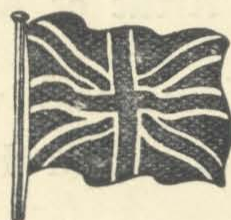


The NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY



Autumn Number, 1935

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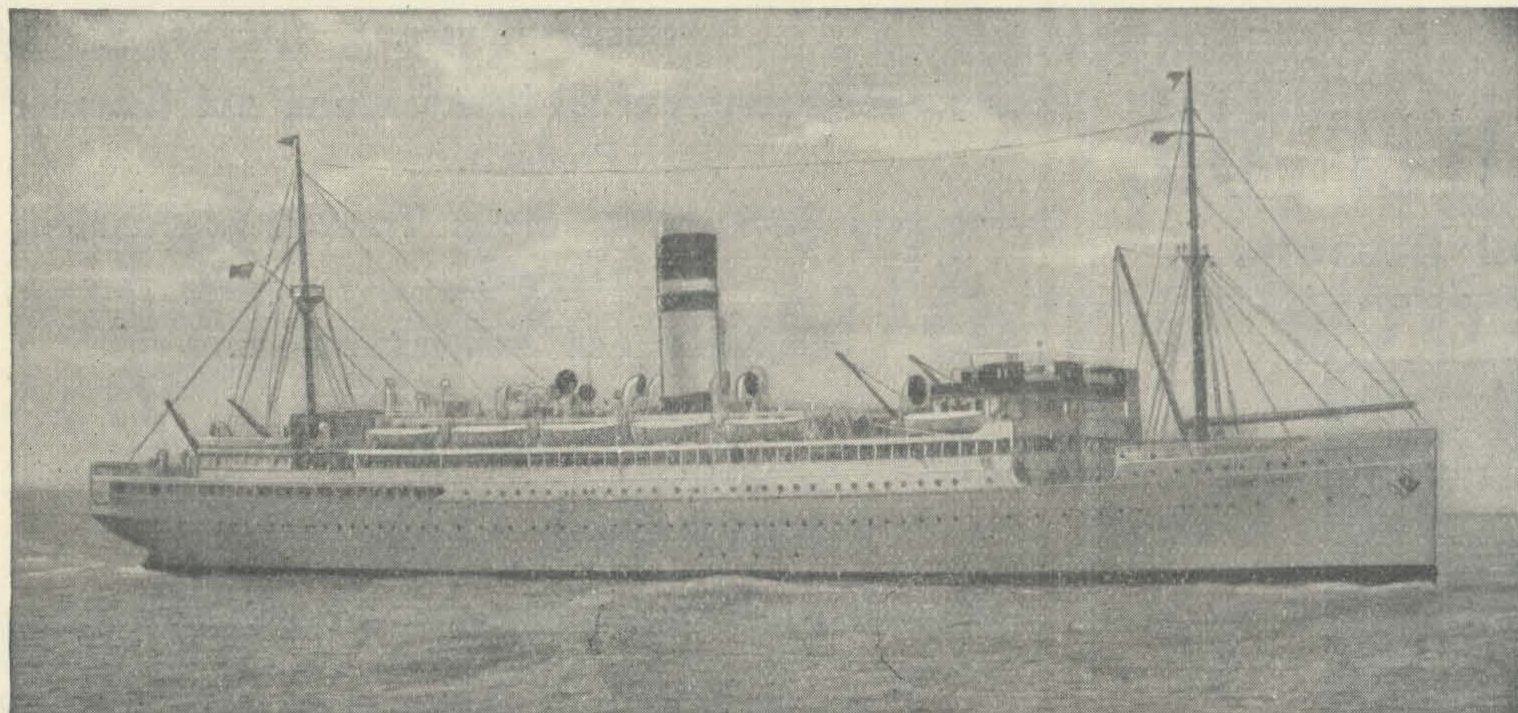
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OCTOBER, 1935.

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W. S. Gilbert and Puns.

By Arthur E. DuBois,

4815 Ellsworth Avenue, Pittsburgh Pennsylvania.

IF one reads Gilbert's operas in the library with authors of burlesque and extravaganza contemporary with him, one is struck by the fact that he seldom punned. The Brouchs, Byron, Burnand, and others seemed often to write their plays as a kind of contest, to see who could pun most often in a single night. And of course, outside the theatre, one of Tom Hood's two great boasts was that he had made more puns in his lifetime than any other Englishman. Even Gilbert, when he wrote for *Fun*, was not above a pun. But later he practically abandoned this species of wit or humor.

Consequently one does not find in his plays such gems as one finds, for example, in H. J. Byron.

Far better than a wife who whines
Is one who takes her beer.

For clothes you will be put to trouble vast;
You'll have to make 'em first, then make 'em last.

Elvino once loved me, but now he don't;
But yet to cross his will is not my won't.

Lucia— You deserve a blow.

Pippo—Pitch in! I'm seasoned, missus, long ago!

Lucia—What do you mean by seasoned, you revolting one?

Pippo—Why, you're always a-peppering and a-ssaulting one.

I've got a mark—let's see, where is it? Here!
(showing elbow) A large red currant—proving I must be
The fruit of some respectable old tree.

Riber— We'll be your instructors—
To your enlight'ning leading as conductors,
To bring you to our band in bandit manner,
You must be bandaged first with this bandanna.
Be true, though, or you'll come to certain grief.
Our captain hangs all traitors.

Lothair— There, be brief!
I'll take my chances with your hanger-chief.
I don't like one adventure top o' t'other.
Nothing but hair-breadth 'scapes from awful dangers,
And sticking disagreeable looking strangers.
In penny periodicals I say
Give me my horrors every Saturday.
I don't like daggers drawn, the truth to speak,
From 'ear to 'ear—I like 'em week to week.

The yell without, the dreadful fate doth tell,
That glory they have spelt without the L.

Pluto—My dog, who picks up everything one teaches,
Has got three heads, like Mr. Gladstone's speeches;
But, as might naturally be expected,
His are considerably more connected.

Princess— Fathers are always angry on the stage.

Fanfarinet—Oh, never mind his anger, what's your age?

Princess— I'm twenty, and what's yours?

Fanfarinet—I'm twenty too.

Princess— How odd!

Fanfarinet— You mean how even!

Princess— Yes, I do.

Byron's plays are so rich in puns that Gilbert could have found precedent twice there for the weakness of the fairies in *Iolanthe* that was so strong. In *La Sonnambula*, for example, Alessio advises the Virtuous Peasant to be natural.

Virtuous Peasant— Dear me,
I can't say that I ever tried that key.

Alessio—The present age don't care for affectation,
It's weakness is—

V. P.— What?

A.— Too much strength—sensation,
And all that sort of thing.

V. P.— What shall I do?

I can't live on my wits.

A.— That's very true.

The age objects to being bored.

V. P.—(snapping fingers) That for it!

The age is hollow.

A.— Then you needn't bore it.

Or, again, in *Mazourka*, Mazourka admits,

Oh, for a dance I'll go to any length.

Dancing's my weakness.

And the Countess admits, "Yes, it's not your strength."

Or the Brouchs—they, too, could commit all sorts of crimes on words.

Alfred's an ex-king; Guthrum is a wi-king.

Travel I've tried, from place to place still dodging,
You'll find me bored where e'er you find me lodging.
The stormy waves no change to me afford,
For if I'm ship-wrecked, still I'm overboard;
I've sought excitement east, west, north and south,
In battle-strife—e'en at the cannon's mouth.
But all in vain: amid the battle's roar
I found the cannon's mouth was but a bore.

O'er the dull earth to soar I feel a yearning,
I'm told folks float in air by table-turning,
So my rapt spirit, freed from earth's vile tedium,
Would emulate the truly happy medium.

I love a maiden, fair all maids above,
Fairer than—never mind, all's fair in love.

I to the well for succour ne'er have flown;
In dairy matters, best leave well alone.

Climb these steep hills there are but few would care to—
They are the natural 'ills Scotch flesh is heir to.
Perhaps their steepness 'tis that, from all time,
Have made the Scotchmen shun their native climb.
Here the poor fortune-teller roams alone:
I've nothing else to do—I'll tell my own!
My past career's been what some folks call shady,
My conduct p'raps not quite that of a lady.
They say I'm giv'n to pilferings—don't mind 'em,
My practice is to take things—as I find 'em.
I took some baby clothes the other day—
They had a baby in them, by the way . . .

Lionel—(taking the sword of Joan of Arc),
To save you I make no profession,
If you surrender 'tis—

Joan— at indiscretion.
I know it.

Lionel— And with no condition, Joan.

Joan—Condition! None. Unless you'd change your own.

Lionel—You're mine for good or ill.

Joan— I'm not averse
E'en to be yours for better and for worse.

Lionel—Maiden, I know not whence your speech may spring.
Its sound has somehow, though, a wedding ring.

Ghosts haunt my steps, but I with voice undaunted,
Bid them *avaunt*, as soon as they *have haunted*,
And just to shew how much for ghosts I care,
Challenged each ghost I met with "Who ghost there?"

I hate him and his notions, weak and sappy—
A king to try and make his subjects happy!
Beneath his reign, nor sorrow nor complaining—
Where all is sunshine—you can't call it reigning!

In the Broughs, more than in Gilbert, crime and punishment
and respectability are indistinguishable. Birbanto, the pirate,
reforms in *The Corsair*,

I'll start a public company in town;
Turn a strict man of business—try stock-jobbery
On the Exchange!—My cry—exchange no robbery.

Or, again, in *Ernani*, the robber band,

This company he's got up of banditti,
Is naught to those they get up in the city.
Though with a robber's sword and gun he's decked us,
Folk rob more surely armed with a prospectus;
They falsehoods tell with such extreme facility,
There seems no limit to their lie-ability.

But the Broughs and Byron had nothing at all on Burnand,
editor of *Punch* and Gilbert's friendly enemy.

Helen—I'm mending all my husband's overcoats.

Paris—You sew domestic tares; men sow wild oats.

Menelaus—A dream! I'd kill you, but young Paris, I'd
Much rather not become a Parricide.
But if my sword, just there, a wound makes wide,
'Twill only be a case of 'Ho! my side!'

When tenor and soprano are once met,
They cannot part without a grand duet,
For as observes that line of noble beauty,
England expects her sons to do their duty,
So Opera, from Balfe to Donizetti,
Expects her children to do their duet.

Penelope—'Twas kind of him to finish far from hence
And save me all unnecess'ry expense.
But now to graver thoughts this subject leads.
He's gone to grass. How shall I look in weeds?

These are only a few of the best from a dozen or so extravaganzas. If you feel a bit exhausted, perhaps you feel as Gilbert felt. If you have been inwardly groaning, since he was a practical dramatist and wanted his plays to succeed, perhaps to escape your groan he avoided the pun. Yet pun-plays were popular in Gilbert's heyday and, though he was not especially original in punning, Gilbert didn't shirk an occasional "two beaux to one string." The reason for Gilbert's meagre use of puns lies, not in his fear of the groan, but behind the groan itself—Gilbert, too, must have groaned at even his own.

When somebody says, "The cannonball shot off his legs, so he laid down his arms," everybody else groans. The reason is not that somebody has taken advantage of everybody else, although almost invariably the punster has to be given his opportunity. If I say simply, "My cousin always takes his nightcap to bed with him," I may express myself badly but I mean well, that my cousin is a kind of Pickwickian fellow who is afraid of catching a cold in the head at night. But you say at once, "Well, I never heard of anyone drinking in bed, but I had a cousin once who ate crackers in bed." You attack me unfairly, as it seems. You take advantage of the simplicity of my diction, my thinking of nightcaps only in terms of cotton or linen. But I don't groan merely because you have taken advantage of me, because your wits are nimbler than mine and think of "nightcaps" in terms of linen and liquor at the same time.

For everybody will groan with me at your pun, and you have not taken advantage of everybody who, also, has no special reason for sympathizing with me. In the rear pun-scenes in Gilbert's operas, strictly speaking, nobody is taken advantage of, punned against. In *Pianfore* or *The Mikado*, for example, when there is some trouble about "pressing a suit" or in *Pirates of Penzance*, when there is a great deal of trouble getting "pirate" and "pilot," "orphan" and "often" straight—in these plays, the "pirate-orphan" party to the misunderstanding is as innocent as the "pilot-often" party of taking advantage of the other. In fact, the audience puns against the whole cast on the stage at the moment. Yet the audience, too, commonly feels like groaning during such scenes.

The question still remains, therefore, Why do people groan at puns?

Punning belongs in a category, not too well named, with wit, humor, and irony. All these three modes of perception, the witty, humorous, and ironic, have in common a seeing-thing from two or more planes of vision. As Chesterton says, therefore, they involve perspective. When everyone is standing on his head, nobody is funny. But as soon as someone begins to stand on his own feet, so acquiring perspective, then everybody begins to be funny or humorous. The perception of this truth, involving perspective, the having seen persons on their heads and on their feet, is witty. And it would be ironic if one did not know whether one was standing on one's feet or on one's head, especially ironic if one suspected that somebody else knew and wouldn't tell.

If a thing is seen from two planes of vision or two points of view at once, with perspective, obviously vision, if it concentrates upon the midway between these planes, can see incongruity, contrast, which are sources of the humorous, witty, and ironic. The seer will notice likeness and unlikeness. A tree nereby,



A winter view of a typical Markland house.



A group of settlers taken after a mid-day meal.—This group are the members of Community 4. Mr. Cochius is in the centre with the dog and the leader of the community, Peter Petipas, is between him and Cook Hynes.



A group of "Beothics."—Markland school-children have an organization similar to that of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, but both boys and girls are in it. They go for weekly hikes, have a summer camp, a special marching song, and a very strong and loyal group spirit. The young lady on the left of the picture is Miss Clara Cochius.



Planting oak trees that came from Windsor Castle Park.—Last fall Mrs. Emerson, wife of the late C. H. Emerson, secured a number of young trees from this famous park and presented them to Markland. Mr. F. R. Emerson and Mr. C. Pippy are on the left of the picture, and Mr. Cochius on the right.

for example, is green. Far away, it is blue. There is the unlikeness between blue and green which goes into the making of perspective. There is also the likeness. The far blue tree and the near green tree, though one may be smaller than the other, are alike in form and are recognizable for other reasons as trees.

The difference between wit, humor, and irony is a difference in emphasis upon likeness or unlikeness. But the fact always remains that wit, humorist, and ironist are conscious of both. When they cease to be conscious of both likeness and unlikeness, they lose a sense of incongruity or contrast always evident in their characteristic expressions, and become serious, reverend scientists, philosophers, or somebody else.

The wit emphasizes likeness, and his most notable wisdom is the paradox. He knows the desert and the oasis are unlike, is always aware of their unlikeness and doesn't let you forget it. But in his best moments, when he is most himself as wit, he can believe the desert and oasis like enough to produce figs-from-thistles. In short, at his wittiest, the wit believes in opposites or contradictions, knowing them to be such, as true or identical. For him the paradox is true. Self love and social are the same. One's true love is false. One eats cake and has it too. Beauty is Truth. And under certain conditions, though not in commonplace living, paradoxes are valid and true.

Too good to be true for everyday living which has to be passed exclusively in the desert or in the oasis, the paradox belongs to those rare moments when one can believe one's self in both places at once or in some place equidistant from both, where the one is as important as the other and both, though unlike, are part of a single, valid vision. The wit, accordingly, is a rare, superior person, good for a rainy day may be.

But the humorist is everyday. He belongs to commonplace hours, not to rare moments, in the center of things, not on their outside edges. He thrives on the familiar; through laughter he even makes strange things familiar. His point of view, evident in his laughter, is racial: like laughter, the race wraps itself around, grows out of, and survives the conflicting individuals whom it nevertheless cherishes as they are, different each from the rest.

The humorist emphasises unlikeness, and at his best (or, perhaps, most extreme) produces nonsense where the wit evolves paradoxes. The humorist likes the incongruities of which life is plentiful. He knows that things are seldom what they seem, that the race outlasts the individual who is always a somewhat off-color member of it. He knows that one can get a new *seeming* to things by turning them upside down or by standing on one's head. He knows that he can get a new slant on the desert by looking at it from an oasis, that this fact, in truth, justifies the very essential differences between these two places. He grows to like the seeming of things, the individual, the surface, or form, the song of the nightingale which falls to-morrow, as well as he likes the actuality of things, the racial, the inward law or function, the song of the nightengale heard also by Ruth. He likes this dual aspect of things because he grows used to it in himself and others. He knows that the race can get along without him: he does not matter. He also know that he is everything, that as far as he is concerned the race dies with him. He likes the desert as he sees it from the desert and from the oasis because he likes the contrast between these points of view—he belongs to both desert and oasis: he has been in both places.

The laughter of the humorist wraps itself around incongruities

until he loves them, is intimate with them. They become dear to him. He is thus reconciled to opposites or unlikenesses by growing common with them, laughing at them as good fellows get together. Just as the wit is reconciled to opposites or contradictions by seeing them as identical, emphasizing the elements of likeness in them, taking not the fig, not the thistle, but the fig from thistles, so the humorist is reconciled to opposites or unlikenesses by growing intimate with them until even the undertaker or the doctor, for example, learns to laugh at death or pain as well as at life and health. The humorist likes the fig for not being the thistle, the thistle for not being the fig, and so he laughs over both.

The ironist is midway between the wit and humorist. He too sees likeness and unlikeness, but he emphasizes neither, and accordingly he is never reconciled to either. Unreconciled, yet aware or conscious, the ironist is always on the verge of frustration. And if we follow him we are likely to feel frustrated and inclined, therefore, to groan.

The difference between the ironist and the with or humorist is almost precisely the difference between Browning's *Strafford* and Galsworthy's *Strife*.

In Browning's play, Pym and Strafford are alike in being strong, vigorous, heroic character, motivated by personal as well as political principles. They are alike in personality, honesty, sincerity, strength, and other elements of greatness. But each belongs to a differt party, and fights for it under different circumstances. Strafford is the Royalist; Pym is the Parliamentarian. In these respects they are unlike. They oppose each other. One must lose.

Browning is not at all reconciled to the loss, for each is admirable in personality or loyalty to principles. Browning sees only that the tree is blue and the tree is green. He cannot believe that they are inevitably identical and he cannot laugh over the incongruities between them because he likes too well the green and the blue tree, has little interest in the racial, tree-hood, in perspective of the humorous sort. Browning has not the humorist's point of view that function survives form, race survives individual, growing out of them and cherishing them. The humorist knows that the Royalist is bound to oppose the Parliamentarian, but that the Royalist cause does not die with the death of such noble champions as Strafford, and that precisely their opposition gives each identity—there would be no self-aware Royalist if there were not also the Parliamentarian. The humorist therefore loves and laughs at both, even at their deaths as ultimately in opposing they kill each other. But Browning is the ironist, the unreconciled, seeing only that Pym opposes Strafford, that Parliamentarian opposes Royalist, that one is as good as the other, that they are alike and unlike, and that one or both must therefore die.

In *Strife* Galsworthy sees that Roberts and Anthony kill each other, that they are unlike in the principles they espouse under different conditions but that they are alike in their common stubbornness. But Galsworthy can go beyond Browning and be reconciled to the death of either or both. He can say and believe with Harness, "That's where the fun comes in." Galsworthy has perspective, the point of view of Harness, wit or humorist. Browning sees both sides, likeness and unlikeness. But he is not reconciled to either of his planes of vision or to perspective. He is lost between the points of view of Pym or Strafford until he has no point of view and feels like groaning, frustrated.

Irony, then, is a kind of defeat beside wit and humor, an in-

complete experience with likenesses and unlikenesses, incomplete because it has brought no reconciliation to them in wit or humor and no rejection of either likeness or unlikeness in science or philosophy. Irony, then, is only critical, not creative, beside wit. The desert evaluates the oasis; the oasis, the desert. But the wit gets beyond the evaluation to the creation of identities belonging to neither desert nor oasis, to the growing of figs from thistles in both. Beside humor, moreover, irony is negative. It never arrives at the point of laughter, the point of view of Harness which, if one can achieve it, familiarizes one with, and by laughter reconciles one to, equally valid but opposite viewpoints. Pym's or Strafford's, Anthony's or Robert's. Nineteenth-century drama, including Gilbert's, did much to prove the socializing, normalizing, positive influence of laughter, and Meredith suggested many of the reasons why comedy is therefore as purgative as tragedy.

