

# The Irish in Newfoundland

## Their Influence in Religion, Government, Trade and Commerce.

H. F. SHORTS.

(Continued.)

But while much has been written of many famous Irishmen in this country such as Mesurier & Sons, O'Brien, Patrick Morris, O'Dwyer, Nugent, Cusack, Howley, Cormack, Thos. Foley, Valentine Merchant, Patrick Jordan, Mallowney, Brennan, Ridley, Rourke, McBride (who was unjustly maligned by a narrow-minded bigot), Peter Brown, Phil Duggan, Power & Cody, Denis McGrath, Cashin, Egan, Doherty, Dooling, Donnelly, Macassey, and who in the different spheres in life are the equals of any of them. I refer to the Rev. Moses Harvey, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, historian and broad minded gentleman; his pen and voice were ever ready to uphold the most reliable and fair-minded productions. Who in middle life does not remember that prince among men, the Hon. Moses Monroe, whose unostentatious charity and benevolence were recognized by all. Although born in Ireland, his forefathers were Scotch, as the name indicates, but the marked peculiarities of each of those races were strongly developed in that distinguished gentleman. The hardy self-reliance the indomitable energy, and imperturbable coolness, which have from the earliest time distinguished the Scotch, were his; while the warm heart, free and open hand and ready springing tear of sensibility told in language plainer than words that the blood of Erin flowed fresh in his veins. Truly Newfoundland suffered an irreparable loss by the early demise of such a noble, broad-minded gentleman, as well as one of the most enterprising and successful business men that ever arrived on the shores of our beloved country.

Then there were William Sterling, M.D., Church of England, and Rev. William Ellis, Methodist Minister. These two gentlemen with Rev. Fr. Thomas Ewer, were the chief founders of the Conception Bay Benevolent Irish Society in February 1814, and Doctor Sterling was President for about thirty-three years. He was grandfather of Mr. W. R. Stirling of H. M. Customs, St. John's, and Rev. Mr. Ellis, grandfather of Mrs. E. A. Payne, nee Miss Hippieley, wife of the genial and competent Secretary of the Board of Trade in this City. It was after that liberal and patriotic gentleman that Elliston, Trinity Bay, is called.

### POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

In those days of old in the City of St. John's, many of the people were somewhat superstitious, and believed in fortune tellers, seances, table-rapping, mediums and all of those other means of penetrating the future, which are carried out even to this day. And who can blame them when we have men with such world-wide reputations as the great scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, and the creator of Sherlock Holmes, Sir Conan Doyle, having full faith in the occult, table rapping, and all the other means, which they assert, have established communication with the other world. In every age and every clime the people of this sub-lunary sphere are more or less tinged with superstition, and even away back amongst the ancients, those

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VINOL is easily assimilated and remains no oil to upset the delicate stomachs like emulsions. Just try it on our guarantee and you will get the same results as this mother who writes: "My little girl was weak, puny and tired all the time. I did not want to do anything. VINOL was recommended, and it built up her strength and made her healthy, and now she romps and plays like other children, and is robust and rosy."

If you have a sickly, ailing child do not wait another day, but get a bottle of VINOL and try it on the guarantee of your druggist to return your money if it fails to benefit.

heroes, whose deeds of arms have outlived all time, those historians, poets, etc., who have transmitted their works to posterity, and whose literary skill is as much appreciated to-day as it was over two thousand years ago; those sculptors, painters and engravers, whose wondrous works of art and science amaze the poor folk of the present day, all, all had a weakness, which though somewhat of a different nature, possessed the same effect upon the defunct, centuries ago, as does the method at present in vogue upon the minds of our own people. Two or three thousand years ago with regard to superstition, there was no distinction between the rich and the poor, the Consul and the Soldier, the master and the slave. When we of the present day peruse the pages of Plutarch and find the greatest warriors ever the world produced having their fortunes told by consulting the entrails of a calf, an ox or some other animal, and thereby risking the destiny of the nation upon the appearance of the interior portion of the beast. I say, when we see such immortals as the great Julius Caesar, Pompey, Pyrrhus, Gracchus, Scipio Africanus, and hosts of others doing such a thing, how can we in all conscience condemn our own poor fisher-folk and artisans who, at certain periods of the year, tried their luck at a toss of the tea cup, or have the past, present and future told by the fifty-two pieces of card board manipulated in the hands of a magician. For my own part I certainly prefer the tea cup or the pack of cards to the terrible mixture stirred in the famous cauldron of the "three weird sisters," so graphically described by Shakespeare, and by the effluvia, or otherwise, the three beauties were enabled to tell the future of the Thane of Cawdor and his ambitious better-half,—his wife.

