

Living in the presence of perpetual danger, depending for the food they eat upon the harvest of the sea, coming in daily contact with the great elemental forces of nature, they are marked by a simple piety, a fervent faith, which raises their lowly lives above the sordid surroundings and conditions of their existence to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints.

Our sunset climb on the rocks above Battle Harbor revealed a sweep of sea and shore of wild and wondrous majesty and beauty. The icebergs, afloat or grounded, gleamed like diamonds in the light of the setting sun. One of these during the day had shattered with a noise like thunder and its fragments far and wide strewed the sea.

The Newfoundland Government has provided several Marconi wireless stations along the coast, that the approach of the fish schools might be widely and promptly made known. At one of these it was mysterious and weird to hear and see the viewless voices of the air flashing out with loud detonations their mysterious messages.

The airy persiflage and badinage of the operator, sixty miles away, seemed almost uncanny.

Labrador will come more prominently before the scientific world this year than ever before. A very important total eclipse of the sun takes place, visible over a narrow belt. The Lick Observatory and other astronomical societies are sending observers to record and report this remarkable phenomenon. The Canadian Government is defraying the cost of one of these, in whose personnel will be included several members of the Astronomical Society of Toronto. The totality of the eclipse lasts but a very few minutes, and if cloud or fog obscure the observation the labor will all be lost. The expedition, therefore, has selected a point far up Hamilton Inlet, and important scientific results are anticipated from the observations. This inlet is a majestic fjord which stretches in more than a hundred miles from the sea. It was here that Leonidas Hubbard met his tragic fate two years ago in exploring the wilds of Labrador.

# THE UNION JACK.



It's only a small piece of bunting,

It's only an old colored rag ;

Yet thousands have died for its honor,  
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,

Which, of old, Scotland's heroes has led ;  
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,  
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Joined with these is our old English ensign,  
St. George's red cross on white field ;  
Round which, from King Richard to Wolseley,  
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,  
As free as the winds and the waves ;  
And bondsmen, from shackles unloosened,  
Neath its shadows no longer are slaves.

It floats over Cyprus and Malta,  
O'er Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong.  
And Britons, where'er their flag's flying,  
Claim the rights which to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion,  
To our King, to our country and laws ;  
It's the outward and visible emblem  
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may say it's an old bit of bunting ;  
You may call it an old colored rag ;  
But freedom has made it majestic,  
And time has ennobled the flag.