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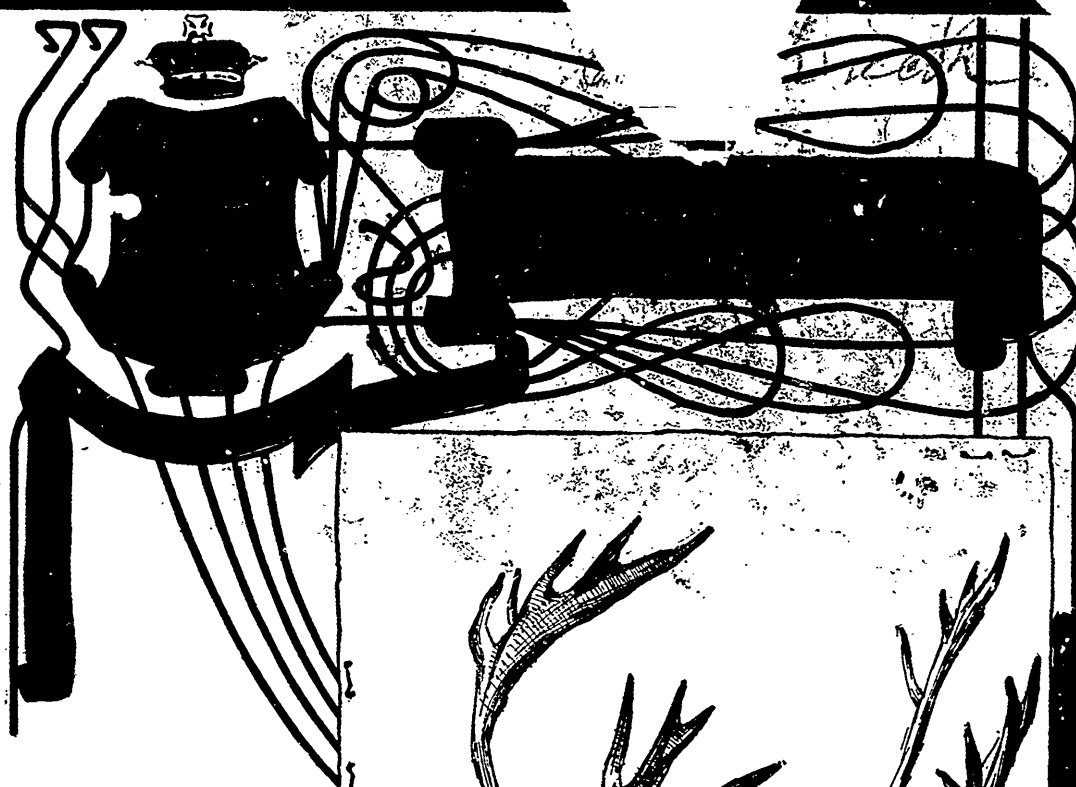
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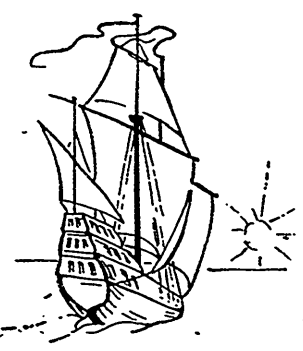
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# THE NEWFOUNDLAND MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1900.

No. 2.

## CONTENTS.

|                                                                  | PAGE. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| With the Ice-Hunters... <i>Illustrated</i> .. John Harvey .....  | 87    |
| The Hill of Chastisement (story) .. Charles G. D. Roberts .....  | 105   |
| The Devil's Sand-Glass (story) .. Lawrence Boone .....           | 107   |
| The Art of Music—Part I .. Peter Le Sueur .....                  | 112   |
| Books .....                                                      | 115   |
| Newfoundland Plant Life, Part I .. R. E. Holloway .....          | 117   |
| The Fields of Peace (verse) .. Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald ..... | 122   |
| The Time That Chance Won (story) Percie W. Hart. ....            | 123   |
| The Loon's Cry (verse) .. Dallet Fuguet. ....                    | 130   |
| Despite The Red Gods (story) .. Theodore Roberts .....           | 131   |
| Peace In Strife (verse) .. Bertram North. ....                   | 135   |
| Bell Island .. C. M. C. White .....                              | 136   |
| The Doubtful Girl (verse) .. Dallett Fuguet .....                | 142   |
| <br><b>"THE LADIES"</b>                                          |       |
| London Beauties of The Past, Parts I and II...Sylvan.....        | 143   |
| Two New Books .....                                              | 150   |
| <br><b>"IN THE OPEN."</b>                                        |       |
| A Summer Trip .. "Henri" .....                                   | 153   |
| The Camp Fire .. T R. ....                                       | 157   |
| Afoot In The Wilderness .. A. R. Nevill .....                    | 157   |
| The Sentimental Oarsman .. Reginald Faija .....                  | 160   |
| The Literature of Travel and Adventure .. G. R. F. Prowse .....  | 161   |
| Percie W. Hart .....                                             | 163   |

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THE  
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VOL. I.

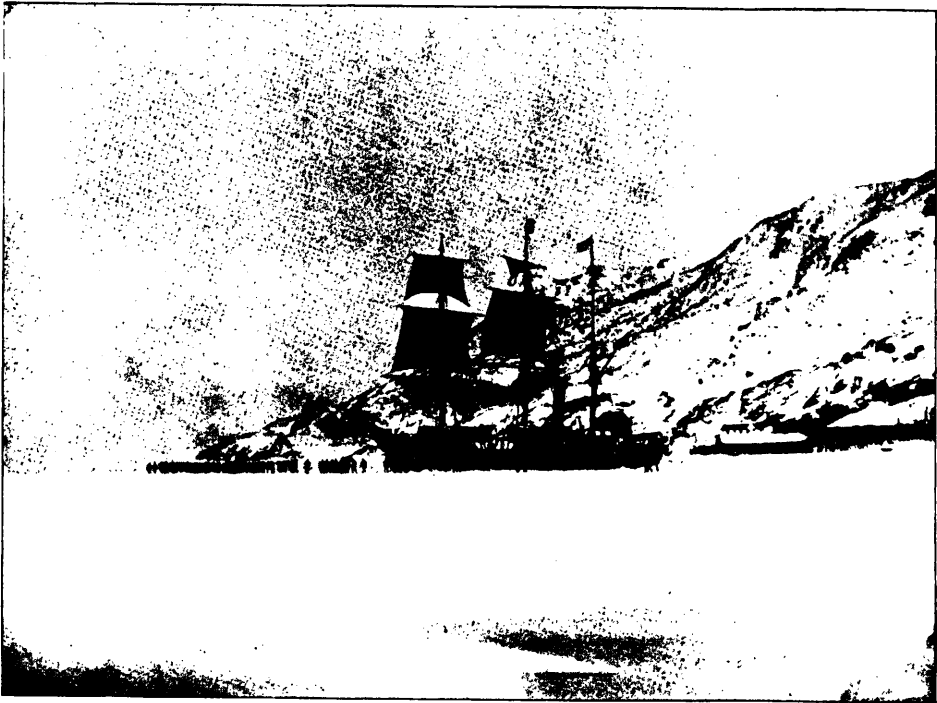
AUGUST, 1900

No. 2

WITH THE ICE HUNTERS.

TO write of the seal fishery for the readers of the NEWFOUNDLAND MAGAZINE seems rather like emulating that time-honored work of supererogation — the carrying of coals to Newcastle. One approaches the subject with a certain

amount of diffidence; yet it is remarkable how few have personal acquaintance with the tragedy which annually dyes in crimson the virgin tracts of ice a few miles from our shores: a voyage yielding experiences both unique and interesting,



S.S. "MASTIFF," BY STEAM, SAIL, AND TOW-LINE THROUGH THE HARBOR ICE.



A SEALER IN THE FIELD ICE.

and surrounded with a certain element of glamour and excitement.

Some of the glamour, alas! has gone with the days of the old sailing fleet, when the prizes were for any man and not alone for the capitalist, and when every cottage had its stake in the great hunt: in those days did the shipwrights and the sail-makers flourish, and the famous toast, "Bloody decks and many of them," stirred the imagination and chivalry of the land.

Steam came — and in the sordid smoke, the tall masts and swelling canvas of our old vikings of the west slowly vanished: but while much of the picturesqueness of those days has gone some of it still remains, and though the number of the men is less, their hardihood, pluck, and skill have in no way abated.

There is perhaps little need to premise here that our seals are hair seals and quite distinct from the fur seals of Alaska and the south; that in the main they may be regarded as of two principal species, the Harp (*phoca Greenlandica*) and the Hood (*cystophora cystata*). Not much is known of the life and habits of either in

their Arctic home. Both, however, migrate, with the coming of winter, southward like the birds. The Harps are mild, civilised, and gregarious. The Hoods are like a mountain tribe, fierce, independent, solitary, yet to some extent the latter seem to exercise a protective care over their more peaceful neighbors.

The Hoods come from the shores of Greenland, the Harps probably from the quieter shelter of Hudson's Bay. Late in October they both start south, the Hoods coming from Greenland to the Labrador and joining the Harps.

They appear to travel in two long parallel columns, the Hoods always holding the eastern or seaward position. Thus they move slowly south, until they reach the great Ocean Banks off Cape Race. Returning, they mount the ice about the end of February, in the neighborhood of the Straits of Belle Isle. The Harps select young and freshly frozen ice and large, flat pans. Through these they bore themselves holes which they keep constantly open and by them enter and leave the water at will. They congregate in



"A PRIZE BABY" — SIX POUNDS AT BIRTH, SIXTY POUNDS AT FOUR WEEKS OLD.

enormous numbers on one pan, with an area of some miles, maybe peopled with as many as 300,000, old and young. To the eastward is the heavier and more rugged ice, consisting of broken bergs and chips of glaciers ground up in the far away northern latitudes, and borne south on the bosom of the Arctic current; here, true to their principles, the Hoods ride the floe in scattered families. The young Harps or "Whitecoats" are covered with an unspotted soft fur, only less white than the snow on which they lie. They are as pretty as anything can be, the personification of happiness and content as they lie lazily on their backs, basking in the sunshine and fanning themselves gently with their flippers. Close by is the family blow-hole, through which the old seals go off daily to fish. They often have to swim long distances in search of food, and while they are away the great body of ice is moving at the rate of several miles an hour, while at the same time the pans will perhaps wheel round one another and change their relative positions; but each old seal, swimming for miles and miles under these vast tracts of ice, unerringly returns to its own blow-hole and to its own pup, and where there may be several hundred thousand of these all identically alike, it would not seem a difficult matter to make a mistake sometimes; but the old Harps never do. The young and the mothers are killed by a blow or two from a heavy "gaff" or "bat," and are then cut open and divested of their great coat of fat, which is the only valuable part of them; this is then dragged direct to the ship or is piled with others on a large pan which has a flag hoisted on it and is often lighted up with a torch at night, until the ship can come and pick it up. The dogs, as a rule, have to be shot.

The stealing of panned seals has been a fruitful source of litigation, and of a good deal of hard swearing.

That pathetic incident when the old captain and his men met outside the Harbor Grace Courthouse at the termination of one of these lengthy trials, during which they had successfully sustained the charge of taking the pans of another ship, will live long in sealing annals. It was a

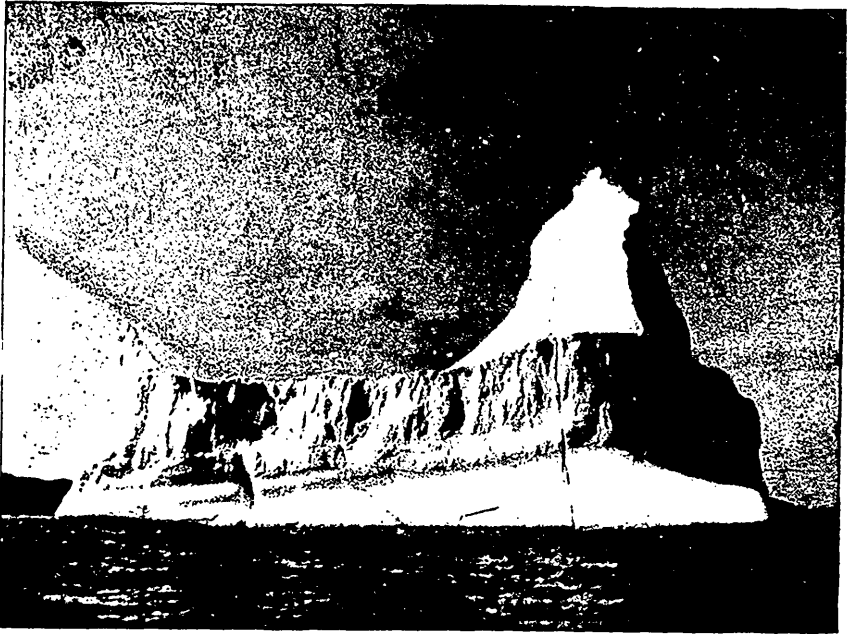
famous lawsuit, with a large amount at stake. There was no denying that the prosecution had made out a strong *prima facie* case; but thereafter for the defence arose many witnesses, with an unwavering and indignant repudiation of the prosecution's soft impeachment, and no amount of legal artifice could avail to shake their tale. They were all, as the expression is, "On de one word." After the trial had spun itself into many days a verdict was at last rendered in favor of the defendants; outraged innocence was vindicated, and as our gallant crew left the courthouse their faces betrayed the stress of excitement and anxiety past.

