was looking for a monopoly, and wanted to drive the Jerseymen out of Harbour Grace, and the Biskons from Spaniards Bay. No notice was taken of this request, and this letter was placed away carefully, and comes to view, to interest readers when considering the ambitions of our early Governors.

In 1628 Hayman published in London his book, “Quadrilbitts”



FISHING STAGES AT TOPSAIL, CONCEPTION BAY.

written at Harbour Grace. It is famous among collectors of old books as one of the very earliest composed in North America, but beyond fantastic verses, there is very little actual information regarding their regular work.

In 1630 the British Government garrisoned the Battery at Harbour Grace, which must have been a great protection to the settlers of Conception Bay.

In 1653-1658—Oliver Cromwell, as Protector of the British Commonwealth, sent two men-of-war to Newfoundland, who captured ten of the Jersey fleet as a punishment for the part the Channel Islanders had taken in upholding the Royalist Party during the recent English Civil War. It would be interesting to trace the log books of these two British Warships in the Admiralty Records, for further information as to where these Jersey men were fishing.

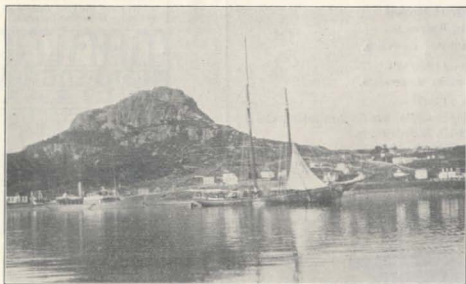
1660—No sooner were permanent settlements formed than the resident population petitioned the British Government that jurisdiction be established with power to govern and look out

for the settlers rights.

From the records we find that John Pinn of Havre de Grace is named with others, who were in favor of a resident Governor, whom they are willing to support by local taxation. He was appointed by Governor Sir David Kirke, as the best man in this District to collect the Revenue for the Crown.

1662.—The Secret Treaty of King Charles II with the French, will be told fully in the next chapter.

1675—A census was taken by Sir John Berry on H.M.S. "Bristol." We find there were 1655 men, women and children resident settlers between Cape Race and Cape Bonavista, averaging a catch of about 60 quintals of codfish per man, whereas 4309 men arriving from England in 175 vessels averaged only 40 quintals per man. There were only four planters settled west of Cape Race, and probably none north of Bonavista. He mentioned in one list six Jersey and Guernsey foreign-going vessels, but states, there is also the St. Malo fleet of about 70 vessels of which about 50 will come home in this convoy, and



HOLYROOD, CONCEPTION BAY.

20 without any convoy. This means the Jersey men or Channel Islanders, who are really British subjects. He states again a little further on, that he has very little reliable information about the French fleet, but they have two (2) French warships of their own, and their rendezvous for convoy is at Trepassay. Sir John Berry also states, there are Basques and Portugeuse making a total of altogether about 500 vessels trading and fishing to Newfoundland.

In our last Chapter we gave a list of five English vessels trading to Harbour Grace, and taking cargoes of fish to foreign markets. We now give the census of residents at and near Harbour Grace.

Bryant's Cove—Thos. Hobbs and wife planter; 1 male and 2 female children, 3 men servants, 1 boat, 1 stage.

Harbour Grace—Thomas Player, planter; 2 male and 1 female children, 3 men servants, 2 boats, 1 stage.

Joan Hibbs (widow), 5 men servants, 1 boat.

Thos. Horton and wife, 8 men servants, 2 boats, 1 stage, 95 head cattle.

Lewis Guy, 1 female child, 1 man servant.

Lemelia Garland, 1 female child, 1 man servant.

Arthur Batten and wife, 2 male and 1 female children, 3 men servants, 2 boats, 1 stage.

Musketa Cove—William Davis and wife, 4 male and 1 female children, 6 men servants, 2 boats, 2 stages.

John Garland and wife, 4 female children, 10 men servants, 3 boats, 2 stages.

Harbour Main—1 settler, 20 servants.

Brigus—3 settlers, 23 servants.

Port-de-Grave—3 settlers, 26 servants, 50 head cattle, 20 sheep.

Bay Roberts—2 settlers, 19 servants, 30 head cattle.

Carbonear—6 settlers, 30 servants, 100 head cattle.

Crocker's Cove—2 settlers, 6 servants.

Clown's Cove—1 settler, 3 servants.

Baye Vards—11 settlers, 145 servants.

Old Perlican—11 settlers, 124 servants.

Silly Cove—3 settlers, 40 servants.

New Perlican—2 settlers, 22 servants.

Ireland's Eye—1 settler, 15 servants.

Bonaventure—2 settlers, 8 servants.

Trinity Harbour—5 settlers, 21 servants.

Salmon Cove—1 settler, 12 servants.

English Harbour—2 settlers, 20 servants.




Bonavista—11 settlers, 71 servants.

The only person living in Cupids was Stephen Atkins, who is named as the keeper of Mr. Butler's castle.

This must have been John Guy's "Sea Forest" now vacant, and had passed into the hands of that important family of early settlers—the Butlers of Port-de-Grave.

In my next I will give particulars of the French Raids, the traditions of which are still handed down in the Bay Metropolis.



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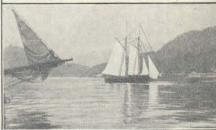

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

ODE FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ACCESSION OF OUR GRACIOUS KING GEORGE V.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

A song of Jubilee, a song of joy
All round the world, where'er St. George's
Cross
Is flown; a song for lips' and hearts' employ
A song of twenty-five years' gain and loss.

When, five and twenty years ago
Our King ascended his ancestral Throne,
When later, in the sacred Abbey crowned
Anointed, vested with the Holy Sword
For Faith's defence, the sun of Peace renowned
Shone clear—his Father's heritage to One
Who brought the long succession on; the glow
Of full prosperity the Empire warmed; nor
lowered

A single cloud; the happy days went by,
With scarce a warning portent in the sky.

But soon the tempest gathered o'er the sea,
And Europe shuddered as that tempest broke,
And all the world turned pale, and bitterly
War's black cloud burst,
And through those years accurst
Fitless blows the storm,
And lives and hopes went down.

And death in every form with sudden stroke
Overwhelmed a million lives:
Yet Britain, strong, brave-hearted, bore it with
renown:
And England's King, calm, steadfast, day by day
Heard the deep thunder, saw the lightnings play;
Deep in his heart the King his people bore,
In their affliction was afflicted sore,
And strove in prayer, as one who in extremity
strives.

Sullenly, grimly, in subsidence slow
War's great storm passed, and left stark
desolation,
Mourning and tears and woe,
A wasted world, a hard-achieved salvation
For truth and right;
Confusion covering earth, and baffled hopes
below,
And clouds still hovering to obscure the light—
Clear-sighted, steady, with a kingly eye,
He watched the storm subside, the clouds
pass by.

And in the years that since have been,
Our duty-loving King, and his loved Queen

Have mingled in the stress, the strain, the
hopes, the fears
That have alternate ruled these latter years;
Till, following a long road, an uphill way
The nation knows and feels itself to-day
More strong for all the travail time gone by,
Bold yet to greet the future with calm eye,
And with fresh strength endued
To fight the wrong, to further all the good;
And at its head still steadfast, still the same,
King George leads on, duty his star, not fame.

Preserve him Lord, preserve our gracious Queen
For many years; preserve our Empire vast,
As thou hast brought us through our chequered
past;

Forgive the sins, the slackness that have been;
And make us worthier Thee, and worthier Him
Whom Thou hast set above us; let our praise
Be more acceptable in future days,
Till all the sunshine of this earth grows dim
In the clear glory of Thy Kingdom's rays;
So, Lord, thy people render thanks to Thee,
And praise, on this glad Year of Jubilee.

GENTLEMEN: "THE KING!"

A Sketch of King George V. and Queen Mary during the years Between 1910 and 1935 on the Occasion of his Silver Jubilee.

By W. J. Browne, K.C.



At a quarter to twelve on the night of the sixth of May, 1910, Edward the Peacemaker's ardent soul went peacefully forth to meet his God, and George Ernest, his only surviving son became our King as George V. The late king had a long apprenticeship—he was actually in his sixtieth year when he ascended the throne. He was fond of sport and lively company, and for years had been the leader of English society. He was the best known and best liked man in all England. On the Continent of Europe he was almost equally well-known, and had become so popular in France that a prominent Frenchman could say half seriously, that if he stayed much longer in Paris the French might take him for their king.

Some said that he was no statesman but a diplomatist; others, that he was no diplomatist but a grand Monarch; perhaps he shone in all three departments; however, he was so universally popular, so well informed on public matters, and so wise in his judgments that at the time of his death he was regarded as the greatest force for the maintenance of world peace and dominated the European scene.

