

A Newfoundland Travelogue

INTERESTING VIEW OF HIS MASTER'S OLDEST COLONY.

(By EDITH M. LUKE.)

Surely the sky was never as blue as the water as calm and placid before! So said my companion as we sat on the deck of our ship, looking out over the Gulf. It was our fourth day of the voyage, a happy family of us, and the weather was perfect.

Half a day at Quebec City, where we renewed acquaintance with points of interest familiar in other years, and visited comparatively new places, including the splendid Earl Grey Terrace and Battlefields Park. We were also taken to the Church of the Perpetual Adoration, where the nuns are in constant prayer before the altar, day and night, year by year. There they kneel, draped in white, and receiving each other at intervals of an hour by day and half an hour at night.

We stopped half a day at Gaspe, and a couple of hours at St. Anne des Monts, besides anchoring in the stream at Cap Chat and other points, for the discharge of cargo, including, as the purser laughingly said, "everything from a needle to an anchor." Wonderful to think that we had twenty-five cargoes of freight in our hold, and that these dear little French villages, cut off from us during winter, were eagerly waiting our arrival to bring them their needed supplies.

The charming little French girl in my cabin who was bound for Grande Vallee and who had been up in Montreal visiting her elder brother, a chemist. She told me in her naive, girlish way, all about the death of her mother, and how she had since kept house for her father and helped him bring up the younger children.

"J'ai perdu ma mere, il y a cinq ans et depuis ce temps, j'essais au meilleur de ma connaissance de soulager mes petites soeurs et mes petits freres. Il arrive des fois que c'est tres difficile et j'ai beaucoup d'ouvrage, mais je fais tout mon possible et mon pere est tres content de moi. Il m'appelle 'la petite mere'."

The boat reached Grande Vallee before daybreak and mademoiselle tripped gaily down the gangway to resume her arduous duties.

One night on deck, when we were admiring the silhouette of the mountains against the blue vault of the heavens, an elderly French gentleman standing near me, remarked quite simply on God's great love of the beautiful, as evidenced in the graceful curves of the mountains, the ruggedness of the rocks, the softness of the sky, the loveliness of the flowers and the beauty of waving grain. I had just been reading Edna Ferber's book, "So Big," and I thought of Selma's admiration of cabbages. The French gentleman said quietly and reverently: "Le bon Dieu a fait toute la nature d'une main exquise. Il aime bien la beaut . Nous en avons l'evidence dans tout l'univers."

And now we were in that great gulf across which Jacques Cartier, the Cabots, Champlain, La Salle and Maitland, and many others had sailed. It must have been with eyes of wonder and awe in the early days. Across which our men sailed from Valcartier, and over whose waters ocean liners plough their proud pathway eastward and westward in ever-increasing numbers.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of that perfect day, some one shouted, "Land on the right," and through our glasses we sighted the distant green promontories of the beautiful Bay of Islands on the west coast of Newfoundland—that land I had so often longed to see.

Now, first we must get the pronunciation right—the Librarian at the House of Assembly, St. John's, implored me not to say Newfoundland, with the accent on the second syllable. Equally, she scorned the common pronunciation, Newfoundland, accenting the first and shortening the second and third syllables, which is the easiest and most general way of saying it. She begged me to say New-Found-Land, with equal accent on all three syllables, just as Cabot must have shouted it, when he sighted Signal Hill in 1497.

Perhaps three hours after sighting land in the far distance, we passed in to the great Bay of Islands, with its towering promontories on either side, bidding us a majestic welcome. Oh, to be a better geologist and know the age and history of those giants! Will any one agree with me in a tentative belief that the Father intends us to conquer all knowledge at some time—that is, to know all the parts of this great universe. That might involve going from sphere to sphere! One shrills at the glorious adventure of it!

And now the Nayarit docked at Corner Brook, one of the most interesting places in the wide world; for here, over night,—that is, in the space of two short years, a thriving town of three thousand inhabitants, has sprung into being. Two years ago the Newfoundland Power and Paper Company was incorporated by act of parliament, since which time, the sum of thirty million dollars has been spent erecting the vast pulp mills, building commodious houses, for the men and their families connected with the

mills, laying out streets, putting in sewers, arranging an adequate water supply and an electric light plant. The company has built an attractive staff hotel, gymnasium, that would do credit to any small city. They have also erected and equipped a modern hospital, where I met some splendid-looking nurses and doctors. One of the latter being much interested in the blind broom-makers at the near-by town of Carling, which I visited later. He said that these poor fellows have nothing whatever to read when they finish their day's work, and I promised to see Mr. P. E. Layton of the Montreal Association for the Blind, to arrange for books in Braille to be sent to Carling.

