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## The Wreck of the Julie Plante.

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre, De win' she blow, blow, blow, And de crew of de wood scow Julie Plante Got scar't an' run below— For de win' she blow lak hurricane; Bimeby she blow some more,

An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre, Wan' arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck, An' walk de hin' deck, too— He call de crew from up de hole, He call de cook also. De cook she's name was Rosie, She came from Montreal, Was chambre maid on lumber barge On the Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes'— De sout' win' she blow, too, W'en Rosie cry, '' Mon cher captinne, Mon cher, w'at I shall do ?'' Den de captinne t'row de big ankerre, But still de scow she dreef, De crew he can't pass on de shore, Because he los' his skeef.

De night was dark lak wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas'.
Wen de captinne tak' the Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' the life preserve,
An' jump off on de lak'.
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie, dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' mornin' very early,
'Bout half-pas' two, t'ree-fonr—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore.
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

## MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailorman Tak' warning by dat storm, An' go an' marry some nice French girl An' live on wan beeg farm. De win' can blow lak' hurricane, An' s'pose she blow some more, You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre So long you stay on shore.

-Dr. Drummond.

[The above is one of the most widely known as popular of the late Dr. Drummond's poems. Although the subject of the poems are purely Canadian and de with the French Canadian Habitant, yet they have ecived world-wide recognition.—EDITOR.]