### THE LOCAL FORTUNE TELLER.

In olden times fortune-telling was carried out and believed in to a far greater extent than it is at the present, although in some of the outposts to-day may be found the tosser of the cup, and the "what-you-do-wish and what-you-don't-expect," holding their position as proudly and lucratively as they did eighty or ninety years ago. In the large towns such as St. John's, Hr. Grace, Carbonear and Brigus, in years gone by, the fortune-teller, (generally a woman) was in all her glory,—dressed in a dainty silk dress and well trimmed bonnet, not to speak of a velvet hair net, and well twisted curls. It was the duty of our magician to find out all she could about the family, love, business and all other affairs of her victims. She attended church regularly, and was foremost at a collection. She knew the captains of all our sailing fleet, and through her emissaries, managed to ascertain in what ships certain folks had procured berths. In those days our seafarers were rollicking, jovial fellows of the comely, go day style, whose whole ambition was the frozen pans, almost sure of a bill of thirty or forty pounds should they manage to procure berths with the "jowlers." Besides they had nothing to do from the last week in October until the last week in February, unless they took a trip to Sydney, Spain, Portugal or elsewhere. During their holidays they were always clean and comfortable, with the best woolen under-clothing and gloves, manufactured from the raw by their mothers, wives or sweethearts. But this was before the era of novels and hand organs. However, previous to departure, they would invariably patronize the fortune-teller, and, strange to say, in most instances, she would tell them if they would make good bills or not. In my young days her apparently supernatural powers would hold me in awe, and we used to give the great one a wide berth as she proceeded to prayers arrayed in her varicolored silk dress, numerous fanned, and occupying the space in church of half a dozen ordinary citizens of the present day. Hoop skirts were in vogue in the days I speak about. Since then owing to the increase of the drum fish trade with Brazil, this mode of attire has been entirely done away with. But to come to my story.

### THE APPLE TREE WELL

SORCERESS.

Here in St. John's about eighty years ago, one of those worthies pitched her tent somewhere in the neighborhood of Apple Tree Well. By a system peculiarly her own she managed to rush a great trade and consign all competitors to financial oblivion. Besides, this lassie (widow?) possessed a fair share of good looks, jewellery and—tongue. Her establishment was high class, and the elect could visit certain portions of the house, play cards, drink rum, smoke, and in fact have a gala time, as long as they paid for what they had. It is said her "wid-

