

## A Holiday Incident

(I.C.M.)

The contrast between country and city life is very marked, and though the distance of a country village from a city may not be great, yet the customs of the one are entirely opposite to those of the other.

This was impressed upon us in our ramblings of Wednesday last, when, with a party of eight, we motored along the rural byways of the South-eastern Shore, and in the vicinity of Mobile and Tor's Cove, we revelled in the glories of rushing rivers and mountain heights. We had everything in our favour, and for the time being we had dismissed dull care, and our pleasure was increased by the good conditions of the roads. A good road, and a good car, and good companions have a lot to do with the enjoyment of a holiday outing. Thus we had the best of it, but as we sped along, and had just begun the descent of one of the long hills of the locality, we saw in the distance a slowly moving procession coming towards us.

To us, at such a time and place, a procession was the furthest thing from our thoughts, for we had left the city and its throngs far behind us. What could it be? Soon our musings were answered, and we saw that it was a funeral procession which claimed its share of the somewhat narrow road. With respect and reverence we slowed down and halted, and the engine ceased its vibration, and a solemn silence fell upon us—for were we not in the presence of death? The situation seemed peculiar. But a moment before we had abandoned all serious thoughts, and seemed to claim the full stretch of the hill and the whole width of the road for ourselves. We thought we had full right of way, but not so. The cortege of death had equal and greater rights than we had; hence our insignificance for the moment.

This we felt, for the roadway being narrow, the cortege passed closely to us, nor was there more than eighteen inches to spare between the hearse and the motor car. We say "the hearse," but not such as we of the city are accustomed. The hearse which claimed the road with us was but a small country dray, and the horse which drew it was of the same class. The coffin was untrimmed, but was recently covered with a blue fabric. On the coffin was laid a cross of almost equal length, and which the driver, who walked, raised as the cortege passed us. The cross was covered with the same material as the coffin. The driver's robe was solemnly impressive, and it reminded us that not all the traditions of our fathers are forgotten.

Some twenty-five men and lads comprised the funeral procession. We thought that perhaps it was some stranger who was being buried, but from the last man of the number who followed, we learned that it was one of the villagers—one of the fishermen. And so the procession slowly climbed the hill, where, towards the sea, the little cemetery is situated, and there with the fathers of the hamlet they laid their humble brother to rest.

The incident was so sudden, and so different from pleasure-seeking, that it set us thinking, hence our notes. There was not much display. It was all plain. It was village-like and natural. "No boast of heraldry, no pomp of pride," it was a becoming tribute to a humble life. It had nothing of what the world would call great. It was all sincere, nor did it admit of any of the tinsel of superficial society.

But it presented one feature which outshone all earthly greatness, and which outlasts all time and which imparts confidence and hope to the children of men. It was the cross. Only the cross. Not a gilded cross, nor a polished cross. It looked almost nude, but it was a cross all the same, and is an emblem of that life which lies beyond. We do not know why the driver raised the cross as the cortege passed our company, nor would we probably have noticed it only for his action. Perhaps it was slipping off the coffin, but it impressed and appealed to our better selves and sanctified the incident as far as we were concerned.

With the passing of the cortege we resumed our journey, and the painting of the engine called off our minds from the incident. But we had learned a lesson. We had had to stop, and whether we liked it or not, we had to wait. The unexpected had happened. (to be continued.)