Some idea of the immensity of the undertaking at Corner Brook may be gleaned from the fact that the British Government subscribed eight million dollars for construction work, and the bonds of the company are guaranteed by the British Government and Newfoundland Government jointly.

The great firm of Armstrong Whitworth, of London, supplied all the machinery and they control fifty-one per cent. of the stock, a large part of the balance being controlled by the Reids, who formerly operated the Newfoundland railway.

It takes an hour and a half to walk through the huge paper mills, and this work is done in three shifts of eight hours each, so that the mills are continuously going, except on Sunday. The paper mill has a capacity of 400 tons of newspaper per day, and on the end of each huge roll of paper there is the head of a Newfoundland dog, chosen as the device of the company. A beautiful new boat, the Humber Arm, was in port while I was there, waiting to bear away the first cargo of paper, destined, I was told, for the Southern States. The annual supply of pulpwood is cut chiefly off the company's own "woodlands," comprising 1,014,825 acres, half of which is on the Humber river watershed. During the cutting season over 2,000 men are employed harvesting the pulpwood.

The captain and purser of the Nayarit arranged a delightful picnic for us up the Humber river, the beauty of which is almost as famous as the Saguenay which it somewhat resembles. A tablecloth was spread on the sandy beach and after lunch we explored the adjacent woods, to find how many of our Canadian wild flowers are native also of Newfoundland. I found on the banks of the Humber and elsewhere in Newfoundland, yarrow, fawnweed, immortelles, meadow rue, gold daisies, juniper with red berry, briar roses, Joe Pyewood in great abundance, golden rod and beautiful elderberry. There seemed to be a scarcity of birds, but that may have been because I did not go far enough into their woodland haunts to find them.

No Government School System.

There is no government school system in Newfoundland, but there is an excellent system of church schools and colleges. Beside the Anglican church one finds an Anglican school, beside the Presbyterian church a Presbyterian school, and there are many Methodist schools and Roman Catholic schools and colleges. At one time the Catholics were as numerous as all the other denominations together, and they are still the largest single denomination.

Church union has taken place jointly with Canada, though the Newfoundlanders like to point out that the Ancient Colony is entirely a separate unit, and the corner stone of the British Empire. After their national feast of 1894 they sent a delegation to Ottawa to arrange to join Confederation, but our government of that day did not like their terms and the great opportunity passed. A chemist at Corner Brook told me that one of the things they resent most is that a Canadian firm should get an agency for Canada and Newfoundland, thereby making it compulsory for the Newfoundland firm selling that product to pay two duties, the duty on the product entering Canada and the heavy duty on bringing it into Newfoundland.

Wherever Shall We Be Clothed. Nearly all the people in Corner Brook are comparatively young people, who have joined the great pulp company to better their fortunes. They come from Montreal, from Shawinigan, from different parts of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Meyerbergen, one of the leading men in the company, is a Belgian and I was told, wore a title in his own land but is now a naturalized Canadian. He received me very kindly in his well-appointed office and told me about the preparations for the formal opening of the company's plant about the middle of August.

Repeat the evening at the house of one of the officials and the young women present were doubtfully wondering where they were going to get their frocks for winter. They had brought a good supply with them, but there is a duty of seventy-five per cent. on clothing entering Newfoundland and sixty per cent. duty on furniture. There is very little manufacturing, so the Government derives its revenue from levying a high duty.

At the same time I must say that at the dance at Glynnmill Inn I saw many pretty dresses and many pretty girls—it was a charming scene. The Newfoundland silver is mined at Ottavua, also we make their government notes, that is, ones and twos.

Otherwise the Canadian banking system prevails (since 1895), and one sees in St. John's, for instance, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Montreal, the Royal Bank of Canada, etc.

Stamps are made in Washington, something which I think our government should seek to rectify, for we are branches of the British family and the trade should be kept within the Empire.

Before leaving the subject of the development of Corner Brook, I should say that the power for the great pulp plant is brought from Deer Lake and that the company has built a canal eight miles long and diverted the course of two rivers.

I did not see any maple, elm or linden in Newfoundland, but the country is thickly wooded with fir trees of all descriptions, which yield an almost exhaustless supply for the pulp mills. As all the world knows, Lord Northcliffe founded a tremendous pulp plant in 1909 at Grand Falls in the interior, the company being known as the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, producing newsprint for all the Harmsworth papers in London. The paper in this case is shipped by the Exploits River to Notre Dame Bay, thence overseas.