When the public had recovered from the shock and sorrow of Edward's sudden death, they began to wonder what the new King would be like. It was generally considered that he would be a good king, and one thought that he would "make us a little harder in the grit which is what we want." Chamberlain, the Old Lion, said "He will be a Great King, and I know it." Born in 1865, he had become heir to the throne on the death of his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, so that some feared that, not having had the kingship in his mind from an early age, he would lack many of the qualities required for success. Besides his inexperience in politics, he succeeded when a bitter war was being waged between the House of Commons and the House of Lords over the Parliament Act.

So serious was the situation that the opposing parties called a truce. A conference between them bridged the difficulties until the winter, when a general election was held. Through this great constitutional crisis and the fights over the Home Rule

Bill the King never shirked his duty. When politicians ranted and statesmen lost their heads he remained cool and wise, and was neither to be persuaded that he had no responsibility nor rushed into hasty action. He reminded his Ministers that when they were gone he would remain and his actions would be remembered.

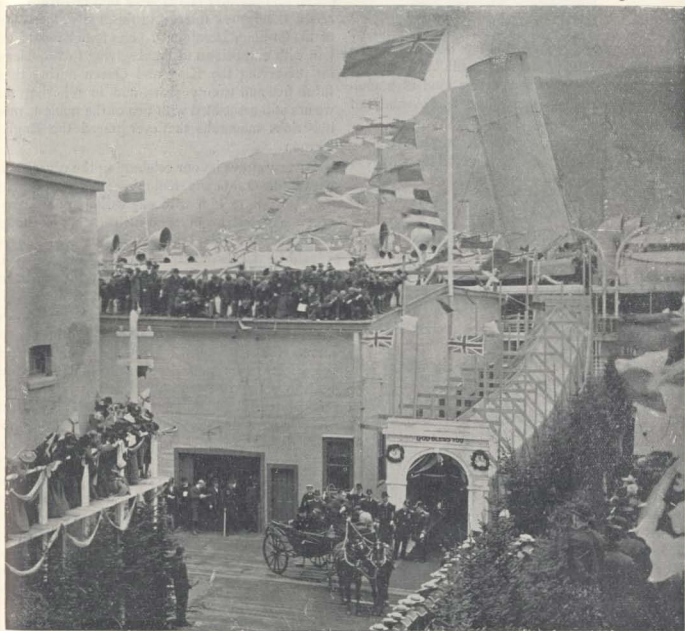
He realized only too well the difficulties he had to face and the serious limitations imposed by the Constitution on his power. He never wished it otherwise. In 1913 when Lord Roseberry and he were looking at a picture of Cromwell, the former said, "That is the man we want now." The King said, "To cut my head off?" "No," said Lord Roseberry, "But to turn out the Parliament."

His patience was often tested and his spirit troubled by the unreflecting statements of Lord and Commoner alike. He took his duty seriously, and when all looked dark he drew to the attention of his Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, the words he had addressed to his subjects at the time of his Coronation: "Whatever perplexities or difficulties may lie before me and my people, we should all unite in facing them resolutely, calmly and with public spirit, confident that under Divine guidance, the ultimate outcome may be to the common good."

There was that horrible nightmare of July, 1914, when the cry of civil war was on the lips of serious and sober-minded men; and there were the last few days before the lights went black all over Europe; and that 4th of August when he was called out of bed at midnight to sign the declaration of war against Germany. "My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?" he said later to the American Ambassador. He was convinced of the justice of England's cause as he was confident in an allied victory, and by word and example he strove to that end.

What courage he showed by giving up liquor at the Royal table until the end of the war! His meals were frugal, and visitors to Windsor Castle almost complained of the boiled egg, toast and barley water diet he gave them.

The King often visited the workmen in the factories; he possesses a knowledge and insight into



THE OFFICIAL LANDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK, NOW THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY, OCTOBER 24TH, 1901, AT THE PREMISES OF MESSRS. A. HARVEY & CO., LTD.
Photo-Engraving by courtesy of S. H. Parsons & Sons.

labour matters few of his ministers could ever equal. He visited the front risking his life in so-doing. Whether on the field before Cassel or in his drawing room at Buckingham Palace, he was full of good humour, good will and merriment. The simplicity of his mode of living was balanced by the cordiality and friendliness of his manner. There are some sketches of him at this time that seem to indicate that if Edward the Seventh was his own ambassador abroad King George was his own Prime Minister at home. "A fine man with a big bass voice, who talks very well, and is most agreeable." "The King is an emphatic and vivacious talker fond of pounding the table. He possesses the liveliest sense of humour and enjoys a good story."

"Just how much power or influence a king has depends upon his personality. The influence of the throne and of him on the throne, being a wholly thoughtful, industrious and conscientious man, is very great."

By his side stands Queen Mary, a pleasant woman very gracious, and very royal in appearance, very considerate and thoughtful, but above all, his faithful wife and companion since 1893. It was a lucky thing for England, the Empire and the world that during these dark days when war ravaged the nations, and during the aftermath when "sceptre and crown came tumbling down," and customs and conventions were being thrown to the winds, there sat upon the British Throne a man and a woman who held fast to the old-fashioned virtues of temperance, chastity and fortitude.

Passing fashion or fantastic luxury they have always despised. In social things their conduct has been solid, clear and consistent; they cling steadfastly to the sensible notions of a happy home life where children are brought up in love and fear of the Lord.

The national rejoicing at the King's recovery from his illness in 1929 showed how popular he was. As he drove from Windsor Castle to Buckingham Palace the streets were thronged with thousands of his loyal subjects. Hearts beat happily and eyes brimmed as the pale King and his stately Queen passed by in the royal coach.

The King at various times has visited all parts of his Empire. He visited St. John's on two occasions. In 1901 he laid the foundation stone of the Court House. In 1912 by pressing a button in London he performed the same ceremony for the new Seamen's Institute which was named after him. There is a bond of loyalty and friendship which was created by the splendid heroism and sacrifice of

our brave soldiers and sailors in the service of the King.

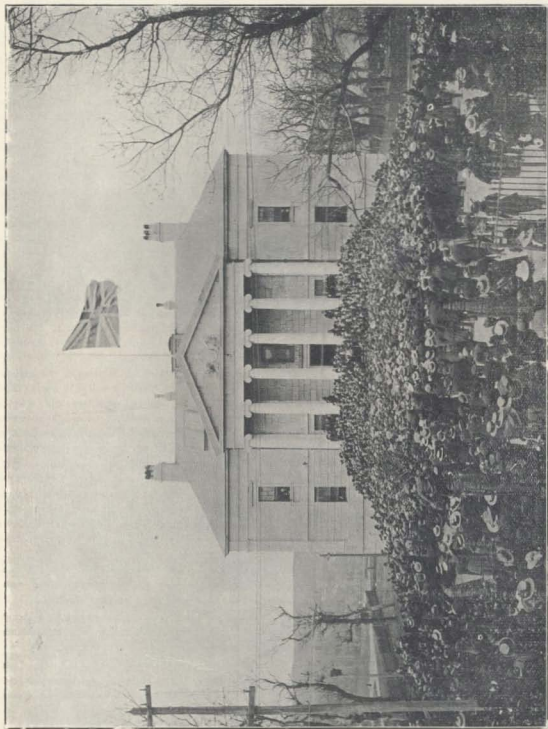
"It is a faithful tradition of the Royal Family that loyalty or confidence won is never forgotten or neglected in days of adversity."

Certainly His Majesty has shown his greatest sympathy for the trials we have undergone in recent years, and we may feel assured that he will always retain the deepest interest in this, the corner stone of his far-flung Dominions. Newfoundlanders will join with enthusiasm in thanksgiving to Providence for preserving the King and Queen during these fitful five and twenty years, and in rejoicing that we are still associated with two of the noblest, most illustrious monarchs that ever graced the English Throne.

Poverty prevents our celebrating the occasion as we would. Our hearts shall rejoice and our thoughts shall go out to him with expressions of firm and never-changing loyalty and with wishes of happy years to come for him and his devoted Queen. Would he not be glad to see us wise and patient in our adversity, and will he not share in our hopes that our surrendered status will soon be regained?

These twenty-five years have been memorable ones. We have seen the spanning of the Atlantic by the human voice and by the aeroplane; we have seen the construction and destruction of the Branch Railways, the nationalization of our railway and steamship services and the establishment of the two great industrial enterprises of Corner Brook and Buchans. From 1914 to 1918 thousands of our young men marched away to fight in the King's cause, and many laid down their lives for King and Country. We have seen our national debt increase five-fold. We have seen our credit stopped, until at length, confident that we would be treated justly and honourably, as security for the help we are to receive, we have handed back to our Sovereign the independence which our forefathers proved themselves worthy to win.