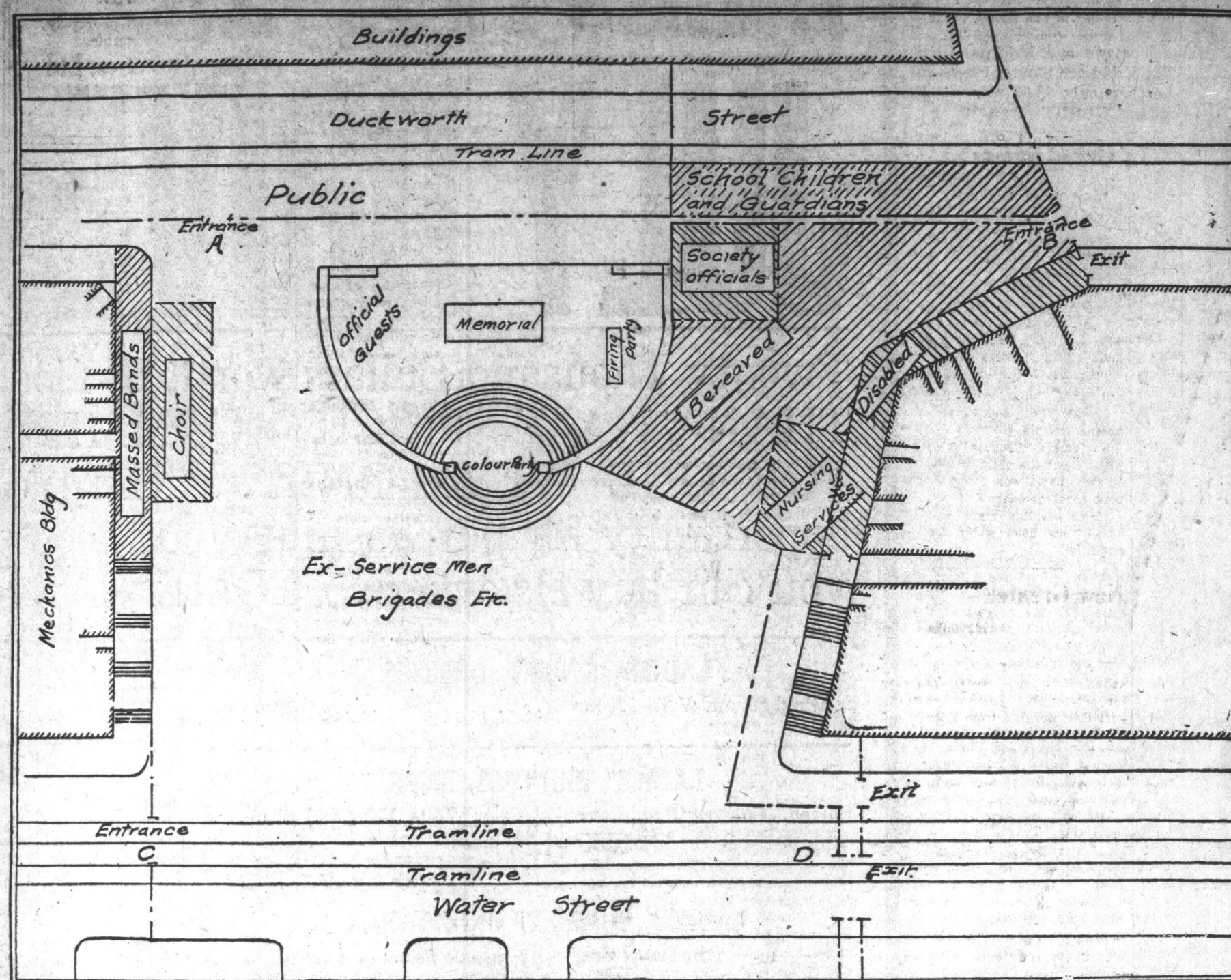
## Passengers by Rosalind

The following have booked passage for Halifax and New York on the Rosalind, sailing to-day:—Mr. J. F. Glennie, Rev. J. P. M. Walsh, Mr. E. J. Grant, Miss A. Maud Hutchings, Mr. J. K. McClafferty, Mr. C. T. Troadway, Jr., Mr. R. C. Wickware, Mr. T. J. Wade, Mr. J. P. Bannes, Mr. C. R. Chalker, Miss M. Raymond, Mr. A. E. Foran, Mr. A. Canning, Miss L. Huber, Mrs. C. C. Butt, Miss P. Noel, Mr. G. D. Scarborough, Mr. A. C. N. Gosling, and 10 second class.

