



St. John's. In the centre is the Court House built in 1904. Above is the Anglican Cathedral first built in 1816 and rebuilt in 1842 and 1892 after destruction by fire. At the top is the Catholic Basilica of St. John the Baptist which was built in 1850.

fight the first World War. The War Memorial has Liberty holding a torch and bronze figures representing not only the Army and Navy but also the Forestry Corps and the Merchant Marine.

At the bottom of the slope is a plaque with an inscription penned by Rudyard Kipling in one of his less inspired moments: "Close to this commanding and historic spot Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed on the fifth day of August, 1583, and in taking possession of the new found land in the name of his Sovereign Queen Elizabeth thereby founded Britain's overseas empire." That was, of course, 401 years ago and Newfoundland had a big celebration last summer. Sir Humphrey, the half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, drowned when his ship went down on the voyage home, but companion ships carried the tale home.

Opposite the Memorial is the King George V Institute, whose cornerstone was laid by the King himself by remote control from Buckingham Palace, on his coronation day, June 22, 1911. He returned from his installation ceremonies at 4 p.m. and pushed a button which sent an electric charge across the Atlantic and dropped the stone into soft cement. The Institute once served as a home for fishermen visiting from the outports. In 1914 it received the frozen bodies of seventy-eight sealers trapped on the ice by a blizzard. The bodies, in groups of two or three in a single block of ice, were thawed out in vats of warm water in the Institute's basement. It now houses the Newfoundland Lung

Association, the Newfoundland Safety Council and St. John Ambulance.

Walk on to the intersection of Prescott Street, once the home of a newspaper called the *Public Ledger*. On Christmas night, 1833, a mob gathered here to lynch the paper's proprietor, Henry Winton, a severe critic of Roman Catholicism. They were dissuaded by troops, but a few years later masked men waylaid him while he was out on horseback and cut his ears off.

Walk past another flight of stairs going up to Duckworth Street and you come to the looming



Water Street, looking west from Job's, 1892.