Sometimes punning is verbal paradox or verbal nonsense. But most commonly it is verbal irony. And the groan is against the sense of frustration always roused by the ironist and made more acute by more verballity.

Punning is ironic primarily because it usually involves words used as words and words used as things, and one never knows which usage one is to take and one is not easily reconciled to accepting both. Hence, one feels frustrated, and one groans.

"The cannonball shot off his legs, so he laid down his arms." The first reaction is joyful, in expectation of a reconciliation to loss of arms or legs. But before laughter actually ripples and before faith comes in the man who hasn't a leg to stand on or an arm to reach with as being somehow superior to the mere man of arms and legs—before this comes you suddenly realize that you don't know which is your point of view, that of the human being with legs and arms or that of war with trenches and arms. You can't achieve a point of view. If you take that of words, then things bother you. Or words bother you if you accept the point of view of things. And somehow legs and trenches have no common denominator as figs and thistles do in their common planthood. The laughter that was ready to bubble over to familiarize you with loss of arms and legs, rolls back upon itself, dammed up. You groan at the pain of the constriction, especially since the punster commonly lets you know in advance that you ought to expect something good and you have been ready to laugh even before he started to pun.

If the ironist laughs at all, he laughs darkly. Of course the pain caused by the pun is not great enough for tears, not great enough even for dark laughter, because the pun is in part only verbal, and sticks and stones may crack one's bones, but words won't hurt one. None the less, the effect of the pun, commonly verbal irony, is the sense of frustration which belongs to irony, which is painful, and which produces tears, dark laughter, laughter on-the-other-side-of-the-face, or groans. One groans at the punster because he give one no satisfaction, this ironist who has the bad judgment to take words as seriously as the things they ordinarily stand for and who therefore loses us somewhere between words and things as Browning lost himself between Pym and Strafford, achieving no point of view, or reconciliation, at all.

Gilbert's rejection of the pun as an end in itself, therefore, signifies that he was more creative, more positive or decisive, than his contemporary extravaganzists in attacking life, seeing likenesses and unlikenesses between its practitioners and the principles or habits or customs they represented.

He liked mere verballity. The "sit in solemn silence" song of *The Mikado* proves this fact. In fact, by its nature extravaganza gets to be close to the merely verbal, especially in such passages as where the Mikado is told why his son was reported killed. But Gilbert also distrusted mere verballity, as perhaps his improvements upon meaningless chorus-phrases indicates. Gilbert used nonsense refrains like "tra la la" only when they seemed dramatic, to fit character and situation.

Gilbert even liked the pun. Consequently from an early magazine skit he culled the one about the "spur of a minute" for his opera. And many of the stock stories told to exemplify the readiness of his wit involve puns, like the one about the boating party. Gilbert and his "crew" are singing in their boat. From the other boat Sullivan calls some remark about being off "key." "Quai," Gilbert calls back, "What quai? I don't see any!"

But in general, Gilbert avoided the pun. And I think the reason was that Gilbert was not the ironist. Instead, he was either the wit or humorist. And this fact perhaps tells as much as any other why his plays "answered." Irony left Gilbert and his contemporaries unreconciled, as it still leaves us. Humor or wit gets beyond mere criticism, beyond the detection of likeness and unlikeness, to reconciliation to them.



Hon. Thomas Lodge, C. B., and Mrs. Emerson with a group of settlers at Markland. This picture was taken shortly after the trees from Windsor Castle Park were planted.

Harbour Grace History.

Chapter Eight.—Turmoil Over French Treaties. First Governor Appointed.

By W. A. Munn.

IN 1701.—During the next few years the French at Placentia, with the help of Canadian Indians, sent many raids by boats to the bottom of Placentia Bay, crossing overland to Trinity Bay, where they continued attacks on the defenceless settlements of Hearts Content, Scilly Cove, and even proceeding to Carbonear and Harbour Grace, but failed on every occasion to capture Carbonear Island.

1705—The French under their Commander, Subercase, made a heavy raid this year from Placentia via Ferryland to St. John's, but on this occasion they failed to capture Fort William, and were forced to leave St. John's. They then started up Conception Bay to Holyrood, thence to Harbour Grace, murdering and destroying as they went. Carbonear Island was gallantly defended by Pynn and Davis, who resisted all attacks on that Fort. They then proceeded to Bonavista, but the inhabitants retired to Green Island.

1709—To guard against these attacks of the French during the winter, certain rendezvous were named for the inhabitants to gather and defend themselves, Commodore Tylour of the British Navy placed Pynn in charge of Carbonear Island.

Whilst the Newfoundland fishermen were being devastated by the French soldiers, we find the armies and navy of Great Britain were most successful against the French in Europe, etc., and by 1713 France was at England's mercy seeking for peace.

The English were indignant at the frequent French raids destroying Newfoundland Commerce, yet in spite of this the French outwitted the British statesmen in the Treaty of Utrecht by securing the consent to a concurrent fishery, which involved perpetual quarrels. This was all the more apparent as France valued these fisheries only as a recruiting ground for her navy, and *bolstered up these fisheries with enormous bounties*, whereas England was looking only for *peaceful commerce*. England was actually feeding a scorpion to compete with her Navy, who were destroying her commerce by subterfuge. Here in Newfoundland we are suffering from this unfair French competition to this very time. While we have the facts of these frightful French raids before us, let us look back for a minute before we give particulars of the final French attempt to capture Newfoundland.

1662—The Secret Treaty arranged by King Charles II. direct with the French granting them fishing rights on the Newfoundland Coast was one of the most infamous transactions ever made, and as we have seen created the greatest turmoil this country has ever seen. Great Britain had the opportunity to terminate it when drawing up the "Treaty of Utrecht" in 1713, but this country had again to suffer from criminal negligence.

1762—Just one hundred years after the Secret Treaty was made the French made their last desperate attempt to gain possession of Newfoundland. They were successful, but only for a few months when they were completely routed.

The attack of the Frenchmen took place during the summer

when the fishermen were employed at the fisheries. The livelihood of all was dependent on their success of the voyage. To drop all work and defend their country against the enemy without knowing who would recompense them was the height of patriotism.

June 24th—The attack came suddenly on St. John's. The Governor, Lord Graves was absent, and St. John's fell an easy prey to the enemy. Our historian, Anspach, makes special mention of two merchants, whose public services were a great asset to the country on this occasion. One was Robert Carter of Ferryland, who by his resourcefulness and energy found means to procure an adequate supply of provisions for the support of a garrison that he formed on the "Isle of Boys." The other person was Charles Garland, merchant of Harbour Grace and Justice of the Peace for the district of Conception Bay. He had associated with him in this praiseworthy action George R. Davis, another merchant of Carbonear. George R. Davis had made his home in Newfoundland about 1750. He came from Wales, and must have been well to-do, as he was a man of affluence living in style, and known far and near by the high sounding title of "Lord Davis." He brought with him from England several ships laden with provisions and other necessities, fitting out a large establishment, and a costly residence built of English oak.

Garland and Davis secured a garrison for the Fort on Carbonear Island. They secured a small ship captured from the French, which they used as a scout at the mouth of Conception Bay, expecting an attack by French warships from that direction, but the enemy made a surprise attack on Carbonear Island by boats via Portugal Cove, and captured the Fort, which they destroyed. No mention is made of the surprise attack or how it took place, but Garland and Davis must have considered that Carbonear Island was impregnable as they sent seventy men at this time to assist Lord Graves at St. John's and Col. Amherst in their efforts to recapture St. John's, which they successfully accomplished on September 12th, this same year.

Not much is known about George Davis, but his descendants are still living, who can relate further interesting facts.

The principal druggist of Harbour Grace for over fifty years was W. H. Thompson. He was married to Miss Davis, and his sons, so well known to us all are the great grandsons of this pioneer merchant, George Davis.

1763—In the following year 1763 the "Treaty of Paris" was signed granting to the French the same concessions on the Newfoundland coast as did the former "Treaty of Utrecht." It created even greater indignation in England. The British Prime Minister was openly charged in the House of Commons with bribery, and the very sum £300,000 was named as having been paid to him by the French.

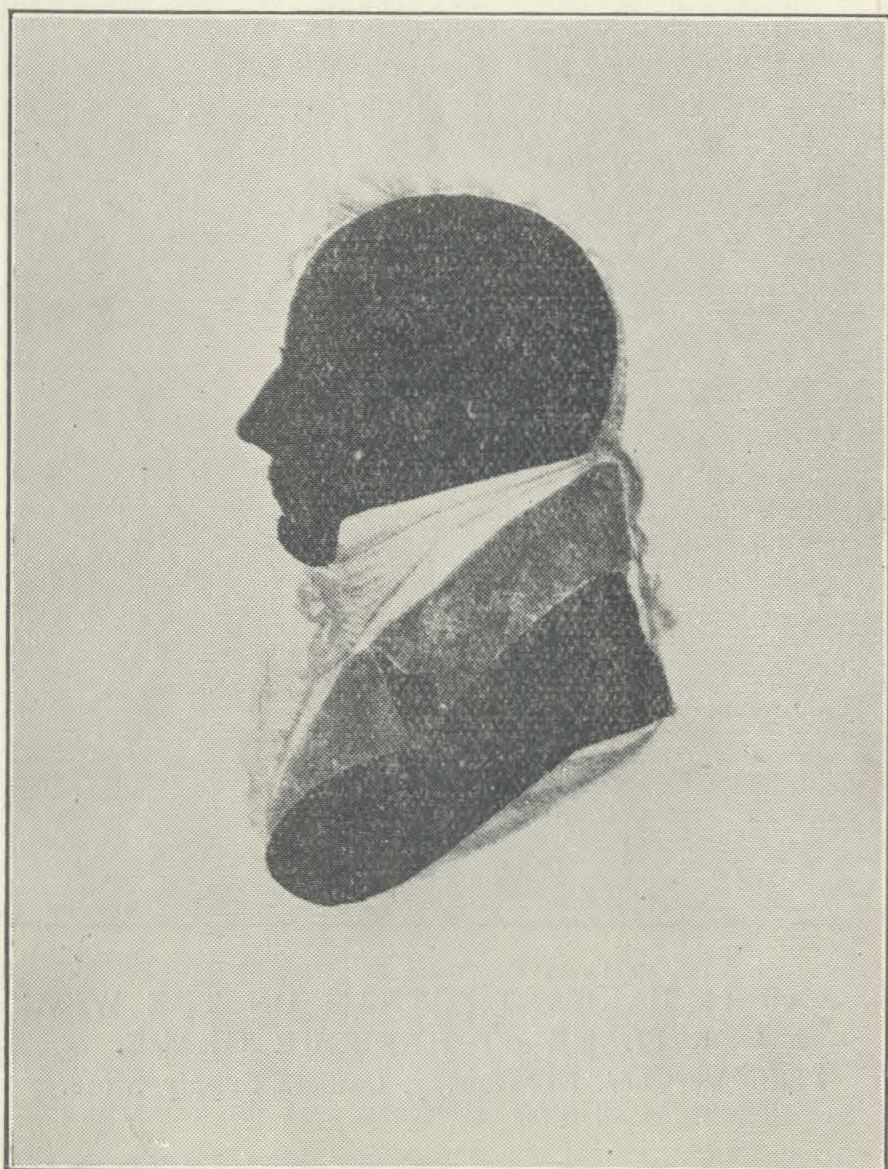
In this short sketch we get a glimpse of what Newfoundland has had to suffer from British mal-administration, but our trade

and commerce is still suffering, particulars of which will be seen in later chapters.

It is interesting to note the traditions that were handed down in Harbour Grace about the first great French raid under D'Iberville. A number of these traditions have already been mentioned, and there is no doubt that the oldest inhabitants looked on that occurrence as an epoch of its history never to be forgotten.

During our efforts for the Guy Celebration in 1910, Mr. Matthew Martin gave us a most interesting paper of early Jersey records handed down in their family.

We have seen by Abbe Baudoin's diary of January 28th, 1697, "Havre de Grace was burned this day." Mr. Martin says, "The French did not burn Harbour Grace further in than Bear's Cove."



SURROGATE CHARLES DAVIS GARLAND,
HARBOUR GRACE.

Facts like this are interesting to conjure on, whether a defence was offered at the British Fort near Caplin Cove, (which must have been still in existence) or whether the Frenchmen found congenial Jerseymen speaking their own language, and, therefore, they had no wish to create the great misfortune of burning their own people out of house and home during mid-winter.

1726—The tyranny of the English fishing admirals still prevailed, but it was tempered by the interference of British naval officers, who in a rough and ready sort of way administered justice. What was really needed was a resident Governor with Courts of Justice.

The British Government was wholly at fault trying to rule Newfoundland without a Governor. To defend it from invasion without adequate military force. The naval officers coming each year were only visitors. They appointed Justices of the Peace as Magistrates, but without Courts or Constituted Laws.

1728—The first Governor, Captain Osborne, R.N., was ap-

pointed, resulting in many changes for the good of this country.

1732—William Pynn and George Garland are appointed Magistrates with jurisdiction from Bay-de-Verde, Carbonear, Mosquito, Harbour Grace, Bay Roberts, Harbour Main, to Cape St. Francis. The following were appointed Constables: Frederick Ash, Hugh Perry, Robert Greaves, John Sheppard, Thomas Thistle, William Badcock and Richard Porter.

1745—Governor Rodney had special correspondence with Magistrate George Garland, who intended to reduce the men's wages after a poor fishery, but this disallowed by the Governor.

The Garland family have long been residents of Harbour Grace. They are mentioned in the census of 1675. We find that John Earle, who so gallantly defended Little Bell Island was married to a sister of Magistrate George Garland.

The Garlands were relatives of the firms in Trinity and Poole carrying on one of the largest businesses in the country. Charles Davis Garland, who succeeded his father as Magistrate in Conception Bay about 1750, became still more famous as the defender of Carbonear Island in 1762.

Sir Richard Whitbourne in his book 1620 mentions Master Garland's house as being a prominent place at the lower end of St. Martin's Lane, London. It was quite near the agent of Lord Falkland, who was also interested in Newfoundland, so that it is very probable that this family are now residents over 300 years in this country.

In 1889 when Sir Henry Blake was Governor, Lady Blake hunted up the Garland family of Harbour Grace. She said she was a relative, and knew their connections from family traditions in Devonshire.

We have followed special reference to the appointments of Magistrates and methods of Government. Now let us get back to industrial work.

Ship Building.

1715—From an old document we have the information that the important industry of Ship Building was now being prosecuted in a strenuous way.

The Poole merchants of Carbonear and Trinity taking the lead, and undoubtedly supported by the Bristol firms of Harbour Grace. They had long been building craft for local fishing requirements, but now started to build a fleet of foreign-going vessels for trans-Atlantic work. Hundreds of "Western Boats" as they were called, measuring about fifteen tons burden, were fitted out from Harbour Grace, Carbonear, Brigus and intervening settlements, prosecuting the early spring Western fishery at Cape St. Mary's before the fish struck in at Conception Bay. All these craft were built locally, and it is said were eagerly sought after by the French at St. Pierre, who had a very flimsy fleet for the Bank fishery, but *stringent laws* were passed to prevent the sale of these craft to the Frenchmen. This industry of ship building meant valuable employment for the men during the winter, and this led eventually into a still larger winter industry for the prosecution of the seal fishery, and eventually the very finest class of foreign-going vessels, suited for the Brazil trade, were built.

1745 to 1752—Lieut. Griffith Williams of the Royal Army was stationed at Carbonear Island to build a proper Fort and garrison the place. He appointed one Artillery officer with twenty men. One officer of Fort with thirty men. Also had two hundred small arms for the use of the inhabitants. If these defences had only been kept up the French would never have captured this Island in 1762 in their last strenuous efforts to gain possession of Newfoundland.

From Lieut. G. Williams' records we get the information that there was now 496 boats, averaging 5 men each, prosecuting the fishery of Conception Bay, and they averaged about 500 qtls. for each boat. There were about 5,260 men, women and children catching and curing about 258,000 qtls. of codfish. The fishery of Conception Bay, during 1745 to 1752 was reckoned one quarter of the whole of Newfoundland.

1765—The arrival of Rev. Lawrence Coughlan, and the building of the first church in Conception Bay, was a very important record in the history of the town.

Tradition tells us that Charles Garland, who was the Magistrate, presented the land on which the church and parsonage are now built as a *free gift*. It was undoubtedly a corner taken from the Garland property, which bounded the church property on the north, east, south, and the building faced what was known in 1800 as the Church Path.

1763-1767—An epoch making event for Newfoundland was the surveying of our Coast by the famous Captain James Cook. Magistrate Garland took an important part with Captain James Cook during Governor Palliser's time, and they made great improvements for the foreign trade of the harbour with his "Sailing Directions".

The Point of Beach came in for special mention. A large pile of rocks was erected there to guide the mariners when entering the harbour. This was improved in later years by the building of the Harbour Beacon, and the erection of a light house on Harbour Grace Island.

The tradition states that it was Surrogate Gariand, who gave the church *land* for the religious welfare of the people, and who established the harbour *land marks* for the welfare of the sailors.

Amelia Earhart.

By Henery Polk Lowenstein, Kansas, Missouri.

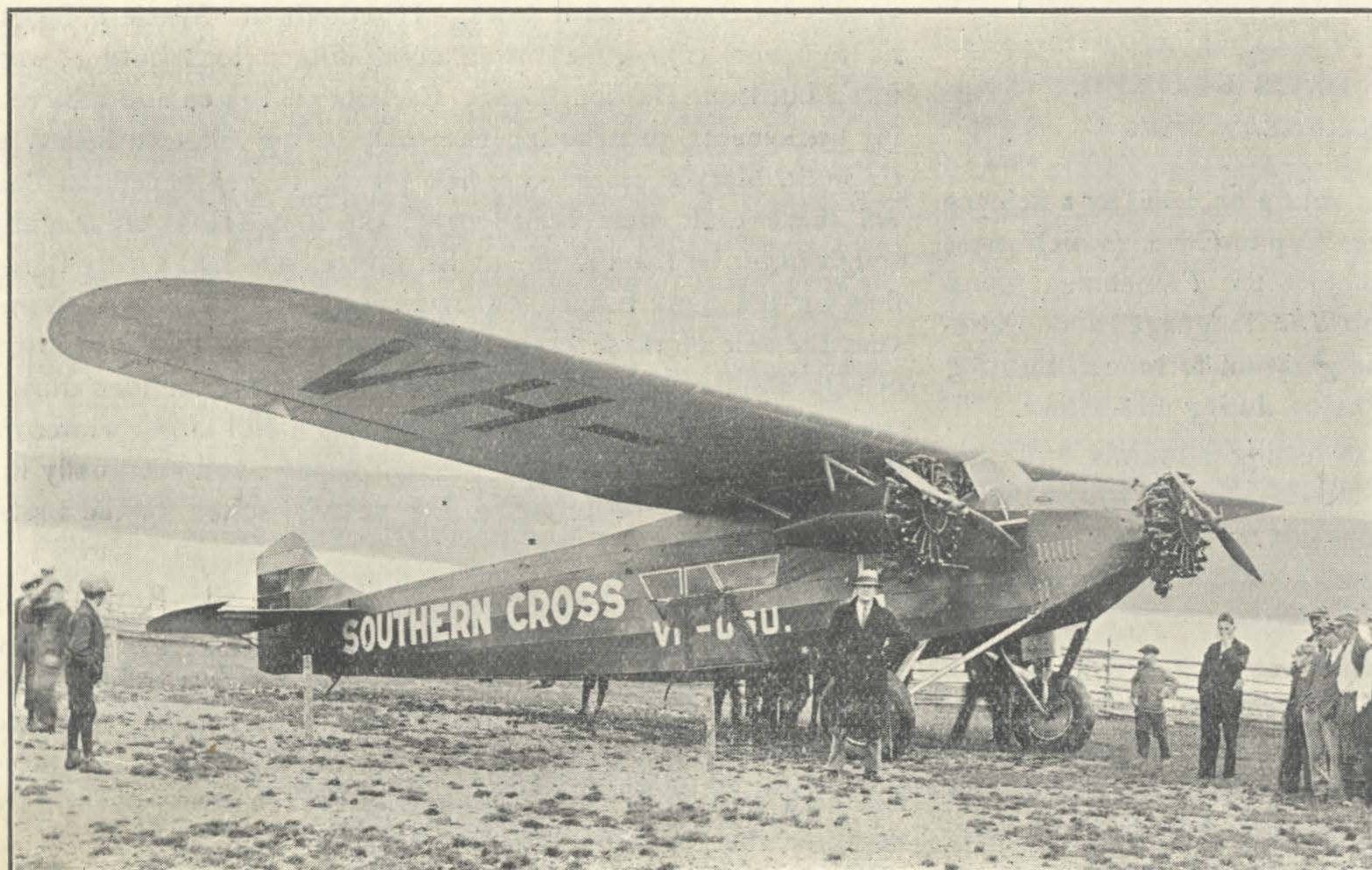
QUEEN of the sky, you take your place
Among the great with charming grace,
And like a bird upon the wing
On its returning flight in spring.
You conquer air, and time, and space.