It was no time for much speaking, and the skipper's voice was husky and his words were few as he grasped the toil-hardened hands stretched out to reach his own. "Men! ye swore noble!" Writers who have personally seen nothing of the seal fishery, and who ought to know better, have imagined all sorts of cruelties practised on the seals. This is a great libel. As a fact, there is very little suffering inflicted considering the immense number of seals annually slaughtered, and none wantonly. The animal is completely stunned by the first blow, and the second kills it.

When the Harps are approached by man the dog is the first to lose his nerve. Off he goes headfirst down his blow-hole. The mother remains by her pup a little longer, but pretty soon she too comes to the conclusion that "it is the time for disappearing," and she takes her header. There begins a stampede, and it is very funny when two or three of these fat animals meet at a blow-hole, where there is only room for one, and try to get down all at once.

The little Harps are thus left alone to their fate. The rugged "Hood ice" is in comparatively small pans, so that these do not require blow-holes, but scramble over the edge when they want to get into the water, and it is much harder for men to work upon it.

Occasionally the dog Hood, which is both plucky and strong and almost as large as an ox, will wait and face his attackers; but the mother, in strong contrast to the Harp, which always runs away,



A NORTHERN BEAUTY.



S.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND" IN THE ICE FIELDS.



“THE MEN POUR OUT OF THE SHIP UPON THE ICE.”

will never desert her pup while it is too young and helpless to escape, but will invariably stay and die in its defence.

She too is a large animal, though as the pup grows fatter she grows steadily thinner; she will turn on her adversary and growl and bite fiercely, and it is necessary to be decidedly wary in getting close to her; but a few blows on the head will quickly kill her.

I have seen men bitten badly and once or twice divested of important portions of their nether garments as the result of an encounter with a mother Hood. As soon as the pup can get into the water the mother loses her affection for him, and quickly leaves him to shift for himself.

Although the dog Hood, when danger approaches, will generally leave his wife and child on the ice, he does not desert them, but keeps bobbing up in the water stretching his neck and gazing anxiously at the spot he has left; and sometimes returning on the ice when he finds the business that is toward, he will fight for his family until he too lies beside them; nor is he any mean antagonist, for he

weighs four hundred to five hundred pounds and is a good match for three men unless armed with rifles; neither is it an unusual thing for him to drive his antagonists temporarily right off his private pan.

I must say the men have a very wholesome respect for him. These dog Hoods have a large and very tough bladder extending from the nose to the back of the neck, which they can inflate at will, and which renders their heads absolutely impervious to blows, while it gives them when at rest rather a comical appearance. When fighting on the ice they rear themselves up to a considerable height and as they turn quickly and bite very savagely the assailant has to look alive. The only way to “bat” them is for one man to hit the seal hard on the tail, and as the animal rears and turns to go for him, another gets a blow in on the throat. It is, however, very seldom that they remain on the ice when they catch sight of any one approaching, and it is still more seldom that they are successfully “batted.” Stalking them is as fine a sport as any one need want. To approach near enough to



get accurate aim without alarming them requires the greatest care. It is necessary to keep out of sight and this is by no means an easy matter on a background that betrays at once every dark speck and every movement. In order to skirt the lakes of open water that probably lie between, or to avoid such ice as it is unsafe to walk on, long detours and round-about routes have to be taken and every pinnacle and hummock utilized, and there is a greatly added zest in the imminent risk one is all the time running of getting a wet jacket; for travelling over this ice is, quite by itself, rather exciting work, requiring both activity and judgment. After the dog takes to the water you can generally get a chance at him if you are patient, but quick and accurate shooting is necessary to get him as he bobs up in an unexpected direction; it is necessary also to have a man ready to run and gaff him as soon as hit or you will certainly lose him. The dog will carry away an immense quantity of lead if not lodged in the right place. Russian seal-hunters array themselves in white, which no doubt greatly facilitates stalking. The seals whelping about March first off the Straits of Belle Isle, and the steamers sailing from Newfoundland about ten days later, each sealing master has before him the nice problem of determining where the patch has moved to in the meantime, and how best to navigate his ship through the waste of ice to reach them in advance of his neighbors. Prior to sailing the main elements in the problem have to be carefully studied, and a conclusion is drawn by comparing the direction and force of the prevailing winds, the formation of the coast line, and the trend of the ocean currents, together with such information as may be obtainable in any year as to the nature of the ice. Afterwards many indications are seized upon and utilized by the astute and successful seal-killer.

Notwithstanding the enormous strength of the sealing steamers great care has to

be exercised in navigating them. The crews number up to about three hundred men. After seeing a really good crew of Newfoundlanders at work one can hardly fail to be enthusiastic about them. Born and bred to the ice, and inheriting from past generations a thorough enjoyment of the sport, anxious to beat their competitors, and withal to make a good "bill," they are as keen as mustard, and will go through a prodigious amount of hardship and hard work without a murmur. No other men could do what they do. The equipment consists of a gaff or heavy boat hook, stout rope, "sculping" knife, skin boots, warm cuffs, close-fitting working suit, and colored goggles to prevent ice-blindness. They often have to walk



"WHO IS THIS RUDE MAN?"

many miles to reach the seals, and at times have to drag them long distances. The risks run seem very great, and yet the losses from the large number of men who annually go to the fishery are very few, notwithstanding that ice and weather are both liable to prove very treacherous. Occasionally,

of course, a terrible disaster will occur, as in the recent case of the "Greenland." The men are sent out at daylight and take as a rule nothing with them but some hard biscuit; they scatter in small groups and singly for miles, while the ship may go completely out of sight to pick up her pans of yesterday, and they may not see her again until long after



TOWING SEALS.

sundown. They may then have to work half the night picking up pans, stowing seals below, or throwing coal and ballast overboard to make room for more seals; but they will always be off again at daylight, ready to go through the same thing day after day. Occasionally the weather will get bad, a fog or a snowstorm will come down, and some will be left out all night; and that means pretty cold work, with no greatcoat and no shelter.

The men commonly drag about three hundred pounds to a "tow," and, except for those who have tried it, it is not easy to realize what this means, especially over Hood ice. It entails the surmounting of

obstacles with every step, crawling over pinnacles, leaping over chasms, getting across soft and treacherous ice, occasionally falling in. I tried a sealer's full "tow" once or twice myself and feel tired now when I think of it. The crew are partners in the venture, receiving one-third of the catch as their share. They are divided into three watches, each of which

is in charge of a master watch and one assistant, termed a "scunner," evidently a corruption of the old English word "conner." One of the "scunners" is always kept in the foretop, from which vantage point he directs the course of the ship so far as her movements through the ice are concerned. Under his guidance she wends slowly through the maze of ice, avoiding the heavy pans, wheeling aside the lighter ones, working for any leads that may open up through it, sometimes straining and steaming at full pressure for ten minutes without moving an inch, until at length the steady effort tells and she slowly begins to forge ahead. But when a steamer finds nothing else for it she moves back through the channel she has made and with a cloud of canvas drawing (for most of the ships are bark or barkentine rigged and loftily sparr'd) and with full steam ahead she crashes into the impeding ice. Sometimes she smashes her way through, sometimes she has to go back

and try again, but when she is brought up all standing, quivering, and groaning, one wonders how even solid greenheart and iron can survive it. Then it may be necessary to get out the dynamite and blast a way through. Over the "scunner's" head again, in a large barrel slung at the top of the highest mast, is the "barrel man." This position is one of great importance, and is generally occupied either by the captain himself or his first officer, armed with a powerful telescope on the lookout for any and sundry indications that may point the way of the seals. Every day there is a lively half hour when the ship is stopped to take water. A

small berg with high pinnacles is selected and the ship ranged alongside; axes are got out and large lumps chopped off and passed on board. These are then steamed down. All the water used by the sealing fleet is obtained in this way. It is perfectly fresh.

On March 8 some years ago I was fortunate enough to find myself on board the steamship "Newfoundland," a guest of Captain Farquhar's, bound for the ice. The ship is the largest and one of the finest in the fleet, and the trip was full of interest throughout. We were obliged to steam out of Bay Roberts, where we had shipped a picked crew, in a hurry, to avoid heavy ice which an easterly gale was driving into Conception Bay, threatening to pin us there. The "Newfoundland" was headed for Seldom-come-by, whence in accordance with the sealing laws we were to clear on the tenth March. The name Seldom-come-by proved appropriate, for owing to the continued ice jam we were never able to get within miles of it; though as every one knows Seldom-come-by is really so named because its inhabitants maintain that its attraction is so great that coasting craft seldom come by that way without calling in. Owing to the tremendous ice pack Captain Farquhar had finally to abandon the idea of clearing the ship at all and we were forced to proceed on our way without complying with that important formality. On the 12th we passed several families of Hoods, but owing to the legal restrictions we were not allowed on that date to take them. We got temporarily jammed near one old dog Hood, which evinced much interest in our proceedings, finally proving a greater temptation than some of our men could quietly endure. Three of them jumped overboard on the ice, armed with gaffs, and for ten minutes we witnessed a most entertaining fight. The seal was thoroughly game, and the men had to look alive to keep out of his reach. At last two of them broke their gaffs and had to retire, while the third, after an ineffectual struggle, lasting a very few minutes, found he was no match for the powerful Hood, and quickly made tracks also. So amid many sarcasms and much ridicule the three heroes made good

their retreat and climbed aboard, while the old seal, having asserted his lordship over the frozen pans, betook himself to the edge and swam leisurely off, a hearty cheer following him from the ship.

On the 13th we were heading N.N.W. towards the Groais Islands, but were making little headway. It was blowing half a hurricane right in our teeth, and the heavy ice was going out to the eastward in a body at a great rate. Close at hand several large bergs broke the level lines of the ice fields. The ship's head was directed to one of these. It was exciting work getting alongside, as it stood motionless with the ice tearing by. As we came close, a score of men were hurried overboard with rope and cables which were made fast to protruding parts of the berg, and in a few minutes we were lying quietly anchored to its immense mass, and riding in a smooth lake of open water in its lee. At the rate the surrounding ice was being driven eastward, it was equivalent to steaming about five knots through the floe, without burning a ton of coal. The situation was rendered still more lively by the report from the barrel that a good many families of Hoods were to be seen passing us on the running ice, and that they were becoming constantly more numerous. These icebergs are often good friends to the seal hunter. Extending for about nine-tenths of their bulk under water, they are but slightly affected by the wind, which blows the field ice about in all directions. When it blows hard this ice piles up on the windward side of a berg, and leaves an open lake of water to leeward. I got into a boat with half a dozen of the crew and rowed to the edge of the floe, and I wish I could reproduce the scene as it appeared from there. The dazzling silver of the field ice as it rushed by, the emerald green and glittering pinnacles of the huge berg sparkling in the brilliant sunshine, its face a sheer precipice of pure white, rearing itself to many times the height of the masts and towering over our ship, the dark line of the hull relieved by the bright scarlet of the funnel, crouching in the blue water beneath, combined to make up a picture not easily forgotten. We dared not go very far on the



TOWING A "PAN" OF SEALS TO THE SHIP.

ice, as it was moving quickly, and traveling was difficult, but we managed to get up to one family of Hoods which lay not far away. The dog, an immense fellow, shuffled into the water upon our approach, but every now and then his black head would pop up, and he kept an anxious watch from the water on our proceedings. The mother, as she always does, stayed beside her pup and rounded on us sav-

agely as we approached. Very soon, however, one of the men managed to get possession of the little fat chap, and he was carried alive into the boat, and the two old seals got very worried. The mother, finding her pup gone, scrambled off the ice and joined her mate; swimming about very hurriedly and excitedly, now here, now there, they would shoot out of the water to peer over our gunwale, at



"BACHELOR DIGGINGS."

times almost jumping into the boat in their anxiety to see what had befallen their baby. Evidently they were wild with pure trouble, but nevertheless little Joseph was taken down into Egypt, to wit, the SS. "Newfoundland," and three hundred men did obeisance before him. That night our position was an enviable one. The Hoods had continued to increase in number. The next day the law allowed us to take them. We were alone in the middle of the seals, and there are few more satisfactory situations vacant on this planet.

