

writer saw in the interior some gigantic moraines, miles and miles in length and made up of boulders of all sizes.

One may ride for hours on the narrow guage Newfoundland Railway and never hear the whistle for crossings as in Ontario. There are no waggon roads except near St. Johns and from one "out port" to another. But along the shores of bays there are paths which now scale the lofty cliffs, then dip down into silent rocky dells. From time to time beautiful wooded ravines are crossed by means of odd rustic bridges with nearly always a gate at one end fastened by means of a piece of rope from some old sail, to to keep "our goats" from wandering. In the distance may be seen the glittering ice-bergs sailing majestically past, or in some quiet cove one of the white wanderers lies aground with cascades pouring from its top as it melts under the rays of the summer sun. Everywhere some new form of cliff, or rich coloring of porphyry rock greets the eye, while the softness of delicate mosses contrasts at intervals with the ruggedness of bare rocks.

Not many years ago all that was known of this most beautiful and picturesque island was summed up in Burns' lines in his "Twa Dogs":

"Some place far abroad  
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

Mark Twain says that during his stay on the island he saw but *one* fog—it was there when he arrived and was still there when he left. But there are parts of the island where fogs are as rare as in Ontario. During the summer from June to October the climate is magnificent, the thermometer only occasionally reaching 85° F. The country is then most beautiful. The "barrens" are carpeted with rich moss of every shade and color, the banks of rivers are fringed with wild strawberries, raspberries, currants, blueberries (or "horts" as the people call them) and

adorned with many kinds of lovely ferns and wild flowers. St. Johns' Island on the western coast shows the snap dragon purple in color up to the 700 ft. line; from that to 1000 ft. in altitude it is yellow; above that the same flower is white.

Bay of Islands on the west coast is a paradise to the artist as well as to the geologist. The scenery along this bay and along the Humber River that flows into it has become so well known that the region is now a favorite resort for American tourists, especially the New York Yacht Club. Several parties of sportsmen anchor at the head of the bay each summer and enjoy the shooting and fishing so abundant along the Humber. Among the points of attraction are Blomidon Mts., Mt. Moria, Breakfast Head, Devil's Dancing Point, Steady Brook Falls and Deer Lake.

But after all the most interesting point about the whole island is its people. In this time of talk about Imperialism it may be not out of place to mention that Newfoundland is Great Britain's oldest colony. The first colonists were brought from Devonshire, the district that produced Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Drake and Hawkins. Later was added some of Ireland's best blood. This mixture of Saxon and Celtic has produced the stalwart, hardy, energetic, self-reliant race of fisher folk who draw their subsistence from the stormy ocean. These people are peculiarly religious and remarkably kind to the poor and unfortunate among them.

One of the first questions that a stranger is asked is: "Are you from *up-a-long*?" By this is meant either Halifax or Boston. These are the only places on the mainland that are at all well known. One hears many peculiar expressions and names that are bothersome for a short time. Every one says "good evening" immediately after noon, and "evening" lasts from 12 o'clock till dark. Small boys are not heard saying "the