In the celebrations that are to take place we may be comforted by the thought that we have thus been brought in closer union with the Crown. But fireworks alone will not be adequate demonstration of our feelings. Can we not do something which will aid in bringing about the restoration of our proud national spirit? What King George most admired in 1901 was the appearance of the three Cadet Corps. He felt confident that "the training of well-organized Corps must produce beneficent results, moral and physical, upon the coming generation, and at the same time infuse and stimu-



SIR RALPH C. WILLIAMS, GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND, PROCLAIMING HIS MAJESTY GEORGE V.
FROM THE COLONIAL BUILDING, ST. JOHN'S, MAY 9TH, 1910.—Photo by J. C. Parsons.

late that readiness for self-defense which is so essential a feature of true patriotism."

Is there less truth in this statement to-day? The funds being raised in England to mark the King's Jubilee, at the King's request, will be used for the establishment of a League of Youth and the Prince of Wales has undertaken to preside over their administration. Could we therefore more fittingly mark this occasion than by the re-formation of these Boys' Brigades which gave our Gracious King so much satisfaction in 1901? Our youth needs more than education. It needs comradeship, training and discipline. Here is an occasion which can be best recognized by giving youth what it needs, and at the same time making a suitable and worthy memorial which would give great pleasure to the King.

Long may he reign over us
Happy and glorious.
God save the King!
God save the Queen!
God bless the Prince of Wales!

The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Accession of His Majesty the King.

By Hon. F. C. Alderdice, Commissioner for Home Affairs and Education.

ON Monday, the 6th of May next, the millions of British subjects, of diverse races, of varied tongues, of diversified complexions, of many religions, and of infinite distinctions in respect of social status—Lords and Commoners, aristocrats and plebeians, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, old and young—will unite in the Celebration of the Silver Jubilee of that King under whose beneficent sway they have lived during the most momentous twenty-five years in the world's history. Kings have fallen, Empires have crumbled, Dictators have arisen, War has ravaged the earth, the old social order has been overturned, the foundations of the economic system have been shaken, starvation and plenty sit side by side. And yet, by the Grace of God, the Throne of Our Gracious King and Our Beloved Queen still stands upon the solid foundation of the loyalty and affection of their grateful subjects. The wisdom and knowledge of human nature inherent in his forebears, Queen Victoria and King Edward, have shown themselves with cumulative force in King George. There is something in heredity. The varied races constituting the British Empire are not held together by force or law or constitution. As the King so aptly put it in his last message to his peoples, they are rather a large and happy family, differing from each other, as do the members of an ordinary family, with distinct ambitions, varied temperaments, and diversity of talents; withal, bound together by a common regard for each other, as in a family, and united in affection for that one who, because of his position as the father, forms the link binding the component parts of the family. King George and Queen Mary have indeed endeavoured to be the father and the mother of the peoples in their realms. In the Palace they have been models of what a father and a mother

should be in respect of their own family, and as King and Queen they have always striven for the happiness, the comfort and the well-being of the larger family in their Dominions. It is not surprising, therefore, that, wherever the sun shines, there will be hearts and voices lifted in thankfulness to Almighty God for his goodness to Our Gracious King and Queen, and, in rejoicing, that Their Majesties have been spared to celebrate their Silver Jubilee.

There are no more loyal and devoted subjects of His Majesty anywhere than those who have their homes in Newfoundland, the most ancient and the most loyal of the British Dominions beyond the Seas. We bear in happy remembrance the visit of the King and Queen (then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York) to these shores in 1901. And, in the Celebration of this Silver Jubilee, both in the Capital City of St. John's and in the smallest hamlet along our coastline, there will be some Celebration attesting our regard and devotion to Their Majesties.

The Commission of Government has placed the organizing arrangements for the Celebration of this Jubilee in the hands of the Commissioner for Home Affairs and Education. His Majesty has expressed the desire that the Celebration shall be on a local basis so that the people of each town or settlement may have the opportunity of observing the occasion near their homes. The King also desires that no undue expenditure be incurred, but that each locality may have the best possible Celebration, taking into account their numbers and their circumstances. It is the "People's Celebration," the outcome of the devotion to and regard for the Person and Throne of His Majesty the King and that Gracious Lady whom we delight to call our Queen. There will be Committees in each locality to make the necessary arrangements for the Celebration. In St. John's a General Committee representative of all sections of the community has been appointed. Such Committee will take charge of the Celebration in St. John's. Similar Committees will be appointed by the people in each town or settlement throughout the country to organize and carry through the Celebration in such towns or settlements. The Magistrates throughout the country have been communicated with, and they will invite the co-operation of Clergymen, Justices of the Peace, School Teachers and other prominent citizens. The funds for any necessary expenses will be raised locally, and the various Finance Committees throughout the Island will deal with their own localities. In the Celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the merchants, bankers, and the people generally contributed liberally.

From the membership of the General Committee in St. John's there have been formed Sub-Committees to deal with various phases of the Celebration to take place there.

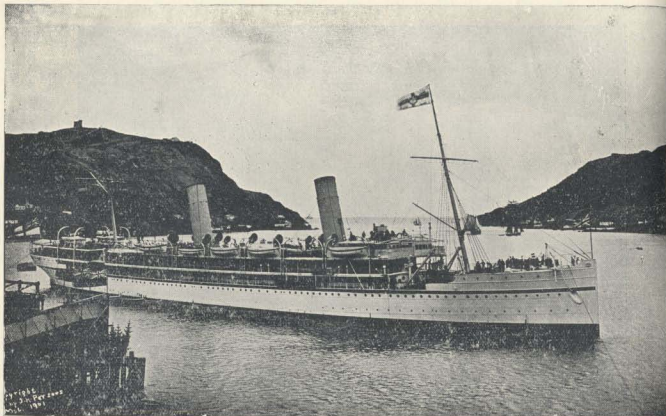
1. There is a Finance Committee of about one dozen persons who will take charge of the raising and expenditure of the required funds.
2. There is a Committee re School Children and Under Privileged Children. His Majesty the King desired particularly that in this Celebration the children should be specially dealt with, and the children's function should be the outstanding feature of the Celebration. It is probable that there will be a Committee of Ladies to assist the Children's Committee, particularly if there is any proposal to give the Children a Tea.
3. There is a Committee re Parade. It was considered that the representatives of the various Societies might arrange a monster Parade, which, after proceeding through the City, would call upon His Excellency the Governor for the presentation of Addresses of Loyalty to His Majesty. There is no doubt that



HON. FREDERICK C. ALDERDICE, VICE-CHAIRMAN
AND COMMISSIONER FOR HOME AFFAIRS AND EDUCATION.



HIS EXCELLENCY ADMIRAL SIR DAVID MURRAY ANDERSON, K.C.M.G., M.V.O.,
CHAIRMAN NEWFOUNDLAND COMMISSION OF GOVERNMENT.



H.M.S. "OPHIR" IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.—THIS SHIP CONVEYED THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN (THEN DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK) TO NEWFOUNDLAND, OCTOBER 23RD., 1901.

Photo-Engraving by courtesy of S. H. Parsons & Sons.

the various Societies and other organizations will be anxious to express their loyalty and a united demonstration of this character would certainly be most effective.

4. There is a Committee re Fireworks, Illumination, etc. Citizens will no doubt display their bunting and the Streets will be decorated with other coloured material. At night there will be a display of fireworks, while the houses of citizens will be illuminated and special attention will be given to the Colonial Building, the Railway Station and perhaps the Newfoundland Hotel. Preparations have already been made so that the necessary material for this purpose may be available, both to citizens and to the Government. The Colonial Building lends itself well to a display of this character, and the Building will be outlined in electric lights, and some mottoes will be displayed upon its front. Suitable electrical devices will also appear at Government House. No doubt there will be a number of young men who will desire to kindle Bonfires on the hill tops and other points of vantage.

5. An Executive Committee will be appointed consisting of the Commissioner for Home Affairs and Education, the Chairmen of the various Sub Committees, and other persons appointed by the Commissioner, as may be found necessary. As occasion

may arise small Sub Committees may be appointed to deal with other matters that may demand attention.

On the Day of Celebration, Monday, 6th May next, there will be a Ceremonial Thanksgiving Service in the Church of England Cathedral, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and probably in other churches. Thanksgiving Services may also be held on the following Sunday, May 12th.

Silver Medals are to be struck in London in commemoration of the event, and these will be for sale, the smaller size at 2s. 6d. each, and the larger size at one guinea each. A quantity of these will be brought here for sale to those who may wish to buy.

The title "Silver Jubilee" has, with His Majesty's approval, been officially adopted for the year 1935.