ow's" husband occupied the position of scout to pick up all news and entice the innocent into her net. As may be readily understood, in those days St. John's did not possess a courthouse, police force, dog tax, high license and all other necessities of modern civilization that we possessed later on. Ah, no. Then the duties both spiritual and temporal fell to the lot of the clergymen in charge, and seldom did he fail to make his influence felt, with no other inducements than a well-polished blackthorn stick or a contraction of the eye-brows. This particular spiritualist or whatever she was had the tables turned on her one day, and this is how it happened. For some weeks she had been reaping a rich harvest, and at last it came to the ears of the priest,—big Father Fitzgerald—who was a Tipperary man, I think, from Clonmel. But he had no proof and what could he do? He disguised himself as an ordinary fisherman, with rooster, hamburger, checkerboard, mits, woollen jumper, etc., and proceeded to the castle to have his fortune told. Upon entering he invited to a seat, and the "open pack" commenced in the usual way. According to the "Fate" of the cards, his reverence was to have a full measure of success at the fishery, that some person red, black or brown, was thinking of him; but that the party he was thinking about did not admire him at all, and that they would never agree. There were also many other truths? such as the manipulators would say to all of us, according to our sex, the appearance of our watch guards, or the number of rings (if any) upon our fingers. His reverence seemed satisfied, and then asked that he might be permitted to tell her the future, as he was a professional in the art. She shook her head dubiously, and remarked that "It was impossible for him to do so." "Oh, yes it is, madam," said his reverence, "and in proof, I have to inform you that you are near trouble." "Oh, no indeed, I have nothing to trouble me, and it goes to show that you know nothing about my profession." "I say," thundered his reverence, "You are near trouble." Accompanying the statement with a piece of advice. There was a commotion in that domicile, the magician found trouble, the professional retired, and the next day the rooms were closed, and the widow (?) left for parts unknown; and from that day to this there has never been such extreme interest manifested in fortune telling, because the forces were disorganized, fear entered the hearts of the operators, and it generally died out, until now the book is closed upon one of the old methods of swindling our hardy toilers out of their hard earned incomes.

FOR LOVE OF THE SHAMROCK.

The old pioneer Irish priests were always most convincing in their arguments, and always carried the day. Of course everything is changed since those far off days, but the old priests were always equal to the occasion. And so it will go on, although the Irishmen have nearly all passed away, their descendants are here to-day, actuated by the same spirit of patriotism, philanthropy and fair play, as were their sires, who played such a prominent part in our country's history. The rising generation are surrounded by an atmosphere of love and veneration for their forefathers, and they appreciate the struggles they had to attain that justice and fair play, which they have handed down as an inheritance. From the schools of the Christian Brothers go forth youths each year, fortified with a good practical training, such as will enable them to become respected citizens, successful business men, and sincere lovers of Irish nationality. In loving the land of our forefathers, there is not much fear that we shall neglect our own land, and so shall the descendants of the Irish pioneers perform their work in life, emulating the noble lives and philanthropic actions of those founders of civilization and enterprise, whose record has cast a halo of immortality around their memory, and will continue to do so whilst a drop of Celtic blood flows through our

veins, or the Shamrock rears its proud little head along the road side or the green fields of Newfoundland, to be placed on the breasts of the sons of St. Patrick in the glorious celebration of the 17th of March. As the dying request of the Irish immigrants was,—next to the rites of their Church,—to procure a pinch of earth or a tuft of sod from old Erin, to be placed on their graves, so it is with their descendants to-day to make provision in securing the National Emblem to display in honor of Erin's Titular Saint.

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### Worthy Official Honored

His Majesty the King has been pleased to confer the Imperial Service Medal on Mr. Andrew J. Pearce of this town, recently Sub-Collector of Customs, for long and faithful service in that capacity, and his many friends will join us in congratulations.

Mr. Pearce entered the service of the Government in 1890 being then postmaster, Sub-Collector and Inspector of Shipping, and served as Sub-Collector until his retirement through ill health last year.

He has ever been most exact, particular and conscientious in his work, was of retiring disposition, neither looking for or expecting reward and the honor comes unexpectedly to him. In the great war Mr. Pearce gave both of his sons to the service of his Country. Sam a general favorite was killed in France, and Jack who was only a boy almost lost his arm and is still suffering from the effects, while both his wife and daughter were forward in every woman's effort for the relief of soldiers, and Mr. Pearce himself gave more than generously from his own salary to every call.—Twillingate Sun.

MISS MABEL S. DESCHANES, a popular and attractive young woman of Lewiston, Maine, is now an ardent champion of Tanlac, since she began using it a few weeks ago.



Miss Mabel S. Deschanes, a popular and attractive young woman residing at No. 7 Bartlett Street, Lewiston, Me., is now an ardent champion of Tanlac, since she began using the medicine a few weeks ago.