Next morning we found ourselves tight jammed and immovable. Before dawn breakfast was served to the crew and they mustered on deck. As the sun rose long lines of men in Indian file started out from the ship. The "Newfoundland" became a great octopus, spreading her tentacles in all directions and sweeping up the ice. Each file was headed by half a dozen or more standard-bearers, carrying scarlet flags to mark the pans on which the pelts were to be piled. Soon some of the hunters began to dribble back with long "tows" behind them, and we took our first seals on board. There were a lot of old dogs swimming in the little lakes of open water close at hand, and I got out my Winchester and had a good time. No one need want better sport than these old dog Hoods give, and there was hardly a day for the next fortnight that I did not make a good bag.

One large dog that I shot in the water on the first day gave a good deal of trouble. The man who accompanied me ran over as soon as the seal was hit and got his gaff successfully hooked in the animal's hood. But the seal had considerable life still left in him, and it was rather more than my man could do to hold him. I ran to his assistance and for some minutes the seal in the water and we on the ice had a regular tug of war. At length the seal got too many for us, and we had to choose between being dragged overboard and letting go. We chose the latter alternative and the seal went off leaving us somewhat played out, and taking our gaff with him, much to the disgust of my companion, as it is by no means safe to find one's self on the ice

without one. Finding the seal did not reappear, I went on to stalk another which was visible in the distance. An exciting chase disposed of him and I was on my way back to the ship when I perceived a black head appearing near the scene of our recent tussle; and then slowly and languidly, and leaving a crimson streak behind him, rose our friend and lay down on the ice, with the gaff still dragging behind him, to die.

There is generally a bit of a breeze blowing which keeps the ice together. When this drops down the ice is sure to loosen and walking over it becomes difficult and dangerous, and often impossible. One evening this occurred when almost the entire crew were away from the ship. The ice "went abroad" rapidly and 250 men were scattered at every point of the compass and many miles apart. Soon the sun went down, and it became very doubtful if we should be able to find them all. There were no other ships near, which is unusual when there are seals about, and it looked as though a good many would have to spend the night out on the ice. Fortunately the weather was fine though cold. The water was like a mill pond, reflecting the stars, which shone brightly overhead. As we steamed about through the ice in the still air, with eager eyes on the lookout, a twinkling light would be occasionally discovered beckoning us, and as we approached, the far-off report of a gun, or a faint shout, would be distinguished in the silence; and so we picked them gradually up, a few at a time. But at ten o'clock there were still a great many missing. The ice had now separated entirely, and only single pans were floating on the calm water. At length some flickering lights were made out right away on the horizon, but (disappointments had already been met with from the fact that a number of our pans of seals were lighted up with torches, and these had been again and again mistaken for signals from the men.

The ship's course was, however, directed to these lights, and as we approached them the fires seemed to burn more brightly. About midnight we came upon them. There were several large pans floating singly, but not far apart, looking like

great white rafts: each had a cordon of fire completely surrounding it, an unbroken rampart, and within could be seen the dark forms of men huddled together. The scene was duplicated by the perfect reflection in the water. Fire is obtained on the ice by putting a piece of wood into a seal pelt and lighting it. The whole effect in this instance was very weird, but we were much relieved to find on mustering that the whole crew had been recovered.

We continued to do well, getting from 150 to 5,000 seals per day, which would not be considered particularly good in Harps, but is excellent work with Hoods. The equivalent of 24,000 young had been secured, and everything continued to promise well, when our chief engineer, who was a first rate man and a great favorite on board, was suddenly taken ill, and the captain determined to make for shore in order to try and save his life. We bore up for home on the 28th March, with many regrets for the early termina-

tion of the voyage as well as for the cause of it. St. John's was sighted March 29, and we found ourselves the first arrival from the fishery. Our trip had occupied just three weeks and we brought back half a cargo worth \$33,000.

Personally, I wanted another fortnight of it badly. I had had plenty of excellent shooting and no end of healthy excitement, and had immensely enjoyed the complete severance from the every day world.

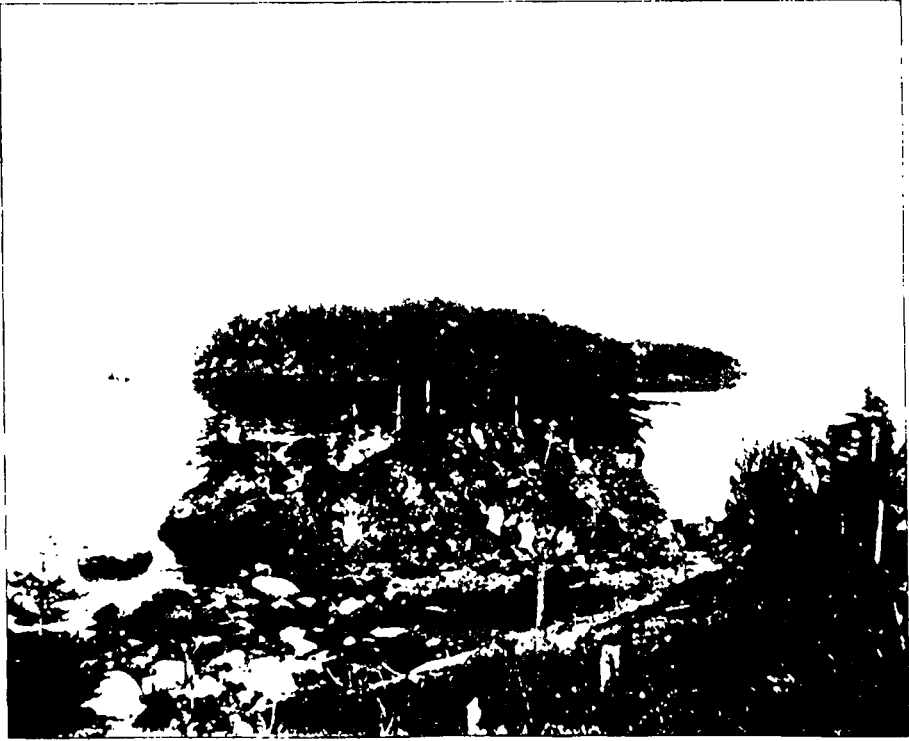
As this paper has been introduced with the toast that launched our old sailing fleet, that the age of steam may not be entirely robbed of its romance, does it not seem fitting that the sentiment given us by our local laureate should be with us as we part? —

"Then here's to Captain Farquar,  
Likewise his gallant crew,  
May you be spared for many years  
The 'Whitecoats' for to stow."

*John Harvey.*

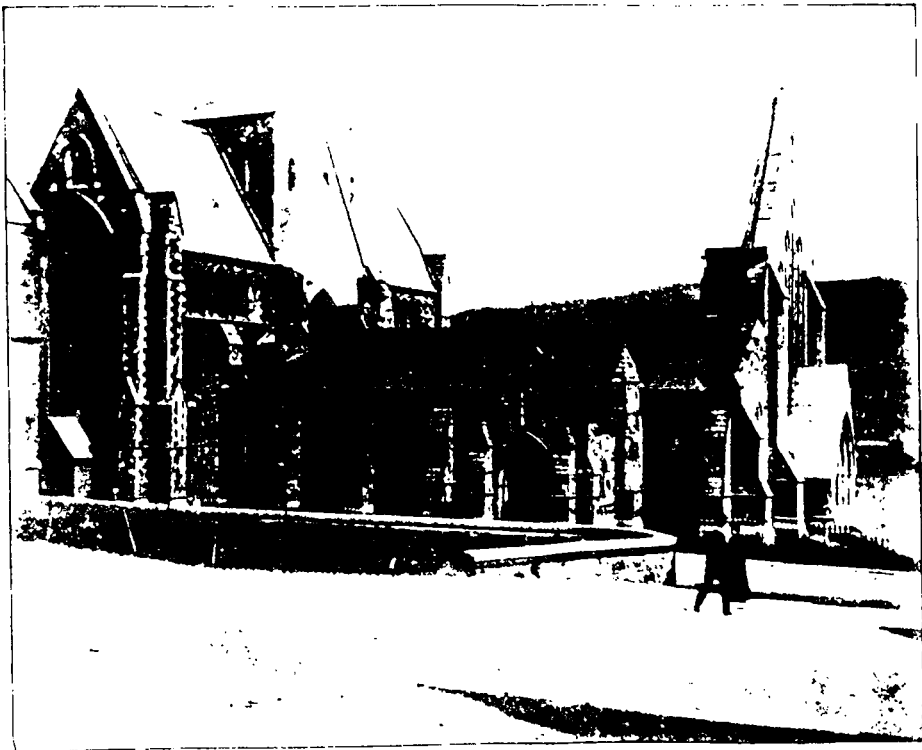


CHANNEL, NEWFOUNDLAND.



TAYLOR'S NOSE, EXPLOITS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Photographed by H. Hutchings.



REMAINS OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S.

Photographed by F. A. Biscock.



"A HERD OF CARIBOU ON THE MOVE."

Photographed by Parsons.



FISHING BOATS ENTERING "THE NARROWS," ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.





ON THE HUMBER RIVER.

Photographed by Parsons.



MARBLE BLUFF ON HUMBER RIVER.

Photographed by Parsons

GREENLAND PEOPLE.



THREE BELLES OF CAPE YORK.



INGOPI'DOO, WITH WIFE, FAMILY, AND SUMMER RESIDENCE.



A SOUTH GREENLAND WOMAN.



LAND ABOVE CAPE YORK.



KISHOO IN COSTUME.



ENTERING JACOBHAVEN.

## THE HILL OF CHASTISEMENT.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE cave-mouth wherein I dwelt, doing night-long penance for my sin, was midway of the steep slope of the hill. The hill, naked and rocky, rose into a darkness of gray mist. Below, it fell steeply into the abyss, which was full of the blackness of a rolling smoke. Rolling silently, the smoke sometimes came up full-bosomed and as it were in haste, brimming the gulf to within a little of my feet. Again it shrank away into the depth, leaving bare the terrific ribs of the hill, upon which I feared greatly to turn my eyes. And ever through the upward roll of the smoke flamed grinning faces, as the white faces of the drowned gleamed up through a black water. Sometimes the grinning faces in the smoke laughed thinly, in a whisper, but I heard it in the stillness. They waited, expecting my rejection. Then I lashed myself the more fiercely with the knotted leather scourge that hung from my girdle, and threw myself down, with prayers and cries, at the low stone barrier which cut me off from the sanctuary of the inner cave.

In the heart of the sanctuary, far withdrawn, sat an old man, a saint, in a glory of clear and pure light, so penetrating that it revealed the secrets of my breast, yet so strictly reserved that no least beam of its whiteness escaped to pierce the dread of the outer gloom. He sat with grave head bowed continually over a book that shone like crystal, and his beard fell to his feet.

In all these days that I had dwelt in the outer cave, he never once had lifted his eyes to my prayers, but I believed that the hour would come when he should look up, and I should know that my atonement was ac-

cepted. To hasten that hour I scourged myself the more furiously till the dull blood was reluctant to flow, and wept, and prayed, and beat my forehead on the stone barrier.

On the last night the gray mist came further down the mountain-side as I scourged myself; the smoke and the faces rolled higher from the abyss as I petitioned; and in my fear I clutched at the barrier, craving leave to enter and be safe. My eyes clung to the calm head in its sanctuary of light.

Then suddenly I grew aware that I must go out upon the hill, and tread a rough path which ran from the cave mouth, skirting the gulf of faces. I knew that the path led all about the hill, coming again to the cave from the other side. I knew that if, treading that path and escaping the smoke and the faces I could come again to the cave from the other side, the holy eyes would lift and look upon me from the sanctuary of light.

I drew the hooded gown about my shoulders, girt up the skirt, knotted the scourge about my middle, and set forth, trembling.

And as I set forth the gloom deepened, the thin laughter from the faces in the smoke grew more shrill.

At the first I ran with speed, though the path was difficult, being confused with a jumble of square stones. But my hope was quickly blotted out under a sense of nameless desolation. Far across the rolling of the smoke and faces I saw a peaceful, evening country-side, and secure cottages, their windows warm with the hearth-fire lights. Through the walls of the cottages, as if they had been glass and close

at hand, my eyes pierced longingly; and I saw therein safety and love. My forsakenness overwhelmed me. Then a shadow arose out of the gulf and hid the vision; and I pushed on, hopeless. My knees were weakened, and I dragged my feet with labour, often falling among the stones. Each time that I fell, it seemed to me that the rolling smoke swelled higher, like a tide; the faces were more numerous and near; the thin voices rang shriller at my heels.

Again and again I fell, to rise bleeding and stumble on, till suddenly I seemed to know my atonement was refused. A voice cried aloud in my heart that I was rejected.