It is hoped that, in manner as above, ample opportunity will be afforded for the expression by the people, not only in St. John's, but around the whole coastline, of their attachment to the Throne and Person of His Majesty the King. We have lived in law abiding order and in security under the sway of a beneficent Sovereign, and I am sure that we have valued our privileges and will be prepared to honour in every way in our power the Gracious King under whose protection we live and by whose law we are governed.



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

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

ARTICLE XVIII.



BEFORE continuing my course round the shore, I wish here to mention a few places which I omitted between Bay-de-Verde and Carbineers. The first of these is

Adam's Cove.

This name is derived from one Adam Clerke, who formerly carried on business here. He was the first settler. He had seven sons, and he divided the place between them. It was once a place of considerable importance and several large firms did business here as Riddleys, Rourke, Bennett, &c.

Another place worthy of note is

Okerpit Cove.

This name appears on the French maps as far back as 1792. It is derived from the fact of there being found there a large deposit of red ochre, or ferruginous hematite clay. This is the substance so lavishly used by the aboriginal Indians, the Beothucks, and with which they smeared not only their faces and persons, but their boats, utensils and even the very bones of their dead. From this they received the title or name of "Red Indians," for naturally they were not red but tawny or yellow like the Mic-Macs or Mountaineers. From some skeletons or mummies of their dead discovered, it has been found that after the corpses had been sufficiently long dead to become mummified, showing that they practised some rude form of embalming, they exhumed the bodies, or rather took them from their burial places which were above ground and smeared them all over with red ochre, the same was done with the bones in cases of skeletons.

On the promontory separating Carbonear from Harbour Grace is situated the little Harbour or Bight of

Mosquito.

Until recently it has been stated generally by our Historians that this little Cove was the site of John Guy's Colony of 1610. It would seem, however, that this is not correct, but that the principal settlement of the Colony was at Cuper's Cove, now Cupid's near Brigus. In my "Ecclesiastical History," p. 76, I entered fully into this disputed question. At present I am only concerned with the origin of the name Mosquito. It might be thought there should be no room for doubt as to the meaning of the word and that it is certainly derived from the well known fly which is so troublesome in summer time. I am, however, of opinion that such is not the case, and that the name is derived from Musket, a form of fire-arm introduced into the British Army about that time, and indeed the word began to be employed as a general name for a gun. Thus Whitbourne in "Discourse, &c.," 1619, describes how the Red Indians at "Hearts Content" were "frightened by the shooting off of a musket." Sir David Kirke, writing to Charles I. (1629), speaks thus of the articles found at Quebec "thirteen whole, and one broken Musket." The word is derived from the name of a young hawk or falcon much in vogue at the time of the invention of fire-arms. The new weapon took down its prey so swiftly

and surely, after the manner of this falcon, that it was called a Musket. On the other hand the word Mosquito (pronounced muskeeto) is simply a Spanish word meaning a small fly, the diminutive of Mosca, a fly.

The mosquito which is very widely spread over the Continent of America, indeed is to be found almost anywhere from the Equator to the Poles, evidently made a great impression, in every sense of the word, upon the early explorers and navigators. A long strip of Coast skirting the Isthmus of Panama is called the Mosquito Coast, and Don Fernando Columbus in his "Life" of his father Christopher Columbus, tells us that he (Christopher) after his return from his second voyage was called in derision by the people "The Admiral of Mosquito-Land." This word Mosquito was anglicised into Musket. Thus Sir David Kirke in a letter to Charles I. (1630) asking leave to fortify Quebec says:—"A besieging army cannot stay here above three months (in summer) all in which time the Muskets will soe torment them that noe man is able to be abroad in centry or trenches daye or night, without losinge their sights at least eight days."

Again Whitbourne (1619) speaks thus quaintly of the Muskeitos (as he spells the word), in Newfoundland.

"These nimble little flies seeme to have a greate power and authority upon all lottering and idle people, for they have this property that when they find any such lying lazily or sleeeping in the woods, they will presently be more nimble to seize them than any sargeant will to arrest a man for debt, neither will they leave styngeing or sucking out the blood of such sluggards until like a Beadle they bring him to his master where he should labour, in which tyme of loyterieg those flies will so brande such idle persons in their faces that they may be knowne from others as the Turks doe their slaves."

The musket as a fire-arm soon superseded the Carbine or Carabine and was itself subsequently superseded by the rifle.

I have said above that the name of musket, as meaning a fire-arm is derived from the small hawk of that name. It is not, however, impossible, that it may be derived from the anglicised form of Mosquito, as it is not difficult to conceive a comparison between the sharp sting of the Mosquito, and the deadly ping of the bullet from the Musket.

Whatever may be thought of this it seems to me quite improbable that this little cove in Conception Bay should have derived its name from the mosquito fly. If the name were applied to the whole Island of Newfoundland, or a large portion of the Coast, it might be easily admitted, as these flies are found equally distributed all over the country. It must be noted that there are three or four other places on our shores called by this name. Thus there is a Mosquito in St. Mary's Bay, and another in Burin.

There is, however, as far as I know no special reason why this little cove in Conception Bay should have received the name. There does not seem to be any evidence to prove that the "nimble little fly" is more particularly busy there or makes

itself more keenly felt than elsewhere. It is, however, quite conceivable that there may have been a company of Musket-teers here, as I have supposed the Carbineers to have been at Carbonear. We are told that John Guy, built at his new settle-ment a dwelling house and stores, and erected a fortified en-closure on which he mounted three cannon, and most likely had also muskets. From what I have said above it might be objected that this fortification was erected not at Mosquito, but at Cuper's Cove. However, even if it be proved that Guy first settled at Cuper's Cove, it would appear that he had also an establishment at Mosquito, for so St. John tells us in his *Catchchism* (1835). St. John had original documents in his possession which he received from his grandfather, the great George Garland, and hence his authority is very strong in favor of Guy's Colony (or at least a branch of it) having been at Mosquito.

But to return to the nomenclature, it is an unquestionable fact that on ancient maps this cove is called by the name of

Muskets Cove.

The spelling of course, as is usual, varies much. Thus on Thornton's map (1689) it is given as Musketto. On Bellin's map of 1744 we have Mesketto. In Tavernier's "British Pilot," of 1744, it appears as "Musketto or Muskets Cove." Again in the same (page 9) Musketa Cove. This book, "The English Pilot, 1755," compiled from "the information of divers able "navigators of our own and other nations," gives a most accurate description of the coast, with complete sailing directions, "from Hudson's Bay to the River Amazonas." Speaking of this Harbour of Muskets it says: "Musketa Cove where ships may "ride but seldom use. Here lives two planters * It is not so convenient for fishing ships as other places, altho' clean ground, water enough and large." From this it would appear that it was not a likely place to have been selected by John Guy for his plantation, or if it had been at first selected, it must have been soon abandoned for "Cupers Cove." Mosquito was visited by Governor Sir Thomas Duckworth in 1810, so it must have been a place of some importance up to that date.

At the entrance to Harbour Grace there are two very remarkable rocks named respectively

Salvage Rocks,

which stand very high out of water and form a very conspicu-ous and picturesque object, and

Long Harry.

The origin of the former name has been already alluded to in Article XVI. The latter may have some local significance, but as far as I know it has no historical importance. We now come to

Harbour Grace.

The town of Harbour Grace is the second city of importance in the Island. It is the site of an Episcopal See of the Roman Catholic Church, and delights in the title of the "Bay Metro-polis." The harbour is one of the finest in the country, although there is a rather awkward bar, projecting from the south side towards the "Point of Beach" on the town side. The land around the harbour is level, and admirably adapted for the building of a town. Hence the principal streets—Water Street and Harvey Street running parallel to the water front—are leveller and straighter than those of St. John's. There is no room to doubt that the present name of Harbour Grace is Anglicised from Havre de Grace, and was given by the French in imitation of the town of that name at the mouth of the River Seine. That town is generally shortened into Le Havre, The

Harbour, as it were par excellence, and so also we find Harbour Grace called simply "The Harbour" on some old maps.

It is not so easy, however, to tell exactly at what time this harbour received this name. We know that it was founded as an English colony shortly after John Guy's foundation (1610), and that it then was known as

Bristol's Hope.

It was also called Bristow or Bristowe, an ancient way of spell-ing Bristol, so it is mentioned by Stowe as the birth place of Sebastian Cabot, and Mr. Edward Wynne, Lord Baltimore's first Governor of Ferryland, writing in 1622, speaks of this colony in Conception Bay as Bristow. John Guy, the founder of the colony, was a merchant of Bristol. He published several pamphlets and was the first to excite interest in colonization. He thus secured the patronage of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Northampton, Sir Francis Tanfield, and others who formed the company of the Forty Associates under the title of "The Com-panie of Adventures and Planters of the Cities of London and Bristow for the Colonization and Plantation of Newfoundland." They received a grant of all the Territory from C. Bonavista to C. St. Mary's. Mr. Guy sailed from Bristol with three ships bringing thirty-nine persons all told. He was appointed Gov-ernor of the New Colony, John Slaney, a merchant of London, was treasurer of the Company. Guy remained two years in the country, and wrote an account of it to Mr. Slaney. Abbé Baudouin tells us Harbour Grace had only fourteen houses in 1697. Carboniere had twenty two "the best built in the Country."

