

After Fifty-Seven Years.

MR. JAMES SILVEY RETURNS TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Oh! give me back my home again.
My home beyond the deep blue sea—
My island home nearby the main
Where I had nothing to restrain.
And I was happy, young and free!
These sunny skies and gorgeous
scenery
Are brilliant, beautiful and grand,
Yet all their vista never weans,
My heart from those far brighter
scenes.
The treasures of dear Newfoundland!

On Signal Hill on night to stray,
And watch the countless stars
above.

The white-winged ships upon the bay,
The lights beyond that led the way
To homes of simplicity and love.

We extend to our fellow countryman, Mr. James Silvey, a cold millionth, or, in other words, a wholehearted old time Newfoundland welcome, after his long absence of fifty-seven years from his Native Land. We have often stated that no matter what part of the globe our fellow-countrymen have cast their lot, by their honesty, integrity and ability they have carved out for themselves a prosperous and honorable position in life, and Mr. James Silvey is no exception. It must indeed be a pleasure for Mr. Silvey to once more in his life visit the scenes of his childhood, and yet this pleasure is not an unmixed one. In looking back over that vista of time, there are many regrets to be called forth by the changes all those years have wrought. How many familiar faces will be absent? The companions of his youthful days, where are they? Some gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns, and others scattered to the farthest part of the earth. Mr. Silvey will find the old and familiar scenes, scarcely changed by the hand of time, and although they are still as dear to his heart as when he parted from them fifty-seven years ago, yet, they call up recollections that cannot but be tinged with melancholy. They will remind him of the happiest days of his life-days now gone and never to be recalled. They remind him of the companions of his youth, and they emphasize their absence. He indeed must feel like an exile returning to the home of his childhood. Few will remember him, but the name of Silvey will live forever in the annals of our country. It was his famous father, and such as he who made Newfoundland what she is to-day.

James Silvey, youngest son of the late famous Viking, Capt. John Silvey, was born near Maggotty Cove Bridge (as it was then called), near Holytown, at the head of Temperance Street. At that time a river ran down through the land where Temperance Street is now, and discharged its waters into Wood's Cove. His famous father bought a home on Cochrane Street, next door to Ryan, the pilot. After his father's death, which occurred on March 14th, 1861, on board his brigantine "Fanny Bloomer" at the seal-fishery, his mother sold the house on Cochrane St., and built a new one on what was then called the New Road, now Gover St., where Mr. Feaver, the blacksmith, has his residence. In 1866 Mrs. Silvey, four daughters and young Jim left the land of their birth and settled down in Boston, where the daughters were employed in remunerative work. Two daughters, Mrs. Denis Brien and Mrs. Richard Bogan remained in St. John's—the latter being still with us. James Silvey received his education in Boston, and served his time as a printer, at which he worked for a considerable time. But the roving spirit of old-time Newfoundland asserted itself, and one of his sisters (Mrs. Dempsey) being in California,

he decided to move on to that distant part of the United States. With the inborn grit and enterprise of his famous father, he quickly rose to a prominent position in the land of his adoption, in the city of San Francisco, and has been for many years one of the most outstanding figures in the Public Service, in the land of the Stars and Stripes. His kindness and hospitality to the delegates of the Knights of Columbus during their visit to San Francisco will never be forgotten by the Newfoundland delegates, and Mr. Charles J. Ellis is warm in his praise of the attention and welcome extended to them by Mr. Silvey. He placed his motors, his house and everything possible at their disposal, and was untiring in his efforts to make them comfortable and enable them to view the scenes of that beautiful and prosperous country.

This was characteristic of such a true-born Newfoundlander—a descendant of one of our greatest Vikings. His father, Capt. John Silvey, was contemporaneous with all the great "jowlers" of former years, when the seal-fishery was at the zenith of its glory, and the names of Captains Silvey, Barron, Feehan, Graham, White, Mullooney, Jordan Pike, Ned Purcell, Harry Andrews (Billy Lindy), Thomas Duff, Din Mealey, Joe Koutlian, Rhodes, Billy Kean, Billy Kase, Daniel Green, Hanrahan, Thomey, Fitzgerald, Jim Wilcox, St. John, Mundens, Bartlett, Clarkes, Spracklins and scores of others were as familiar to the people of the whole country as that of the Governor, and perhaps more so. It was they who built up our country, and in their efforts Capt. John Silvey performed his part, and performed it well. We cannot say too much about this highly respected and heroic old Viking, just to show the class of heroes of those days. Capt. John Silvey was in command of many vessels during his eventful life at the seal-fishery and other enterprises. He had the Piscator, Lovely Mary and Telegraph, but it was after he purchased the well-known brigantine "Fanny Bloomer" and the brig Elizabeth (the largest vessel of the fleet) that his name became a household word. He purchased the Elizabeth in 1859, and he gave charge of the Fanny Bloomer to his brother-in-law, Capt. John Flynn, and took charge of the Elizabeth himself. During the fall and summer months both these vessels were employed in the foreign trade, principally between Liverpool, England, the United States, and Newfoundland. In the year 1860 the Elizabeth, which was in charge of Capt. Flynn, was lost about Christmas time, near the Gut of Canso, and the next spring Capt. Silvey again took charge of the Fanny Bloomer, and died as described above. And now after fifty-seven years, Mr. James Silvey comes back to the scenes of his childhood in his native city of St. John's—to those scenes so familiar to him near the historic Quidi Vidi Lake, where he viewed the struggles for supremacy with the oar, which took place in years gone by—the years of his happy childhood. He will recall the days when the women rowed on the pond, and the good dames of Quidi Vidi proved their metal against their opponents of their sex, and when the rigs Undine, Banhee, Weasel, Black Cat, Witch of the Wave and other racers competed on the pond, as well as when the pilot boats, with their hardy crews of the Gallieshaws, Vinnicombes, Lewis, Ryans and others plied their 18 foot oars, in their endeavors to reach the goal when the gun went off, announcing the winner of the race. As Mr. Silvey purposes to remain for the annual Regatta—the only day when all meet on an equality—when even the ubiquitous small boy can proudly stake his twenty cents with the highest in the land without fear of being snubbed, it will surprise us much indeed if Mr. Silvey will not be amply repaid for