The last of my strength went out, and my knees were like water. Yet I would not lie yielding where I fell. By the rough edges of the rocks I dragged myself forward. I wound myself yet further along the way. By this it was dark, or else my eyes

had failed me, and all the air was full of the thin laughter of the faces. But a certain grayness, a little aside from the path revealed to me a tumbled heap of stones, with some two feet of the base of a wooden pillar rising out of it. The rest was hidden. But I knew, I knew it was a wayside cavalry. I knew it was set up on the hillside for the last refuge of such lost ones as I. My heart almost broke with joy. I cried out hoarsely, threw myself upon the heap, and clung with both arms to the base of the wooden upright.

As I grasped my sanctuary, the air rang with loud laughter; the faces, coming out of the smoke, sprang wide-eyed and flaming close about me; a red flare shattered the darkness. Clutching importunately, I lifted up my eyes. My refuge was not a calvary. It was a reeking gibbet.

*New York City.*

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## THE DEVIL'S SAND-GLASS.

BY LAWRENCE BOONE.

“THAT’S whar Luke Hannigan throwed down pore ole Durgan. Devil’s San’-glass folks call it, or Devil’s Mouse-trap, an’ they say it leads right down to whar he dwells. Don’t git too nigh the aidge; it’s crumbly an’ treachersome.”

The “aidge” was a rugged brink of turf, slightly undermined, where the lean pasture land suddenly fell away to form the huge, funnel-shaped sand-gulf into which I was staring. Its depth was fully two-hundred feet. At the bottom its fine, slippery dust—for it was not like ordinary sand—was drawn down to a point, and seemed to be sinking into the hollows of the earth. Down the steep sides everything was crawling—imperceptibly for the most part, like the slow

gliding of the stars down the western sky-slope, but now and then with little meteor rushes. I was drawn toward it by the same giddy suction which one feels at the verge of a whirlpool: I was actually moving forward when the bony hands of the old man gripped my arm and dragged me back.

“Ef I was figgerin’ to git shet of ye, my lad, an’ I ain’t none too peart at losin’ of Winnie—I’d jest let ye toddle on. Nobody’d ever known fer shore what become of ye. Nobody’d ever a’ known what become o’ Durgan ef Luke hedn’t weakened under the gallus tree. Happened the year I moved out here. Jest boochered him, cold-blooded, fer his money. Didn’t git more’n a britches-pocket full o’ rusty

silver, neither, fer Durgan was a darned cheap sort of a miser. It was them smatched pieces' though, that done fer Luke, for when he tried to pass 'em they was so black people begun to suspicion things."

"Next year but one, Tildy Farreil got slid down—don't know ef she fell or jumped or was shoved. We see her, too—Bob an' me—jest her head an' han's though, way down to the bottom whar ye see that rail rarin' up. She was wagglin' her han's an' screamin' some, but tired like. 'Twas an awful thing to see, but we couldn't help none. We s'pose Leim Wilson's little Harry went the same way—mostly because we never found no trace.

"Thar's most always rats, or jack-rabbits, or squirrels tumblin' round an' squealin' down thar; though ye can't hear 'em, fer it sort o' throws up the soun's. It works the pore critters pretty much like one of them horse-powers, slidin' under thar feet; so they jest scrabble away till they get tired, an' then drap through. Mest be a reg'lar boneyard underneath. I've lost sheep there more'n once, an' I've laid fences round it four to five times, but it keep cavin' back. Notice that rail, now!"

As he spoke, the rail, which for several minutes had been protruding like a post from the centre of the pit, quivered and shot out of sight. There was a puff of dust, a rush of sand—then the slow silting recommenced. The vortex, for an instant choked, again drew down to a point, toward which every leaf and twig and bit of sod was creeping with the slope on which it rested.

"Whar does it all go to? W'y thar's likely a big hole down thar somewhare. Mebby it's water keeps it open; ye can gen'ally hear a kind o' gugglin' ef ye lay yer ear to the sod hereaboutf, an' thar's no end of jest sech sand comes down the run through the gulch over yonder. It'll shorely hef to quit when the

san's all gone, but that won't be till it's et up the hull hill. Jest notice what a rise of groun' it's cuttin' into acrost on the other side. Ye might expect a good wettin' down with rair would stop it, but 'tain't so. A lively rain makes it wus, fer it all goes sloshin' down together in a sort of sludge, water an' sand an' critters. I've seen it clogged some by a light drizzle, but it jest kep' on goin' down chunked-like, in lumps.

"It's queer stuff, I tell ye. You take my word of advice an' leave it be. I've nothin' agen yer studyin' rocks an' bow'ler all ye want, but you leave this cussed ole Devil's San-glass to the feller its named fer."

But I—an eager young journalist fresh from college with my spurs yet to win and little but love and courage to offer a sweet bride newly promised—was I in a position to barter a lucky chance for sage advice? Already I saw in this freak of nature a magazine article at least, and a hint of fame and a hope of fortune. I would search out every detail of its grewsome history. I would not only tell the tale, but I would probe and explain its mystery. It was all white paper; no repertorial ink had ever been splashed upon it. Luck and love—I would bear away two prizes from this out-of-the-way cranny among the mountains.

So I dreamed and planned. The peril of dickering with the Devil in his own den did not strike me. I did not believe much in the Devil—then.

"We're goin' to jog down to Shallockville, Winnie an' me," said the old farmer the next morning as he lifted his daughter into the democrat. "She has things to get—ye understand the wharfare an' won't take no offence at being left, I guess. We'll likely be gone overnight, but Bob he'll see to yer vittles. An' now, son Joseph, ef I could feel shore"—but Winnie turn-

ed questioningly, and he drove off without more words.

I knew well enough what he meant but I had given no promise. For a day, for two days, practically, the coast was clear and I was free.

I sat in the doorway and pondered. Beneath the pit lay a cavern—that was evident, though in a geological formation in which limestone was not predominant this puzzled me. Just under the vortex, of course, was a sink-hole, the spout of the tunnel; and this must lead directly down to the cave, probably through a roof of solid rock. It was not quite wide enough, I surmised, to let through a rail crosswise, yet very large objects passed without obstruction. The suddenness with which these finally descended showed that the tube was straight and short. This at once suggested a scheme hair-brained and worthy of its author. By sinking a large hollow cylinder like a caisson—and the mere suction would draw it through—it might be possible to open a passage into the very maw of this earth-monster. The first thing to be done was to make a thorough inspection and take measurements.

I hurried to the horse-barn, where I found looped upon a peg an old lariat belonging to Bob. The owner a domesticated cow-boy, was busy in the kitchen. This stout thong would serve very well as a make-shift for a tape line; its own length could exactly be determined later. I flung the coil over my shoulder and stole away.

The distance was about two miles, mostly uphill, over barren slopes sprinkled with pine. The confirmation of the ground was peculiar, and I saw nothing of the pit until I was on the very brink; it was only by stopping myself with a gasp and a jolt that I avoided plunging in. Startled doesn't express it—my nervous system was jarred to its centre; and only after a painful in-

terval and with childish precautions did I venture to creep forward and peer down.

At this moment the death-trap held but a single victim, a small snake. He was wriggling languidly, but the sand outcrawled him at every turn. He was nearly spent, and about to be swallowed precisely as he would have swallowed a frog. As I lay face downward, watching him, the whole sink seemed asquirm. I began to feel sick and dizzy. Still, I mustered nerve enough to reach down and scoop up a hat-full of the sand, with which I shrunk back and proceeded to experiment.

It was a fine, glistening dust, slightly greenish in color; it gave one the impression of being greasy, yet was perfectly dry. Squeezed in the hand it gushed like quicksilver through the clenched fingers. Its extreme trituration made it seem of almost fluffy lightness, yet I observed that by the hat-full it was rather heavy. For a further test, I carried a portion to the foot of the hill and threw it into the stream that swirled from the deep gorge above. The mass struck the water with a scattering puff and spread over the surface like a film of oil, but soon sunk. As Farmer Twitchell had said, it was queer stuff.

I returned to the pit, which I found empty and unusually quiet; the smoothness of the flow made the symmetry of its shape very noticeable. I wanted the diameter and the depth, and to determine the former measured a base line, drove down stakes, and by the use of certain expedients familiar to engineers began a rough triangulation. Soon I needed paper for my memoranda. I searched my pockets. Not a scrap could I find except a worn little missive far too precious for scribbling. The envelope, however, was less sacred and might be sacrificed. So I tucked the letter under my arm while I filled and lit my briar, for my nerves were twitching unpleas-



antly and I thought that a good smoke might steady them.

Don't talk to me about its being mere chance. The air that day was as tranquil as if the blue dome of the sky had been a glass cheese-cover; yet a sudden gust flared the flame in my face and swept it from the match. I dodged back, the letter slipped and fell, and before I could seize it fluttered toward the gulf. It hung for a moment in the weedy fringe, then wafted over.

Winnie's message! the lines that whispered a promise which had brought me from New York as fast as steam and stage could consume space! There was nothing, save Winnie herself, that I would not sooner lose. Just out of reach it lay, only a few yards down, but already half submerged in sand and slowly receding. It was too much for human patience. The trap was well baited.

Really, for a young athlete with the double assurance of a stout rope and a college record, there was no risk worth considering; it would not have deterred a ten-year old boy. I hastily anchored the lariat by binding it around a dozen heavy rails brought from the fence, gripped the pliant leather with both hands, and lowered myself over the edge. But somehow, as my knees sunk in that dry, silky quicksand and I felt it lapsing beneath me like a veritable liquid, the confidence went out of me; the sensation was indescribably terrifying. Then, under the strain of the thong, the sagging turf at the brink gave way, descending full in my face. Choked, blinded, confounded, when after many gaspings I regained breath and sense, I found myself far down the incline. I had lost the lariat. I was caught in the Devil's-trap.

What was it like? Have you ever felt the watery arms of a torrent grasping you about the body, bearing you in utter helplessness through its swings and eddies? It was like

that—the same impotence and the same resistless flow—only the motion was scarcely swifter than the creeping of a shadow. Indeed, the shadows from the western rim overtook me and were high on the opposite slope before I reached the bottom. Shadows alone could climb here.

By struggling I merely expedited my descent, bringing down the sand in floods that streamed over my limbs and overwhelmed me. Yet I managed to keep on the surface and even at the vortex, where every atom was sinking, by unceasing activity I was still able to stay above ground. If I paused, that instant the suction began to draw upon my legs, and a spasm of terror drove me to fresh efforts. And as I jerked, and rolled and floundered in the dust, the sky reddened, the pit darkened, and the eyes of the stars brightened and multiplied as they peered into it.

Of all this I was very dimly conscious; the convulsive recoils and writhings that sustained me had become as automatic as the flop of a fish in the creel, and at last consciousness left me altogether. When it returned, the sand was gathering about my neck. I flung up my arms—then everything seemed to let go, and I dropped with a smother of dust into the bowels of the hill.

I was buried alive; but I lay corpse-like, and might well have been judged fit for the grave. When, after hours or minutes—I know nothing about it—my brain again began to interpret sensation, I realized that the same uneasy sands were crawling under me. My extended hand, however, was cold and numb. I moved it, and felt the laving of water through my fingers. Then my ears awoke, and I perceived that the place was resonant with plashings and gurglings.

Though my sinews were as limp as wilted grass, I dragged myself forward until my face was in the

stream. I plunged it under and drank to suffocation, came up snorting like a horse, but again plunged and drank. I spouted the dust from my throat and nose, washed the grit from my eyes, and cleared my ears. There was life in me now.

Meanwhile the steady drift of the sand had carried me forward until my body was half immersed. Soon I was almost swimming, and as I struck out for support my hands met a ridge of rock jutting up in mid stream. Upon this I clung and climbed. It was so narrow that I sat astide it; yet, though my feet were dangling in the water, the sense of again resting upon some part of the solid frame of things brought a joy like deliverance. At the same time I recognised that my case was hopeless. From the sub-cellar of this infernal hour-glass, which, unlike those made by men, could not be reversed, there was no escape.

Gradually, however, I became aware that the darkness of the place was not absolute. In a cave the faintest ray is perceptible; and evidently a dribble of light filtered down with the sand—just enough to suffuse it with a pale glimmer like greenish amber as it issued from the vent, and to shadow forth the apex of the powdery pyramid which slanted through gloom quite impenetrable to the stream which swept its base.

The night, then, had passed, unless, indeed, this were some effect of phosphorescence excited by friction. Such a fancy occurred to me, but was quickly dismissed. No: it was the midday sun shedding his beams directly into the funnel. And I soon had startling proof that my guess was correct.

For suddenly the lucent trickle of the sand was checked and darkened. Something heavy fell through, followed by an avalanche which drove it half way down the now brilliant-lighted slope. I saw in an in-

stant that it was a huge cartridge.

Dynamite! The scintillation from the tip of its trailing fuse was to my eyes more intense than the dazzle of an electric arc. It was a long fuse, luckily. I threw myself over upon the sand, which I scooped away by armfuls to draw the thing down faster. It came, spluttering as it slid. I leapt to meet it, snatched out the fuse by about a minute's margin—then as the spark hissed on the water, collapsed.