And not a tremor, nor a trace
Of fear lurks in your open face,
While to the hand of Fate you cling,
Queen of the sky.

Of all the women of the race
You chose to rise and set the pace
That caused the bells of fame to ring,
And, dauntless, paired the matchless King,
And like him, reached the highest place,
Queen of the sky.



MRS. AMELIA EARHART-PUTNAM ON THE WING OF
HER PLANE AT HARBOUR GRACE.
Photo by Ches. Noseworthy, Camera Supply Store.



THE "SOUTHERN CROSS"
AT HARBOUR GRACE—
FROM IRELAND TO
NEW YORK—
JUNE 25TH, 1930.
Photo by R. T. Parsons.

In Praise of Our Land.

VI.—THE NEW DISTRICT OF HARBOUR GRACE.

By W. J. Browne.

ONE of the roads through Bay Roberts passes many prim little front gardens and emerges on the shore of Spaniard's Bay, which it skirts for a short way before crossing the Highroad to enter the settlement of Shearstown, and the New District of Harbour Grace. A placid stream flows along the valley and meets the sea just above the Railway trestle. There is a small island in this inlet; it is a charming islet, prettily wooded. There is a good road up the valley on the west side, and several branches cross the river to the homes on the other bank.

This is a farming settlement whose neat cottages and smart barns show signs of the care and attention that have been bestowed upon them. The fields of fine vegetables and hay indicate industry if not prosperity. Picking blueberries in late August and September is one of the principal sources of income to many who dwell here. Farther in the road beyond the hamlet of Butlerville women and children dot the hills gathering the wild grape.

Shearstown has been much admired for its prettiness; one might expect to hook a salmon in some of the dark silent pools of the river. There is character in a place and in a people who take such evident pride and pleasure in having their homes so attractive; it is no surprise to see the school, the church buildings and cemeteries receiving equal care.

Conception Bay must once have been a meeting place for the fishermen of all nations, for, besides the many indications of French and English occupation there are Portugal Cove and Spaniard's Bay which undoubtedly derived their names from their discovery or use by Portuguese and Spanish mariners. Spain is still our most dependable customer of codfish, and she has, only recently, sent trawlers to fish on the Grand Banks; in the sixteenth century, certainly, and very probably in the greater part of the seventeenth, all the maritime countries of Europe fished around our coasts, met in the harbours, and bartered their golden fruits, rich wines and silk, and Cadiz salt for English boots and cutlery, and Newfoundland codfish. Fishermen of Spain should have been popular enough to be allowed a harbour to themselves.

The country surrounding Spaniard's Bay is rugged, the hills rising abruptly from the shore. A road leads to New Harbour in Trinity Bay; 100 years ago this must have been the regular land route from Conception Bay. Archdeacon Wix, who was an ardent traveller, drove out the new road from St. John's to Topsail, crossed Conception Bay in a boat, and walked over the neck of land in eight hours in February, 1835. One can cross by motor car now in half an hour. The New Harbour barrens are famous for their partridge; it is easy to get there and the travelling is easier than on many of the shooting grounds. The folk from Shearstown and Spaniard's Bay come here to pick blueberries which they bring to camps along the road where they are bought by weight. Ten cents a gallon is what it comes to—not much in a year like this when berries are very scarce. The berries are packed in thirty pound boxes, frozen, and, it is said, are sold to the housewives of New York for fifty cents a quart.

In winter this land is very bleak, there being no sheltering trees. In summer there is a little rivulet and an occasional steady where glorious white lilies sit in state upon their red-brown leaves.

A short distance from the modern hotel "St. Andrews by the Sea," there is a trail leading up the hillside to the "Gorge," a long deep ravine with precipitous sides, and a river at the bottom. There is an enchanting view of the beautiful Falls from the top of the cliffs, and, if one looks seaward from here, the fertile fields of Bay Roberts and patches of green woods, and gleaming church spires make a pretty picture that is not spoiled by the chimney stack of the mill.

There is a mill at Spaniard's Bay, too, employing a few hands. A man who is over eighty years of age, when asked what the people did for a living, replied, "Some people go to Labrador, they always did."

"But what do the others live on," he was asked.

"On the whack," said he, bringing the words out abruptly as if to say 'It's no use making a secret about it. If you want the truth, you can have it.'

"Of course," he added, "they do a little with the blueberries, but they're very scarce the year, and no price."

"But, don't they raise vegetables and rear pigs, and sheep and cattle?"

"I have sheep and goats myself, but there are not many pigs here," he said.

"Don't you think the people were better off years ago when they had pigs and poultry?"

"Right, Brother," he said.

He was an intelligent man, who looked years younger than his age. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and smoked a pipe. One would not be far out in thinking that the cosy little cottage with the stone flags leading up to the kitchen door was his.

Spaniard's Bay is divided in two parts by a headland—Green Head—that juts out from the north side of it. There are two round coves on the east side of this spit, Mint Cove and Back Cove, and it was probably here that in 1840 Michael Kearney built the handsome brig *St. Fillian* for the great merchant of the early part of the last century, Mr. Donnelly. A little Catholic chapel and an old cemetery are situate between the two coves. The Stations of the Cross are lithographs in pleasing halftones: the work of the same hand who painted those in the Cathedral at Harbour Grace. The Anglican Church is very large with a pipe organ. It stands on a hill directly above the highroad. The highroad is built of rocks above the Beach, and the hill beneath the church is kept from foundering by a sloping wall of flat rocks that are laid with admirable skill. Below the hill to the north is a small Methodist church.

Of Donnelly's large and important fishing premises, little remains to-day. The fine stone house had its slate roof removed and a wooden super-structure added by the present occupants. The salt store is now a barn, and only the piles mark the places of the commodious fishing store and the cook houses that extended along the shore. Inside the garden of the house are three tall old trees, that must have seen the rise and fall of this and simi-

lar establishments. The firm later transferred its business to Harbour Grace, where it prospered for a time, but collapsed with many others when the Labrador fisheries failed. One son, W. J. S. Donnelly, became a politician, and was for many years a Receiver General of the Colony.

Further out the Bay is a small settlement called Bishop's Cove, and the road to this place carries on to Upper Island Cove. The whole coast as far as the entrance to Harbour Grace can be best seen from Port de Grave peninsula east of Bareneed.

There is a road along the Ridge above the town to the east, but the main line of highroad passes by Tilton, a small inland village through which the first Railway line was built from St. John's to Harbour Grace in 1883. Tilton Barrens extend for miles, without trees or other vegetation. Yet the land does not seem unsuitable for grazing thousands of sheep or cattle. Sir John Harvey thought so, nearly a century ago, but, excepting a

English who settled in these parts, coming as they did from countries where all the land was held by great lords and earls, were more enthusiastic than the people of this generation can understand at the prospect of having a house of one's own "out of the wind's way and the rain's way." Until 1813 permanent buildings were against the law, but officials evaded the strict enforcement of so unpopular an enactment. All land belonged to the Crown, and therefore, if a man did not keep a fence on it any person could take it. It paid a man to keep a good fence around his land.

Prowse deals with this matter in his history (p.p. 113-4):—"Newfoundland was colonized not by aristocratic and fantastic patentees, but by hard-working humble settlers from the West of England; oppressed by the harsh laws of the Stuarts, and persecuted by the Western adventurers, they clung with sturdy tenacity to the land they had made their home. From the very earliest times they carried on a rude kind of agriculture, raised



Green Head, Spaniard's Bay, near Harbour Grace, Conception Bay.

Photo The Camera Shop.

herd of goats going home before the rain, the vast plain is empty. There are berrypickers from Upper Island Cove scurrying for shelter, or beginning their long trek to their homes.

The road to Upper Island Cove leaves the highroad at the Riverhead of Harbour Grace and rises several hundred feet, providing an unique view in which the waters of Spaniard's Bay, Bay Roberts, Coley's Point and Port de Grave can be seen with the naked eye, Brigus Head showing up boldly in the background.

This place has been called the "Walled City," for the first thing one notices is the large number of rock walls along the roadside around the gardens and under the buildings, that rise above each other along the hill. Why are these walls? Anyone who was familiar with the numerous land disputes in other places knows the ease with which wooden fences can be removed with an axe under cover of darkness. Not so with these stone walls which are built of heavy flat stones; they could not be removed with impunity. It may be that the Irish and the

vegetables, and reared cattle and swine. They lived in the midst of a rude plenty, game and fish being simply in unlimited supply. The settlements were very much scattered, and these hardy pioneers, most skilful in woodcraft, traversed the country in all directions. . . . It was doubtless owing to harsh laws and the hostility of the Devonshire ship fishermen that the settlers planted their homes in creeks and coves where ships could not safely lie. In these open roadsteads they were free from molestation."

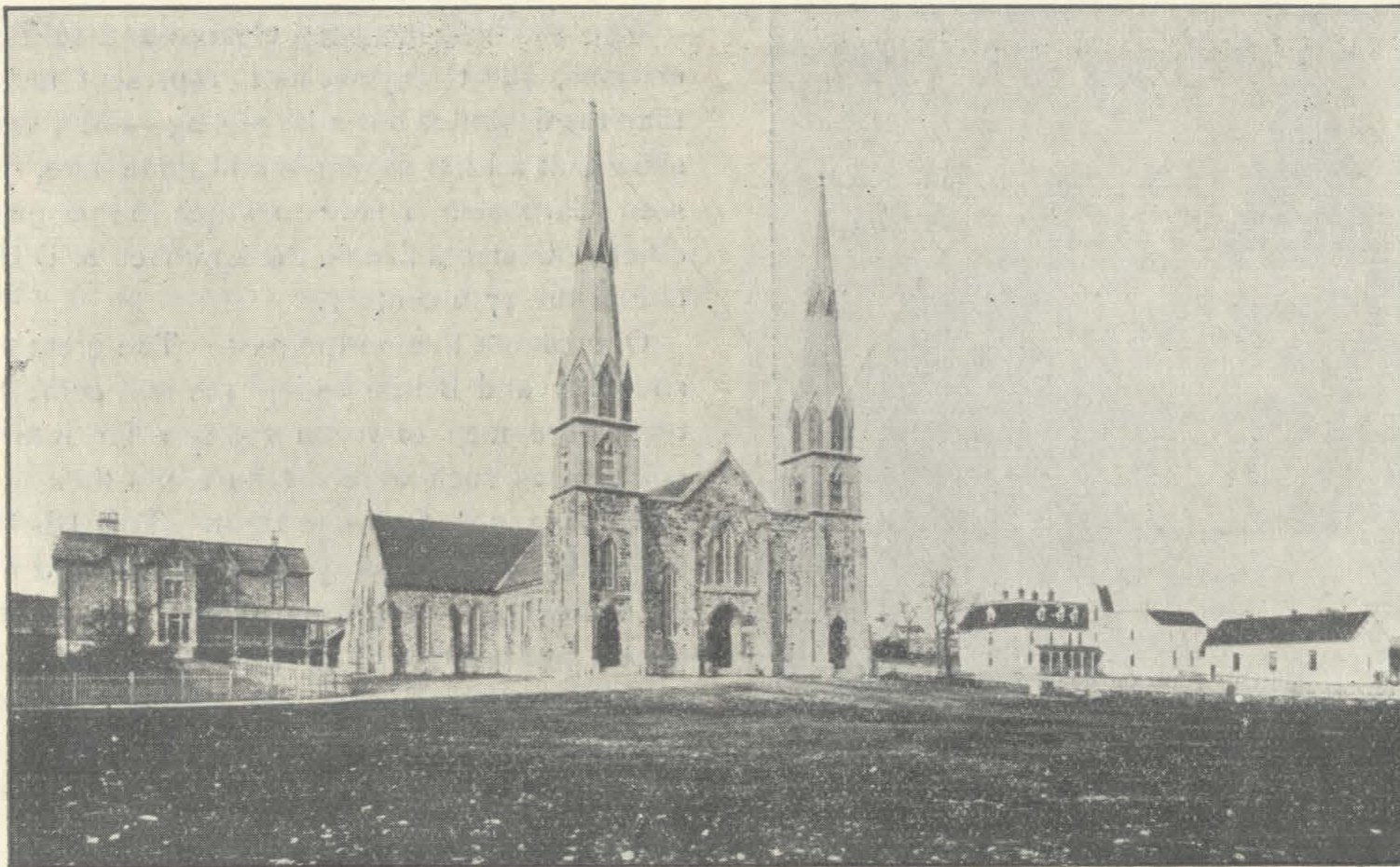
Much of this is extremely imaginative, because it overlooks entirely the fact that, as an Island Cove man said, "This place was once one of the best fishing stations along the Coast." The rocks lay thick as leaves in autumn upon the ground, but these valiant men of yore set to work with their sledges and barrows and cleared the land. That there could be opposition between the fishermen and the ship-owners pre-supposes a unity amongst the fishermen where none existed. Even to this day there is no co-operation amongst the fishermen. The fishermen depend

upon the merchant. It is ridiculous to imagine that in the 17th or 18th century he could defy the merchant.

The fishery was neglected when the Mines started working on Bell Island. About two hundred men went there to work and received on an average \$50 00 a month in wages from this source. The time came when the company could secure sufficient labourers amongst the residents of the Island and since about 1930 Island Cove men like other men on the mainland have been unable to count upon mining for a livelihood. There was always the hope of better times but in the meantime they have been unable to get back to the fishery, and their savings having disappeared, they are to a large extent dependent upon government relief. Men, women and children pick blueberries and one can meet them of an evening trudging many miles homewards. They are a polite, intelligent people, cheerful in all their difficulties. They have a fine Anglican Church, St. Peter's, with a resident pastor, also a substantial Parish Hall and school which would do credit to a settlement of much larger

At the southern head is Harbour Grace Island before which is a rock that looks like a lion guarding the entrance. The land to the west of the town is cultivated, and here and there may be seen groves of trees. Along the water-front which resembles that of Sydney, Nova Scotia, one may see the mercantile buildings of Colonial style with slate roofs and skylights. During the golden age of the last century the clerks and shopmen dwelled with the proprietors and their families in the upper stories of these business houses. St. Paul's Church stands out solid and bold and the twin spires of the Catholic Cathedral complete a picture of an old-fashioned, old world Cathedral Town "whose manners and furniture told of high breeding and blue blood."

There is extant a map of Harbour Grace which shows business premises extending all along the water-front. To-day, the waterfront is almost deserted, and her factories lie dormant, and the offices where brass railings once kept crowds of fishermen in an orderly procession, are empty and dusty. There are of



R. C. Cathedral, Harbour Grace.

size. A little to the west is another small cove, Spoon Cove, whose families are mostly Catholic.

Bryant's Cove is about one-third the size of Upper Island Cove and is best reached by a steep incline from the road on the South Side of Harbour Grace. This road also climbs the same ridge of hills that extends from Spaniard's Bay to Harbour Grace, and descends very abruptly to the Cove. There is a beach here with a small pond inside, the settlement stretching along the north side of the cove. Another road leads along the coast to Upper Island Cove. This road near the coast was no doubt the first means of communication by land between these isolated settlements, and is a work of great ingenuity.

The South Side of Harbour Grace has a road along its whole length although the houses are very scattered. There is a splendid view of the Harbour and town opposite. The town of Harbour Grace is magnificently situated on level, dry ground, sloping gradually from the water-front. The harbour is three miles long and approximately a half mile wide with deep water.

course, grocers and stores selling dry goods and hardware, but the great import and export trade has vanished.

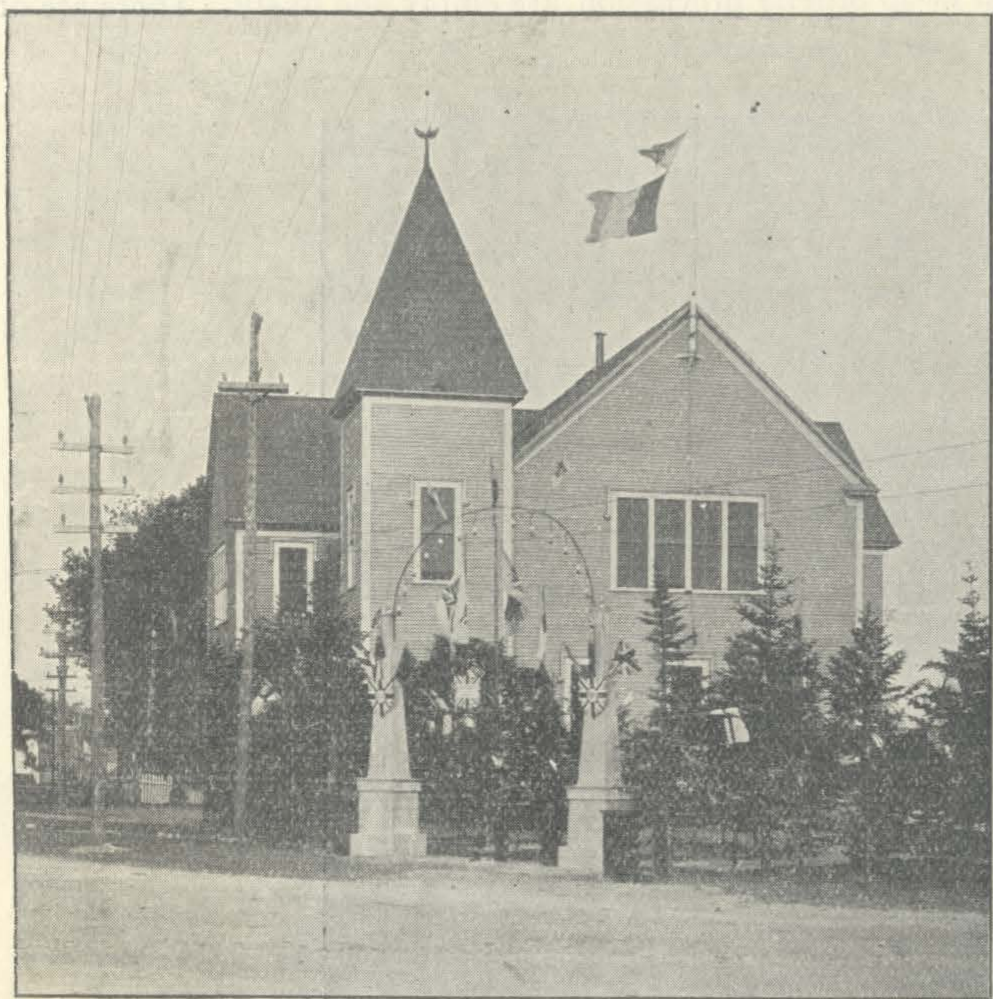
During the war a Norwegian firm established a shipyard here which was subsequently abandoned; the premises have now been taken over by Crosbie & Co. for the curing of the fish brought in by their new trawler "Imperator." Should this venture prove successful Harbour Grace should regain something of its former splendour. It gives new courage to the inhabitants to see thousands of quintals of fish being landed for cure before being shipped abroad.