I shall have more to say about this colony when I come to "Cupids" or Cuper's Cove. To return to the question of the date of the name Harbour Grace, I find the name in Whit-bourne as far back as 1619, which would induce us to believe that it held this name previous to Guy's time, and that he, Guy, endeavoured but unsuccessfully to oust the name of Harbour Grace by substituting Bristol's Hope. The latter name appears on Mason's map, 1625, and Sir W. Alexander writing in 1630, mentions the colony by that name. But again on De Laet's map, dated 1630, we find De Grace. On Dudley's map, 1647, we find, evidently by an error of the copyist, Harbour Grande. On Thornton's map, 1689, Harbour Grace. The same on Fitzhugh's, 1693; Friend's map, 1713, the same. T. Cour Lotter's map, 1720, Havre de Grace; a French map by N. B. (Bellin's) of date 1744, also Havre de Grace. Cook 1774, Harbour Grace, and on a French Admiralty map, of 1776, Port de Grace.

The S. Point of Hr. Grace is called

Feather Point

Coming Southwards from Harbour Grace we next meet a small cove called

Bryan's Cove.

which is probably named from some early inhabitant and is apparently a corruption of

Brien's Cove

for so it appears on some maps. On Thornton's map, 1689, it is written Briants Cove. The same on the Royal French map of 1792. But Abbé Baudouin, Chaplain of D'Iberville's Army in 1697, spells it Brians Cove.

We next come to

Spaniard's Bay.

This name has been fully explained in Article XVI. It is found on all the ancient maps.

July, 1907.

† M. F. H.

* These were undoubtedly Pynn and Pike, Mr. Shortis informs me.

ARTICLE XIX.

Bay Roberts.

Bay Roberts is no doubt called from a family of that name. It is an old English family name (though Lord Roberts is of Irish origin). The name still survives in Newfoundland under the corrupt or modernized form of "Rabbits." The name of Bay Roberts is found on very early maps. The earliest mention I find of it is on Thornton's map, dated 1689. On T. Cour Lotter's map, 1720, it is given as R. Roberts, the name being transferred to the River. On the Royal French map, 1780, it appears as B. Robert, and the French map, 1792, has Baye de Robert. Thus we see the name boasts of a considerable antiquity. Bay Roberts is divided into two harbours by a peninsula called

Coley's Point.

Mr. Shortis of the G.P.O., to whom I am indebted for a great deal of information concerning these localities, informs me that this point was originally called "Coldest Point." That the first settlers were Daveys and Snows! (a very appropriate place for these latter). In the "Sailing Directions" it is called Cold East Point. There is still a place there called

Davey's Head.

The present member of the Assembly for Burin is a descendant of this family.

The next large arm of the sea to the south of Bay Roberts is named

Port-de-Grave,

that is to say the Port or Harbour of the Beach. The ordinary French word for the beach is greve, pronounced broadly as the English word grave. It is also sometimes so spelt in French, and is pronounced by the fishermen still broader as "a" in the English word "to have." The name is, of course, given on account of the splendid beach which spreads across the bottom of the harbour, into which flow the two beautiful streams known respectively as the North and South Rivers. The modern English name of

Clarke's Beach

is no doubt derived from the name of one of the early settlers most probably a relative of (if not the same person) Adam Clarke or Clarke mentioned in last article (XVIII.) as the pioneer of Adam's Cove.

When going to Harbour Grace by train, a few years ago, I noticed a remarkable looking bald round head rising from the point of land which forms the northern side of Port-de-Grave Bay. Monsignor Walsh, who was on the train, informed me it was

Bareneed.

I was struck with the peculiar manner in which he pronounced it, viz.: Barenead making three syllables of it, and so it is pronounced by all the people of the place. This pronunciation, together with the remarkable formation of the knoll or tolt, caused me immediately to seize upon the idea that the name was a corruption or rather a Devonshire pronunciation of "Barren Head" which would be a most appropriate name. Sometime afterwards I received a letter from Mr. W. J. Carroll, of the Registrar's Office, in which he informed me that Mr. Adams, Dep. Registrar, had come across a Deed referring to "Bareneed," in which the name is given as "Bearing Head." Mr. Adams kindly sent me an extract of the Deed, which is worth reproducing here. It is as follows:—

"John Snow to Hunter & Co.:

"A Deed of Mortgage registered in 1807, referring to property

Top Quality Tea

ESTABROOKS

ORANGE PEKOE

The better the Tea
the less it costs per cup.

situate in what is now known as Bareneed, Port de Grave, Conception Bay. This property was bequeathed to the mortgagee in 1787 by his father Jacob Snow and the place is referred to and called "Bearing Head." . . . The particulars may be found in Vol. 4, of the Miscellaneous Registry, pp. 48 & 49."

(Sgd.) GEO. J. ADAMS,
D. Reg. Sup. Court.

I take this opportunity to thank Mr. Adams for the interesting information. I think it bears out my conjecture. There would be no meaning in the word "Bearing" Head. But barren is quite intelligible, and the short a in such words as barren is very often lengthened by West-Country men's dialect. I have often heard the word "have," pronounced as the a in shave. I may here mention that there is a hill between Renewse and Fermeuse named Bald Head. At the south-west corner of Clarke's Beach the

South River

flows in. At the mouth of this river was situated the Colony of John Guy, or rather the farm belonging to that colony. This farm or settlement was called

Sea Forest,

as we learn from the patent giving the Boundaries of Lord Baltimore's Colony of Avalon. Prowse says in his History (p. 98) that early in this (XIX) Century the remains of Guy's building, mills, &c., were found, together with millstones, coins, &c. The principal centre, however, of Guy's colony was the snug little harbour now known as

Cupids.

This place was well chosen as offering excellent harbourage. It is thus described in the British Pilot, 1755, "Cupids Cove is a good place for a ship or two to ride in; 4, 5, or 6 fathoms, and are not above a point open."

It is now certain that Cupids was the principal place of John Guy's settlement, though as remarked in No. XVIII, he may also have had a branch settlement at Mosquito. Prowse says (p. 98) "at Cupids Guy built three houses besides his wharves, stores, and fishing establishment. It was not, however, at first known by the name of Cupids, which is only a modern Variant. It was originally called

Cooper's Cove,

probably after the name of the first agent, manager, or Governor of the Colony. Like many other names we find a great variety

of spellings. Thus on Mason's Map, 1625, we have Cupert's Cove. On Dudley's map, 1647, Coetes, which must be a mistake of the cartographers. On Seller's map, 1671, "Coper's Cove"; while the Governor of the Colony, John Slaney, in his letters to his Chief, spells it Cuper's Cove.

The name had been corrupted, or rather in this case improved into Cupid's, as early as 1630, for so it is called by Sir William Alexander, the founder of Nova Scotia, at that early date.

The next settlement coming south from Cupid's is

Brigus.

This name has given rise to a good deal of controversy. It may be here stated that there is another small harbour near Cape Broyle which bears the same name, and for distinction's sake it is called Brigus South or Brigus by South, while the one under consideration is called Brigus by North.

Mr. Shortis maintains that the name is a corruption of Bridge House or Brig House, from a small village near Huddersfield in the West Riding of Yorkshire, whence the first settlers of Brigus came. He has an ancient hymn book bearing in gilt letters on the cover the name of "Brighthouse." This book formerly belonged to one of the old families of Brigus. There is also an old Bible bearing the same name on its covers. It was originally the property of the Rev. Mr. Piercy, the first Methodist Minister, who was a native of the country; the date of the book is 1787. This book Mr. S. informs me is still in the possession of Mr. W. A. Munn, whose family was related to the Piercys. The Lancashire and Yorkshire people, like the Scotch, pronounced Bridge as Brig—and Brighthouse would certainly be pronounced "Brigus". Nevertheless, I am still of opinion that the name is derived from Brig a ship, and means

Brig Harbour.

This place is called by Abbé Beaudouin, Army Chaplain to D'Iberville in 1697.—Brigue. There is a harbour on the N.W. Coast near Fower's Cove, Straits of Belle Isle, called Brig Bay and the French call it Brigue precisely as they call this harbour of Brigus. The British Pilot of 1755, an entirely English Book, spells it Brigues.

There is in Brigus Bay or Harbour a cove called

Gallows Cove.