Thus instinct dominates reason, being a much older inheritance. My life was forfeit; yet I fought death as if the prize were years of joy instead of hours of horror.

Bob! of course! It was like him. He had located me by the lariat hanging into the pit, and he would have me out alive or dead. " 'Low the Devil's in thar, an' I 'low I kin raise the Devil"—that had been his curt answer when I had tried to pump him the day before. Here was his method; nor was he the man to quit with one attempt.

Yet the scheme was no more reckless than the case was desperate. It was a last hope. If only I could get far enough away to survive the shock—then the lid of my sepulchre would be lifted and a door thrown open to the sky. If not, it was at least a quick and easy end. Bob was no fool. Indeed, now I suspected that this first cartridge was a mere dummy sent to warn me. The next—that would mean business.

I turned in panic and fled down the margin of the stream through a darkness that blasted my eyeballs, splashing in shallows, stumbling over unseen rocks and a glair of slime. Then I found myself up to the waist in swift water, my feet skating along the bottom; while from beyond came a new sound—a smothered trumpeting full of moans and hissings. No voices could have told more plainly of the grim well-hole toward which this sluiceway was leading and through which the

stream was eddying to unknown depths.

I braced back against the current, but was powerless; my feet flew up and I drifted like a leaf. I felt the swing of the whirlpool; I spun at the sinking centre; its doomsday trump was souging in my ears as the great water-valve closed over me and shut me down.

Of that terrific swoop into the crypt of the torrent I can give no account. I only know that after a nightmare of falling and strangling in a tumult of foam, there came a silence. I was at rest. No nerve brought any message from without; all that was left of me life had withdrawn to the inner chambers of the brain. Whether I was in the world or out of it I had no means of knowing; time and place were as meaningless as in dreams.

Strangely enough, through the long anguish of my struggle above ground and below, no clear thought of Winnie had risen in my mind; the stress and turmoil of sensation had driven out all else. But now she came to me—a caressing vision. Her sweet face loomed in my eyes, her whisper soothed my ear. I was perfectly content, except for the shadows which kept misting between us. This troubled me more and more; but when at length I opened my eyes to see her better, inky darkness flowed into them.

Then I remembered. I was alone, a prisoner in the mountains deepest oubliette, locked down by a double trap; and with delirious logic I thanked God that I was indeed alone and the face of my love a phantom.

I now perceived that I was lying like a stranded log in a thin riddle of water—the shoals of a turbulent pool, to judge by the murmur. The power of moving seemed dead in me; yet with a wrench of will-force rolled over and crawled out to dry rock. Still groping upon my hands and knees—for I did not attempt to

rise—I presently bumped against several massive columns, with surfaces irregularly fluted, as if grooved by the stonemason's chisel. Evidently the chamber was full of stalactites, reaching from roof to floor. A cool draught of air, doubtless forced down by the waterfall, swept amid them with a sombre, subterranean note.

I was becoming horribly exhausted. Every movement was torture; my brain swayed and wavered like my body. Yet I groped on until I struck a barrier of solid rock; then the hideousness of the situation became too great for sanity, and I heard myself screaming like a madman. I was able—just able—to put a stop to that; but the fight was finished. I lay prone, my face buried in my arms, and sobbed with the passion of a forgotten, frightened baby.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Wal—praise be to the Lord of this Footstool—here he is, an’ enough of God’s breath in him to blubber. I was afeared that crazy critter’s blastin’ hed blowed him into the Kingdom.”

I raised my eyes from their briny cushion. A caged fire-ball glared into them; before me stood Farmer Twitchell with a lantern. Was I stark mad? Was there some entrance from below? Had he forced an opening?

But here was no cavern! Tree trunks were around me; and though dark bluffs reared a wall on either hand, above gleamed a ribbon of rose-gray in the dawn. Even the dense foliage could no longer hide it.

The old man had lifted my head upon his knee, and was pouring something down my throat which I was constrained to swallow in fiery gulps. It was not to me, however, that he was speaking.

“Thar, don’t break yer neck—

hurryin'; likely he may have use fer it yet. It's him right enough, an' he's all here, an' he ain't runnin' away. Of all the barn-cat luck, this does surpass! Sucked through an' throwed up in the gulch, jest like my black an' tan collie, that's the

only critter ever come through alive to my remembrance."

But before he could comment further, a radiant, panting vision, that was now assuredly no phantom, flung itself upon me and covered my face with tears and kisses.

## THE ART OF MUSIC.

### A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ITS HISTORY IN TWO PARTS.

BY PETER LESUEUR, MUS. BAC., ONON., F.R.C.O., I.R.A.M.

THE development of Music as we understand it is exclusively European and, moreover, concerns but a small portion of that continent. It is chiefly due to the Netherlanders, who were the pioneers of composition as an art; the Italians, who learned, and ultimately wrested the supremacy from them; the Germans, and, more recently, the French.

Other nations have not been without representative composers, and England in particular has some notable names to shew.

In claiming the development of the art as purely European, it must not be inferred that the Orientals have no music in their souls, for the Hindoos, the Chinese and the Arabs each have distinct systems, but they are couched in such a different idiom from ours, owing to the formation of their musical scales, that their music sounds as uncouth and out of tune to us, as I presume ours does to them.

Strange as it may seem, music was the last of the arts to develop to anything like maturity. Parry says:—"The sister arts, which comprise painting, sculpture, architecture and decorative work of various kinds, can show masterpieces which still impress us as perfect and complete objects of beauty,

though they were made or carried out more than two thousand years ago. But if we go back as much as two hundred years in music, we feel as if we were among things in a crude and incomplete condition."

The ancients, of course, had, from time immemorial, some sort of music, and there are many biblical references to it. In Genesis IV. 21 we read that Jubal Cain was "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."

The word "harp" here referred to the lyre, the earliest of stringed instruments, whilst the organ was a species of Pan's pipes, or bundle of tubes which were sounded by blowing in them with the mouth, and which was the most primitive of wind instruments. The ancient Egyptians used the harp, guitar, flute, tambourine, drum, trumpet, gong, bell, cymbals and castanets, as we know from frescoes, and the prototype of the piano—the dulcimer—is mentioned by Daniel as early as 580 B. C.

The ancient Greeks, who, possibly derived their knowledge from Egypt, possessed the oldest musical system of which we have any authentic record, and the music of the early Church was probably borrowed from them.

The history of music as a living art, synchronizes with the first introduction of Christianity into western Europe, and, until the end of the sixteenth century, was chiefly cultivated by churchmen. In A. D. 320, Pope Sylvester founded the first singing school in Rome, and in this century the four authentic modes or scales were brought into systematic use by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and two centuries later Pope Gregory gathered together what remained of the labours of Ambrose and others, and with this nucleus formed his Antiphonary, or authorized body of ecclesiastical music. He added four "Plagal Modes" to those of Ambrose, and from that time to the present day, not only have the Gregorian chants for the psalms which are still in extensive use borne his name, but every variety of ecclesiastical melody also.

The methods of writing music were then extremely imperfect. The letter notation of the Greeks had given way to the "neumes," which were marks put over the words to be sung, and which indicated vaguely the inflections or changes of pitch to be used.

It was not till 900 that a monk was struck with the brilliant idea of drawing a red line across the manuscript and placing every F on that line, the other neumes being placed above or below according to their pitch. This was the germ of our staff. Primitive music was entirely melodic and the introduction of harmony is the most obscure point connected with the history of the art.

Harmony, or the artistic combination of sounds, is so much a matter of second nature to us that we can hardly conceive of music as existing without it. Nevertheless, the earliest indubitable mention of it does not occur till the latter half of the ninth century, when Hucbald—840-930—a monk of St. Amand, in Flanders, in his writings directed, *inter*

*alia*, that a chant might be accompanied throughout by other voices singing in fourths or fifths with it. The effect of this, to modern ears, would be weird in the extreme, and, if listened to for any length of time, calculated to make one feel seriously unwell.

In those early days notes did not have any definite relative value, but as harmony progressed and men began to sing in parts, some means had to be devised to keep the voices together. The first work of note dealing with the subject was Franco of Cologne's treatise on "Measured Music," which was written in the middle of the twelfth century.

Serious music continued to be crude and barbarous for centuries, but the wandering troubadours and trouveres cultivated poetry and music unworried by pedantic restrictions and made valuable additions to art.

The oldest piece of artistic secular music extant is the famous and much-discussed canon in six parts :

"Sumer is i cumen in  
Lhude sing cuccu."

It was written by an Englishman, John of Fornsete, a monk of Reading Abbey, in 1126.

After a pause in artistic progress, due to the disturbed state of Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the first sign of re-awakening energy was manifested in England, as proved by the works of John Dunstable (1390-1453). No other English composers of note made their appearance at that time, and for the space of a century and a half the Netherlanders held sway in music. Flanders was the cradle of artistic composition, but, as a prophet is not without profit save in his own country, the more celebrated Flemings went to Rome in the hope of being engaged to sing in, or compose for the Pontifical chapel.

The most famous of these voluntary exiles was Josquin des Pres,

(born 1450) in whose works are many examples of exquisite vocal effect and noble musical expression.

A proof of the Flemish supremacy at this time is afforded by the fact that about 1502, Petrucci, the inventor of musical types, set up a printing press in Venice and produced a great number of masses, motets and other music which were, with hardly an exception, the product of the Flemish school.

In the sixteenth century the Italians gradually excelled the Netherlanders, and, thanks to the sublime genius of Palestrina, who rescued the music of the Romish Church from the abuses which had dominated it for many years, the latter half of this century has been justly called the "Golden age of Ecclesiastical music." During this period England was not idle, for music flourished greatly in Elizabeth's reign, and much noble church music, as well as music for the virginals, lute and set of viols was produced.

The Armada year, 1588 is marked by the definite beginning of the English madrigal period.

The year 1600 marks the dividing line between mediæval and modern music, and this year saw the beginning of opera and oratorio. Hitherto music had been purely choral, and what little instrumental music had been written had been based almost entirely on choral models. Prior to 1600 eight of the fourteen ecclesiastical modes were in practical use, but these were gradually superseded by the major and minor modes now in use.

The rise of opera was due to a group of Florentine enthusiasts, whose main idea was to revive the musical declamation of the Greeks, but a renaissance of Greek music was impossible, simply because no such thing had ever existed in our sense of the word. The unexpected result of their discussions was really the invention of both opera and

oratorio. The immediate antecedents of the latter were different from those of opera, for it was suggested by the mediæval mystery plays on Biblical subjects.

The first opera, "Eurydice," was written by Rinuccini, set to music by Peri and performed on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV, of Navarre, and Maria de Medici in Florence in 1600, and in the same year Cavaliere's oratorio, "La Rappresentazione del Anima e di Corpo" was performed in Rome.

Claudio Monteverde (1568-1643) was the first to make any marked advance on Peri's style, and he did more for the advancement of dramatic music than any other composer of the age. He was the first to use unprepared discords and, as might be expected, his disregard of established usage caused a howl of virtuous indignation to rise from the dear old pedantic dry-as-dusts of the day. The principle involved was a very revolutionary one, and fairly entitles Monteverde to be regarded as the originator of modern music.

Opera and oratorio developed side by side in Italy and were introduced into other countries. The former made its appearance in France, with the characteristically French additions of ballet and spectacular display, under Lulli, who had been sent from Italy to the French court. The best features of his works were the overtures which were solid and dignified, and which later on served as models to Handel.

In England, Purcell, (1658-1695), the greatest English musical genius modelled his first attempts at opera on a sort of entertainment called a masque, which had been popular at court for many generations. At his death no composer was able to fill the breach till the advent of Handel in 1710.

Handel (1685-1769) was the first German to wrest the operatic supremacy from the Italians. He

learned from them all it was then possible to learn in dramatic composition, came to London, and in thirty years produced over forty operas. Their libretti are so badly constructed and the persistent alternation of recitative and aria so boringly monotonous that a present day audience would not be paid to sit any one of them out. Oratorio did not reach very great heights in the land of its birth and it was reserved for the more seriously-minded Germans to develop this great art form, which, in their hands, concentrated itself on settings of the story of the Passion as told by the four Evangelists.

The sublimest setting ever written or likely to be written, was the great John Sebastian Bach's "St. Matthew Passion." Handel's contributions to Oratorio did not commence till the end of his career as an opera composer. In 1738 he composed "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt" which, with its magnificent double choruses, is probably his greatest achievement, though, to the man in the street he is now known only by the imperishable "Messiah." This was written in 1741 and is the best loved of all the oratorios that have ever been penned.

## BOOKS.

“**A** Treasury of Canadian Verse,” selected and edited by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. England: J. M. Dent & Co., Toronto: William Briggs. Net, \$1.25; half-calf, net, \$2.50.