Child's Tan calf, all Leather Laced Oxford, sizes 5 to 8, only \$2.00 pair at F. SMALLWOOD'S, June 19, 25

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

## Memorial Services, 1925, under the direction of the G.W.V.A.



## LEST WE FORGET

Sept.-Dec. 1915—Gallipoli.  
July 1st, 1916—Beaumont Hamel.  
October 12th, 1916—Guedecourt.  
April 14th, 1917—Monchy-le-Preux.  
April 23rd, 1917—Monchy-le-Preux.  
August 16th, 1917—Steenbeek.  
October 9th, 1917—Broombeek.  
November 20th, 1917—Masnières.  
November 30th, 1917—Marcoing.  
September 29th, 1918—Kiberg Ridge.  
October 14th, 1918—Ledeghem.  
1914-1918—The Seven Seas.

## O God, Our Help in Ages Past

O God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal Home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Time like an ever-flowing stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal Home! Amen.

## MEMORIAL COMMITTEE, 1925:

Eng.—Commr. R. A. Howley, R.N., Pres. G.W.V.A.  
Lt.-Col. Cluny Macpherson, C.M.G., Chairman.  
Mr. Chas. Parsons, M.M. and Bar. Secretary.  
Lt.-Col. W. F. Rendell, C.B.E.  
Lt.-Col. L. Paterson, O.B.E.  
Major J. W. March, M.C., C. de G.  
Capt. G. G. Byrne, M.C.  
Capt. H. McNeill, O.B.E.  
Capt. F. W. Marshall, M.B.E.  
Capt. W. J. Long.  
Mr. W. A. Grace.  
Mr. P. J. Grace.  
Mr. M. Chambers.

## Official Programme

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES  
SUNDAY, JULY 5TH, 1925

- 9.45 a.m. War Veterans (with or without uniform), Brigades, Old Comrades, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides are asked to parade on the Port Townsend Parade Ground as follows:—
- C.L.B. Cadets Band; Church of England War Veterans; Church Lads' Brigade Cadets; C.L.B. Old Comrades; Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.
  - C.C.C. Band; Roman Catholic War Veterans; Catholic Cadet Corps; Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.
  - M.G.B. Band; Methodist War Veterans; M.G.B. Old Comrades; Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.
  - Newfoundland Highlanders Pipe Band; Presbyterian War Veterans; Congregational War Veterans; Newfoundland Highlanders; N.H. Old Comrades; Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.
  - No. 1 S.A. Silver Band; Salvation Army War Veterans, etc., Girl Guides.

10.30 a.m. The whole of the above will march to their respective Churches for Divine Service, West through Parade Ground, Harvey Road and Long's Hill. Roman Catholic Parties will march to the R.C. Cathedral via Queen's Road, Rawlins' Cross and Military Road.

10.45 a.m. Memorial Services in the City Churches.

11.00 a.m. Memorial Mass, R.C. Cathedral.

12 Noon All parties form up in mass formation near Sergeants' Memorial.

12.05 p.m. Sergeants' Ritual.

12.10 p.m. Sergeants' and G.W.V.A. will place wreath on Sergeants' Memorial.

## LAST POST

12.15 p.m. Parade moves off to National Memorial via Church Hill, Duckworth Street and Water Street.

12.40 p.m. (1) War Vets form up in mass formation in enclosure allotted to them.  
(2) Brigades, Old Comrades, Society Representatives, Lady Organisations and all Officials move into enclosure allotted to them.

12.41 p.m. Colour Party with King's and Regimental Colours move to Base of Memorial, and will be received with General Salute.

12.43 p.m. H.E. Sir Wm. Allardye, K.C.M.G., accompanied by suite, Prime Minister, Hon. W. S. Monroe and Party and are received by the G.W.V.A. Dominion Executive. A Royal Salute will be given.

The Choir, under direction of Mr. H. Gordon Christian, L.R.A.M., will sing the Hymn "O God Our Help in Ages Past." The entire assemblage are asked to join in the singing.

The Methodist Guards Band accompanying.

12.50 p.m. C.L.B. Band plays "Dead March" while wreaths are being placed (Official only) on the Memorial. At this period a wreath from one of the most bereaved mothers will be placed on the Memorial.

1.05 p.m. H.E. Sir Wm. Allardye, K.C.M.G., unveils Tablet.

1.10 p.m. H.E. Sir Wm. Allardye, K.C.M.G., delivers address.

1.18 p.m. Firing Party will fire three volleys.