Mr. Shortis derives it from the word Gallowses the name by which the fishermen, generally designate a pair of men's braces or suspenders, the arms of the cove being shaped like a fork and bearing some resemblance to the form of these braces when crossed over the back. But considering that there is scarcely a harbour or settlement in the Island, including St. John's itself, which does not rejoice in the gruesome adjunct of a gallows-cove, or gibbet hill, &c., I think we are justified in believing that this name represents the place where capital punishment used to be inflicted, and is a painful reminder of the days of stern naval and military rule. The days of the Surrogates and Fishing Admirals.

Coming southwards from Brigus we meet with

Turks Gut.

It has already been mentioned (Art. VIII.) that the coast of Newfoundland was infested with pirates. Some of these came from Barbary, and were called generally by our fishermen "Turks." Hence the name of this and other such harbours around our coast. (See Prowse p. 146, and articles VIII. and XVII. of this series.) Next we come to

Colliers.

This place is probably called from a family name. The name is still of frequent occurrence among our people. A French

map (Bellin, 1744) gives the name as Baye du Charbonniere, i.e. Bay of the Charcoal Burner, but I think there is no ground for the name, and that this is just a translation of the English Colliers. I have heard that indications of coal have been found in the place, but this, I think, is geologically impossible.

Next we come to

Salmon Cove,

a name of such frequent occurrence that it has been found necessary to change it in many places. The present one has been recently named

Avondale.

One of the harbours in this bay was formerly named Cat's Cove which name has recently been changed to Conception, both these names have already been fully discussed (Art. XVI.—XVII.)

The settlement on the coast of the peninsula, which forms the northern side of this harbour, is called

Catchuses,

or Kitchuses, a name the origin of which is unknown. It has been suggested that it is a corruption of Kit Hughe's, for Christopher Hughe's, but this seems far-fetched, and I am not aware that any person of such name ever lived there. The next harbour is

Harbour Main.

The meaning of this name has been explained in Art. VI. It is called from St. Men.

Between Harbour Main and Holy Rood there is a small cove called Chapel Cove, the origin of the name has been referred to in Art. XVI.

On the point or peninsula between Salmon Cove and Harbour Main is the settlement of Gastries, the origin of which name is also alluded to in No. XVII.

October, 1907.

† M. F. H.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

By Eugénie du Maurier Meredith.

YONDER, there, I see the little curved moon, that reaches to embrace the stars,

As it slips by them, on its cloudland throne. It speaks love's language silently. Nothing mars

The world, save man's own selfish importunity . . .

And his innate wilful foolish superiority.

Would that man sure cognizance did make of Nature's full obedience To the Plan set before him . . . since long gone ages . . . for his true obedience.

For only man, of all God's creatures, shows a supreme indifference to His laws!

Man, alone, himself has marred . . . fashioned manikins, inanimate, with flaws

Of self aggrandizement to spoil what might have been a Plan divine, Swayed them with his will. And him they obey with a loyalty man himself might well enshrine

In the offering of his own endeavor . . . worship . . . striving toward an upward growth—

If an upward growth be his full desire . . . were man not so grateful . . . so loath

To leave an outgrown, useless shell upon the sands where gold his god had been . . .

And yield himself to conscience . . . here the message . . . and salvation win.

Greatness comes from within: a spiritual motive that oft times can elevate

The lowliest slave far above the master who holds his veriest action to his own will subordinate.

The New President of the Board of Trade.

T. A. MACNAB, ESQ.

It has often been said that the Newfoundland Board of Trade is more representative of the fishing industry than of trade and commerce generally. This, in spite of the fact that since its inception, twelve of the twenty-six elected Presidents have had no direct connection with that great industry. It would be unreasonable of course to suggest that too much attention can be given to the proper development of the fisheries upon which we as a people are so dependent, but yet, the Board of Trade must and does devote a great deal of time and effort to the many problems which arise in other branches of trade and industry.



T. A. MACNAB, ESQ.

The unanimous election of Mr. T. A. MacNab to the Presidency of the Board of Trade is undeniable evidence of the fact that the scope of the organization is unlimited. Those who are personally acquainted with the new President will confirm this statement. Mr. MacNab is a Newfoundlander although he was born at Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, the son of Rev. E. and Mrs. MacNab who later came to Newfoundland. After completing his education he was employed for ten years with Messrs. J. A. Mathewson & Sons, of Montreal, where he obtained a wide business experience. Although many Newfoundlanders at that time were seeking their fortunes abroad, Mr. MacNab in 1907 turned his face to the East and came back to the land of "fogs and dogs" to start the business of T. A. MacNab & Co., Manufacturers' Agents, Brokers and Commission Merchants. It would have been surprising indeed if that firm failed to prosper

under the able and progressive management of its founder. To-day it holds a premier position among the well established and reputable importing houses, and the fact that it represents only manufacturers of world wide repute is an eloquent tribute to the integrity and business acumen of its managing owner.

Unlike many successful business men Mr. MacNab has not become addicted to his business. Though he has worked hard he has never allowed business to deprive him of the opportunity to serve a good cause. When there is real work to be done, when action, physical and not merely verbal, is required "T. A.," as he is affectionately known in trade circles, is invariably in the first line of attack. It was to be expected, therefore, that when two years ago he became first Vice-President of the Board of Trade the most difficult task would be allotted to him. It was. He was appointed chairman of the Finance Committee. In two years he wiped out a long standing deficit and created a surplus. The co-operation of the trade it is true made this possible, but Mr. MacNab generated the power that set the machine in motion.

The new President of the Board believes in the effectiveness of the spoken word and finds more satisfaction in discussing a problem with those concerned than in writing or replying to an endless chain of letters. The words "yes" and "no" are used extensively in his vocabulary, while "perhaps" and "possibly" are generally reserved for such uncertain matters as the weather. He is of Scottish descent and it is not at all unlikely that one of his ancestors coined the phrase "a spade is a spade," because to him it always was and always will be.

Since Mr. MacNab assumed the Presidency, committees representative of the various branches of trade have been formed. These committees are now studying the Tariff and any anomalies therein are referred to the Tariff Committee who will, in due course, bring them to the attention of the Chairman of the Board of Customs. This is only made possible by the generous measure of co-operation which has been extended by the officials of the Department, who are anxious to work in harmony with the Board and members of the trade generally.

Mr. MacNab is particularly anxious to add to the present outport membership, in order that the Board might be even more representative of trade and industry. A special campaign has been organized, and it is confidently expected that before the year closes many new names will be added to the roll.

The Board of Trade, since the inauguration of the Commission of Government, is the only incorporated body which may effectively represent the trade and industry of the country. The work and scope of the Board has increased and when necessary matters of social importance have been dealt with.

Mr. MacNab is a Past Master of Lodge Tasker A. F. & A. M., Past S. W. District Grand Lodge, S. C., a prominent member of St. Andrew's Society, a Past President of the City Club, a member of Bally Haly Golf Club, the St. John's Rotary Club and Murray's Pond Fishing Club.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY extends hearty congratulations to Mr. MacNab upon his election to the Presidency of the Newfoundland Board of Trade, and sincerely believes that his term of office will be one of outstanding success in the history of this important body.

The Mayor's Address on the King's Jubilee.

Outlines Plans of Decorations Committee in Connection with Celebrations of May 6th.



HE second address over Stations VONF and VOGY in connection with the King's Silver Jubilee was given Tuesday, April 2nd, by His Honor Mayor Carnell, who spoke as follows:—

Mayor Carnell's Address.

FRIENDS OF THE RADIO AUDIENCE:

I have been asked to say a few words to you this evening as Chairman of the King's Silver Jubilee Decorations Committee, to tell you something of our plans for the celebration May 6th.

I should like first of all to call to mind the great celebration held in St. John's on the occasion of the visit made by Their

corner stone. A reception was then held at the Prince of Wales Rink, where thousands of school children were assembled and sang a Greeting, words of which were written by the late A. J. W. McNeilly and music by Professor Charles Hutton, K.S.G.

"Hail to the Prince, who, his triumph completing,
Come to the shores of our Island to-day;
Joyful we send him our loyalist greeting:
Fervently, proudly our homage we pay!"

The sweet melodious echoes of that chorus of young voices were heard for miles around, and are fresh in our memories to-night. We remember the flags, the cheering, the beautiful arches through which Their Royal Highnesses passed in their progress through our streets. May the sentiments of loyalty and devotion to which the song of the children gave expression forever remain part of our lives.

From the Children of Newfoundland.

During the reception at the Prince of Wales Rink, Their Royal Highnesses were presented with a Newfoundland Dog and cart, from the children of Newfoundland to the children of Their Royal Highnesses. The child selected to make the presentation was Jimmy Ledingham, who, grown to manhood, gave his life for King and Empire.