"I prize Tanlac above every other medicine, even that which was prescribed for me," said Miss Deschanes in relating her experience. Recently, I dislike publicity, but there are so many others who, no doubt, suffer as I did, I feel that I ought to tell them about it.

"I had been a great sufferer from indigestion and had been under the doctor's care for six months without relief. At the time I began taking Tanlac I was on a very rigid diet and at times could not retain food of any kind. Even cold water would cause extreme nausea. I suffered from loss of appetite, severe cramping pains after eating and extreme nervousness. Finally my condition got so bad I simply had to give up and go to bed until I got relief. I was unable to go down town to do my shopping and, although I had been under treatment for six months, there seemed to be no relief for me. Honestly, I don't believe I would be alive now if I hadn't got Tanlac, for I was suffering terribly and getting worse all the time.

Finally my condition got so bad I try Tanlac. I improved from the very first and one bottle did me more good than the six months' treatment. Why, I actually gained four pounds in weight while taking this one bottle. I have now taken four bottles and I feel just like a different person and am eating just anything I want; in fact, everything seems to agree with me perfectly. I am now able to do my shopping without becoming fatigued in the least, and am no longer nervous like I was.

"Tanalac is simply wonderful, and I can't praise it too highly." Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, and by the leading Druggist in every town.—adv.

veins, or the Shamrock rears its proud little head along the road side or the green fields of Newfoundland, to be placed on the breasts of the sons of St. Patrick in the glorious celebration of the 17th of March. As the dying request of the Irish immigrants was,—next to the rites of their Church,—to procure a pinch of earth or a tuft of sod from old Erin, to be placed on their graves, so it is with their descendants to-day to make provision in securing the National Emblem to display in honor of Erin's Titular Saint.

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Former Crown Prince Frederick William instead of being alarmed by the demands of the Allies that he be made answerable for some of his war doings is planning to secure permission to return to his German estate in Oels, near the Polish frontier, to live with his wife and family. He has written his war memories and will publish them some day. He now speaks Dutch and wears wooden shoes. He has been instructor in boxing.

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Chocolate Gun Metal Blucher, Goodyear Welted. A bargain, \$4.00

Chocolate Calf Blucher, City Shape, \$6.50

Dark Tan Gun Metal Blucher, Goodyear Welted, \$9.00

Mahogany Chrome Blucher, Goodyear Welted, Leather Lined, \$9.50

Chocolate Fine Calf, Goodyear Welted, \$10.50

Chocolate Calf Bal., Goodyear Welted, \$8.50

Chocolate Calf Bal., Goodyear Welted, Rubber Sole, \$9.00

Chocolate Calf Bal., Goodyear Welted, Leather Sole, \$10.50

Gun Metal Blucher Oxford, \$5.50

Dark Tan Gun Metal Blucher Oxford, \$6.00

Gun Metal Buttoned, \$4.00

# STEER BROTHERS

## The People Want to Know.

(Twillingate Sun.)

The people of this country are watching the price of everything they produce go down, down, while the price of everything they buy goes up. They will no longer be satisfied with platitudes and assurances that all will be well when the "House" meets.

The Assembly will not likely be open till April. Time will then be short. A few bills on extending the time for kill-

ing beaver, time for picking partridge berries and the regulating the sale of muskels will occupy the Honourable House, and the Governor will unfortunately dismiss it with the Almighty's blessing.

The people cry for bread and the Government offers them the stone of unnecessary legislation!

There is yet time for the Government to awake and to realize that outside the city of St. John's exist the out-ports.

There is yet time—thought it is late—for the Government to say to the profiteer "thou shalt not." Will it? The people are beginning to doubt.

They have been fooled so much and so often.

## JOYFUL EATING

Unless your food is digested without the aftermath of painful acidity, the joy is taken out of both eating and living.

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are wonderful in their help to the stomach troubled with over-acidity. Pleasant to take—relief prompt and definite.

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