

To clean sinks and drain pipes



Snowflake Ammonia
THE FULL STRENGTH
Dissolve 1/2 to 1 package in a pail of boiling water, and pour slowly down sink.

Some of the Heroes of the Past

And the Ships in Which They Immortalized Their Names--Capt. Thos. Duff and His Bright "Guitar."

(H. P. SHORTLISS)

It is a strange thing that very few of the men who were in the great fleet from further North passed Batteau, and amongst them was the little Guitar, Capt. Duff. The fleet had an hour and a half start of Power in the Glenlivet. Power left Batteau about noon, with every inch of canvas on her, even to the studding sails, and overhauled the fleet at Cape St. Michael's that evening. Capt. Duff told the man at the wheel of the Glenlivet to keep quite near the Guitar, so that he could hail Capt. Duff. The Glenlivet ran up a little on the weather, and Capt. Power hailed Capt. Duff, and asked "how he was?" Capt. Duff replied, "Quite well," and then Power (who was a great joker and knew the bride Duff took out of his vessel) asked him "if he was in anywhere coming along?" "No" replied Capt. Duff, quite indignant. Capt. Power then picked up the end of the main sheet and shaking it towards the Guitar, exclaimed, "Stand by, Duff, I'll give you the end of this line and give you a lug along!" Oh! Oh! Oh! That was the unkindest cut of all—the last straw—and Captain Duff turned away in disgust—giving full expression to his feelings, and going to the weather quarter again he hurried back his defiance at Power with the retort: "By the Great Caesar, Power, if I get strong winds, I'll let you know if your old rat-trap can pass the Guitar." But Power sailed ahead of him out of hearing. The Glenlivet made the run from Batteau to St. John's in thirty-six hours, and the Guitar did not turn up until a few hours afterwards. But in justice to the tiny little Guitar and her gallant and poppy Captain, it was no less as to the sailing qualities of the ships, because the Glenlivet was a foreign-going vessel—never at the seal-fishery, was larger than the Guitar, her bottom metalled, and as smooth as glass, with all new canvas, rigging, etc., whilst the Guitar, which was lying up all the summer in steady water at Dominio, had her bottom coated with slime and kelp, which took off a knot to two knots in her speed. I make this explanation in justice to the plucky and experienced Capt. Duff, who, during his career, proved himself second to none as a seal-killer, fish-killer and ship-master, and the fact of the Guitar being defeated on this occasion by the Glenlivet, under such unequal circumstances, to my mind, takes nothing from her sailing qualities, which were recognized by every seaman and fisherman in the city of St. John's.

employed in getting a foreigner ready to leave port. By this time he had the foreign vessel cleared out of the harbor and his own vessel ready to start, the great fleet from further North passed Batteau, and amongst them was the little Guitar, Capt. Duff. The fleet had an hour and a half start of Power in the Glenlivet. Power left Batteau about noon, with every inch of canvas on her, even to the studding sails, and overhauled the fleet at Cape St. Michael's that evening. Capt. Duff told the man at the wheel of the Glenlivet to keep quite near the Guitar, so that he could hail Capt. Duff. The Glenlivet ran up a little on the weather, and Capt. Power hailed Capt. Duff, and asked "how he was?" Capt. Duff replied, "Quite well," and then Power (who was a great joker and knew the bride Duff took out of his vessel) asked him "if he was in anywhere coming along?" "No" replied Capt. Duff, quite indignant. Capt. Power then picked up the end of the main sheet and shaking it towards the Guitar, exclaimed, "Stand by, Duff, I'll give you the end of this line and give you a lug along!" Oh! Oh! Oh! That was the unkindest cut of all—the last straw—and Captain Duff turned away in disgust—giving full expression to his feelings, and going to the weather quarter again he hurried back his defiance at Power with the retort: "By the Great Caesar, Power, if I get strong winds, I'll let you know if your old rat-trap can pass the Guitar." But Power sailed ahead of him out of hearing. The Glenlivet made the run from Batteau to St. John's in thirty-six hours, and the Guitar did not turn up until a few hours afterwards. But in justice to the tiny little Guitar and her gallant and poppy Captain, it was no less as to the sailing qualities of the ships, because the Glenlivet was a foreign-going vessel—never at the seal-fishery, was larger than the Guitar, her bottom metalled, and as smooth as glass, with all new canvas, rigging, etc., whilst the Guitar, which was lying up all the summer in steady water at Dominio, had her bottom coated with slime and kelp, which took off a knot to two knots in her speed. I make this explanation in justice to the plucky and experienced Capt. Duff, who, during his career, proved himself second to none as a seal-killer, fish-killer and ship-master, and the fact of the Guitar being defeated on this occasion by the Glenlivet, under such unequal circumstances, to my mind, takes nothing from her sailing qualities, which were recognized by every seaman and fisherman in the city of St. John's.