Dr. Rand, who is a keen bookman and a loyal Canadian, has done a good thing for the literature of his country in editing and producing the above work. But a collection of this kind is sure to be unsatisfactory in one way or another. One looks for favorite poems in many cases, without finding them. The really great writers seem to have too little space (though they have the lion's share) and the small fry too much (though they may be represented by only a few lines). When a lover of verse reads one poem by the late Archibald Lampman he wants to follow it up by reading all that Lampman has ever written. It is the same with the work of a few others. Had Dr. Rand printed all the good verse that has been written by Canadians, his book would be too large to get through a park gate. As it is, he has included in his work

a fair quantity of good verse and a little bad, and the book is of a convenient size.

Nothing appears by William Wilfred Campbell, though he has done some beautiful things. His lyrics of the Great Lakes will rank in music and color with much of the work of Bliss Carmen, Archibald Lampman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott and George Frederick Scott.

Though much fine verse has been written by Canadian women, they do not appear to advantage in these pages. Miss Johnson is represented by her earlier work. Where is the canoe song by Miss Crawford, which began

“My master's twain their camp-souls lit  
With pine-boughs resinous and cedar,  
And spruce, a soft and gentle breeder  
Of dreams of peace.”

and here my memory gives out. I have seen strong work of Mrs. MacDonald's in the magazines, but in the "Treasury" I find only a musical little song. But why continue in this vein? It is human nature to want what we cannot have and long to read what is left out. No doubt

if Dr. Rand had left unpublished all these things which he has published, I would be very keen after them.

The "Treasury" is dedicated to Louis Frechette, L. I. D., F. R. S. C., C. M. G., and is the most complete collection of Canadian verse yet published.

"The Log of a Sea Waif,—Being recollections of the first four years of my sea life." By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S., London; Smith, Elder & Co.

In this book Mr. Bullen has shown that he did not write himself out in "The Cruise of the Cachalot." There is real life and real humour (also very real bitterness) in his descriptions of ships and men. His style is straightforward, yet subtle, and his observations are those of a man gifted with "the seeing eye." Mr. Bullen began his marine life as a cabin-boy on a vessel commanded by his uncle, and for the next four years knocked about the world as cabin-boy, lamp-trimmer and ordinary seaman. His description of the behaviour of a crew that was greatly desired on board a waiting ship is delightful. "Again and again a sailor would break lose and canter waveringly shoreward, only to be at once surrounded by his escort and hurriedly hauled back again. At last, exasperated beyond endurance by the repetition of these aimless antics, the skipper sprang ashore, followed by the pilot. Bursting in upon the squabbling crowd, they seized a couple of the maudlin mariners, hurling them on board as if they had been made of rubber.

With like vigour the rest were embarked, their dunnage flung after them; and the warps were immediately let go and the ship began to move ahead."

The author knew hunger and thirst, merriment and sorrow aboard the many and varied "wind-jammers" of his first four years at sea. He was kicked and petted, cursed at and laughed with. But he went through it all with a brave heart, making the most of the fun and trying to forget the woe.

His description of a burial at sea is well worth reprinting.

"In quiet attendance upon the dead came the sailmaker, with a roll of worn canvas under his arm, in which the poor, shrivelled remains were reverently wrapped and neatly sewn up. A big lump of coal was found and secured to the feet, and the long parcel was borne gently aft to the gangway. There in the moonlight we all gathered, while the skipper, with faltering, unaccustomed voice, read the stately words of the Burial Service. \* \* \* Suddenly there was a pause; the skipper raised his hand, and those who supported the plank on which the worn-out tabernacle of old Peter lay, gently raised its inner end. There was a subdued s-s-s-h as the white fardel slid slowly seaward, followed by a sudden plunge. All rushed to the side, where an ascending column of green light marked the descent, into those calm profundities of our dead. An almost inaudible sigh of relief escaped from every lip, as if a well-nigh intolerable burden had been removed."



# NEWFOUNDLAND PLANT LIFE.

BY R. E. HOLLOWAY.

## PART I.

WHEN the Editor asked me for an article on "Newfoundland Plant Life," I do not suppose that he meant a summary of such plants as our island contains, or an encyclopaedic account of the subject. I am assuming that he wants to arouse an interest among his readers in Elementary Field Botany, as applied to our island.

Though always a botanist of a sort--London University Exam. sort chiefly--my interest in Newfoundland botany received a great impetus from correspondence with Rev. A. C. Wagborne. We had previously corresponded, and when at last I met him, his example induced me to go further. Perhaps some of our readers have had a similar experience. He had an advantage over me in this--he could *read* my letters, while I . . . . but "*De Mortuis nihil nisi bonum.*" He always assured me that he reserved for me his best handwriting. Amongst his correspondents were the first botanists of the world, English, American, French, German. His correspondence with the two latter, two of whom chose Latin as their medium of communication, passed through my hands. Their botanical lore was of great interest to me, and their uniformly bad writing and abbreviated style gave me good practice in translation. I learnt, too, that great botanists were human--most of them added a postscript as to N. F. postage stamps.

Amongst these specialists Mr. Wagborne was honoured as a man well up in the plant life of this island. Mr. Wagborne, too, was ever willing and anxious to give

help to the beginner. Specimens sent to him from any part of the island were correctly named by him, and returned, and without charge. Moreover, the Government, to its credit, allowed all such correspondence to pass through the post free of charge.

We are very short of specialists in this country, and Mr. Wagborne was doing special work for the botany of the island, which, as far as I know, is now at an end.

My object in this article, however, is to rouse a general interest in Field Botany--not such as we understand by an examination in Botany, where vegetable histology, embryology, vegetable anatomy, etc., are needed--but such as any intelligent boy or girl can understand and like. Especially is it desirable for young girls just leaving school. It is eminently a study for ladies. It takes them out into the fields, and teaches them to find pleasure in an intimate acquaintance, even to calling each by name, with the flowers of the field. Our summers are short, and our flowers come and go in a few short months; but the interest is by no means over with the coming of the snow, for in the long winter nights, with gum and paper, a permanent record of the summer collection may be made. The botanist may, on the most miserable day in winter, enjoy an imaginary walk amongst the flowers, as she turns over the leaves of her *hortus siccus*, and recalls the circumstances of each floral capture.

No summer-day's walk need, or indeed can be, lonely to one who has even a smattering of Field

Botany; every flower has a name to you, and a message of some sort. I remember well, in nearly every case, the circumstance under which I first saw each specimen I now know. Perhaps there are some to whom it adds no pleasure to be able to call each flower by name. It is true you can be pleased and elevated by contemplating a bunch of wild flowers tastefully arranged, even if you cannot name them, but it is surely more satisfactory to say "I picked a lovely bunch of *Kalmia* to-day," or "How sweet that *Linnaea* smells," instead of saying something about a kind of a pink flower, with pink leaves like saucers, growing everywhere—oh, you know! Besides, the name *Kalmia* leads our thoughts back to the botanist Kalm, and every time we say *Linnaea*, we are reminded of the botanist who chose to associate his great name with this sweet but lowly flower.

The study of Botany, to be interesting, is generally commenced at the wrong end. The study of cellulose, cells, fibres, microscopic sections, etc., is of course, intensely interesting, but its difficulties often check the pursuit of outdoor botany, which really requires little or no knowledge of the kind.

□ May is generally well advanced before our island flowers begin to open their petals, but a few flowers are ready for the secker. We will say a few words about some of the earliest of these:

On many parts of Signal Hill, especially I remember at Cuckhold's Cove, may be found the stiff, wiry vine which carries the berries locally called the "Blackberry." Its inconspicuous flowers are amongst our very earliest. Break off a piece, and follow it carefully along until you come to them. Its family name is *Empetraceae*, its genus, *Empetrum*, its species *Migrum*. Or, we may say, more shortly, "This is a specimen of *Empetrum* just as we sometimes speak of a man by his

surname only—Johnson, sometimes by his christian name also—Charles Johnson. To call a plant simply by its specific name would be useless, as *nigrum*, *glabrum*, *hirsutum*, *nudicaulum*, which simply mean black, smooth, hairy, and bare-stemmed. By June our *Empetrum* is forming its tiny green berries, perfectly round. When ripe, though rather tasteless alone, they make a grand pudding. I remember them gratefully, during a short visit to Catalina some years ago. They grow so thick on some of the islands off there, that you could almost sweep them up. The St. Pierre women hold, according to the "*Flora Miquelonensis*," a rare copy of which two of our College boys translated for Mr. Waghorne before the Fire, a very high opinion of the *Empetrum*, for certain cures. In world-botany it belongs to an interesting family, as *Empetrum*, both *nigrum* and *rubrum*, are found, perhaps, more widely distributed in the world than any other flowering family; far away north in Greenland, and again in Antarctic regions this hardy little creeper defies the cold.

Another early flower, the flowers coming before the leaves, is the Bog Myrtle (*Myrica Gale*). Often early in May the marshes—say round Mundy's Pond, etc.—are glowing a ruddy russett brown with these pretty flowers. To appreciate their beauty, you must pluck one and carefully examine it. It is one of those unsociable plants, (like our larch, bakeapple, etc.,) in which the male and female flowers live on different plants. Such plants are called in botanical parlance *diœceus*—that is living in two houses. The male flower of the Bog Myrtle is very inconspicuous, and by no means as plentiful as the female. It consists of little brilliantly-red tufts along the stem, resembling little few-haired paint-brushes.

By about the second week in June

the flowers of the *Myrica* have gone, and the plant has entirely changed its appearance. It is now only a foliage plant. But we cannot stay to describe in detail every interesting flower to be seen in May and early June. I will name some of the commonest and say a few words about them. These other early plants are:—

Leatherleaf (*Cassandra calyculata*), Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium acaule*), Lady's Smock (*Cardamine pratense*), Juniper (*Juniperus communis*), Wild Rosemary (*Andromeda polifolia*), Larch (*Larix Americana*), Iris (*Iris versicolor*), Forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*), False Solomon's Seal (*Smilacina Trifolia*), Capillaire (*Chiogenes serpyllifolia*), Wild Pear (*Amelanchier canadensis*), Wild Strawberry (*Fragaria vesca*), Partridge-berry (*Vaccinium Vitis-Idaea*), Whortle-berry (*Vaccinium pennx-sylvanicum*), Marsh-berry (*Vaccinium oxycocceus*), Squashberry (*Viburnum pauciflorum*), Red Azalea (*Rhododendron rhodora*), Bog-bean or Buck-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), Plumboy (*Rubus triflorus*), Goldworthy (*Kalmia glauca*), Batchelor button (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*), Buttercup, Dandelion, etc.

All these I saw this year on or before the day on which we celebrated the Queen's birthday, June 14th. All are extremely interesting, but I can only talk of a few of them. The family of which leatherleaf is a member—the *Ericaceæ* or Heath—is well represented in our island. It furnishes us with many of our finest wild berries, and the early blackberry, mentioned above, is a near relative. The whitered-looking leatherleaf (*Cassandra*), is of this family. Its dry-looking leathery-leaves, can be seen in May and June (early) in any not too wet marsh. Pluck a few sprays, and look at the flowers. They closely resemble the well-known and beautiful whorts, and

are themselves very pretty; they bear no berry, however. Every ditch in these early days is full of the modest White Violet. while the later Blue one (*Cucullata*) is found in wet fields—plenty near Kilbride on June 14th. Our earliest Orchis is the Lady's Smock. Mr. Wag-horne, I think, has said that we have about sixteen different orchids. This one is a showy flower with a large head something like a *sabot*. About the middle of June you may see small boys and girls with bunches of them coming down Hamilton street. They get them in the marsh near Mundy's pond. Some orchids of the same genus but much more showy are found by the Humber, near Riverhead. Probably another orchis is to be found before June 14, but I have not seen it this year. It is *Arethusa bulbosa*, a pretty pink flower growing in marshes, and carrying a small bulb like an early onion. You will see plenty of these if you go a walk or drive to Petty Harbor by the old road. Will you here pardon a digression from the school-master. One flower is an orchis, several form a bunch of orchids. On a railway journey in the early summer past Salmon Cove, the children offer for sale bunches of *Arethusa Bulbosa*.

Another early flower dedicated to the ladies is "Ladies Smock." How it got the name is a puzzle. *Cardamine pretense* is something like a slipper, but this European-bred crucifer bears no resemblance to a smock. This very pretty flower probably came from England somehow many years ago but it has increased enormously, even in the last few years. The damp fields and ditches round Quidi Vidi Lake are crowded with it. It belongs to the important family Cruciferae, to which our cabbage, radish, etc., belong.

Unless you look for it, you will not notice the pretty bright-red tuft which forms the flower of the

Larch—*Larix Americana*. In our island this handsome tree is almost always called Juniper. It is a pity that it should be so misnamed, as it has a correct name of its own, *Larch*, while the name it goes by belongs to the low, straggling shrub which carries green berries, *Juniperus communis*. The Larch is Dioecious, the male and female flowers are found on different trees.