## The Tablet

Unveiled by His Excellency Sir  
W. L. Allardye, K.C.M.G.,  
Wears the following  
Inscription:

"To the Glory of God and in perpetual remembrance of one hundred and ninety-two men of the Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve, thirteen hundred men of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, one hundred and seventeen men of the Newfoundland Mercantile Marine, and of all those Newfoundlanders of other units of His Majesty's or Allied Forces who gave their lives for the defence of the British Empire in the Great War 1914-18. For enduring witness, also, of the services of the men of this Island, who, during that war fought not without honour in the Navies and Armies of their Empire. This Monument is erected by their fellow-countrymen, and was unveiled by Field Marshal Earl Haig, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., etc., first of July, 1924. Let them give glory unto the Lord and declare His praise in the Island."—Isaiah 42-12."

1.23 p.m. Two Minutes' Silence. (Bugler will sound "G" denoting commencement of silence).

1.25 p.m. Last Post sounded massed Buglers.

1.35 p.m. S.A. Band will play selections while H.E. and Party withdraw to motor.

Colour Party, Firing Party and War Vets move to Government House.

All other units move off independently and dismiss.

## DELIVERY OF WREATHS.

Permission has been granted to use the room on the ground floor of Synod Hall for the purpose of receiving wreaths for the Sergeants' Memorial and the Mechanics' Hall for the National Memorial on the day preceding the Ceremony and at any time subsequent to the commencement of the Services. All those desirous of availing of these arrangements can have their wreaths addressed accordingly and sent during the afternoon where they will be looked after and delivered to the wreath bearers immediately prior to the Ceremony.

## NOTICE TO VETERANS.

The Committee in charge of the Memorial Day Ceremonies, (1925) has put forward every effort for a whole-hearted observance of Memorial Day. Nothing has been omitted to maintain the solemnity and dignity of the Services incidental to Memorial Day which has now assumed a National Aspect. You, as ex-Servicemen are expected to turn out on parade on this day and show individually the respect that is due your Fallen Comrades. It does not matter whether you are in possession of a uniform or not; what matters most is your presence with the Veterans at the Memorial Ceremonies. If you have medals or decorations they should be worn.

## ENCLOSURES AND ENTRANCES OPEN 11.15 A.M.

Entrance A.—North West corner of King's Beach.

Entrance B.—North East corner of King's Beach, foot of King's Road.

Official Guests are requested to occupy the Plateau of the Memorial, Entrance A.

Special Guests.—Space is reserved for Special Guests at the North West corner of the King's Beach, left of the Choir. Entrance A.

Choir.—Space is reserved for the Choir on the Western side of, and immediately next to, the Memorial. Entrance A.

School Children.—This enclosure is immediately opposite the store of W. E. Bearn, Duckworth Street. Tickets are not required for this enclosure and all children with or without guardians are asked to assemble here. Entrance Duckworth Street, foot of King's Road.

Society Officials.—This space is on the Eastern side of the Memorial with the Next-of-Kin. Entrance B.

Next-of-Kin.—This enclosure is situated on the Eastern side of, and immediately next to, the Memorial. Entrance B.

Disabled.—Seats are reserved for disabled on the Eastern side of the King's Beach. Entrance B.

Nursing Services.—Space is reserved for Nursing Services on the Steps on the Eastern side of the King's Beach, immediately next to the Disabled.

The Memorial Committee have made a special effort to cater to the General Public.

Duckworth Street, with the exception of the enclosure for the children is open to the General Public.

The North sidewalk will not be roped.

Householder's tickets will therefore not be required.

As much space on Water Street as possible will also be open to the Public.

## FLAGS HALF MAST.

It is to be hoped that all flags will be flown as heretofore, at half mast until two p.m. on Memorial Day.

## THE COLOURS.

Citizens are asked to remember what the colours of the Regiment represent. They should show all the honour and respect which are due, by removing their head dress when the Colours pass.

## HOSPITAL PATIENTS AND DISABLED MEN.

The Newfoundland Motor Association Members have once again undertaken to provide transportation for the Hospital patients at the Sanatorium, Sudbury Military Hospital and elsewhere. Transportation may be provided for badly disabled men residing in private houses, if application is made at the G.W.V.A. Office. It is hoped to have all the above in the enclosure reserved for them at 11.30 a.m.