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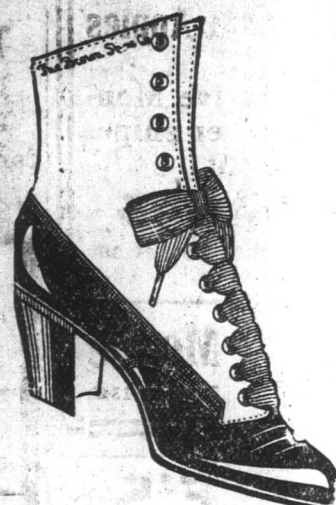
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his long journey to visit the scenes of his childhood, and once more be a spectator, and an interested one, on the Lakeside as he viewed the struggles of contestants on the waters of historic Quidi Vidi, during our annual Regatta of 1922.

OLD TIMER.

SELF MADE.

I AM, my friends, a self made man, and if my record you will scan, you'll see how humble was my birth, and how I rose because I like to tell how, long ago. I herded goats and shoveled snow, to earn ten cents, which, when mine, I placed in the preserving brine. But when I would the tale begin—which shows how merit aye will win—I hear this from the lips of men: "The blamed old bore's wound up again!" Of my own tale I never tire, and it should teach youth to aspire; but children, when I would narrate the yarn of how I conquered fate, move off as though I were a pest, and rudely: "Give us a rest! You always tell of triumphs won, when no one seems to have a gun!" I asked my neighbor, Richard Roe, if he could tell why this is so. He said, emerging from his barn, "You are the hero of your yarn; let some one else that story spring, and it will cordial plaudits bring. But while you point with pride, old son, to gorgeous victories you've won, your auditors will yawn and sigh, and reach for any brickbat sign."

High and Low Test Gasoline at McKINLAY'S, Lime Street. July 11, 1921

Antarctic Diamond Island.

QUEST EXPERTS THEORY.

Members of the Shackleton-Robert Expedition seriously suggest that diamonds exist in Antarctica. A small tale near South Georgia, (The Gate of the Antarctic) was found to contain a large excavation. The Quest's mineralogist panned the soil and declared it was most certainly the type of alluvial which carries diamonds. Yellow quartz was also unearthed. The hole found by the Quest was made by a Cape town expedition which prospected the island for five months as the result of the report of a private prospector, who produced diamonds said to have been found on the island. It is probable that a second attempt will be made to locate diamondiferous ground by a Cape town fishery company. Some wonderful features of the mys-

tery and romance of deep-sea life around the shores of the lonely, barren islands, and in the open waters of South Atlantic and Antarctic regions, were related by Capt. Worsley, the sailing master of the Quest. Gigantic marine forests were discovered and new fishing grounds located. The Antarctic waters were found to be alive with edible fish.

They Were Related.

The conductor of a freight sent the brakeman forward to put a tramp off they had seen board the train just as they were pulling out. The brakeman went forward, but when he came to the tramp he found himself gazing into the barrel of a gun, and was ordered back to the rear and informed he might as well stay there and save himself some trouble. The brakeman returned to the caboose.

"Did you get him off?" inquired the conductor.

"No," replied the brakeman. "I couldn't put him off. He's a cousin of mine."

"Well, I'm not troubled with that kind of relatives. I'll get him off," stormed the conductor, angrily.

After a time the conductor quietly returned.

"Did you put him off?" the grinning brakeman asked.

"No, he's a cousin of mine, too," the conductor replied.

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PEKIN, July 15.

Military Governors of provinces opposing the present movement in China toward democracy and reform, are plunging China into civil war to

preserve selfish ends, according to a declaration to the Provisional Cabinet, made by President Li Yuan Hung.

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- 1 lb. ONIONS
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- 1 Tin ARMOUR'S BEANS
- 1 Tin STOVE PASTE
- 1 Tin SHOE BLACKING
- 1 Tin DUTCH CLEANSER
- 1 Gallon POTATOES
- 1 Pkt. YEAST (Royal)
- 1 Bar SOAP (Sunlight)
- 1 Bot. LIME JUICE (Pt.)
- 1 Bot. CHOW CHOW

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