The handsome Iris, with its sword-like leaves, fills up many a wet spot. There is plenty of it to be found in the waste land opposite Mr. Blackwood's cottage, Hamilton Street. Late in the year a miniature representative of the same family, Iridaceæ, can be found pretty plentifully. It occupies grass fields and grows on banks by the road-side; plenty of it in the fields bordering the river near Kilbride Falls. It is called Blue-eyed grass, or to name it botanically, *Sisyrinchium bermudiana*. Like nearly all wild flowers, unfortunately, it withers very soon after picking.

Perhaps the earliest of the conspicuous flowers—it is carried on a shrub some feet high—is the Wild Pear. The name is correct, for it really belongs to the same family as the luscious cultivated fruit. Everyone knows the berry, dark purple when ripe, with its sweet, but somewhat insipid taste. Last summer, I saw some of these shrubs cultivated at Exploits in Mr. Josiah Manuel's garden. They were improved so much, both in size and flavour, that they were worthy a place on the table as desert amongst more pretentious fruits. Botanists call it *Amelanchier Canadense*.

The Capillaire—*Chiogenes serpyllifolia*—is called "Creeping Snow-berry" in some places. Its flower is withered and its berry formed generally long before the 14th of June. Though found in Canada and some parts of the United States, it seems, from what I have heard, that it is only here that it occurs in sufficient

quantity to make it used as a preserve. Its characteristic taste makes it a great favourite with most people. It is plentiful in many places, and mixed with mosses on the road-side banks between Salmonier and Colinet, it helps to form, with *Trientalis Americana*, as trees, a most beautiful miniature landscape. I tried to photograph a square yard of it, but the absence of colour made the result dissappointing.

The wild strawberry is out early in June, and Forget-me-nots fill many of the ditches. It was not till the 14th of June this year that I saw my first bakeapple blossom. One here and there can be seen on the Bay Bulls road, near the road, from Pierce's on to White's. This plant is also dioecious. The berry is found rather plentifully in Norway, where I have been told it is called "Cloud berry." It is said that Nordenskjöld used it tinned on one or more of his Arctic expeditions, as a preventative of scurvy. It is one of the best of our many wild berries. It and the Plumboy—*Rubus triflorus*—belong to the same family as the raspberry *Rubus*. We have, in fact, raspberries of three colours, the common red, the buff and the black. This last is not common, and rarely ripens.

On the 14th, the landscape in parts was beginning to get red with the pretty, but rather straggling, *Rhododendron rhodora*. A white specimen of this azalea is found at rare intervals.

One specimen only of the beautiful *Kalmia glauca* caught my eye before the 14th. It is a flower whose beauty far surpasses that of many a carefully cultivated one, but it is fond or the marshes and can often only be won at the expense of wet feet. Amongst some of our farmers I have heard the curious statement that *Kalmia*—they call it Goolo'thy—flowers twice. This mistake arises from the fact that

there are two *Kalmias*, *Kalmia glauca* and *Kalmia Augustifolia*. The former and prettier has generally finished flowering before the latter begins. *Kalmia glauca*, with its loose spray of flowers, affects marshes; *Kalmia Augustifolia*, with its collar of close-set flowers, and its central green twig, lives in much drier situations.

The Buttercup family, *Ranunculaceæ*, is well represented here. Its representatives include such different looking plants as the insignificant white water-buttercup, and the stately *Thalictrum cornuti*. The former, *Ranunculus aquatilis* may be found almost filling many of the wayside ditches in the neighbourhood of St. John's. It is exceedingly common, and this is rather remarkable, as this variety of it is found in only one or two other localities in North America. The foliage of the *Thalictrum* is very beautiful, but the greenish-white flowers are inconspicuous. This plant grows sometimes four feet high. There is a lot of it in the fields on the left hand side of the Freshwater—or is it Broad Cove? road, a few hundred yards on this side of Baird's cottage.

About half a mile or more beyond Baird's cottage and on the same road, I have every year seen specimens of the beautiful Bog-bean. It grows in a small muddy marsh, and is not easy to get with dry feet. Its petals are fringed in a way not easy to describe, but very beautifully. Probably some of our old countrywomen can tell you where to get it, as I have heard of Bog-bean and snake-root as a favourite brew for rheumatism, or colds, or something else. Snake-root, too, is now in flower. It belongs to the Buttercup family. It is a pretty white flower, star-like in form. Pull up a plant, taking care to get up some of the long yellow root. This characteristic root, very bitter to the taste, owing to the strychnine it contains,

will always identify the plant for you. There is plenty of it on the south side of the road to Mundy's pond.

All, or nearly all, of our berry-bearing plants, have shown their blossoms by June 14th. Those belonging to the Heath family are very beautiful flowers; Partridge berry—*Vaccinium Vitis Idææ*—whortberry—*Vaccinium Hennysylvanicum*—marshberry, —*Vaccinium Oxycoccus*—*Capillaire*, —*Chiogenes serpyllifolia*.

Most of these can be found almost anywhere: the marshberry, both beautiful and odd can be easily found on the roadside on the Black Marsh road, a few hundred yards this side of Power's railway crossing.

In the almost dry marshes, about two-thirds of the way to Petty Harbour, chiefly on the right hand side of the road, may be found what many think our most beautiful wild flower. It must, however, be viewed at close quarters to do it full justice. This is the Wild Rosemary, *Andromeda polifolia*. The flowers are waxlike, delicate pink in colour, and last better than most wild flowers after picking. The great botanist Linnæus seems to have been struck by the sight of this beautifully delicate and refined flower, situated, against its will, as he choose to think, in the most dreary and desolate marshes, so he named it after the heroine of Grecian Mythology, *Andromeda*. The name of the same heroine is perpetuated, too, by the astronomers. The constellation of *Andromeda* helps to form that conspicuous summer star-group, the square in Pegasus.

Many more members of the Heath group are added to our flowers as the summer passes along. We have to thank this family for perhaps our sweetest berries and our prettiest flowers.

On the road leading past Mr.

Rendell's house, to Three Pond Barrens, I saw for the first time this year the shrub which bears our Squash-berry. It belongs to the Honeysuckle family, and botanists call it *Viburnum Pauciflorum*.

Another Honeysuckle, out early in June this year, is the Mountain Flyhoneysuckle—*Lonicera cerulea*. Its pale yellow flowers somewhat resemble flies in form, its berries—in- edible—are dark blue.

The following are our principal wild berries, arrayed in tabular form, with their botanical names:—

| Common Name,   | Botanical Name,                   |
|----------------|-----------------------------------|
| Whortleberry   | { <i>Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum</i> |
| Marshberry     | { <i>Vaccinium Oxycoccus</i>      |
| Partridgeberry | { <i>Vaccinium Vitis Idæa</i>     |

| Common Name.  | Botanical Name.                  |
|---------------|----------------------------------|
| Capillaire    | { <i>Chiogenes serpyllifolia</i> |
| Squashberry   | { <i>Viburnum pauciflorum</i>    |
| Plumboy       | { <i>Rubus Chamæmorus</i>        |
| Raspberry     | { <i>Rubus strigosus</i>         |
| Strawberry    | { <i>Fragaria Vesca</i>          |
| Wild Pear     | { <i>Amelanchier Canadensis</i>  |
| Wild Cherry   | { <i>Prunus Pennsylvanica</i>    |
| Choke-cherry  | { <i>Prunus Virginiana</i>       |
| Blackberry    | { <i>Empetrum nigrum</i>         |
| Crackerberry. | { <i>Cornus Canadensis.</i>      |

I hope that these notes on our early summer flowers, incomplete and unsystematic as they are, may induce some of our readers to decide to learn at least enough botany to name the common flowers they meet with in their country walks.

## THE FIELDS OF PEACE.

OH to be out in the wild, sweet starry spaces  
 Under the open sky,  
 Your hand in mine, and the soft wind in our faces,  
 To watch the hours go by!

There to be glad as children are glad together,  
 Crowned with a dream of peace,  
 Holding the round world leashed in a golden tether  
 Waiting a word's release!

*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.*

# THE TIME THAT CHANCE WON.

## A YARN OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY PERCIE W. HART.

THERE'S been many a good story told in the fo'c'sle of a "banker." Not so much over a pannikin of grog in the evening watch, like we read about in bookish sea tales; for the fishermen, as a general rule, are held to abstinence while on the grounds, and moreover, when night comes they are tired out and only anxious to curl up in their bunks and sleep. But in between the bites at mealtime, when the cook is serving out bowls of molasses-sweetened tea, plates of 'kumallye,' and great hunks of hot gingerbread, I have heard some good tales related. Doubtless many of them were purely imaginative or much embellished in the telling, for "bankers" are only human after all; but, nevertheless, this failing, to my mind, only serves to average up for the things which have happened but never been told.

Of all these yarns that have been passed around, from ship to ship and from year to year, the account of the adventures of two men in a dory, that now lies, battered and rotting, at the head of a Gloucester wharf, is perhaps the most simple and commonplace. This dory was one of a dozen others carried in two nested piles upon the deck of the clipper fishing schooner "Martha A. Janvier," of Gloucester, Mass. The crew which had been allotted by Skipper Danvers to this special boat, consisted of "Daddy" Belding, an old Gloucester fisherman, and "Sonny" Sullivan, a youthful giant from Nova Scotia. No more dissimilar pair could well have been mated together, but, as it turned out, they did very well. Perhaps Skipper Danvers was as good a judge

of human nature as he was of the most likely places of getting a full fare. At any rate, the oddly assorted team brought plenty of fish to their vessel, and that is the only test of failure or success on the Grand or any other fishing banks.

On a certain summer morning they, together with the rest of the dory fleet of the "Martha A. Janvier," started away for the trawling lines. After a while the dory containing the Yankee and the Nova Scotian got separated from the rest. Then the encircling fog banks settled down upon them. All idea of direction was soon lost. They rowed and they rowed, but no welcome answers came to their frantic hails. It was simple. They were adrift in a dory and lost in the fogs of the Grand Banks. So far all was prosaic, even if tragic, and only what happens hundreds of times every season. But the romantic adventures of this special dory crew did not take overlong to develop. Just before the sun went down, as the fog commenced to wreathe and lift in places, making strange streets, alleys, and open places in the heavy water smoke, the castaways detected a low-lying hulk, grimly tossing and plunging about with the steady rollers. It was a by no means unfamiliar sight to these rugged fishers. Derelicts are not uncommon upon the high seas.

"Let's go aboard," cried Sonny, jerking one finger eloquently in the direction of the abandoned craft. "Mebbe we can find something to eat. I'm getting a mite hungry."

"Better let well enough alone, growled "Daddy" disdainfully.

"Here we are in a tight boat. What more do you want? What's the use of trying 'round and bothering with anything else? I don't believe in poking my nose into every tarnation machine that comes along, like you."

But in spite of his clearly expressed contempt for his companion's exploring weakness, "Daddy" was easily persuaded, and they soon found themselves alongside the rolling hulk. Of course they found nothing aboard that could be of any value to them. They were scarcely disappointed. The remarks of "Sonny" as to the possible eatables were only intended as pieces of wild supposition. The derelict was a lumber-laden, dismasted barque, awash to the deckbeams fore and aft, and had likely been in the same condition for a matter of months. However, "Daddy" was charmed with her.

"Say, we're in great luck," he remarked a dozen times over. "This old lumber raft is a darned sight better place in a gale of wind than our old dory; and it looks mighty like as if a gale was breeding there to the east'ard. And 'sides, we stand some chance now of being picked up. A lookout would never notice our dingy unless we were right on top of them, but a blind man couldn't help seeing that something was wrong here." And then he would nod complacently at the tanned sail of their dory, that they had rigged upon the stump of the barque's mizzenmast, as a signal of distress.

The pair had had nothing to eat since breakfast except chewing tobacco, but, well used to greater hardships, this did not bother them so much as it would dainty livers. They hauled the dory upon the sloppy decks of the derelict, using the boat for a bedstead that night. Even then its high sides did not keep off all of the cool spray.

Scarcely had day dawned on the following morning when "Daddy"

was rudely awakened by "Sonny" bawling in his ear: "Land, ho!"

"Where away?" the old fisher snorted gruffly, for he had just been a youth again and plaguing the girls at a corn husking, and the sudden transition was more than disagreeable.

"On the lee bow," replied the young enthusiast. "An island, or, leastways, a big rock; and I reckon there's considerable more of the same a few miles further, if we were only high enough above water to see."

"Newfoundndland coast, I figger," put in "Daddy" vigorously, as he raised up and squinted his hand-shaded eyes.

"Came along," cried "Sonny," taking his stand at one gunwale of the dory.

"What in the mischeif you want to do now?" queried the elder.

"Put for shore with the best rowing licks we know," the young man made answer.

"What, an' leave this ship with the wind and sea a-getting up, and, as near as I can make out, a lively gale coming right down on us? You know just as well as I do, that a dory aint no kind of a craft to weather a long blow."