She carried a main-top-sail—and, to me, it seems strange that very few of the fleet carried a main-top gallant sail. In Conception Bay the majority of them did. Amongst those in St. John's, I only know of the Helen Stares, owned by Dowley, the Gettrude Isabella, owned by John and Patrick Ryan, Riverhead, and O'Brien's Hollyhook, commanded several springs by John Gellihave and "Shy-shall" Jack Alda. Capt. Thomas Duff was one of the most fortunate seal-killers, and the first spring in the Guitar he was first in with a full load of whitecoats. Capt. "Tommy" Duff, as he was familiarly called, was one of those sturdy, independent men, who knew his own mind, and steered for his object without any deviation. He ranked in the same class with John Barron, Hal-laras, White, Graham, Silvey, Billy Knee, Jackmans, Feehans, George Young, Jack Houlihan in the Cal-a-ooia, French, Rhodes, Din Mesley, John Cahill, Sam Gosse, Jim Keefe, in U. Balcalava, Peter Cummins, Ned Paveil, John Burke, Pat. McLoughlin, Jordan Pike, Larry and Tom Gault, Jim Lynch, Pat. Lynch in the G. M. Johnson, Edward English in the Witch of the Wave, Butler the Bulky Boy, John Walsh, Garrett Jack-man out of Goodridge & Kelligrows, John Halley, Pat Mackey, Prior in the Juno, out of Bond's (father of Sir Robert Bond), Furness in the Superior, Kennedy out of Mudg's in the Gaselle, John Nurse out of Teasers, Ned Sheehan out of Brookings, Bob Breen, out of L. O'Brien's in the Nautilus, Wm. Knight in the Superior out of Stabb, Rowe & Holmwood's, Billy Silvey in the Sarah Grace, Michael Burke in the Prima Donna, Tom Ebsary in the Hope out of David Stealy's, James Hickey out of Ewan Stabb & Co.'s, Tim Cummins out of Kavanagh's, old Joe Houlihan in the brig Henry Thomas, which brought in the largest trip in a sailing vessel, 12,000, Con Brien of Bay Bulls in his own vessel, the James Henry, Geoffrey Callahan in the Swift, Stephen Cuddy and Edward Stafford out of Barton & Fraser's, and many others too numerous to mention in one article—never forgetting Capt. Pierce Mallowney in the Nightingale, Gertrude, Alpha, Maggie McNeil, St. Fillan, Dawn and other ships. He was father of Lady Gashin, Mrs. P. Hanley and the enterprising business man of Witleys Bay, Mr. Louis Mallowney. He was wonderfully successful, both in sailing vessels and steamers. When the S.S. Walrus first came to the country, he was first in with loads. He next went in the S.S. Proteus. There was one marked characteristic about this famous seal-killer, viz.—that like the famous Capt. Richard Pike of Arctic fame and Capt. Daniel Green of Harbor Grace, he was never known to call one of his crew out of his name, nor to use an unbecom word, even when his temper becoming word, even when his temper

WHEN DUFF FELL OUT OF THE BARREL.
For some years before his death, Capt. Duff occupied the position of door-keeper in the House of Assembly, in conjunction with the well-known physical giant, Capt. John Halley, and as they always expressed themselves in nautical phraseology, it was really amusing to hear them replying to Sir William Whiteway or Sir Robert Bond. One day Capt. Halley was getting the top-sails on the House of Assembly (lowering the window-blinds), when a noise was heard in the gallery, Capt. Duff having slipped in going there to enforce silence on some unruly "fishers," when Capt. Halley, looking up in His Hon. the Speaker's face, thundered forth, "Begob, Duff has tumbled out of the barrel!" On another occasion he was asked if the House was open yet? "Faith it is—because the skipper (the Speaker) is on the bow. They have all the canvas on her." One evening Sir William Whiteway asked Capt. Halley if he had seen Sir Robert Bond? "Oh! begob, he's just passed along with studding-sails set. Just drop the peak of your mail-sail and you'll find him in the light (speaker's room) safely anchored." "Thank you," Capt. Halley replied Sir William, who understood his mode of expression, and off he went. To-day very little reference is made by our writers as to the acts of heroism and courage performed by those hardy and fearless Newfoundland sealing masters and their crews in generations gone by. The traditions of the past are a glorious heritage to the Newfoundlanders. All history teaches us that the greatest deeds performed by the human race were the outcome of a spirit of emulation, and which have gone before.