Many of you will remember the heavy downpour of rain on that eventful October day in 1901, which heavy as it was could not quench the fires of enthusiasm and loyalty. Let us all hope that the elements will be favourable on May 6th, when the whole Empire will celebrate His Majesty's Silver Jubilee, the completion of the twenty fifth year of his reign as King and Emperor.

And what an eventful twenty five years! Perhaps the most eventful in the history of the British Empire. The rapid advancement of Science, development of transportation, communication by sea and air, radio, aviation, and the extension of our Glorious Empire, with full enjoyment of liberty while living under the British Flag.

Ambassadors of Empire.

His Majesty's four sons have acted as Ambassadors to the remotest corners of the Empire, and have cemented the bonds of good fellowship and understanding between Great Britain, Her Dominions and Colonies. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has endeared himself not only to all the British peoples but to the people of other countries which he has visited, and is looked upon as the outstanding Ambassador of British Trade and Commerce.

I appeal to you one and all to make May 6th a red letter day in the history of Newfoundland. Do your bit insofar as your means will allow. Display flags, bunting. Raise your blinds and turn on your lights. Enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of the Celebration, and if you can, lend a helping hand to any of the committees or sub-committees in charge of the celebrations.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without telling you something of the men in charge of our sub-committees, and how enthusiastically they have entered on the work. The chairman of the Decorating and Illuminating sub-committee is Mr. H. J. Russell. Mr. Darroch MacGillivray is in charge of the Fire



ANDREW G. CARNELL,
Mayor of St. John's.

Majesties, as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, when on Wednesday, 23rd of October, 1901, Their Royal Highnesses arrived in H.M.S. Ophir, and landed the following day at A. Harvey & Co's premises. Their Royal Highnesses on landing were received by our country's representatives, who extended a hearty and loyal welcome on behalf of the people of Newfoundland. Their Royal Highnesses then entered a specially prepared landau (of which I am the proud possessor to-day) and were drawn by a pair of beautiful horses to Government House, by way of Cochrane Street. At Government House addresses and gifts were presented, and Their Royal Highnesses then drove to the site of the new Court House where they laid the

works. (He has a surprise for you!) Mr. James Alderdice, son of the Hon. Commissioner for Home Affairs, is taking care of the bonfires, and with him will be the Boy Scouts Organization. The decoration and illumination of the harbour will be in charge of Captain Benson. Radio and Publicity is in the capable hands of Mr. G. R. Williams, and the General and genial Secretary of the full committee is Mr. William Watson. These gentlemen are ably assisted by the members of their sub-committees, who are whole-heartedly co-operating to make the event a success.

We have held our meetings in the City Hall once every fortnight, and I must say it has been a pleasure for me to preside over such a distinguished, loyal and enthusiastic group of citizens.

I don't wish to take up too much of your time, and will conclude my remarks by asking you all to join in the celebration, and to hope that the day will be fine so that we may give full expression to our feelings of loyalty and devotion to His Most Gracious Majesty, our King. God Bless Him!

Chorus of Welcome.

[The following "Chorus of Welcome" was written by the late A. J. W. McNeily, K.C. It was sung by 5,000 children in the Prince of Wales Rink on the arrival in St. John's, October 24th, 1901, of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, now Their Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary.]

HAIL to the Prince who, his triumph completing,

Comes to the shore of our Island to-day;

Joyful we send him our loyalist greeting:

Fervently, proudly our homage we pay.

Lord, send him length of days,

Lord, send him strength of grace,

Be thou his Guardian, his Help, and his Guide!

Scion of Majesty,

Sire of our Kings to be,

Loud we acclaim him the Prince of our Pride.

Sing, brothers, sing, for the hope of the Nation,

Welcome with plaudits the Heir of our King,

Raise all your voices in loud jubilation,

As the glad chorus of welcome we sing.

Far may his line descend,

Never to find its end

Till the great Angel cries "Time is no more!"

So let our Anthem rise,

God save the Prince we prize,

Let the song echo from centre to shore.

MILTON.

By John Milton Smither.

SUMLIEST poet, he who conquered fate

With understanding, still his head unbowed;

He knew the golden lining of his cloud,

And that, "They serve who only stand and wait."

Though sightless, he beheld the open gate

Where men are given vision and endowed

With light which solves the senses that enshroud

The soul, which freed may soar and contemplate

The beauties of supernal verity,

That bears no mark of vain, corrosive time,

But holds intact the thunderbolts of truth,

Vouchsafed by the Eternal Deity,

Whose kingdom is unchanging and sublime,

And yields the vintage of eternal youth.

Chorus Sung by the Children of Newfoundland at the Celebration of the King's Jubilee, May 6th, 1935.

HAIL TO OUR KING!

Music by Professor Charles Hutton, K.S.G.

HAIL to our King* who in triumph completing,*

Twenty-five years of his glorious reign;*

Joyful we send him our loyalist greeting;*

Many more years he may with us remain,*

Far may his line descend,*

Never to find its end,*

Till the great angel cries,* "Time is no more!"

So let our Anthem rise,*

God save the King we prize,*

Let the song echo from centre to shore* } Repeat //

Sing, children, sing,* for the hope of the nation,*

Ring out the plaudits of our beloved King,*

Raise all your voices in glad jubilation;*

While the great chorus of triumph we sing,*

Lord send him length of days,*

Lord lend him strength of grace,*

Newfoundland children most fervently sing,*

Send him victorious,*

Happy and glorious,*

Long to reign over us,* God save the King. } Repeat //

*When breath must be taken.

JUNE RAIN.

By Gregory Power.

I.

THERE is a glory when it rains,

And moist airs have a tang of wine,

That stirs the tired blood in your veins;

I've known it in the blossom time,

And saw on every leaf and tree

A sparkle of divinity.

II.

I heard the showers, one by one,

Take up the singsong overhead—

A silver cadence never done,

And as their benediction spread,

I sensed the secret of their mirth—

The fresh seeds bursting in the earth.

III.

I sat and watched it fall pell mell

Upon the hazel spray, and pour

Down every thirsty chink to swell

The brook that passes by my door;

I saw the clovers by the brink

Put up their dainty lips to drink.

IV.

I count these things a precious boon,

That breathe a cleaner joy of mind:

The scent of rain-rinsed woods in June;

A new-born flower that I might find;

The mist clad hills, and in between

Where meadows show—a splash of green.

V.

What if the dreaming be in vain?

The wanderlust unsatisfied?

I've seen the sunburst after rain

On my bloom-bathed valley-side,

And I hope God the rain will send,

That hour ere all my longings end.

Footsteps in the Snow.

By Bertille Tobin, King's Cove.

[In the latter part of December the above writer sent several poems which she had written about members of the Royal Family to Queen Mary, and on January 19th last, she received Her Majesty's thanks through her Private Secretary for same.]

ON and on, go the same impressions
 Made by two feet that earlier passed
 Over the road in straight procession,
 Walking, I know not, slowly or fast.
 Though mute, they seem yet to be talking,
 Making the morn seem duly awake,
 For all around is silence stalking,
 And not a chirrup sounds from the brake.
 Also, they make my progress easy
 As I put a foot in each white mould
 And feel more nerved for the ether breeze
 Since somebody else has endured the cold.
 Pure clear prints—made swiftly or slowly—
 As I now follow where they lead on,
 I sense why lives lived brave and holy
 Hearten and solace e'en when they're gone!

ECONOMY, DEPENDABILITY and PERFECTION

Is what you find in

PURITY BISCUITS.

May we suggest
 you try a pound of

"Dad's Cookie"

at your grocers

Only 22c. per lb.

Baked and Guaranteed by

The Purity Factories, Ltd.,

Newfoundland's foremost Manufacturers of
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INSURE WITH CONFIDENCE

ORGANIZED 1854

THE PHOENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD

(Statement based on actual market values
 as of December 31st, 1934.)

ASSETS January 1st, 1935

Cash on Hand, in Bank and with Agents	\$ 5,388,565.20
Stocks and Bonds	30,900,038.00
Real Estate, unencumbered	565,121.04
Loans on Real Estate	697,986.50
Reinsurance due on Paid Losses, Interest, Rents and Other Claims	227,511.36

Total Cash Assets \$37,779,222.10

LIABILITIES

Reserves—	
Unadjusted Losses	\$ 1,024,320.25
Unearned Premiums	7,914,189.84
Taxes, Other Liabilities	1,590,592.83

Total 10,529,102.92

Cash Capital

Net Surplus 21,250,119.18

\$37,779,222.10

Surplus to Policy Holders \$27,250,119.18

Total Losses Paid Since Organization \$173,976,323.02

THE "PHOENIX" IN CANADA

Serving Canadian and Newfoundland Policyholders since 1890

J. B. MITCHELL & SON, LTD.,

CHIEF AGENTS.