Many very handsome dwellings and gardens, some of them neglected, it is true, give this town an aristocratic air, of which the people seem very conscious. They are proud, too, of the stone church of St. Paul's, and, justly so. On July 28, 1935, His Excellency Sir David Murray Anderson was present at the centenary of the laying of its corner stone by his predecessor, Governor Prescott. Around the church rest from their earthly labours the diocese members of its congregation. Dates on the

tombstones, which face west, go back to the early days of the nineteenth century, whilst across the road, behind some houses, is an old Catholic cemetery, whose stones facing east, are of equal or even greater age.

The present Roman Catholic Cathedral was built to replace an older one which was burnt in 1889. The old one was Roman in style, but the present edifice is of Gothic design. On entering the Cathedral one is astonished at the fine sweep of the vaulting near the apse. The first Bishop of Harbour Grace was Bishop Dalton, who was consecrated by Bishop Mullock in St. John's in 1856 when the Diocese of Harbour Grace was created. One of his first undertakings was the building of the Cathedral. All churches should be built of stone, and symbolize in their structure the eternal truths taught from the pulpits.

Methodism in Newfoundland had its humble beginnings here in 1765 when, at the request of John Wesley, the Bishop of London ordained Lawrence Coughlan who was then sent out by



Coughlan Hall, Harbour Grace.

the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. "Although he was an Anglican Clergyman he was also a Methodist Preacher, both in doctrine and discipline, and to his evangelical labours Methodism owes its origin in Newfoundland." Methodism like Catholicism was then proscribed, so that an attempt had been made to poison Mr. Coughlan; he was arrested, and eventually forced to leave the country.

Among the numerous famous men who lived here may be mentioned Rev. Lewis A. Anspach—the author of a history of Newfoundland, and C. H. St. John who worked at Slade, Elson & Co., at Carbonear, when P. H. Gosse the famous Naturalist and father of the late Sir Edmund Gosse was employed there. Upon his marriage he was forced to leave, as the firm looked with ill-favour upon married members of the staff. The days of religious tolerance and social justice arrived late in Newfoundland. The friendship between these two men, however endured, and thirty years later St. John dedicated a book of poems to the friend of his youth.

Harbour Grace had a gas plant in 1852. It has a good supply of water from Bannerman Lake, whilst, at the back of the

town is a landing field which has already welcomed many transatlantic fliers. The Airport, as it is called, is a long level stretch of tableland. Considering the fine harbour and landing field that it possesses, Harbour Grace is a most suitable site for an airplane base if a transatlantic air service should be established between the New World and the Old. Harbour Grace has great endowments by nature; some day it will come into its own.

A mile from Harbour Grace there is a valley sloping down to the sea; only a few people live there now, but many stone walls along the valley suggest that it was once more populous. This little cove is now called Bristol's Hope, because it was supposed to be here that the second of John Guy's settlements was started. It is also claimed it was here in 1613 that the first white child was born in Newfoundland, to the wife of Nicholas Gure, and a rock known locally as "Gure's Rock" is said to mark the site of the building where the child was born. The place was then called Mosquito, and one is tempted to wonder if this title was derived from the winged pest of our marshes, or, as Archbishop Howley thought, from the Spanish word "musquetto," meaning musket, as the neighbouring town of Carbonear is so obviously derived from carbine.

The soil here has been cleared and cultivated for many generations, and to-day seems to represent more to the inhabitants than the fisheries, but a large stage and a couple of fishing skiffs show that a little fishing is still done here. Just outside can be seen Carbonear Island to which the people of this place and other settlements fled on the approach of D'Iberville's Canadians late in the 17th century.

One cannot live on the past. The great ambitions of Bacon, and Guy and Baltimore and the rest come to nought although they were men of vision and saw far into the future. Their colonies as such were a failure, but their ideas to make a self-supporting country were right. This District was once prosperous but its prosperity was fictitious and fleeting. There can be no real prosperity in an industry or in a country, if the producers are not treated justly. All history shrieks this warning, so that if in the new and more enlightened age through which the world is now passing, some scheme may be devised that will help this District where brave hearts still struggle desperately against poverty and want, then there will be assurance that its population will increase and multiply. Can co-operation succeed in building up a prosperous people, where private enterprise has so signally failed?

No other part of Newfoundland provides so great a problem.

❖ Berry Picking Days. ❖

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

THE sunscorched summer wanes; each unmoved pond
Lies motionless this shimmering afternoon
The brook's thin tinkling plays a haunting tune;
And on the barrens and the slopes beyond
The berry-picking groups search bush and frond
For pale-blue succulent whorts, a welcome boon,
Until the hour of sunset brings the moon?
A golden sickle shining calm and grand.

Now heat the kettle; flame comes quick and fierce
From dry brown fir boughs wilted by the sun;
For wood-made tea tastes sweet in open air:
Then for our laving, face and hands immerse
Where the brook flows towards the sunset fair;
These are the golden hours, my Avalon!

The Modern Egg Factory.

A Fine Industry for Newfoundland—An Easy Way to Independence.

EGG factories are booming in America and are furnishing an abundance of eggs and table poultry. They could be profitably introduced into Newfoundland by anyone possessing energy and a small amount of carpentry skill. The only capital required is a will to work and carry on. If this is available, egg factories should quickly spring up throughout Newfoundland, bringing great wealth to the country and happiness to those who become interested in the industry.

A Modern Development.

Egg factories are a modern development of an old idea. Milton H. Arndt, of Trenton, New Jersey, one of the most active developers, said in a recent interview: "The battery system of poultry raising has been developed little by little during the last eight years. I was one of the first to experiment with multiple deck brooders. I saw this was a method which enabled me to control conditions instead of being controlled by them. They allowed me to control heat, moisture, ventilation and sanitation. I pressed on with other experiments. If chicks could be brooded successfully in skyscraper units could not hens be handled with a similar equipment? I found this possible. Our first installation of several hundred laying hens in cages was in full operation in 1928. At first five or six hens were kept in a single cage. This did not permit of complete control. The final step was to provide a single cage for each hen. Then I tested the vitality of caged layers. I bred to the fourth generation and found them vigorous and healthy."

A Slow Evolution.

The development of confinement poultry raising is an evolution to which many men have contributed. To-day it has reached a stage of automatic mechanical efficiency. The pioneers were the French in Le Mans and Bresse who raised hens in cages for fattening for the table. Take up any of the French chefs cooking books and see how eloquent they become when speaking of the cooking qualities of the poultry of Le Mans and Bresse which have been raised in cages for several centuries. Pattie de foie geese, for similar periods, have been raised in cages in Germany and France.

Production Units.

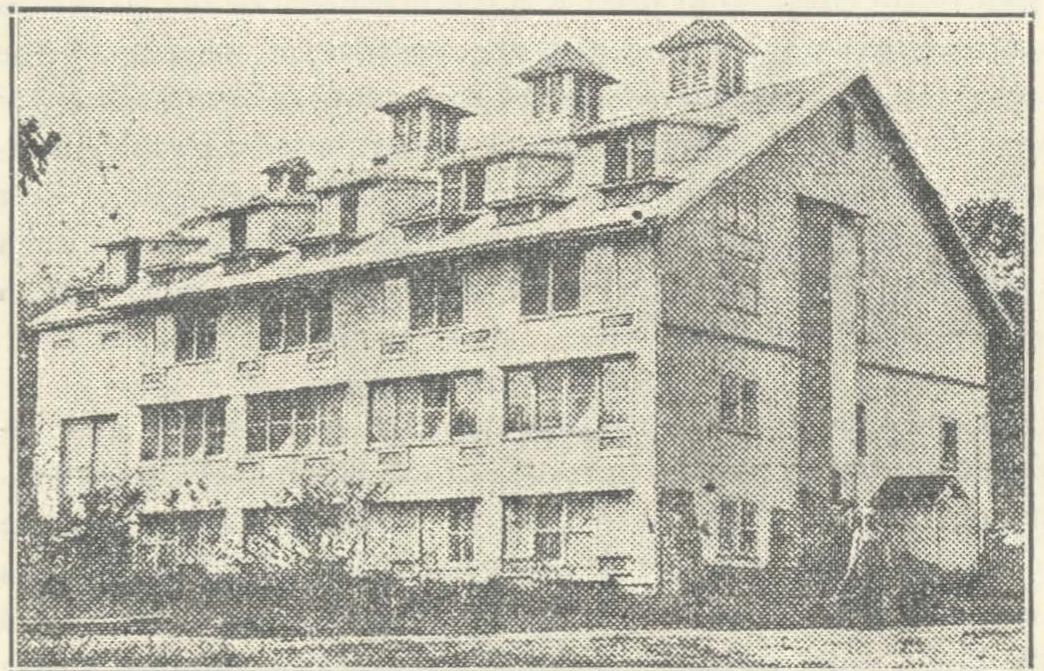
The American production units are made of sheet iron and wire netting. But wood can be used instead of iron. A battery can have from 4 to 10 decks, each deck having water supply, feeding troughs and sanitary paper rolls for cleaning the droppings. The laying cages have egg conveyors which grade and collect the eggs. Each cage is made of wire. The flooring is also of wire. Underneath the flooring is the paper unrolled from one end of the battery by turning a roller working like pulleys of an endless belt.

A Profitable Plant.

In order to show the progressive trend in poultry culture, Mr. Arndt recently invited seven hundred poultry experts to visit his factory at Mercerville, near Trenton, where on less than half an acre of land he has batteries housing 10,000 laying hens which produce eggs every day of the year.

Velvet lawns, blooming flowers, specimen conifers and showy trees and shrubs form the setting for the attractive chicken coops. "But where are the 10,000 chickens?" demanded scores of the visitors as they arrived in automobiles and buses, and there was a general air of vague incredulity until all were conducted through the plant and all had seen the hens laying eggs, the cockerels growing fat, the chicks sprouting feathers and the great electric incubators humming for the Monday morning hatch.

Among the invited guests was Prof. Willard C. Thompson, head of the department of poultry husbandry at the New Jersey Experiment Farm in Rutgers University, and celebrated as the American expert who laid out and planned the farm and buildings of the British National Poultry Institute at Newport, in Shropshire, England. In an informal address he spoke of the skepticism that challenged Milton Arndt's revolutionary methods



BARN CONVERTED INTO THREE-STORY BATTERY
LAYING HOUSE WITH 5,000 HENS
AT MOUNT WHITNEY FARM.

in poultry farming, and said that hundreds of inquiries about the system had prompted the New Jersey college to set up a battery plant and conduct a program of scientific tests. The tests have been going on six months, and the results have been surprising and interesting.

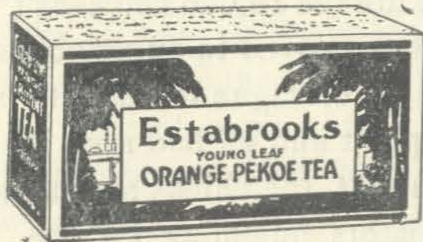
The Profit.

One hundred and eight White Leghorn pullets of average quality, picked up from various breeding farms, were placed in laying batteries and fed on the complete balanced ration pellets that are now in use on many farms. The daily record charts for the first five months show a total of 9,105 eggs laid, at a feed cost of \$98.80 and a market value of \$318.36. Of the 108 pullets, all laid during the winter months from November to April, and 103 are still laying. Five of them died of inherited fowl paralysis, but laid enough eggs to cover the cost of feeding before they were stricken.

Batteries are Sanitary.

Dr. Thompson remarked that the battery coops eliminated cannibalism and "pick-outs," which are among the trying pro-

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blems of flock management, and that they did away with the high cost of straw and other litter, and the incidental care and labor in the disposal of litter and the maintenance of cleanliness and sanitation. He said that the attendant in charge of the batteries performed an average of four hours of actual labor per week, in feeding, gathering eggs, keeping records, cleaning batteries and keeping the room in order; and it was figured that one man could care from four to five thousand hens under such a system. The pullets, now in their seventh month, are in excellent physical condition.

Constant Egg Production.

At the model farm, hens that stop laying are retired and replaced by laying pullets, but some of the layers have been producing eggs for more than three years and are still in prime condition. The interiors of the farm buildings are as dustless and well ordered as a modern New York business office, and the birds, from growing chicks to veteran egg producers, are bright eyed, alert and evidently contented with their clean cages, fresh running water and abundant food.

The Mount Witney Farm Plant.

K. H. Wiljelm, manger of the famous Mount Whitney Farm of New York State, gives some intimate details of his extensive experience with the battery methods of poultry keeping since it was adopted by the farm in August, 1932.

A three-story dairy barn was converted into a laying house, and now, three years later, it houses over 5,000 laying hens, 700 pullets, and the chicks, which are hatched twice monthly. One man and two women care for the laying hens and the growing pullets, and another man does all the work of the starting and growing rooms and takes care of 700 breeding fowls that supply the incubators with eggs.

Only Producers Kept.

An average of 3 per cent of the laying hens are culled monthly and replaced with laying pullets, and about 60 per cent are kept in the cages the second year, while some hens have made good records in their third year. Broilers are sold when they reach a weight of two pounds, and all birds over two months old are kept on a ration of compressed precision pellets.

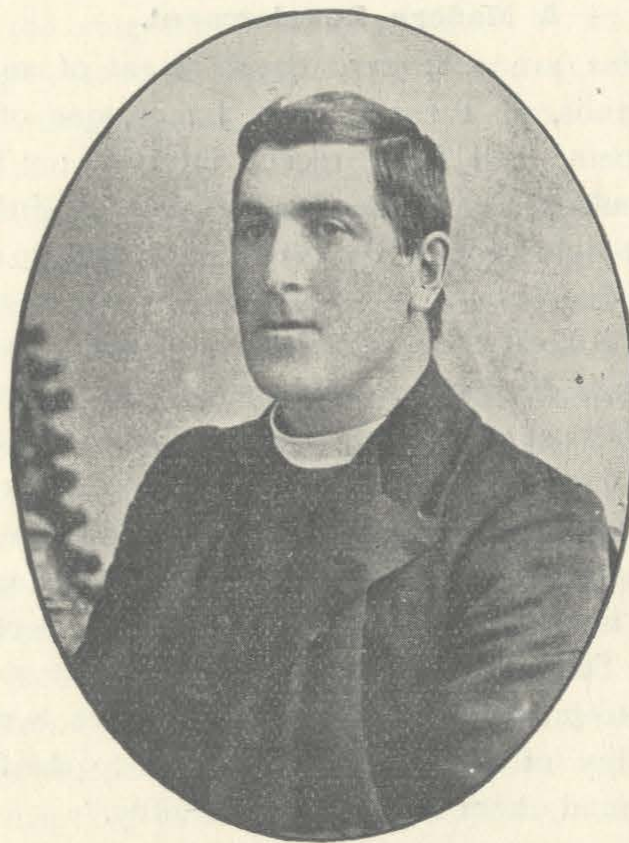
Advantages of the System.

Mr. Wilhjelm gave an answer to a common question relative to the battery system when he said that he had good results in

his breeding department from the use of hens that were reared in batteries, and that made their first-year laying records in battery cages. In summing up some peculiar advantages of the system he said that equipment and labor could be used to 100 per cent efficiency the year through; that the supply of eggs and broilers is uniform and constant, and that he has proved to his satisfaction that battery hens produce eggs at the lowest possible cost.

H. M. Arndt publishes a good catalog which is sent free. Also a descriptive book called "A New Road to Independence," price \$1.00; 160 pages and 100 illustrations describing the units and their operation.—A. S. B.

The Late Rev. W. P. Finn, P.P.



THE LATE VERY REV. WILLIAM P. FINN, P.P.

ON Saturday morning, August 3, at the Presbytery at Holyrood, death came suddenly to Very Rev. William P. Finn, P.P., of Holyrood, in the 67th year of his age and the 43rd year of his Priesthood.

Born at Carbonear in 1868, son of Patrick and Alice Finn, the deceased was educated at the Grammar School Carbonear, St. Francis Xavier University Antigonish and Laval University, Quebec. In 1892 he was ordained to the Priesthood at Quebec by the late Cardinal Begin.

After his ordination the late Fr. Finn was appointed to Tilton Harbour. On the death of Rev. G. J. Battcock he was appointed Parish Priest at Holyrood nearly a quarter of century ago.

In 1927 he was stricken with a serious illness and for some months it was feared that he would not recover. That illness was thrown off but for the past eight years his health had been such that his sudden passing was not unexpected.

In the first years of his pastorate the parish church was destroyed by fire and on the ruins of the old church a new and more beautiful edifice was reared, which to day stands as a monument to his zeal.

He is survived by one sister, Mrs. William Murphy, residing at Carbonear as well as a brother Michael at the same town. Rev. Fr. Finn, P.P., of Grand Falls is a nephew.

The funeral took place at 10 o'clock Monday after a Requiem High Mass, which was celebrated at the Parish Church at Holyrood.

Morality in National Law.

SOME PRECEDENTS IN HISTORY.

By The Hon. Elbert D. Thomas, U. S. Senator from Utah.

[In these critical times, when international trade is paralyzed, governments are upturned by dictators, and men's attention is directed to war rather than peace, it is well to be reminded that morality is based on natural law and when morality is discarded civilization perishes. In this article a prominent American lawyer shows why morality must be preserved at all hazards.—ED.]



ONE of America's contributions to political theory and to the art of government is the American Federal system. The Federal system rests upon two interstate theories growing out of interstate facts. First, the relation of the States to each other, and, second, the relation of the single State to that which represents all the States, the Union. The American citizen has dual responsibilities, first to the Union into whose jurisdiction he was born, and, second, to the State in which he resides.

From both the Union and the State the citizen receives certain rights and privileges. In theory, he is in constant danger of the force of law of both the State and the Union. In practice he goes and comes, buys and sells, lives and dies, receives benefits from and contributes to both State and Nation, unconscious of either, except when thoughtful of the benefits and complaining at both when thoughtful and unthoughtful of the contributions.

Conflict of Laws.

If a person runs afoul of the law, he sometimes saves himself by jumping from one jurisdiction to another. If he is a criminal of foresight, he has all of these conflicting jurisdictions in mind, and he chooses the time and the place as well as the victim or companion in wrongdoing. I was visiting in a strange city and State where a former resident of Utah was serving a term in a State penitentiary. His wife was living in the same city that she might be near her husband while he served his term. The wife, assuming that Senators can do anything, as most people in trouble do, appealed to me to try to get him out. The husband heard of her appeal and sent me a note saying, "Don't pay attention to my wife, and above all don't get me out of here, because if you do, the Federal birds will get me." If his term is long enough, our friend may develop into an authority in conflict of law and jurisdiction and international law. Why not? Grotius, the father of international law, and Hitler, who to date is the world's outstanding destroyer of federalism, both thought and wrote in jail. In fact, it would be a dull one, indeed, who ever goes to jail without some ideas about a conflict with law. Thus we see that interstate and international ideas are the basis of many present governmental problems, and the Federal system is being put through a test.

For example, the Constitution apparently makes it possible to throw up high barriers, such as tariffs, to protect our American standards, or as the politician invariably puts it, to protect the American workman from the sweatshops of Europe and coolie fields of Asia, but the Constitution cannot protect American labor of one State from low American standards of another State and America's own sweatshops, or even child labor. A condition of that kind just passes. Government finds a way. That phase of interstate and Federal relation will not wreck the great interstate Federal system.

International Law.

The American Constitution, by mentioning the law of nations and the early American practice, gave international law standing in our legal system. As the Constitutional Convention was in reality a meeting of representatives from separate States, the Federal legal scheme and international law have at least an academic relationship. The legal conflict between State and nation has run along now for 150 years. At one time, the Federal power moving forward, at another, State power being stressed. The first edition of Toqueville's *Democracy in America* I read came out at the time of the American Civil War, and in the foreword of that edition the statement was made by the publisher that democracy in America was now coming to an end, that the interesting American experiment was coming to a close.

China's Viewpoint.

If the Civil War had divided instead of United our Nation and the American Constitution had become prostrate, we could have used the history of our own land in telling the story of the Federal experiment. In the spirit of judging the future only by the past I turn to some early Chinese experiences to trace the development of a unitary state from a multiple one, and to show that fundamental international law concepts which have now become basic in our modern international law became recognized rules of state action in the past. The man who likes to assume that international law does follow a natural and logical sequence and is therefore based upon custom inherent to life will find some elements of interest by reviewing a thousand years of Chinese political change. I refer to the Chou period of Chinese history, from the eleventh to the second centuries B.C.