## Ill and Unarmed

HINTON FLEW OVER HOSTILE JUNGLES.—PENETRATED 100 MILES UP THE BRANCA RIVER

Graphic details of obstacles overcome and perils braved by the Hinton Rice Expedition in penetrating the Brazilian jungles nearly 1,000 miles to the furthest sources of the Branca River were told recently for the first time by Capt. A. W. Stevens, official photographer of the exploring party, who returned to New York Monday evening on the steamer Polynarp, with John W. Swanson, radio chief of the expedition.

It was a tale simply told by a gaunt, sun-blackened man in whose blood man still lurk a few of the fever germs that claimed the life of one of the adventurous white men and laid the blistering touch on practically all the others. To the grief of Walter Hinton, one of the NC-4 pilots and skipper of The World seaplane that flew from New York to South America, it paid particular tribute.

Hinton piloted the Curtiss Seagull flying boat, from which Capt. Stevens mapped the Branca River with a Fairchild aerial camera and made possible the ultimate success of the expedition. He was racked with current malaria, nauseated, dizzy, but he stuck to his cockpit and flew to the head waters of the Branca—120 miles farther into the jungle than the latest explorers ever had been. The rest of the expedition, guided by Hinton and Stevens's maps, are now pressing on to this spot and will not return to North America before July.

## Made Flight Unarmed.

Stevens spoke mostly of Hinton's pluck, but admitted the two of them had laid aside even their revolvers in order to carry more fuel and increase the distance they might fly over a country where they knew lurked hostile Indians with poison tipped arrows. They flew more than a mile high, fully aware that were they forced down into the stifling tropic heat of the valley and their motor should fail they would have to land and trust to the mercies of the savages.

"About all we could have done would have been to run for it or try to outswim them," he said, "but we didn't have to. We carried machetes of course, and an ax, but they were cut our way out of the jungle in case we were forced down."

The Rice expedition left Manaus last summer after the flying boat had been assembled in June and given its trials in July. The revolution in Brazil delayed the start for some time but the expedition "finally hopped off anyway," to use Stevens's words. Dr. Theodor Koch-Grunberg, German scientist, died at Vista Allegra.

The expedition traversed the Negro from its junction at Manaus with the Amazon to the place where its main branch becomes the Branca; followed this until the next major branch where it becomes the Uralcoara, at thence headed on for the final divide where the river changes again like Parisian street to the Parima, whose headwaters is the much-alfresco stream's source.

At the latter spot the last gasoline depot was established by Dr. Charles Bull, former Harvard athlete and classmate of Dr. Rice, who was ahead of the main party with seven gallons of the precious fuel, travelling naked with the natives, living on the same food and being burned to almost their hue. He proved that a white man could live under the same conditions as an Indian.

## See Marvellous Falls.

Hinton and Stevens flew on up to Parima over a five-mile gorge with the most marvellous series of water falls they had ever seen, their cameras automatically clicking a record of the landscape unrolling beneath them. The stream finally petered out in the mountains across which lies the source of the Orinoco River and the turned back to the rendezvous where Dr. Bull awaited.

Before they did so, however, they discovered a hostile Indian settlement near the river's source and dropped parachutes with gifts of beads, fish hooks and other trinkets which they thought might establish friendly relations in advance of the coming of Dr. Rice with the main party.

This was March, the flight accomplishing in four hours what could not have been done by other means in two weeks.

Stevens and Hinton flew back over the river from Dr. Bull's outpost, established contact with the main expedition at Caxoeira Assel March 1, developed their films, and flew on to Boa Vista, where the plane is now being disassembled by Hinton for shipment to this country.

## Repairing Streets Near Memorial

The Council's employees were engaged this morning making some repairs to the surroundings of the National War Memorial due to the amount of vehicle traffic from Water Street to Duckworth Street the incline was badly torn up. Some macadam and gravel is being placed on the road spots and rolled. The operator found great difficulty in manoeuvring the steam roller over the incline.

FOR EVERY J.L. MINARD'S LINIMENT.