❁ Sons of England Benefit Society. ❁



Flashlight Photo taken by Holloway Studio of a joint meeting of Lodges "Dudley" and "Empire," which was held in Victoria Hall in December, 1934, to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the Society. Reading from left to right (seated in front) are the following Past District Deputies, as well as the present District Deputy:—C. R. Puddester, Hon. N. Andrews, the late E. Simmons, T. F. Thompson, G. B. Lloyd, W. K. Daze, D.D., S. G. Collier, A. G. Williams, C. W. Udle, K. Ruby, W. J. Pike.



THE Sons of England Benefit Society, like all other kindred organizations, was instituted with a view to assist their fellow man, and to bring Englishmen in closer touch with each other throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere. Consequently on December 12th, 1874, (sixty years ago) a few Englishmen residing in the city of Toronto, Canada, met together to discuss the formation of such a Society, with the result that the Sons of England Benefit Society was from that night, an accomplished fact. The objects of the Society are as follows:

- To maintain and strengthen British connection by fostering and promulgating the proud traditions of the Motherland;
- To encourage and support any and all endeavors to bind closer together the component parts of the British Commonwealth of Nations;
- To inculcate love of "King and Country," loyalty to the "Union Jack," and respect of the Law and Constituted Authority;
- To bring together Englishmen and their male descendants for mutual benefit and support;
- And what better objects could any Society have?

During the sixty years of its existence it has paid out hundreds of thousands of dollars in financial benefits to its members. The Society has grown to such an extent, that in every city of importance in Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one will find S. O. E. Lodges. Branches also exist in the principal cities of South Africa. There are three Lodges in Newfoundland, two in St. John's—"Dudley," No. 227, and "Empire," No. 270, and one in Harbor Grace—"Diamond Jubilee," No. 236.

The Society was first introduced in Newfoundland by Mr. John Coffin, now of Vancouver, B. C., and the first Lodge—Dudley, No. 227—was instituted in St. John's on July 16th, 1896, by Past Supreme President Mr. George Clathworthy, who came from Toronto for the purpose. Its first District Deputy was Mr. G. B. Lloyd, and all down the years since the Society was introduced in Newfoundland there has been only one break in the chain of District Deputies (that of the late Mr. E. Simmons of Harbor Grace), and through the efforts of Mr. Coffin and a number of gentlemen that was associated with him at that time, the Society was given a good start; and since that date the S. O. E. has been a household word for good in this community, and long may it continue to flourish.—Com.



THE NARROWS—ST. JOHN'S.

Sixty Years in the Printing Business.

John J. Evans of "The Newfoundland Quarterly" Served on Many of Newfoundland's Papers.

By J. J. L., in the "Daily News" of March 5th, 1935.



SIXTY years ago February last, a young lad, then fourteen years old, became an apprentice to the printing business in the "North Star" office, owned and managed by the late Robert Winton.

During the many vicissitudes of the intervening years and having served at various times in the printing offices publishing the "Mercury," "Herald," "Colonist," "Times," "Royal Gazette," "Tribune," "Evening Telegram," and "Daily News," this young man remained with his chosen profession during his advancing years, and is to-day

history, having published articles from the mightiest pens and the keenest minds of Newfoundland, both past and present, and the hope is expressed that Mr. Evans, soon to attain his seventy-fourth birthday, may be spared for many years to guide the destinies and still further enhance the value of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.



A Newfoundland Family



JOHN J. EVANS.
Printer, Publisher and Proprietor.

the publisher and proprietor of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY, founded by him in 1901—our esteemed fellow-citizen, John J. Evans.

With only three exceptions, all the newspapers above mentioned have gone into discard, but the courage and optimism displayed by Mr. Evans in inaugurating Newfoundland's only magazine remained with him, and to-day the QUARTERLY is a household word all over the Island and in many places abroad, and Mr. Evans can view with much inward satisfaction a set of 34 annual volumes, milestones in the literary history of our country. It is no mean achievement to maintain continuous publication of such a magazine for more than three decades, and it is a tribute to the energy, enterprise and determination of Mr. Evans that the QUARTERLY has continually appeared in good times or in bad, despite all the changes in the social, economic, political and commercial life of the country.

THE QUARTERLY, now an institution, is a veritable treasure house of valuable information pertaining to our country's



(By courtesy of The Daily Mirror)

A well brought up family of eighteen living children (7 boys and 11 girls) all by the same mother and father, who are both very much alive and young looking. None of the above were twins, but in addition there were four children who died in infancy, including one twin.

This photo was taken four years ago when the ages ranged from 7 to 28 years, at which time the mother's age was 51 and the father's 58. The father is first and the mother fourth in the top row. They are Mr. and Mrs. George F. Conway, of St. John's, Newfoundland. Mr. Conway is a Plasterer by trade, and a very efficient one.



Tour The World with a New All Wave Philco

Enjoy thrilling world-wide reception with a PHILCO. Exceptional performance, tone and easy tuning plus latest features. Beautiful Cabinets of Butt Walnut. Amazing Value. See and hear them—in your own home.

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THE
STANDARD
SODA
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Along the Old Railway Track,

Adjoining property occupied by Rueben Horwood.

One lot on Power's Road about 2½ acres,
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A Continuation of Pennywell Road.

The land is suitable for bungalow Lots and farming
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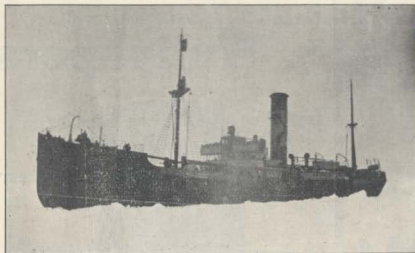
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The First Arrival from the Seal Fishery.



S.S. "CARIBOU"—CHARTERED BY MESSRS. CROSBIE & CO., LTD.

Sealing Results to Date.

As we finish the pages of this QUARTERLY, April 12th, the result of the sealing voyage is as follows:—

S.S. Imogene, discharged.....	33,547
S.S. Caribou, in port.....	33,000
S.S. Beothic.....	16,000
S.S. Ranger.....	10,000
S.S. Ungava, discharged.....	8,993
S.S. Eagle.....	8,500
S.S. Thetis, discharged.....	5,277
S.S. Terra Nova.....	4,000
S.S. Neptune, discharged.....	2,481

121,798

Municipal Bye-Election.

In the recent Municipal Council Bye-Election held Monday, April 8th, 1935, the results were as follows:—

J. R. Williams.	J. P. Maher.	J. P. Burke.
1266	334	258

His Excellency Returns.

His Excellency the Governor who returned April 11th, from a private visit to the Old Country, was accorded a very cordial welcome home.

AND REMEMBER!
IF IT'S

HARTLEY'S

IT'S THE
PUREST JAM

"Fresh from the Boiling Pans."

T. B. CLIFT, Ltd.
Newfoundland Representatives.

DIRECT YOUR MAIL ORDERS
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Now featuring all the

New Things for Spring.

Always a helpful Store, to-day its an outstanding source of
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Things for the Home, Things for the Family

With Showroom Styles lovelier than ever.

The New Hats, New Coats, Dresses and fineries.

Hosiery of all kinds; Shoes for everybody.

Everything that appertains to Spring time requirement.

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The most Satisfactory Mail Order House.



BY APPOINTMENT

Silvo is always considerate of silver and silver plate. Brings back their beauty quickly but safely. For Silvo is quick but very careful—trust your treasures to it.

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*Perfectly Brewed, Aged,
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Made by

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St. John's, Newfoundland.***

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**Templeton's have been handling
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and have specialized in them
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We now have one of the finest assortments ever offered to the trade in Newfoundland.

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You will get the same quality and as large a variety of design, but the price will only be about half that you have formerly paid.

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No Radio Fan or Set Builder
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CHARLES HUTTON & SONS'
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We sell everything from a Radio Screw to a complete **“Talkie Installation.”**

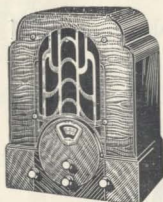
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One bright thing
after another!

—that's

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'Phone 2103 J.

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Galvanized Water Buckets,

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Also, Ladies' Spring Coats: Leather, Serge, etc.,
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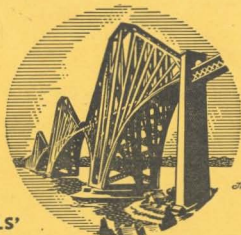
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THE SMOKE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE



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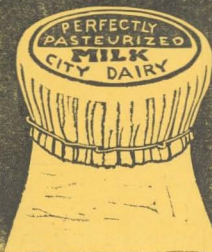
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