Chinese Practice.

With the ending of the Chou period and the commencement of the Ts'in dynasty (249 to B.C.) we come to the time when an attempt was made to destroy, with some exceptions, the whole of Chinese political literature in order that history might begin anew from the reign of the first Emperor of United China. The extent of the actual mischief done by the burning had undoubtedly been greatly exaggerated; but, nevertheless, it has tended toward making that which escaped the flames the more important, which, in turn, naturally led to hero worship and to the marking of the age as a golden one. Those things which survived became models for what followed.

But before the time of the great burning there had also been a great destruction of literature. Confucius compiled and preserved what was worth keeping.

An Old Expedient.

The destruction of the books by Ts'in Shih Hwangti had a political purpose. He wanted to end the democratic separate state rule and unite all the people in a dictatorial single-willed empire. The books he destroyed were the books that dealt with political theory defending local self-government. He succeeded to this extent: He did make the Chinese world a unit in thought, if not in fact. He was able to do this because the Chinese world is to be conceived of as a single world in much the same way as under the Petrine theory advanced by the

church in the Middle Ages made our world one in thought. In each case, both the Chinese and the European, the actual facts made for diversity, with this difference: As the facts in Europe caused the thinkers to become conscious of national unities actually existing in contradistinction to the world unity of the assumed church rule, and as the fact of nations existing side by side made for the development of international law in Europe, just so the unification of the many states in China sounded the death knell of interstate and international concepts. Thus we have a confirmation in Chinese history working, though, in the opposite direction of Oppenheim's seven morals of history incident to the evolution of international law.

Seven Morals.

Oppenheim says that "it is the task of history, not only to show how things have grown in the past, but also to extract a moral for the future out of the events of the past. Seven morals can be said to be deduced from the history of the development of the law of nations:

First—There must be "an equilibrium, a balance of power, between the members of the family of nations."

The history of the Chou period shows that a balance between the states was maintained; but, with the destruction of this balance by the force of one powerful state, not only was the balance destroyed but also the growth of interstate theory stopped.

Second—International law can develop progressively only when international politics are made the basis of real state interests."

With the advent of Ts'in Shih Hwangti came not only the end of all theory which had to do with state interest, but also the order for the destruction of books which was to destroy all theory but that which advanced personal political theory of Ts'in Shih Hwangti.

Third—"That the progress of international law is intimately connected with the victory everywhere of constitutional government over autocratic government."

The unification of China under Ts'in Shih Hwangti was the work of an autocrat, whereas much of the theory of the governments of the states before his time was democratic and in accordance with the consent of the governed. During the democratic period there was growth in international law concepts; with the coming of autocracy this ceased.

Democracy Develops.

I cannot refrain from jumping from ancient China to modern Europe, in stressing the above point—international law and international agreements had their greatest sanction and growth during the period of democratic constitutional development, say from 1865 to 1919. The culmination of making the world safe for democracy was the world's outstanding international agreement and covenant. It was democratic in essence and democratic in ideal. Its success rested where the essence of democracy must rest on a theory of live and let live. The crushing of democracy and the killing of the spirit of live and let live, have given us the autocratic single-willed governments of force and expediency. International law dies with the death of international trust. International trust rests upon the morality of nations, not upon the expediency, the whims and caprice of the person in power, call him what you will. Thus, in our own case, the Federal system does not rest on the sixth article of our Constitution, but upon the democratic theory of the American people. World organization and international law cannot last long in a world of nationalistic autocrats controlled only by expediency. It needs the will of the morally conscious many to survive.

Nationality.

Fourth—"That the principle of nationality is of such force that it is fruitless to try to stop its victory. Wherever a community of millions of individuals who are bound together by the same blood, language, and interests become so powerful that they think it necessary to have a state of their own in which they can

live according to their own ideals and can build up a national civilization, they will certainly get that state sooner or later."

The Chou period theory recognized the theory of self-determination, while that of Ts'in Shih Hwangti sought to accomplish a unity by a destruction of all theory in disagreement with his own. Self-determination and interstate ideas were consistent and developed together. With the destruction of the principle of self-determination other interstate ideas ceased.

Fifth—"That every progress in the development of international law wants due time to ripen."

The fact that such time was not given the ideas developed in the Chou period to continue through later times caused the growth of international conceptions to become arrested.

Sixth—"That the progress of international law depends to a great extent upon whether the legal school of international jurists prevails over the diplomatic school."

The tendency of Chinese governmental theory to insist that government be personal rather than legal has resulted in Chinese rulers being excellent diplomatists, but it has also resulted in an arrested growth of even internal government by law.

Morality and Economics

Seventh—"That progressive development of international law depends chiefly upon the standard of public morality on the one hand, and on the other, upon, economic interests."

The Chinese theory of sovereignty followed the theory of the sovereignty of the family rather than the absolute will of a single force. In the Chinese family there are other relationships besides that of father and son; therefore in the Chinese state theory sovereignty is many, not single, and relative, not absolute. A tripartite agreement between China, Russia, and Mongolia, when Mongolia was recognized by all as being Chinese, was not inconsistent. China never in theory gave up a single sovereign right to foreigners in her nineteenth century treaties.

And so we might continue giving illustration after illustration of the early interstate and international concepts that were evolved. This, though, I must repeat: The sanction for every concept rested on reason, and grew out of social and political experience, and had its authoritative basis in morals. These experiences after all support my thesis that international law and international relations, treaty purposes and treaty making, international action and international will must rest to be effective and lasting upon morality, honesty, and truth, and not upon diplomacy, wit advantage-taking, and suspicion. A great state can afford to be fair. If it is not, it will become a victim of its own inferiority complex, dishonest and untrue defenses. America's, like England's, future depends upon America's and England's ability to be herself, both nationally and internationally.

Soul Conflicts.

A world of justice ruled by the ideals of law and order may make less hazardous lives of soldiers, but rule of law does not relieve conflict from the soul of men. A reign of peace leaves us surrounded by our neighbors and married to our wives. We may pray for the better day, but the fact of the social conflict remains. Which will you choose, the garden in peace without the woman, or the world, the sweaty brow, and the social life? Adam made the only choice that was open to man under the Aristotelian definition of a man, and you and I and our country will make the only choice that is open to us and to it under our and its destiny. There is satisfaction in combat, there is satisfaction in winning. Lawyers win fights by a measure of wits. An American election gives all the satisfaction that comes to those who bring about a bloody coup d'état. A victory at court, a victory at diplomacy, a victory in political theory, a victory in the development of men and a happy, abundant life surely makes striving worth while and life quite as sweet as a victory from bloodshed, bombing, destroying a city, or sinking a ship. International law and its universal acceptance should be a challenge worthy of our acceptance. Have we not an end worth working for?



Dr. Keegan's Retirement from General Hospital.

Notable Record as Superintendent and Chief Surgeon.

THE retirement of Dr. Keegan, C.B.E., from the position of Superintendent and Chief Surgeon at the General Hospital, may be to him a well-earned rest from the grave responsibility so long and capably borne, and a welcome relief from the onerous duties so faithfully and conscientiously performed, in the alleviation of human suffering; but it cannot be regarded by the public as other than a matter of concern and general regret, in so far as his retirement, evidently, severs his professional connection with that institution, where for the past twenty-six years he has rendered incalculable service as a constructive organizer in the internal management and administration of the Hospital, and, above all, as a surgeon whose notable

institution to its present state of efficiency as Dr. Keegan has had. His potent influence upon the daily life and professional duties of those who came under his guidance, tuition and discipline, is reflected in the high standard of service now rendered at the General Hospital, and in the daily evidence of self-sacrificing duty so noticeable among the staff, and which, indeed, permeates the atmosphere of the whole institution.

Coming to this country from Ireland in 1889, with a brilliant record, having received at the age of 22, degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland, and Licentiate of Midwifery of Rotunda Hospital, and subsequently acquiring the much-coveted degree of M.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, he



LAURENCE E. KEEGAN, B.A., M.D., C.B.E.

Holloway Photo.

achievements have merited for him outstanding prominence in that field, and placed his name in the front rank of eminent surgeons of the present day.

Though yet but a comparatively young man, he has achieved results in the organization, stimulation and advancement of medicine and surgical science in this country, which will stand in the records of Newfoundland Medical History, as a model and inspiration to those privileged to take up the General Hospital duties, at the point that he has laid them down, and to which he unselfishly devoted the best years of his life.

Among the able and devoted doctors who preceded him in the capacity of Superintendent and Chief Surgeon, none had so widespread, direct and continuous influence in bringing that

attained immediate prominence, by his capable handling of the serious outbreak of Typhoid Fever at Villa Nova, of which the writer has vivid recollection, and a knowledge of the then young doctor arresting the spread and checking the ravages of that disease, under most unfavorable conditions.

For a short time he was visiting physician and Superintendent at the Mental Hospital, and in 1909 received the appointment as Resident Superintendent and Chief Surgeon at the General Hospital, which important position he held without a break till relieved in July of this year, in compliance with the newly established age-limit regulations. Thus, for twenty-six years, Dr. Keegan incessantly devoted his personal service, his marvellous energy, and his brilliant abilities, exclusively to the Gen-

eral Hospital, transforming, in that period, what was, comparatively speaking, a parochial institution, into the well-equipped, capably staffed modern hospital we have to-day, rendering country-wide service with the highest degree of efficiency, and an established record in both medical and surgical departments which would reflect credit upon any of the medical and surgical institutions in the large centres of population on this continent.

Those of us who are old enough to recall the conditions with which Dr. Keegan's predecessors at the General Hospital had to contend, will realize the tremendous handicap imposed upon him on assuming responsibility for that institution, and comparing the old with the new, the past with the present, accord due recognition and unstinted praise to him for the marvellous achievement of the past quarter of a century, visible in and about the General Hospital to-day, which will stand as a lasting tribute and imperishable monument to his memory long after he will have ceased his professional activities among his adopted countrymen.

How many of the present generation know that 25 years ago, the Newfoundland General Hospital lacked such indispensable auxiliaries as a nurses home, a sterilizing apparatus and other important adjuncts regarding to-day as inseparable from administration.

When in 1909, Dr. Keegan entered upon his duties as Superintendent and Chief Surgeon, his first important innovation was the establishment of these essential improvements. In pursuing his objective, not the least of the obstacles met with, was that *vis inertia* which generally characterized, at that period, state controlled institutions, and as the writer is well aware, only by Dr. Keegan's personal initiative, and indefatigable efforts, was the early establishment of these important requisites eventually accomplished. Within a year of his appointment, the corner stone of the Nurses Home was laid by Governor Williams. This was followed by up-to-date operating rooms, an electric department, a sterilizing apparatus, a large and modern kitchen, and in the early years of the War an artificial limb department was added. Last year through the generosity of Major Greene, in memory of his friend Dr. Stabb, a Nurses Lecture Hall was added to the institution, all fitted in the most modern way. From that date, well-directed progress steadily attaining high efficiency in the fundamental principles of nursing—the cure of the sick, the healing of the wounded, the method and technique of each phase of treatment, the comfort and recovery of the suffering—became the daily work and chief objective of Dr. Keegan in the training of the Hospital staff. For twenty-five years Dr. Keegan lectured on Surgery and other subjects coming within the purview of his official regime. His energies during these years of organization, expansion and upbuilding were not confined exclusively to his hospital duties, numerous and exacting though they were. He founded the Newfoundland Medical Society, becoming its first President, which office he held for three years, afterwards being unanimously elected Honorary President.

Inadequate Service and Crude Methods of Early Years.

The assertion that up to the middle of the nineteenth century, no country in North America was so badly neglected in the matter of hospital accommodation as was Newfoundland, may be regarded to-day as far-fetched. A few extracts from official records of the past will conclusively prove the correctness of that statement.

Prior to 1811, there was no Civil Hospital in St. John's, but there were two small military ones. These were used almost exclusively for treatment of soldiers of the Garrison. One of

these hospitals was a small one, situated at the foot of Patrick Street, on the site of the present Gas House, moreover there was a Military burial ground in a line directly south from this at the foot of the South Side Hills, because some years ago when excavating at this spot, workmen found skeletons, the remains of coffins, and many military buttons.

This hospital may have been used for infectious diseases only, being at the time isolated from the main Garrison, which was situated at Fort William, the site of the Curling Rink.

The other and principal Military Hospital, and undoubtedly the first built, was situated on Military Road between Government House and Fort William. This building was sold by auction on June 11th, 1852, and was then taken down. To replace this Hospital, a new Military Hospital was built on Forest Road, on the site of the present General Hospital, and forms a large part of that Institution to-day.

The military hospitals working, prior to 1811, were used almost exclusively for the Military, so in 1813 the foundation stone of the first Civil Hospital was laid at the Riverhead of St. John's, in the grounds now known as Victoria Park.

There was a procession from the Court House to the site. A speech was made by Chief Justice Colclough, and the prayer was offered up by the Rev. D. Roland, of the St. John's Episcopal Church.

The cost of this first Civil Hospital was £2,138. There was £19 stg. allocated to cover rum for the men who hauled the frame. The first Medical report issued was in 1814. It stated that 40 patients had been admitted to the institution—21 discharged cured, 2 died.

In 1820 the Hospital was in financial difficulty, and it was a desperate fight to keep it going. The insane also had to be housed, and as there was no money to build another institution the insane was bundled in with the sick.

The Grand Jury in these days were writing reports just as now; and in one report dated 1835, it says "that the apartments allowed to the lunatics are very unsuitable, being so near the sick wards that the lives of the patients have been endangered from the total want of fires, and the open state of the building, it is only wonderful that these poor creatures have not been frozen in their beds."

1836 the Governor's speech at the opening of the Legislature contains the following:—

"The Hospital at Riverhead is, I regret to say, rather a disgrace than a credit to the community. I commend it to your protection and ask you to convert it into a public Institution."

This meant that the Colonial Government should take charge and finance the institution; but nothing was done until 1845, when all the insane patient were removed from the Hospital to a place called Palk's House, on the Waterford Bridge Road, and Dr. Stabb was appointed in charge.

Things went from bad to worse at the Hospital, and typhus fever broke out there in 1847. Dr. Bunting, who was in charge, died from the disease while discharging his duties.

In 1850 a Select Committee was appointed to enquire into Hospital matters. The Committee urged that the St. John's Civil Hospital should be converted into a General Hospital and financed by the Government; and in 1855 the Government took it over as the Government Hospital.

For 15 years the Government ran the Hospital at Riverhead, and in 1870 the Garrison was removed from St. John's, and the Military Hospital on Forest Road was handed over to the Government, and the Staff and patients of the Riverhead Hospital

were removed to Forest Road Hospital. Dr. Crowdy and Dr. Renouf were the Surgeons, and Miss Cowan was the Matron.

After the Riverhead Hospital was vacated in 1871 it was used as a Fever Hospital until 1888, when the Municipal Authorities decided it was a menace to the health of the town, and its death was almost as historic as its birth.

On this occasion the public turned out en masse, preceded by the St. John's Fire Brigade, the building was set ablaze and the brigade hosed the neighbouring houses to prevent a general conflagration.

The foregoing brief sketch of "Hospital History" in this country presents to some extent, the chaotic conditions which confronted Dr. Crowdy and Dr. Renouf; Drs. Shea, Stabb and Rendell, as well as Matrons Cowan and Southcott and their very inadequate staffs, when the duty of caring for the country's sick was placed upon their shoulders. For well-nigh half a century those heroic and self-sacrificing doctors labored assiduously to widen the facilities of Hospital service to meet the ever-growing demand upon the limited accommodation of their poorly equipped institution. By their indomitable will and selfless devotion, they overcame almost insuperable difficulties, and their services in the cause of human suffering form a memorable and praiseworthy chapter in history of the Medical Profession in Newfoundland.

In all civilized countries doctors are ranked among the great benefactors of mankind, but the greatness of many of them is shrouded in the mists of modesty and their individual achievements are lost sight of in the immensity of their institutional work, in which not a few sacrifices—not merely their health, but frequently risk their lives. Of such is Dr. L. E. Keegan, whose life was despaired of on one occasion, as a result of his devotion to duty as a surgeon. In the record of his great professional services to the people of this country this incident ought not go unchronicled, though I feel sure that Dr. Keegan himself would be the last to desire mention thereof.

On the occasion of his retirement he was the recipient of many honours among them being the bestowal from his Majesty the King of a Commandership of the British Empire, for which honour the people of the country are most grateful to His Excellency Admiral Sir David Murray Anderson, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O., who with Lady Anderson, since their arrival in the Country have always taken the deepest interest in the General Hospital and its work. The respect and devotion in which he was held by those who trained and served under him was also fittingly expressed, and warmly demonstrated at a special function held for that purpose at Bowring Park Lodge on the evening of July 28th past, when over two hundred sisters, nurses and domestics, past and present, assembled to demonstrate their esteem and veneration for their retiring Chief. Dr. Keegan was accompanied by Mrs. Keegan and their daughter Kathleen. The Hospital Chaplains, Rev. Mr. Moore, Rev. Fr. Pippy, and Rev. Mr. Shorter also participated.

Opening the proceedings, Rev. Mr. Moore explained that they had gathered to show the profound esteem that was in their hearts for the Doctor, to express regret at the severance of his active connection with the General Hospital, and to extend to him best wishes for a long life and a very well earned rest.

Dr. Keegan was known throughout the length and breadth of the Island and the hundreds who had passed through the hospital had felt his presence and were thrilled by his skill, his kindness and his spirit. At the hospital Dr. Keegan knew neither rich nor poor, all patients were treated alike, and hundreds in

all parts of Newfoundland to-day owe their health and vigor to his untiring energy and his outstanding ability. His loss to the hospital was a very great one, but those who had the privilege of working with him would always remember him and would cherish the happy association they had with him.

Address Presented.

Sister Codner was then called to read the Address. This which was in book form and tied with red and white ribbons, was most artistic. On the outside sheet was painted the Narrows of St. John's, and in the distance the General Hospital and the Superintendent's residence. The lettering was perfect and the Address a real work of art, being executed by Sister Mary Josephine of the Presentation Convent, Cathedral Square. The Address was as follows:—

ADDRESS

TO

DR. L. E. KEEGAN, C.B.E.,
MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT
GENERAL HOSPITAL,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

DEAR DR. KEEGAN:

The entire staff of the General Hospital realize, with regret, that you are about to sever your connection with the Institution.

For the past twenty-five years your work as a Surgeon has been well known, not only in the Institution but by the whole population of Newfoundland.

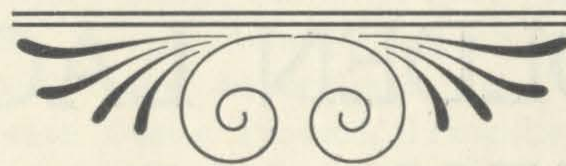
Your wise administration, sound judgment and kindly interest in all patients and staff included, will always be remembered.

The staff, nurses and domestic, both past and present, feel that they owe you a deep debt of gratitude for your untiring efforts in all things pertaining to their welfare.

We ask you to accept this small gift as but a slight token of the esteem in which you are held, and trust that you may enjoy a well earned rest of many happy years which you so richly deserve.

Dr. Keegan Replies.

Replying, Dr. Keegan said it was a trying evening for him and he felt too much affected to make the reply which he felt he should make. He desired to express his profound thanks for the beautiful and valuable presents and the Address which was given. Some of those who had taken part in the proceedings had not seen the gift, and he invited all to call at his consulting rooms where he would be glad to see them, because at all times the nurses and staff had stood by him.



❖ Hurricane at Sea. ❖

By Mary Lee Chartier, Kansas City, Missouri.

An original poem, of the new Pentain form, which is being featured in Bozart-Westminster and other magazines. Due to its adaptability as a "filler" in magazines and newspapers, it is fast becoming very popular.

Lashing
In wild fury
Against every tangible thing,
The Demon Sea
Destroys.

