

Newfoundland Naval Reservists

THE present visit of the Newfoundland Naval Reservists to Great Britain is noteworthy in several respects. So far as the writer is aware, this is the first time colonial naval reservists have ever visited the mother country. Colonial soldiers have been there



Newfoundland Reservists in England marching from the Railway Station

many times—at Bisley, at the Diamond Jubilee in 1897, at the coronation and during the South African war.

It is just six years and one month since the first contingent of Newfoundland fishermen embarked on H.M.S.



Taking a Drive around Town

Charybdis, fifty strong, for a six-months' cruise in the West Indies. Since then there has been a regular winter cruise and the contingent is now much larger in numbers. The reservists are drawn from the young fisher-



A "Snap" as they go by.

Photographs by "Topical," London.

men, eighteen to twenty-one years of age, and are enlisted for five years. The men are required to put in a month's drill each year, and during the whole term must spend at least six months at sea in a warship. At

the end of the sea service the men have an examination and those who pass are promoted to the "qualified seaman class."

The fishermen of Newfoundland make good naval men because of their knowledge of the sea, and because they have plenty of leisure in the winter for drilling. It has been proposed that similar corps should be established in Canada, in the Maritime Provinces and on the Great Lakes. The late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine took up the subject enthusiastically, but other militia schemes and expenditures seem to have crowded it into the background.

A Random Thought

By ERIE WATERS.

"O thought at random cast,
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last."

HE was a writer, wielding the pen with uncertain power; striving to reach his readers; to give force to simple words; to express great thoughts greatly. His hope was to move men's minds, to touch fine souls "to finer issues"—to enlarge the horizon for feeble folk. He knew that the power of the pen was mighty when held by a master-hand. For the eye can see, and the mind absorb the written words. They may be imprinted on the memory, assimilated, and added to the great sum of human knowledge. But—lacking a master-mind, words were weak, inadequate, well-nigh powerless to convey the love, the sympathy, the longing to help and to heal. Then, partly because he paid the penalty of genius and let emotions sway him, reaction followed. Depression held him.

Then, one night, he sat at the feet of a preacher—one of God's elect—a man simple, direct, sincere, singularly free from vanity, wonderfully gifted, deeply cultured. And humbly the writer listened to words of wisdom—words, which written, would have conveyed much. Almost with envy—with admiration, with delight, with pure pleasure, he listened—and looked. Here was everything necessary to reach the heart, to rouse the intellect; the keen, kind eye, the pleasant face, the voice that fell as soothingly as a mother's tender touch on a fevered brow; or—as righteous indignation stirred—a voice that probed the conscience, that waked his hearers to better things.

"Ah," thought the writer, "here is the living soul—not the cold page—here is 'visible philosophy,' or what, for want of truer insight we call 'personal magnetism'."

There were many that evening who listened and learned to their great and endless comfort; who went away with fresh strength to aim high, to build their lives anew. The writer walked homeward under the stars, seeing vividly in his mental sky, a new creation growing into shape—went home to write as he had never written before, a little story that was destined to move the multitude.

It was a year later. Author and preacher sat in the rector's study, now united in bonds of congenial fellowship. They talked intimately; talked of courage and despair; the clergyman confessing that he, too, experienced extremes of elation and despondency. It was after such depression, he explained, that he had preached the sermon that had drawn them together. The courage for the utterance, the foundation of the thought underlying the whole fabric, the inspiration for the living words, had come from clear, cold type; from a little paragraph in an obscure corner of a daily paper.

"It was signed 'Rex,'" he added, looking earnestly into the face of his friend, "and now I know that the words and the thought were yours."