To understand Newfoundland one must study the coastline. Here is an island, the tenth largest in the world, about one-fifth larger than Ireland, with a deeply indented coastline of over 6,000 miles. The Newfoundlanders do not say he came from this town or that, but "I am from Notre Dame Bay" or "I am from Conception Bay" or "My people are located in Placentia Bay." Looking at the map we find that we have Bay of Islands and Bay St. George on the West Coast; Fortune Bay and Placentia Bay on the South Coast; and Conception Bay, Trinity Bay and Notre Dame Bay on the East Coast. The fishing villages are located around these bays and the settlement in the interior is comparatively sparse, the whole great island having a population of only a quarter of a million.

The Newfoundlanders say, "down north," he turns to the left; and when we land on his shores from Canada, we have to set our watches forward an hour and a half, for Newfoundland is only 1,640 miles distant from Ireland and is the nearest point to the Old World on this side of the Atlantic. —New Outlook.

Helping Baby to Think

All mothers will tell you that their babies are very wise. They abound in an instinctive wisdom, which, being given to them naturally at birth, has as its main objective the obtaining of exactly what they want.

For this purpose in early days the lungs are employed frequently and fully, but gradually the little one begins to think and act for himself. It is sheer delight to all parents to watch this development, the stages of which can be marked by the baby's power to do certain things, and to puzzle out problems which, to the infant mind, are full of pitfalls. Wise mothers will tell you that as soon as baby is born you can tell whether he is mentally perfect by putting some small round object in his mouth to be a half-sovereign in the old days—into the very open palm. If baby immediately closes his chubby fingers tightly over the treasure—well, you have no further need to worry about the little one's mental powers; he is certain to be fully equipped in that respect.

Smiles and Tears. A really healthy baby should begin to take an intelligent interest in things when about six months old. At this age, if a watch is put to his ear, he should smile, and as soon as the "tick-tick" is taken away his sound lungs should come into play.

Between the sixth and ninth months baby should be found trying to lift little things for himself, and as the first anniversary of his birth comes round he should be able to lift quite heavy toys and other things, which were never intended to be toys at all, and quite easily. Also he should be beginning to reason for himself.

At this age a child will copy a parent who sounds a note on the piano, and will begin to see the connection between the striking of the note and the "noise" which follows.

Then, again, his little mind should now be able to tackle problems. He should be able to understand that, if one of his small toys is put inside a box in his presence, and the lid closed down, the treasure is not retrievable.

If the lid is not too heavy and does not stick, baby, after tinkering with it for a bit, during which time he is turning the problem over in his mind, should try to open it.

Learning to Talk. Now, of course, comes the most interesting of all periods in baby's growth. He learns to speak, and copies everything that is said, selecting, if possible, the longest word in any sentence to repeat. Baby's mind is still keeping astir of his development in other directions, and at eighteen months he should begin to point out names of animals and so on, pictures of which are shown him in books.

At this stage the child memory is continually coming into use, and every week you find that baby remem-

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THE INDUSTRY

September	SALES DECREASE	13%
October	SALES DECREASE	23%
November	SALES DECREASE	24%
December	SALES DECREASE	27%
January	SALES DECREASE	27%
February	SALES DECREASE	29%
March	SALES DECREASE	24%
April	SALES DECREASE	8%
May	SALES INCREASE	14%

NASH

September	SALES INCREASE	7%
October	SALES INCREASE	54%
November	SALES INCREASE	124%
December	SALES INCREASE	22%
January	SALES INCREASE	32%
February	SALES INCREASE	51%
March	SALES INCREASE	49%
April	SALES INCREASE	82.8%
MAY	SALES INCREASE	165%

*Figures for the entire industry for May, 1925, not available on May 31, 1925, when this folder went to press.

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nov 26, 21, 24, 25

hers things for a longer period. So the gradual development of the little brain goes on until the time comes for the child to go to school and learn terribly big things out of specially-prepared books. And who shall say that the earlier "education" of the home is not more important than the mere formal studies of the school.

Madrigal Singers to-night, Synod Hall, at 8.30.—nov 26, 21

TRAIN NOTES.—Tuesday's express arrived Port aux Basques 6.25 p.m. yesterday. The express arrived at 1.45 p.m. The Carboniferous train arrived on time.

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