REQUESCANT IN PACE.
The old and worn-out heroes of the icefield are slumbering peacefully in the churchyard, and some rest beneath the ocean, on which they fought and gained their hard-won victories. Even the implements of their prowess and energy are fast disappearing. The historic flint-lock gun and the artistically carved powder-horn no longer take the place of honor on the kitchen rack. They are now relegated to some out-house or unfrequented place, and with the passing away of these, the last vestige of our illustrious forebears will have gone forever. This should not be, and it is with this object of keeping alive the memory of those heroes of the past, that these lines are penned for the Evening Telegram and its thousands of readers at home, and more particularly in the United States and Canada.
"Their glory shall never fade."

THE SKIPPER OF THE GUITAR.
It was amongst such heroes that the sturdy little-big man, Capt. Duff, lived and moved, and his sterling, many qualities and thorough knowledge of his business, as well as seamanship, was fully recognized by those experienced seal-killers and mariners as a leader. He served his apprenticeship under the great Capt. John Barron in the Dash, and such an apt pupil was he that he adopted even the favorite expression of his commander to the end of his days. When Capt. Barron wished to give full force to his views he always prefaced his remarks by the words "By the Great Caesar!" And so Capt. Duff would exclaim, "By the Great Caesar, sir, the Guitar can hold her own against the best of them!" Capt. Duff also presided the Labrador fishery at Dominio in the Guitar, on an extensive scale, and also freighted several crews up and down each year. On one occasion, in the year 1879, Capt. Duff had a chance to test the sailing qualities of his famous little brigantine, and this is how it happened. On the 3rd of November, he left Dominio with nearly all the fleet, which waited for a time, bound to St. John's, the fishing-voyage being cleared up. Old Captain Charlie Power, in the Glenlivet, was in Batteau and was delayed by being

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Well Chosen Materials. Every man's wardrobe should contain several extra pairs of these Trousers. From this present complete showing you will be able to make most satisfactory choice and save a bit, too.
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We have a stock of these Fleece Lined Bloomers; they are just the thing for the cold days.
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In Fawn, Brown, Slate, Grey and Black.
Made of good felt with leather instep; they are excellent to give a trim high shoe effect; very warm.
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Shirts for the Boy
We've secured this new stock of Shirts with the view of supplying the best wearing Shirts possible and still low in price. The boys will be delighted with them as they are all patterns the boys like. **Each \$1.10.**



Little Boys' and Girls' Saxon Felt Sailors
Little Boys' and Girls' Saxon (Wool) Felt, velvet smooth finish trimmed with band and long streamers; colors: Fawn, Wine, Dark Brown, Green and Light Red.
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Men's Winter Overcoats
Selection Now Will Save You Money. Come in and try on one of these New Overcoats. Note carefully the quality of the material, the smart style, the cleverly cut collars and pockets and the expert tailoring throughout.
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Very well made Shirts for the heaviest strains that may be put upon them. Made up in dark colors and full sizes. A great value at a very low price.
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Table Damask
Of Standard Width which is now priced at \$1.19 yd. Here one may choose Damask by the yard. The prices are low in comparison with the very evident quality and good value.
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A beautiful American Longcloth, 36 inches wide, selling at
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We have now in stock some beautiful Shirting, worth much more than our price. Our price, per yard,
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These exceptional garments are cut and designed with generous allowance for roominess and comfort.
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Table Oil Cloth
Full width Table Oil Cloths in dark shades only.
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Of beautiful Linen, some splendid patterns; 36 x 36 inches.
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In Red and White. This is an excellent value and it will prove an economy to buy a quantity for future sewing needs at this low price.
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Made of splendid White Linen, beautiful designs; size 54 x 18 inches.
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Round and peaked collars, made of splendid Linen; all sizes.
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The best boot in Newfoundland to-day, made of seven ply rubber.
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In Pink and Blue; beautiful soft felt; All sizes.
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Ladies' Ox Blood Boots
High Leg. A splendid line of Ladies' Boots for Fall wear; made of beautiful soft Ox-Blood leather, these boots have a splendid appearance and are worth much more than we are asking for them.
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