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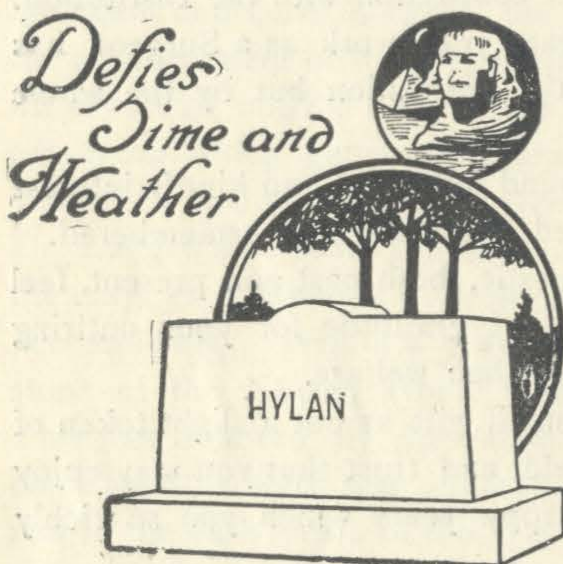
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Ayre's Cove. Agent for Newfoundland.

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

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

ARTICLE XXI.



THE Committee of the Nomenclature of Newfoundland, officially appointed by the Government, has been made the butt of so much ridicule and unmerited abuse; its decisions have been so deliberately defied, and it has received so little support from the proper authorities, that it would seem to have almost lost heart and given up the idea of making any other suggestions. It is taken for granted by unthinking critics that the Committee's only object is to change, at mere whim or caprice the names of places, on our coast.

Once before, I think, in this series of articles, I refuted this charge and showed that the spirit of the Committee is conservative, and not destructive or innovating. If our critics, knew the number of times we have refused to sanction changes proposed; if they could hear our debates and the reasons brought forward pro and con in case of any proposed change, they would have more respect for our decisions. Some time ago our Committee sanctioned a slight change in the name of

Tilton Harbour.

A change in this name was asked for by the Postmaster General as there is another place of the same name, and confusion was caused in the sending of letters. After deliberation and discussion the name was changed to

Tilting.

Good reasons were given for this change. They are fully explained in Article IX. of this series, nevertheless the change, when publicly announced, was received by the critics with a shout of derision. Now, quite unexpectedly, there came into my hands recently a proof of the accuracy of the Committee, and corroborating my reasoning in making this change, or more correctly speaking, the restoration of the old original name. This proof consists in documents of some antiquity. Among them is the "last will and testament" of "Daniel Bryan of,

Tilting Harbour."

It is dated 1820! Such then was the true spelling of the name in the early decades of the XIX. Century. Another of the documents, being an agreement between John and William Bryan, sons of Daniel, dated 1856, gives the name with the same spelling, viz.: "Tilting Harbour," while a third one, the will of the said John Bryan dated 1860 gives the name as Tilton Harbour, showing that about this time the change in the original spelling of the name began to creep in.

These documents are interesting also from another point of view, as they contain the records of some of the oldest families in Fogo, and their deeds of prowess upon the sea and land in prose and verse, they will form the subject of a paper to be read at a future meeting of the Historical Society.

In my last Article (No. XX.) I passed over with very slight notice the name of

Manuels,

as I had no data of any certainty concerning it. Since then it has occurred to me that the name may possibly have a very

remote and interesting historical origin. It will be remembered that in the year 1500, immediately after Cabot's second voyage, Gaspar de Cortereal came out from the Azores, of which Islands he was Governor. It is generally believed that the landfall of Cortereal was somewhere about the mouth of

Conception Bay;

and that he gave that name to that beautiful expanse of water as explained in Article XVII., that he explored this great estuary on both sides down to the bottom or head, giving all those Portuguese names which still hold possession up to the present day. Thus at the Northern point of the entrance we have Baccalho (now Baccalieu, see Articles I-II), Split Cape, supposed by some to be a translation of *Baya Funda* (deep bay), expressing not the depth of the water but the depth to which it penetrated into the land. Then we have Bay de Verde (Article VIII.) Carbonear, supposed by some to be named from a well-known and prominent Cape on the Portuguese Coast, named Cape Carboniero (Article XVII.). Then Spaniard's Bay, explained in Article XVIII. Brigus, which Dr. Patterson (Portuguese in America, p. 143), derives from the Portuguese word "*Briga*," a quarrel or fight and *brigoso*, quarrelsome or warlike. Then we have Holy Rood (Santa Cruz, Art. XX.), Portugal Cove, and Cape St. Francis the southern head of this great bay, (of which I will speak immediately) all of undoubted Portuguese origin.

Now, then, it seems to me most probable that Cortereal also gave the name of

Manuels.

King Manuel I, surnamed "the fortunate," though not of much account himself, yet reigned during the most glorious period of Portugal's History, as far at least as the spirit of enterprise and maritime exploration is concerned. He reigned from A.D. 1495, to 1521, an epoch which produced a galaxy of illustrious men; navigators and adventurers who raised Portugal to be the first Maritime Nation in the world. Among these were Vasco da Gama, who in 1497 rounded the Cape of Good Hope, crossed the Indian Ocean and reached Calcutta. Alvarez Cabral, who in 1500 discovered Brazil; and in the same year Cortereal, in Newfoundland. In 1501, Amerigo Vespucci gave his name to the New World. Other distinguished names which adorned this period were Duarte Pacheco, Francisco de Almerido; Alfonso de Albuquerque: Joao de Nova, Magellan, &c., &c.

Now Cortereal sailed under a Royal Commission from King Manuel, and it is altogether most natural to suppose that he gave the name of his sovereign and patron to some portion of the newly discovered land. In fact he almost says as much in the legend attached to the Cantino map. This map was made by Alberto Cantino, the representative at Lisbon of the Duke of Ferrara, and sent to him on October, 1501. Cantino had the description of the voyage fresh from Cortereal himself, immediately after his return. The legend on the map, to which I have alluded above, is as follows: "*Esta terra he descobrida per mandado do muy excellentissimo Pri'cepe*"

Dom Manuel

Rey de Portugall, &c. Now as no other place in Newfoundland bears the name of Manuel I presume this name may be handed down from this early time.

Coming out the Bay from Topsail, (see Article XX), we meet the name of

Horse Cove,

of the origin of which I have no knowledge. Next we have Broad Cove, a name very happily replaced through the efforts of the V. Rev. Canon Smith by the more attractive name of

St. Philip's.

It is to be hoped that this name may become popular, and generally adopted. If the annual boat-races be advertised as the "St. Philip's Regatta," the name will soon "take."

There can be no doubting the origin of the name

Portugal Cove.

We have already seen that Cortereal called the land discovered by him "the Land of the King of Portugal," and as he landed in this Bay, the name became attached to this Cove which is the most important one on the south side of the Bay. The name



PORTUGAL COVE, CONCEPTION BAY.

next appears on the map of John Ruysch of very early date. It was published in Rome by Benvenuto in 1508. After this it appears pretty regularly on all the maps. On a map by Mr. Popple, of the date of 1733, the name of

Cap Des Portugais

appears as designating the headland jutting out between Petty Harbour (Petit Havre) and Bay Bulls (Baie de Bull). On this map neither the Portugal Cove of Conception Bay nor that at Cape Race is given; but on a map of nearly the same date (1744) by Belin, the name is given in Conception Bay, Port des Portugais. But it is not given at Cape Race on comparatively modern maps. I do not find this name near Cape Race till the Royal French Map, 1784 (translation from Cook's of 1763) where it is called

Anse De Portugal.

Cape Race, for many years, figures as the most prominent point on the coast line of the newly discovered land, and as this land on the maps following Cortereal's voyage was called the land of the Portuguese, hence it is only natural that the name should be applied to a cape or harbour in the vicinity of this prominent and well known headland.

There is only one other place-name on the south side of the Bay, namely,

Bauleen.

This is no doubt the French word Baleine (whale) pronounced in the broad Patois of the fishermen, though why it has received the name I cannot surmise, as I have never heard of the whaling industry having been prosecuted there. A whaling plant has recently been erected in a harbour to the westward of Push-through in Hermitage Bay, to which the name of

Balena

has been given, that being the Latin name for a whale. This place was formerly called Bonne Bay, and as there is another and better known place of that name the change was wisely made.

Before leaving Conception Bay, I would wish to refer to another name. It is scarcely proper to call it a place-name, for it occurs frequently in our Bays and Harbours, and applies rather to the water than to the land, I mean

The Tickle.

This is the name given to the strait or strip of water which

separates Bell Island from the main land. It is a name in frequent use along our shores, as Ice Tickle, Indian Tickle, Domino Tickle, Favorite Tickle, Jigger Tickle, &c., on Labrador. Dark Tickle, Tickle Cove (Bonavista), Tickle Beach (Fortuhe Bay), The Ticks (Salmonier), &c. It also is a common name on the Coast of Nova Scotia. It has always been supposed that this name is a plain English word, implying a passage of some danger, from sudden squalls of wind or sunken rocks and shoals, so that it is a "ticklish" matter to get safe through. The word in this sense is properly applied, as a ticklish job means a difficult, critical, job. It has, however, been supposed by some (See Patterson, Portuguese in America) to have a Portuguese origin. He says (p. 144): "On the coast of Portugal may be seen a point named

'Santa Tekla.'

It is situated on the north side of the entrance to the River Minho. It is a narrow projection some miles in length inside of which is a lengthy basin narrowed by an island. . . . What more natural than that the name should be suggested to the Portuguese sailors by places of similar appearance. The slight change in the sound will not surprise any person who

knows how Englishmen modify words into words of similar sound, &c." The name in Nova Scotia is still further corrupted into—"The Tittle," and "Tittle Passage" in the Gut of Canso, also on the Miramachi, New Brunswick." If this derivation were correct it would be another proof of the presence of Cortereal about Portugal Cove. I fear, however, the derivation will be thought farfetched.

We now come to the important point which forms the southern headland of the great Bay of Conception, and is known as

Cape St. Francis.

This name was doubtless given by Cortereal. It is found upon the map of Majollo, one of the earliest maps in existence, dated 1527, and not only is it given in its right place as the southern point of Conception Bay, with Bacalhaos as the northern point, and a baia de c'epcione between them, all in their correct places, but more than that, the whole of the mainland on the map, occupying what is now Nova Scotia, is called

Francesca.

I have already stated that these early navigators were men of a high and exalted religious temperament. They were particu-

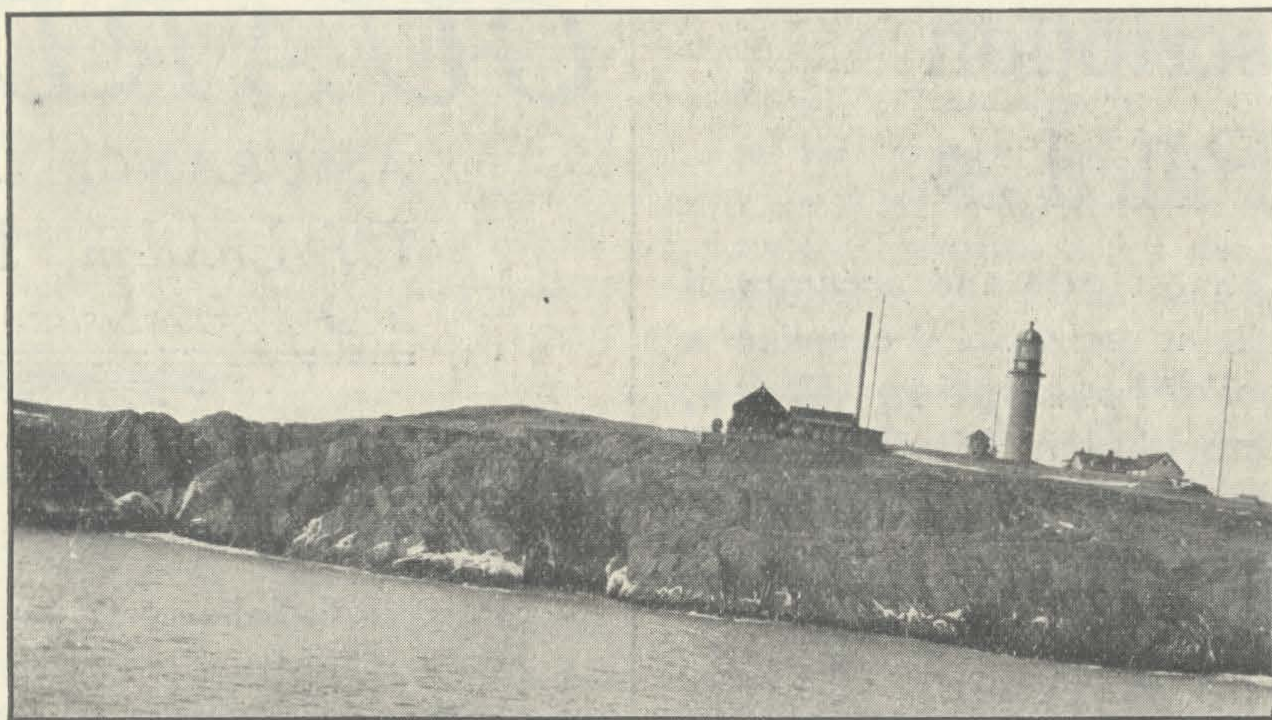
I there presumed that, in the first place *conche*, was a mistake for *couche*, which means a cove or small harbour, probably from the fact of ships or boats lying there safe at anchor—(se coucher). I then supposed the Pouch Cove is a corruption of the same word, the initial letter C. being taken by some scribe for P. I have heard this place pronounced Pouch Cove (the "ou" having the same sound as in house) but this is a modern innovation, and an affectation. It has always been pronounced as if it were spelt Pooch. It is certainly a unique and not ineuphonious name, and I am sorry to learn that the inhabitants are not satisfied with it, and want it changed to "Cape Town." There are many objections to the latter name. If it were to be changed at all, I would suggest

"St. Francis."

Though I consider the name of considerable antiquity, in fact going back to our primitive discoverers still strange to stay I do not find it on any of our ancient nor indeed modern maps. It is not even on Page's map, of 1860, and in fact the only map on which I find it is Howley's map of 1891. I would be glad of any information concerning the name or its appearance on any of our old maps.

March, 1908.

† M. F. H.



CAPE RACE, NEWFOUNDLAND.
The most eastern point of America.

larly devoted to the lowly saint of Assisi, the Seraphic St. Francis. Columbus, as we know, was a member of the "third Order" of St. Francis,—tertiaries, as they were called. This Order was instituted by St. Francis for laymen living in the world, who did not wish to become Monks or Friars, but still lived under a rule of life. They were bound to dress more soberly, fast more strictly, pray more regularly, &c. The Order became very popular and men of the highest rank joined it, even royalty. St. Louis, King of France; and St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, were members of it. Cortereal was a friend of Columbus, and it is most probable that he, too, was a member of this Order. He was Governor of the Azores and the name of the principal Island of the group, in which he held his seat of Government, was

Terceira,

which is the Portuguese word for a tertiary. Hence it was to be supposed that he would give the name of his saintly patron to the first land he saw, or to some portion of it.

Rounding Cape St. Francis and coming southward the first settlement we meet is

Pouch Cove.

I spoke of this name when describing La Conche (Article VII.).

Voice of God.

By John Milton Smither.

I AM the voice revealed in every man,
The voice expressed throughout the cosmic span.
Before the tribes of earth were given name
I lighted chaos with a causal flame;
Before the countless ages were unfurled
I held the fate of every primal world.
I am omnipotent, I weld the bars
That keep in place the planets and the stars;
My flags I draw across the sky at dawn,
And redden them when somber night is gone;
Let waters flow from my translucent bowl
To drench the earth and gladden every soul;
Bring forth the treasure from the fertile soil
My recompence for man's enlightened toil.
I am all Love, with eyes for seeing all,
Nor is there any soul beyond my call;
I heal when trust puts forth transcendent wings,
I am beyond the dream of time and things;
And they are wise who listen from the heart
To heed the messages that I impart.
I am the voice revealed in every man,
The voice expressed throughout the cosmic span.



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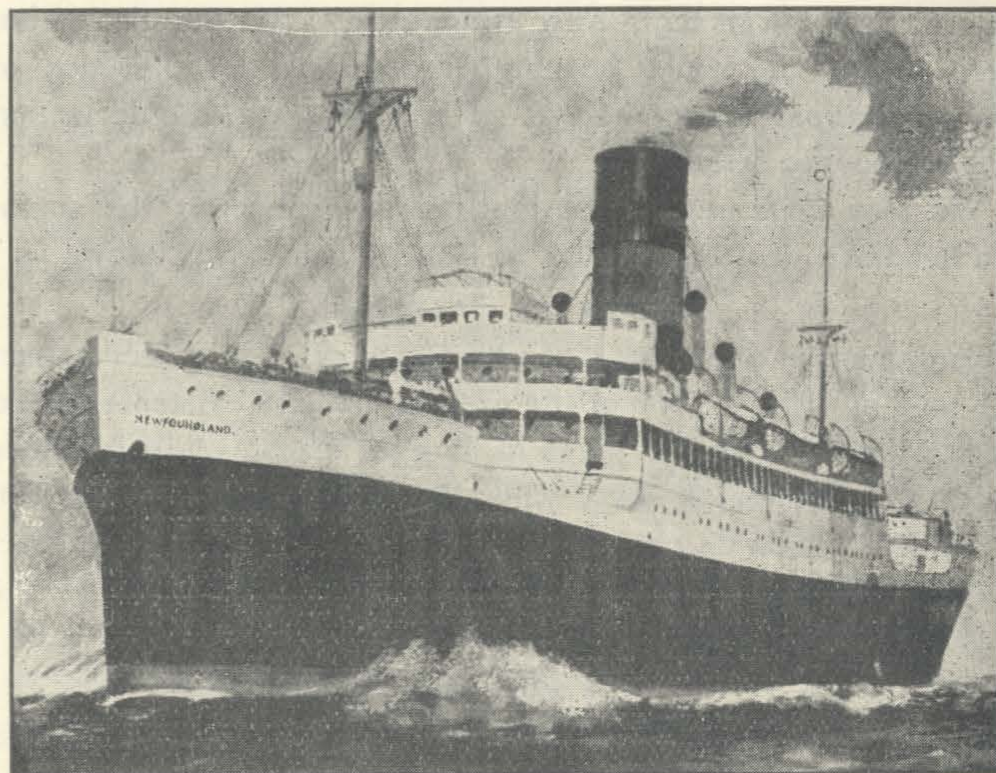


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MERCEDES.

A West Indian Romance of the Year 1657.

By Elizabeth Knipple Van Deusen.

IN the old days the Reverend Don Diego de Torres Vargas, Canon of the San Juan Cathedral and Secretary to His Grace the Bishop, proved himself a man as well as a cleric, when he wrote into his chronicles that "the women of Porto Rico are the most beautiful of all the Indies—honest, virtuous, industrious." Had the worthy prelate cared to be specific, he might have pointed out the daughter of Don Hipólito Pezuela, Conde de la Vega, as being, if not exactly the most industrious, certainly the most beautiful, the most honest, and the most virtuous among all of these.

In her nineteenth year Mercedes Maria Teresa Pezuela y los Rios was a jewel of ice and fire, cold with the hauteur and pride of noble Spanish blood, warm with the passion and freedom of her tropical home. Her pale olive skin, fiercely kissed each day by the sun, was burned to gold. Her eyes were the blue-black Caribbean night lit by blazing stars, her lips the wild red blossoms of the flamboyant tree. Don Hipólito, well aware of the value of such a jewel, would fain have kept it by him until, his political exile over, he might barter for it in the high places of Spain.

In Evil Days.

But times were hard. More, they were desperate that year of our Lord 1657, it being the sixth of those terrible eleven years during which Spain, holding a monopoly on all trade with her West-Indian colonies, failed to send a single merchant ship to Porto Rico. Birds of prey, in the form of English, French, and Dutch enemies, had their aeries in every neighboring isle and constantly circled about the shores of Porto Rico, hoping to capture some treasure-laden galleon en route to the Spanish mainland from Mexico or South America, or, failing that, to engage in contraband trade with the Islanders who despaired of disposing otherwise of their products. But even in this Don Hipólito had been unfortunate. The Governor, usually willing enough to close one eye and wink with the other upon these forced operations between his people and the smuggling privateers, feared to do the same in the case of Don Hipólito Pezuela, knowing him to be in serious disfavor at Court because of certain intrigues with France in which he had been involved. And so twice were the secret activities of Don Hipólito discovered and frustrated through one of his servants—Pedrito, a half-breed spy in the employ of the Government. The men bearing his stores across country to the seacoast in the dead of night were each time pursued and forced to flee for their lives, abandoning the contraband goods which were then confiscated for the Crown. Discouraged, homesick, hating the land of his exile, the old nobleman sought consolation in those three proverbial avenues left open to desperate men. And thus he came to owe a debt of honor.

To the Comandante Don Rodrigo Urrutia, stern, tall, sombre-visaged, from the Basque country, officer of the Regiment of El Castillo de San Felipe del Morro, Don Hipólito owed a debt with which he had neither gold nor jewels to pay. One jewel he certainly possessed, but it had not occurred to him to tender

that. He offered part of his rich acres. But of what worth were they to a military man? Of what worth to any man, when never a ship came from the Mother Country to carry away their produce? He proffered his garnered stores: five quintals of ginger; one hundred twenty arrabos of sugar: some hides and cotton; and two years' harvest of tobacco stored in a high palm-thatched drying barn. And this was the best in Porto Rico, for Don Hipólito had derived much comfort from growing and smoking the rich leaf which Christopher Columbus had found the Indians cultivating and calling *cojiba*. Don Hipólito, being something of a scholar, took great interest in the fact that the careless *conquistadores* had confused the Indian name of the pipe (*tabaco*) with that of the weed (*cojiba*), presenting a new sensuous delight to the Old World under the misnomer tobacco. To occasional visitors from Spain he had once enjoyed relating this interesting bit of history.

But more recently Don Hipólito, deep in wine and cards, related no anecdotes; and now he had lost heavily to the cold and austere Comandante and to pay him had suggested his lands or his stores. Don Rodrigo was considering all this with scant interest, when suddenly into their presence tripped Mercedes, with her golden skin, her night-black eyes, her flamboyant lips, and her figure lovely as one of Murillo's angels. True, with fitting maiden shyness, she withdrew in instant confusion. But not soon enough. Rodrigo had seen Don Hipólito's one remaining jewel; and that he instantly decided he would have. No other of Don Hipólito's possessions could satisfy the debt of honor; and the debt must be paid or the honor lost.

"I have promised thy hand in marriage, my Mercedes," announced Don Hipólito a day or so later.

The great eyes widened, shone. At last the glorious, mysterious fate of other women was to be hers. How often her fond mother and her doting aunt had enchanted her with hints of the splendid marriage which must someday be hers. A wave of crimson flooded the face of this most beautiful of daughters. "To whom?" she asked with downcast eyes, virtuously obedient.

"To the Comandante Don Rodrigo Urrutia."

Incredulity, Horror. "To that—that nightmare?"

"To him or to anyone I see fit to choose," replied her father coldly. "Retire to thy room, my daughter, until thou canst control thy foolish tongue and address thy father with proper respect. Go, I command thee."

And Mercedes fled weeping to the arms of her mother, the meek Dona Maria Teresa, and her aunt, the handsome Dona Constanza. In each other's eyes the two older women read mutual disappointment that now the noble match on which they had long placed their hopes would never be consummated. But neither of them for a moment dreamed of disputing their lord and master's decision. And so they comforted Mercedes in this manner:

"Hush, little dove. Be proud. Is he not the commanding officer? Who better in this remote land could thy wise father have chosen?"

(Continued on page 33.)

The New Manager of Furness Withy & Co., Ltd.



J. W. ALLAN, ESQ.

THE Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., recently announced the retirement of Mr. J. P. Carey, Manager of the local office, and the appointment of Mr. J. W. Allan as his successor. Mr. Carey had occupied the position for a period of 16 years and his retirement is much regretted.

Mr. Allan is the first Newfoundlander to occupy such an important post, and his promotion to the exalted position is reward for the efficiency which he has always displayed, and the courtesy with which he carried out his duties since he first entered the employ of Furness, Withy & Co.

His promotion to the management of Furness, Withy & Co. was everywhere hailed with pleasure. It was realized that he had well earned the promotion, and the honour could not have fallen on more worthy shoulders. That he will long occupy the position with dignity, is the wish of Mr. Allan's numerous friends.

He has been a member of the Council of the Newfoundland Board of Trade during the past three years and takes an active interest in the organization, and is also Hon. Secretary of the St. John's Curling Association and a member of the Tourist Development Board. His many friends and business associates wish him many years to fill the important office entrusted to him.



Richard Anderson Squires, Jr.



RICHARD ANDERSON SQUIRES, JR., B.A., LL.B.

THE QUARTERLY extends congratulations and space to another able native who is successful in foreign fields.

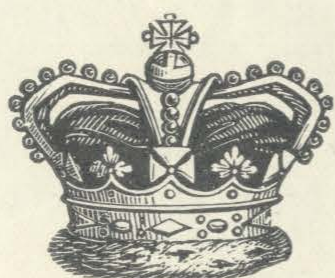
Mr. Richard Anderson Squires, Jr., at the age of twenty-three, has a remarkable educational career. Book learning of course, but more important for success in the new civilization which is in the making,—the learning of real work with hands as well as brain, and more important still, the understanding of human life in all its grades and conditions.

Early education in St. John's; two years Prep work at the Dragon School, Oxford; four years at Harrow; some months at a French College; with Arts and Law at Dalhousie. Sandwiched between these school terms were the long holidays each year. In one of these he read humanity and work at 25c. per hour as one of a crew of unskilled workmen at manual work. In another, the life of the fore-castle and crew on an Atlantic Liner as deck hand. In another, as an employee of the French Exhibition managers in a Booth of the Exhibition in Paris. He is a Barrister of the Nova Scotia Bar, Newfoundland Bar and the Bar of Quebec.

While a native whose ambition is to work in Newfoundland, he has, for the present, settled down to the practice of his profession in Montreal as a Junior in the firm of the old and honoured legal association formerly known as White & Buchanan, now—Buchanan & Buchanan of St. James Street.

Newfoundlanders, both at home and abroad, wish "Dick" Squires all the success his brains and work ability can command.

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SQUID.

By Bertille Tobin, King's Cove.

I SAT in a quiet garden
One lovely August day
Whilst the sun shed sparkling diamonds
On the waters of the Bay.
Bedecked with jewels the scene was—
The woods along the shore
Were clad in emerald verdure—
A sapphire sky hung o'er,
And gulls like discs of ivory
Anon did sweep and soar!

The trees that graced the garden
Were still as in a dream,
And dreams, indeed, and bright ones,
In that calm air did teem.
On the iridescent surface
Of the harbour there outspread
Boats skimmed like shadows moving,
Where but the real seemed dead!

Elusive, swarming millions
Of squid were all around,
And these squirming, wraith-like creatures
Are most averse to sound.
So tensely plied the hooks were,
And boats were quickly filled,
The black squirt being avoided
By those in fishing skilled!

O God, of the moon, and the blazing sun,
And the myriad million stars—
'Tis a far, far cry from the humble squid
To Betelgeuse, Arcturus, Mars—
But Thy Law that controls gigantic spheres
Provides, too, for the humble squid,
E'en as science to puzzle the wisest man
Is in growth of one small seed hid!

And those who were working that August morn
Were high in the Infinite Plan,
For more than His care of planet or fish
Is care of the Maker for man.
I said that the ether was full of dreams,
And that word again I repeat,
For toilers saw visions, plying their hooks,
Of larders for winter replete;
Of clothing for families, and other needs
Supplied through this squirming wealth—
No marvel the boats and the men therein
Seemed to be moving by stealth!

As dreams must e'er outfly the mark,
Those, likewise, had discount—
Though the sum of the season's catch
Fairly well did amount.
But mine is only a poet's tale,
Not of dollars and cents,
More concerned with the thing itself
Than with the recompens;

Washed and hanging on lines to dry
The squid look fair to see,
Shining in the rays of the sun
With pearl-like purity.
Row after row, the gleaming forms
Verdant meadows adorn,
As if the fields in magic way
Had strange new fruitage borne!

August circled away and back,
And the patient boats last eve
Out on the squid-grounds caused my mind
This song of squid conceive.

Patience, ah, yes, the fisher knows
Need of that virtue's aid
To keep trying, day after day,
By failure undismayed!

Thou, Who hast lit the Morning Star
Which glows with startling beauty,
Dost fling worlds with lavish Hand
In space, but striving Duty
Must oft sweat hard for scant returns—
Ah, well, Thou knowest best;
Life's worth is fathomed not by gold,
But by pure aim of quest!

Junior Jubilee Scholarship.



DOUGLAS A. DARCY.

WINNER of the Junior Jubilee Scholarship of \$500 awarded for highest marks in Grade XI. The successful student is a pupil of St. Bonaventure's College, and we quote the following from the "College Notes" of September 21st:

"Our first function after the re-opening of the College was a meeting of the student-body to do honour to Douglas Darcy, the Jubilee Scholar. Pains-taking effort and sincerity of purpose met in his case, with due recompense. His record through the classes has been outstanding, and is now crowned by the unique distinction of attaining this coveted prize in the first year in which he followed the course of studies prescribed for the Matriculation Grade. All at the College join in wishing him continued success."

Among the various subjects, Master Darcy obtained 96% in Chemistry, 91% French, 90% Geometry, 87.5% Algebra, 85% Trigonometry, 78.5% Latin.

Congratulations are extended to the young student and his parents—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Darcy, Bond Street, St. John's.

(Continued from page 29.)

"But he is so cruel, so stern—"

"Nothing of the sort—it is only his natural military bearing. Think! Often the coldest exterior shelters the warmest heart. And thou, Mercedes of my soul, thou wilt be the envy of every maiden in the capital."

"Of San Juan? Bah! Thou hast always spoken of Sevilla before this day. *Dios mio!* I would rather die than feel those iron arms around—"

"Mercedes! Whence come these unseemly words? Be reasonable, daughter of my life. Think of him—tall strong, resplendent in his uniform of the Guard. And imagine thine own magnificence! For now the time hath come to remove my court dress with train from the olive-wood chest; now the time for my choicest and tallest tortoise-shell comb to be placed in thy lovely hair; now the time to drape thy head and shoulders with the lace mantilla in which thy mother, thy grandmother, and thy great-grandmother were likewise married, and which was woven by the Moorish girls in Granada before its capture by the holy Catholic Kings."

Thus they beguiled her thoughts into pleasanter channels, appealing to her vanity in order that her wounded hopes might heal. And as the days went by, and she saw herself, even as they had foretold, the envy of all the other girls of the isolated colony, she became half reconciled to her fate. But when at night she leaned from her casement and looked over the moon-drenched tropical countryside, she read in the whispering of the glistening palm fronds, in the perfume of night-blooming flowers, in the exquisite song of the nightingale, a promise of romance which for her would never be fulfilled in the forbidding person of her lover from the Pyrenees. Then it was that she dreamed of some slender, handsome, dark curled son of Spain, who in old Sevilla yet walked ignorant of her existence, and who would remain so forevermore; and the stars of her eyes were drowned in her tears. . . .

The Betrothal Feast.

It was the betrothal night of Mercedes Pezuela y los Rios and the Comandante Rodrigo Urrutia. In the large plantation house numerous candles inside crystal *guardabrisas* shone on the guests—the flower of the colony of Porto Rico, including most of the officers of the Regiment—assembled for the feasting and dancing. But his Excellency, the Governor, Don Jose Novoa y Moscosa, did not see fit to honor with his presence the home of one who had plotted traitorously with France.

The most delectable viands the bounty of the Island could yield appeared that night upon the board of Don Hipólito, who tried to assuage his pride, wounded over the way in which he had been forced to pay his debt, by entertaining once again after the manner in which he had been accustomed in years now gone, never likely to recur. Round and round moved the black slaves bearing roasted fowls, fish, and suckling pigs, beef and turtle meats, yams, rice plantains, cassava cakes, cornmeal and coconut puddings, heaps of oranges, bananas, star-apples, sapodillas, and various beverages—*horchata* (almond-flavored rice water), and the last bottles of rare wine brought by Don Hipólito from the cellars of his ancestral Castilian castle and preserved for some such great occasion.

Outside in the mild June night the country musicians played on and on their weird melodies, part Spanish, part African, part Antillian; their instruments—the guitar from the Moors in Spain, the tom-tom from the negroes in Africa, and the *guicharo* (grooved calabash) and *marcaro* (gourd rattle) from the Boriqueno Indians of Porto Rico. Behind the plantation house and in

front of their *bokios*, the peons and slaves and their families made merry, barbecuing pigs over glowing coals, and drinking long and deeply of *canita*, the strong rum distilled on the plantation.

Suddenly, when good spirits and conviviality were at their height, Don Hipólito turned pale and the hand holding his glass shook so that the red wine spilled and stained the hand-woven linen cloth on the table. He glanced anxiously up and down the board to ascertain if anyone had noted his weakness. Perceiving that they had not, he then allowed his eyes to meet for a fleeting instant those of a tall young slave with the stamp of the branding-iron deep on his forehead, who had just appeared among the others circulating around the table, but whose presence went unnoticed among the guests to whom all slaves looked alike when anyone regarded them at all. Don Hipólito made a slight sign, and the slave, with an almost imperceptible nod, disappeared as inconspicuously as he had entered.

Thereafter, Don Hipólito, if any one had observed him, ate no more, but nervously drummed on the table, laughed loudly with his guests, and drank recklessly, his glance often resting uneasily on his future son-in-law, whose face the wine had flushed, and whose eyes seldom shifted their steady gaze from Mercedes.

But it was not until the feast was finished and the guests had repaired to the *sala* to dance, or to the cool balcony which surrounded the house, that Don Hipólito, consumed now with impatience, started to slip surreptitiously away. But he did not proceed very far before he was waylaid by the Bishop, who held him in conversation. His Grace was in an expansive mood, and one is not discourteous to bishops.

Music and the Dance.

In the meantime, Mercedes, regal in her silks and laces, radiant from the homage paid her by every tongue, was tripping through the measures of the *contra-danza* directly opposite the Comandante Rodrigo, whose dark eyes burned upon her. The room was hot with the many candles, the moving crowd. From outside came the endless throbbing of the African drum; and wafted in on an occasional breeze was the intense fragrance of jasmine. Every element of the tropic night conspired to intoxicate, to unleash the senses. In an interval of the dance Rodrigo drew Mercedes forth irresistibly on to the shadowy balcony, swept her into his arms, and assailed her lips and throat with violent kisses. Every delicate fibre of her being recoiled against such an onslaught, and she struggled free, tearing her gown, scratching her soft cheek against the gold braid on his sleeve. She struck him across the face with her ivory fan and, gasping and sobbing, fled along the gallery, rushed into the first open doorway, exerted her last strength to throw the heavy bolt, and turned half-fainting, only to run against someone in the darkness. Before she could cry out, she was caught in the grip of a brawny arm, while a hard hand none too gently covered her mouth.

"Silence!" hissed a voice close to her ear. "Silence, on pain of death!"

Trembling violently, Mercedes strove to liberate herself from this mysterious embrace. Tears streamed from her eyes, sobs shook her slender body.

"Zounds, 'tis a woman!" muttered the voice in English—a language Mercedes understood not and was terrified to hear. "On my faith, 'tis a woman, and by the perfume of her hair, and the liveness of her body, a young woman; and by her tears and sobs, a terrified or suffering woman. Calm thyself, *palomita*," he whispered, now speaking in Spanish. "Fear nothing. Pro-

mise me that thou wilt not cry out, and I will release thee. I wish thee no harm, for by some revelation of the gods I divine thee to be young and beautiful, and never let it be said of Sir—” he caught himself, and continued gallantly, “of thine humble servant that he hath illtreated or even frightened a charming damsel. But nod, and thou’rt free.”

Mercedes had grown strangely quiet, reassured in spite of herself. Within a few moments she had been clasped in the arms of two men: the first, known to her and vested with the right to embrace her, and yet repulsive; the second, a stranger upon whose face she had never looked, who had not the least right in the world to approach her, of whom by every law she should be afraid, but whose propinquity, even under the astounding circumstances, was not displeasing to her, and in fact was, if miracles were possible, almost agreeable. . . . Against his shoulder, where her head was pressed, the stranger felt Mercedes’s weak little nod. True to his promise he drew his hand away from her lips; but his arms seemed singularly reluctant to

maiden. “The Comandante Rodrigo,” she sobbed out the hated name involuntarily, “insulted—”

“Thee? The blackguard! The dog! Who is he? Where is he?” And Mercedes felt the Englishman reach for his sword.

This movement recalled her to reality. She wrenched herself from his embrace. “Who—who are you?” she gasped. “What are you doing here in my father’s house?”

“Thy father’s house?” he interrupted her eagerly. “Ah, then thou art the daughter of the very caballero I am here to see. Hist! Take care that thou dost not betray my presence, but seek thy father and guide him here, for he is most anxious to confer with me. I sent Bolo to advise him of my arrival, when I discovered that the house was alive with people and that some sort of festival was in progress, but as yet Don Hipólito has not answered my summons.”

“But who are you?”

“Canst keep a secret for the sake of thy father’s fortunes?”

“Yes, but . . .”



CONCEPTION HARBOUR, DISTRICT OF HARBOUR MAIN.

Photos by A. G. Williams.

release the tender burden so lately trust into them, and they remained about the weeping girl.

The Magic of Sympathy.

“Why doest thou weep, little one?” came now a sympathetic whisper. “Tell me if anyone hath harmed thee, and, by heaven, thou shalt be avenged, if it mean spilling every drop of blood in my worthless veins!”

There was, of course, no reason why Mercedes should have deigned to reply to this question, no reason why she should not have shrieked at the very first opportunity, so as to warn the revelers of the presence of an unknown foreigner in their midst, for all she knew one of those ruthless pirates who daily menaced the inhabitants of Porto Rico.

Much has been said of the intuition of women, and in some occult manner Mercedes knew beyond doubt that the proffered sympathy was sincere, that the accompanying threat was not an idle one. She knew that the arms about her were brave, that the spirit behind those impetuous words was fearless. To her own amazement she found herself replying to an interrogation which should have received no response from a betrothed

“Then harken, for I am none other than Sir John Orkney, Cavalier of his blessed merry Majesty King Charles, exiled from my native land by Cromwell, that accursed leader of the Round-heads who now hold sway in England, and forced by necessity and a yearning for adventure to the life of a privateer. Twice thy father and I have endeavored to barter; twice have we been discovered as thou must know, in spite of all our precautions. But the third attempt must be charmed. This voyage I *will* succeed in obtaining his store of tobacco, the finest in the Indies, and for which I can command a rich price in a far-off place. And so, *dulce-senorita*, aid me, for my success is thy father’s profit and thine as well. Would that I might remain all this enchanted night in thy presence, but that were foolhardy in the extreme. Wilt thou not find him for me at once?”

“Oh, *senor*,” replied Mercedes, both delighted and frightened, “thou couldst not have come more inopportunistly. It is death to remain here, for there are men in this house to-night who would more quickly slay an Englishman than a viper. Make haste, away!”

“That I swear I will not do! See thy father I must, and

secure his tobacco, even if it means playing hare and hound with every official in the Island!"

"Nearly all of them are here at this very moment."

"And filled with strong wine, no?"

"Yes, *senor*."

"My good fortune it is, then, and an adventure to my liking, for it is with real zest that I shall take away thy father's stores from under the very noses of the men who would most zealously prevent it."

At this moment a door opened cautiously, and into the dark room stepped Don Hipólito. "Sir John?" he whispered.

"Here, *senor*."

"But who is with thee?"

"None other than thy fair daughter—that is, all my senses tell me she is fair, although up to this moment mine eyes have not enjoyed the rare privilege of viewing her multiple charms. . ."

"Mercedes! Thou here? What dost thou, bold girl? Away this—"

"But, father—"

"Nay! Speak not! Sir John, I am surprised that a gentleman—"

"Hold, *senor*! No guilt is mine for this informal interview."

"Father, he saith truth," Mercedes defended the stranger with an eagerness she had never shown towards Rodrigo. "I—I but discovered him here by—by accident and was this moment hastening in search of thee. See, I am going now, to aid thee in thy transaction by distracting and holding the attention of thy guests. Fare thee well, *seuor*, and go with God."

"Fare thee well, and God bless thee. It will be with one deep regret that I depart this night," he added audaciously, "and that is that I have not a memory of thy fair face to carry in my heart—"

"Enough of this madness," interrupted Don Hipólito angrily.

"—for thy golden voice, thy smooth and—" he stopped himself just in time; and with a secret thrill Mercedes sensed what he would have said but for the presence of her father—"thy gentle manner," he supplemented, "I know thy countenance to be beautiful beyond the dreams of man!" And so saying, Sir John concluded the strange encounter by groping for her hand in the darkness and implanting a fervent kiss thereon. And for an instant, as he bent over her, Mercedes's free hand, no doubt accidentally, discovered that his hair was long and curled. As he raised his head, he whispered, his lips brushing her ear, "We two shall meet again." For the very first and, Mercedes felt bitterly, for the last time, romance had touched her life.

She moved from the room slowly and sadly. But once again among the guests no laugh was gayer than hers, no feet more lively, for she felt she was keeping her promise to the gallant foreigner by attracting to herself the attention of the revelers until his departure. For, she told herself, I, Mercedes, María Teresa Pezuela y los Ríos, till now proud daughter of the nobility of Spain, have humbled myself by falling in love with a man I have not even looked upon, with, saints have mercy! an Englishman. But oh, his arms were strong and likewise tender; and his voice made music in my heart!

A Fateful Venture.

Inside the great plantation house the drinking and the dancing continued without abatement. On and on strummed the guitars, rasped the *guicharos*, beat the goatskin drum. Among the cabins of the peons and slaves, merrymaking had reached a high pitch. Out beyond, lighted only by the bright stars, was the tobacco barn. Here was a scene of intense but silent activity. Directed

in terse whispers by Sir John and Don Hipólito, a large number of men from the former's ship, aided by several of the latter's trusted servants, were rapidly carrying out the bales of tobacco. Occasionally someone stumbled in the obscurity, and there was a smothered curse, now in one language, now in another, for Sir John's desperados were recruited from various races. Dimly seen at one side was a group of cowering creatures, so degraded, so wretched as scarcely to be human. These were ten slaves, lately brought from Africa, ignominiously chained together, whom Sir John was offering Don Hipólito in exchange for his much coveted tobacco. When the barn was empty, into it would be herded the slaves, to lie hidden there until they could be clandestinely branded and then quietly sold one by one to other plantation owners, who would be only too glad to purchase them without question, thus avoiding the onerous government tax upon such human chattels when negotiated in the open market.

Don Hipólito kept impatient and anxious watch. Surely this time he would be successful. It seemed that the occasion could not be more propitious, for all of the very men whom the Governor might despatch against the expedition, should it be discovered, were at that very instant diverting themselves inside his own domain. The energy with which the men were laboring indicated that Sir John and his heavily laden cortege would probably reach their ship ere the *fiesta* came to an end.

Betrayal.

But Don Hipólito reckoned without Pedrito, the spy who had twice before betrayed him to the Governor. For at this very moment Pedrito, having appropriated Don Hipólito's own fleet horse, was speeding along the trail towards San Juan to report that once again the exiled Conde de la Vega was trading with the contrabandists. . . .

"Look, my Constanza!" exclaimed Dona Maria Teresa. "Observe our Mercedes. Never have I seen her so bright of glance, so light of foot. Mark how the eyes of all follow her about; how the gaze of the Comandante never leaves her. Methinks that she is happy, reconciled at last to this match which at first she opposed so fiercely. Look how enviously she is regarded by the young women, how respectfully by the older ones. When once she is married to Don Rodrigo, there will be court paid her, if I am not mistaken, second only to that accorded our lady in La Fortaleza; for next in rank to the Governor and the Bishop, bless his Grace, stands the Comandante of the Regiment. Alas, Constanza, it is not the glory of which thou and I once dreamed for her; but let it not be said that even here our precious child did not stand among the foremost in the land."

"True, Maria Teresa. But does it not seem to thee that the brightness of her eye partakes more of the appearance of fever than of happiness? Dost not believe that it is the wine rather than any gaiety which makes her feet so nimble, her laugh so ready? Mark how the roses have slipped from her hair. I shall go over and replace them at the same time warn her that for one betrothed she has become too free with her arch looks. See how furiously Rodrigo frowns at this moment upon young Juan Gomez de Arrelano, who has just recovered Mercedes's fan for the reward of a smile from her."

As Dona Constanza started across the room towards her niece, Don Hipólito appeared in one of the several doorways leading out on to the surrounding gallery. As though she had been watching for him, an expression of relief crossed Mercedes' face, to be succeeded a moment later by one of apprehension, as galloping hoof-beats were heard outside. Even as those present involuntarily paused to listen, Mercedes moved towards her father. "Which way?" she whispered compellingly. "Which way did he go?"

Don Hipólito regarded her half astonished, half uncomprehending.

"Which way I say?" she tapped her tiny foot. "The Englishman."

"By the trail towards the Toa," he answered dazedly, and now the approaching hoof-beats were very loud indeed.

In the same instant that Mercedes glided unnoticed from the room, a panting horse was drawn up sharply before the house; its rider dismounted, leaped up the stone steps, and unceremoniously entered the *sala*. "Don Hipólito Pezuela, Conde de la Vega, I arrest you in the name of the Crown!" shouted the officer, who was covered with dust, having ridden the ten miles from San Juan at top speed. Automatically two of Rodrigo Urrutia's well-disciplined officers advanced to Don Hipólito's side, while the stern Comandante himself, romantic affairs forgotten in the face of duty, turned to hear what this emissary from the Governor had to say.

"Comandante Urrutia, in the name of His Excellency, you are instructed, with your officers here assembled, to effect the immediate arrest of the English corsair and all of his men with whom, this night and in spite of your very presence, the Conde de la Vega has dared once again to engage in the illicit tobacco traffic—prohibited, as you know, by royal decree. The command of the Governor is that you distribute your forces and search for these freebooters along the trails leading to every an-

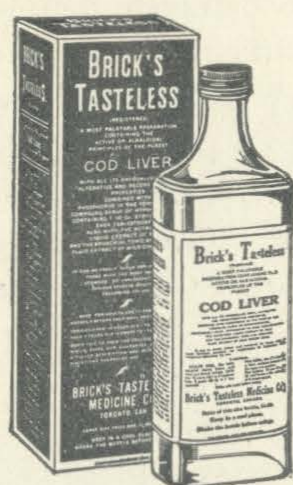
whose features she has never even looked upon?

Faster and faster she presses the horse onward. Surely she must soon overtake the caravan bearing her father's bales of rich tobacco. Faster, faster, but not fast enough. . . . For now behind her come thundering the hoofs of horses, larger, fleetier than hers. Panic-stricken, she tries to withdraw from the narrow trail and conceal herself in the thicket; but before she can accomplish this, the leader of the troop of horsemen is hard upon her crying, "Halt! In the name of the King, halt!"

But she only urges her horse the more, until the angered rider behind her forces his mount up beside her and snatches the rein from her grasp. "*Virgen Santa!* It is a woman! Who art thou, and whither dost thou ride?" demands the Comandante Urrutia, for it is he. Leaning seriously over, in an attempt to see her averted face, he commanded: "Tell me instantly who thou art. Turn thy head so that I may see!"

As still she did not obey, he suddenly lost patience and, with a sweep of his mighty arm, drew her slight figure on to his own horse. The girl screamed, and twice, in a wild cry of terror and warning, a name issued from her lips. The rest of the officers were now close behind Rodrigo, who, at the sound of that familiar voice, uttered a tremendous oath and, roughly turning her face up to the moon, cried out in amazement and anger: "Mer-

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chorage on the north coast—eastward towards Cangrejos, northward towards Punta Salinas, and also to the mouth of the River Toa. Be off, and lose not an instant—in the name of the King!"

Rodrigo hesitated only long enough to cast one swift glance around for his betrothed. Not seeing her, he sprang into action, dividing his men into three groups, bidding them make all haste and search with the utmost diligence, he himself proposing to lead the contingent which would set out over the trail toward Boca Juana.

But someone has already set out along that trail. And a strange figure it is, dimly glimpsed by the light of the waning moon which has lately risen, a figure mounted on a sure-footed horse, but garbed incongruously in silks and laces, which are soon torn to flying shreds by the thorny fingers of the bushes and trees; a figure whose hair streams in the wind, whose eyes pierce the gloom of the forest with an anxiety which the youthful rider does not care or, perhaps, dare to analyze. What is this force which is driving Mercedes Pezuela forth into the night upon a madder errand than she has ever dreamed? What is it that overrides her fears and sends her speeding on against all reason? Is it a desire to offend and humiliate the man to whom she is affianced but does not love? Or is it to warn a man

cedes! Thou?" For answer she again and with redoubled force shrieked a name, and the name was, "JOHN!" for love bled so rashly as hers knew no reserve. Cursing now in a manner terrifying to hear, Rodrigo crushed his hand over the traitorous mouth to which he had so short a time before pressed his impassionate lips.

A Furious Struggle.

Now for some minutes past Sir John Orkney had been aware of his pursuers. At the first faint sound of Mercedes' oncoming horse, he had ordered his own men into the bush, desiring if possible to avoid combat on the rough and narrow trail, though he was well aware that he probably would not be able without bloodshed to regain his ship, which lay anchored at Boca Juana, since these galloping hoof-beats in the middle of the night could but mean that his errand had been discovered.

"Blood on the heads of these Spanish dogs!" he muttered, when suddenly he heard the horses halt. A moment later, to his unutterable astonishment, he heard his name cried out twice by a woman's voice, and then, after the briefest of intervals, a third time. "By all the saints, 'tis the little *senorita*, and she has ridden to warn me! It must be that scoundrel Rodrigo who has so quickly silenced her. Never let it be said of Sir John Orkney

that he failed to aid a damsel in distress." He turned to his anxious followers. "Men," he said in a low voice, "that was the cry of a helpless young girl who has tried to warn us of pursuit. Down with the tobacco, and follow me to the rescue! And beware of injuring the maiden!" And without further preparation Sir John plunged through the bushes on to the trail, crying: "Courage! We come!"

The British outnumbered the Spanish three to one, but the latter had the advantage of being mounted. "Surrender" roared the Comandante. "Never!" shouted Sir John. "Charge!"

Fierce and deadly was the encounter by the pale moonlight, for these combatants represented two races always ready to fly at each other's throat in those reckless times. At the first onslaught, Rodrigo hurled Mercedes roughly from him, down beside the trail. Nearly dead with terror, she dragged herself into the brush to escape being trampled under foot. Feeling that Rodrigo would kill her should he survive, unable to surmise her fate should he be vanquished, she lay upon the ground, too faint to move, her ears horrified by the clash of swords and cutlasses, the firing of pistols, the groans of men, and the screams of the wounded horses.

Once she tried to creep further into the forest, thinking to escape, but weakness held her helpless. She heard Rodrigo thundering encouragement to his officers, then Sir John rallying and inspiring his men. In the midst of her woe her heart leaped as she realized that the stranger had not yet fallen.

Of a sudden there was a lull in the struggle, and immediately thereafter several horses galloped wildly back along the trail. Outnumbered, the Spaniards calculated it was wiser to retreat and summon reinforcements and return. But Rodrigo, fatally for him, was loath to go without Mercedes, for whom, in his rage, he envisioned dire punishment. He whirled round and forced his horse into the bushes and was leaning down to snatch her from the ground when he felt his mount sink beneath him, and a moment later a blood-dripping sword was at his throat. "Touch her at your peril!" snarled Sir John.

Blind with fury Rodrigo had only one thought left: to wreak vengeance on Mercedes. Not heeding Sir John's threat, he made one wild pass with his sword at the defenceless girl, which might well have severed her head from her body; but his hand had lost its nerve, and at the moment Mercedes screamed and swooned, Sir John ran Rodrigo through, as he had threatened to do earlier on this eventful night.

Catching the girl into his arms, he shouted to his men to pick up their wounded comrades and make all haste forward. "But the tobacco, Captain?" they asked, not relishing the idea of having risked their lives for nothing.

"It will hinder your advance too much. These dogs will be back upon us as soon as they can reinforce their pack. Be off! The idling noblemen in Louis's Court will have to go smokeless if they depend upon the tobacco we bring out of Porto Rico this night."

"What of the lady, Captain? Will not such a burden imperil thy escape?"

"Fie upon thee, William Welsh!" Sir John severely rebuked his second in command for his lack of chivalry. "Wouldst have me abandon the courageous maid who risked her life to warn us? Methinks these arms of mine have never yet borne sweeter burden, and a sweet burden is always a light one.

Make haste! Away!"

As the confused procession proceeded rapidly along the trail, Sir John felt Mercedes stir in his arms, lift her head, then shudder and draw away from him, uttering the name: "Rodrigo!"

"Nay, my little dove. Not Rodrigo. He will never terrify thee more. Fear nothing, for with me thou'rt safe from every harm."

The World Looked Better Then.

Comprehending whose arms bore her and whose voice murmured in her ear, Mercedes for the first time realized the boldness and recklessness of her adventure and felt herself overwhelmed with fear and shame. She struggled to free herself; and Sir John gently put her on her feet, but placed his arm about her and drew her firmly forward.

"Whither do we go? she finally managed to whisper, with bowed head.

"Anywhere! Everywhere! To the ends of the earth, my love! For that is the life of the exile and the privateer."

"But I—I cannot—"

"Cannot return," finished Sir John decisively. "For if thou dost, they will surely mete out to thee the fate of a traitor. But calm thyself and answer me these questions. Why didst thou risk thy precious life to follow us and give the alarm? Why didst thou cry out the name of 'John' (and I swear that in my eight-and-twenty years mine ears have never perceived more angelic music!) when Rodrigo had overtaken thee? Thou wilt not answer? Then raise thy head, so that I may look upon thy sweet face whilst I reply for thee."

Slowly, timidly, Mercedes looked up into the handsome countenance of Sir John Orkney, seeing him for the first time. Tenderly he scanned her features. "It was," he said, "because thou lovedst me, and because thou knewest that I loved thee!" and so saying, he bent and kissed her on the lips without ever once abating his rapid pace.

Breathless and well-nigh exhausted, the fleeing band of smugglers finally reached the mouth of the Toa River, just as the east was turning gray. A short way out on the tranquil Atlantic were dimly visible the ghostly sails of the privateer's vessel. Drawn up on the beach were three galleys guarded by a handful of sailors.

While the men scrambled aboard, Sir John and Mercedes stood for a moment looking backward, where as yet no one had appeared in pursuit of them. "In all my adventurous career," remarked the Englishman, "there has occurred no adventure so strange and romantic as that which hath befallen me this night. To these shores I came to take away a cargo of that aromatic leaf which hath all Europe in its thrall. Failing in this, I yet within a few short hours have the amazing good fortune to fall in love and carry off a beauteous bride! I pray thee bid farewell to Porto Rico, my beloved, for the time hath come to leave its palm-clad shores, perhaps forever. Dost thou accompany me with regret—Lady Orkney?"

"Nay."

"Nay? Why then?"

"Because, *senor*, I love thee!"

And so they sailed away into the tropic dawn. And thus was the manner of trading in tobacco and of romance in the days of old.

[THE END.]

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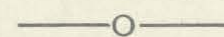


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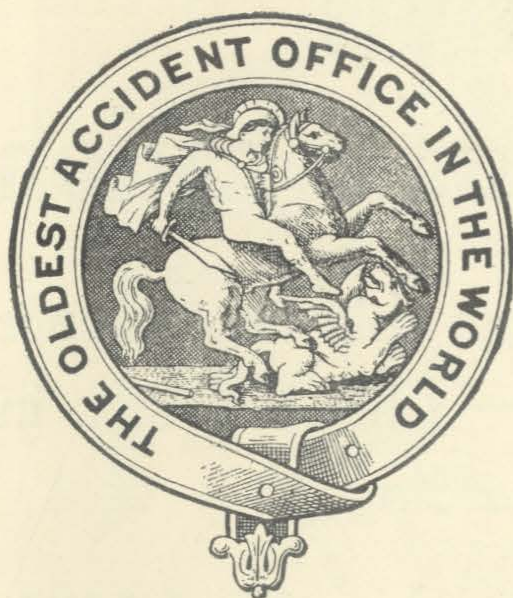
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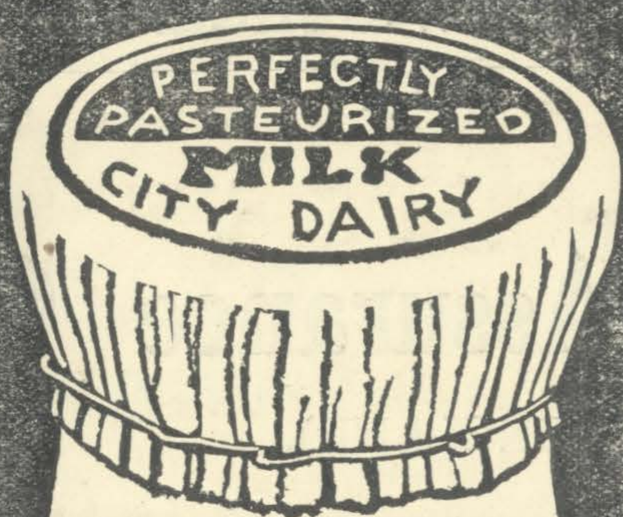
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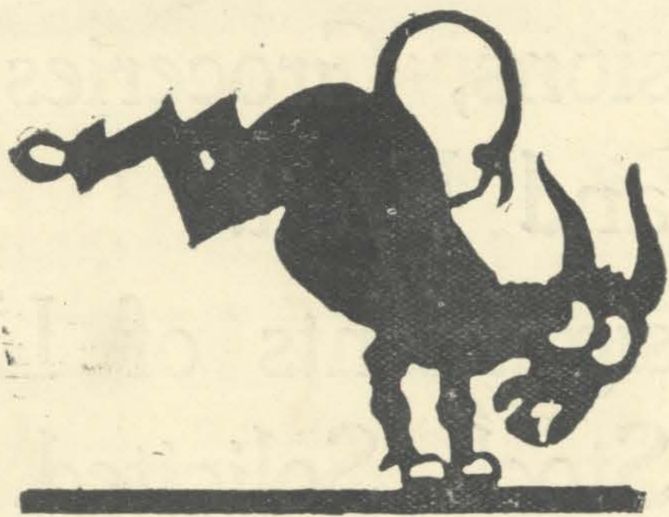


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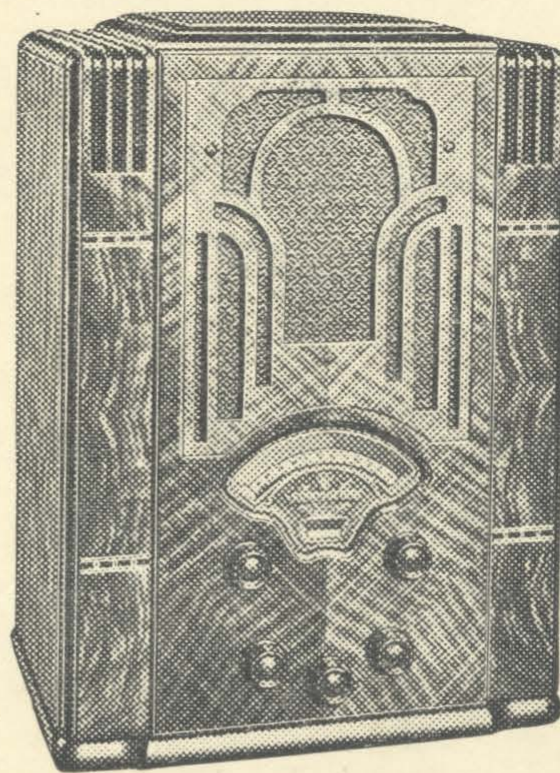
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