"We can stop at the rock if it gets bad," cried "Sonny" airily. "Better stop anyway, and take a sight from it. The top should be high enough to give us a good view of the shore, so that we can fix upon the most likely place to head for."

In spite of a lot of grumbling and complaining the elder fisherman acquiesced, and aided his companion in launching their small craft from the side of the hulk. It was no easy labor, the way the seas were running by this time, but they accomplished it. About a dozen strokes distant from the side of the derelict they rested on their oars so as to take a short breathing spell from the exertions of the launch. Just then something happened, without any warning whatsoever, the water-logged



vessel gave a surge forward and rolled bottomside up. The rush of the displaced water almost engulfed the dory. As soon as they were clear from this danger, "Daddy" again stopped rowing and turned to the bow oar.

"Sonny," he said, "that was as close a squeak as I've ever had and I aint no chicken either. If we stayed, as I wanted to, we'd been goners, for sure."

"Reckon so," returned his companion indifferently, devoting the most of his attention to the lonely rock towards which they were now heading.

That was what it was primarily, a rock—a monolith rearing its head above the surge. Yet birds had come there through countless years and they had brought seeds; a thin coat of soil had formed in places, and now a good deal of the top was crowned with low shrubbery, and the castaways could detect the glint of green grass about the roots, reflected in the light of the angry sun.

"That'll be splendid," gurgled "Daddy" after a while, when they had drawn near enough to make all this out. "There's huckleberries, likely, on some of them bushes, and we should be able to kill a couple of them wild gulls, and, mebbe, get a mess of eggs. I've eaten a darned sight worse things than raw gull's eggs, 'fore now. And we can make a signal or go for the shore ourselves, just as we choose. We're in luck, I can tell you."

"Sonny" was as pleased as his companion over the prospect of breaking their long fast and reaching a haven, but only grinned his reply.

But the rock was a high one and its sides was nearly perpendicular. They rowed completely round the massive islet without discovering any feasible landing place. With the heavy sea that was running they did not dare to approach too near, or their frail craft might have been

dashed to pieces. "T aint no use, "Daddy," at length cried the younger man. "We can't make it nohow."

"It's dirty weather now and it's going to be dirtier before we get through," remarked the other sullenly. "We got to lay to."

Accordingly, they bundled the oars and the stretchers together with some line, and put the whole thing out for a riding anchor. The gale was rapidly developing and their little craft tossed about like a chip in a sluiceway. They were soon out of sight of the inhospitable rock and driving to sea. And so the best part of the day wore along, They kept afloat but it was a continuous struggle.

"What in tarnation are you pestering about now?" bawled "Daddy," as he desisted momentarily in his bailing and gazed indignantly at his younger companion, who was standing erect, with feet braced to keep him so, peering away to leeward.

"I think I can make out a sail," replied "Sonny" simply.

"There you go again!" ejaculated "Daddy" mysteriously, and then went at his bailing with renewed vigor.

"Hey?" demanded the other wonderingly.

But "Daddy" made no reply.

"Sonny" was not mistaken. He had seen a sail. By and by they both saw it quite plainly. It was a schooner, lying to under a storm staysail. The small boat soon drifted down upon the vessel. They managed to board her and were gleefully welcomed. The "Daphne" was a trader, in the business of exchanging commodities for fish; otherwise, a general store afloat, with counter and scales in her after cabin and shelves laden with small goods wherever space permitted. Her deck also was pretty well cluttered with barrels and boxes. Nevertheless, the pair found room to stow their faithful dory on it.

While "Daddy" and "Sonny" were down in the fore-castle of the trader breaking their long fast on salt pork, cold tea, and hard biscuit, the gale waxed still fiercer. The stout staysail split to rags and the captain was forced to put his vessel with the wind and scud under bare poles. Landsmen can form but a slight idea as to the possibilities in the way of a ship throwing herself about under such conditions. Naturally this is a tremendous strain upon the whole structure. In the "Daphne's" case it resulted in her springing a leak, and a bad one, too. It kept the whole crew, as well as the two volunteers from the dory, at the pumps as hard as they could go it, to keep above water. And so through the night. By next morning the gale had blown itself out. A dead calm ensued. This was the worse thing that could befall. With some wind to fill the sails, and keeping on with the pumping, they might have headed for and reached a harbor. But pumping alone could not now save the vessel. Slowly but surely the water gained upon them and they were at length compelled to abandon the vessel and take to their boats. This last event took place about midnight, the calm still continuing. "Daddy" and "Sonny" reverted back to their dory and guided by late experience, had her loaded to the brim with choice groceries from the trader's stores. That is choice, from the fishermen's point of view; meaning, jugs of molasses and vinegar, and pretty equal quantities of chewing tobacco, peppermint candy, and sweet crackers. Fortunate was it for them that the ocean was now comparatively smooth; that is, there were no breaking seas, only great, slow lumbering rollers which merely rocked the dory about like a cradle. Deeply laden as it was, the boat drifted along of its own free will, the careless pair soundly sleeping, luxuriously esconced among the packages.

Upon awakening they found themselves once more alone upon the ocean. The other boats were out of sight. Rather abashed by this circumstance "Daddy" and "Sonny" set to work at their oars. Forty-eight hours were spent in rowing, alternated with eating and sleeping; a very little of the first and a good deal of the two last named, if the whole truth was spoken.

A dory is a very nice sort of craft in which to take your ease, if your ease is not too luxurious a habit. The flat slanting stern answers all the purposes of a reclining chair, and the absence of fixed thwarts enables one to sprawl full length upon the bottomboards, if so inclined.

"I think I see smoke off to windward," drawled "Sonny," who was utilizing the former of the before-mentioned conveniences, and so could glance around the horizon without unnecessarily disturbing himself.

"Hey?" queried "Daddy" sleepily, from his more secluded position in the bottom of the boat.

"I think I see smoke to windward," repeated the young fisherman vigorously, at the same time jumping to his feet. "Maybe it is a steamer. We ought to"—

"There you go again," interrupted the older man in aggrieved tones.

"What's the matter now?" demanded "Sonny" indignantly.

"Never satisfied with letting well enough alone," cried "Daddy" petulantly. "Must be getting out oars and breaking our backs to chase up rocks and vessels, only to be worse off than ever. You want to use more judgment. Wait till you get to be as old as I am, and"—

"You needn't row now, if you don't want to," put in the young fisherman cheerfully. "I can spurt pretty good by myself."

But despite his growing "Daddy" put out his own pair and the four oars, wielded by trained and brawny muscles, sent the skiff along at a

lively pace. They headed directly for the smoke which they had every reason to believe was from a steamship's funnel. However this may be, when night fell the castaways were in plain sight of a low-lying island, and the smoke was apparently no nearer than ever.

"Hadn't we better stop rowing now and rest a spell?" queried "Daddy" about this time.

"I cal'ate we ought to keep on and make that island," replied "Sonny," continuing to pull away upon his oars.

"You youngsters are always in such a tarnation hurry," growled the elder. "What in the mischief do you want to race for that land? It aint good judgment. I should think you'd have learned that much in this little cruise of ours. You remember we kited off like crazy men for another island a few days ago and found that it wasn't any good when we got there."

"Yes, and if we hadn't kited off the way we did, we shouldn't be here now, but food for the fishes;" retorted his companion grinningly.

"It turned out that way, but it wasn't any of your foresight, or mine, that saved us, so far as I can see;" rather grudgingly returned "Daddy."

But while thus talking they continued rowing, and the grumbler, as heretofore, continued to act with the younger man in anything the latter propose. With only one brief pause for rest and refreshment, they continued to propel the loaded dory across the night-shrouded waters, until they both came to the conclusion that the land couldn't be far away. Even while they so debating and straining eyes and ears in the endeavor to gauge the distance by the sound of the surf breaking upon the shore, other noises became audible. There were orders given and hails in a foreign tongue, followed by the clump-clump from the oars of a war vessel's cutter. Before the

castaways well realized what was happening, the big boat, crowded with men, had run alongside of them, and they were being rather roughly handled by half a dozen highly excited French man-of-war sailors. Perhaps the actions of "Sonny" had something to do with this latter feature, for he struck out wildly and made a good fight for liberty. But, in due course, numbers triumphed, and despite their protestations, the two fishermen were subdued and placed under guards in the cutter. Taking the loaded dory in tow, the larger boat was headed for the near-by shore. Of course it should be understood that the American fishermen could speak no French and that man-of-war sailors was as badly off, so far as English was concerned. In spite of much talking and gesticulating the two parties were unable to comprehend one another.

Upon coming to some landing steps at the side of a store dock, the prisoners were handed over to four waiting gendarmes, with huge swords at their sides. One of their number also bore a great lantern. "Daddy" and "Sonny" were then marched in stately procession thro' the deserted streets of a little town and lodged in a small stone building. The key with which the retiring gendarme locked the massive door upon them, was almost as long as one of the soldier-policeman's arms.

The pair were left without any light and "Daddy" stretched himself off on one of the rude wooden platforms which were evidently intended to serve the purpose of beds. But his younger companion had other ideas.

"What you going to do?" he queried eagerly.

"Take a good snooze," replied the old fisherman. "It'll be the first really comfortable one I've had since we left the "Martha A. Javnier."

"Where do you reckon we are now?" persisted "Sonny."

"Why, this is St. Pierre, Miquelon, the French island, you know," explained "Daddy." "I've been here before many a time, and I recognize the town by the light of the sojer's lantern."

"But what have they locked us up like this for?" went on "Sonny." "Is this the way they treat shipwrecked seamen?"

"Why, I figure that they take us for smugglers," explained 'Daddy,' wearily; and the way our dory was piled up with stuff, together with our rowing ashore at night, combines to make it a pretty reasonable guess on the part of the mounseers. But they'll have us before one of their commissionaires or whatever they call them, in the morning, most likely, and we can get some fellow that understands United States to explain things for us."

"Say," began 'Sonny.'

"I'm going to sleep," growled 'Daddy,' interrupting him.

Then there was a silence for a few moments until the would-be sleeper heard his companion moving about the big apartment.

"Why in thunderation don't you turn in," growled the elder impatiently. "Never see such a fellow for being always on the jump."

"Say, 'Daddy,' don't talk too loud. Listen;" whispered 'Sonny' hoarsely. "With all their big keys and thick doors this aint much of a jail. I've been feeling the iron bars on the window. They're all rusted and loose. I can easily slip a couple of them and leave plenty of room for us to get out. We're on the ground floor so there won't be any drop. Come on."

'Daddy' gave a groan. Mere words would not express his indignation. Nevertheless, he followed the lead of his more energetic companion, aided him in displacing the bars, and then squeezed through after him. The pair were quickly in the street outside. 'Sonny' darted away towards the shore and 'Daddy'

followed him at as great a speed as he was capable.

"The lazy beggars. I saw them making her fast. Thought they'd wait for morning before they cleaned her out." Such were some of the low-voiced comments of "Sonny" as he gleefully pointed to their old dory, lying at the foot of the same stone steps at which they had disembarked scarcely more than an hour previous.

"We got to moozy out of this" he concluded, and the elder man meekly acquiesced.

The pair stepped cautiously aboard the dory, cast off her painter, and began to paddle out of the harbor, making as little noise as possible. All went well until they were passing the diminutive fort at the entrance.

"Qui vive-la!" bellowed the voice of an alert sentry, sounding particularly clear and plain on the gently lapping waters.

The escaping pair made no answer but paddled faster than ever.

The soldier challenged them again and then fired. It was a chance shot but it proved to be a good one. "Daddy" gave a snort and his right arm fell helplessly to his side. Disdaining all disguise "Sonny" now put his oars between the thole pins and rowed for all he was' worth. "Daddy" managed to pull a single oar. They were soon at a good distance and the young fisherman proceeded to bind up the wound of his companion.

"T'ain't much," declared "Daddy" stoutly. "Bullet just went in under the skin and clear out again. It kinder numbed my whole arm, though, and I reckoned at first that some bones were splintered."

"I'm awfully sorry, 'Daddy,'" said the younger man. "Somehow it seems as if I was to blame for"—

"Look here, 'Sonny,'" interrupted his companion. "I want to bargain with you. Ever since we got

lost from the "Martha A. Janvier" you've had your way about running things. I'm not finding any fault, but you know just as well as I do that I've done exactly as you said, and"—

"So you have, 'Daddy,'" put in the young fisherman remorsefully.

"Well," went on the old fisher; "you've had your trys, and with all the work and trouble we've taken see where it has landed us. No-where. Well then, give me a turn now. That's all I ask. A fair turn."

"I'll do just as you say, 'Daddy,'" declared "Sonny"; "pon my word I will."

Soon after they were both sound asleep in the bottom of the well laden dory, out on the broad bosom of the tranquil ocean. Next day they were out of sight of land. They continued to eat and sleep. "Sonny" rowed a little, now and then, when he felt like taking the exercise. "Daddy's" wound was doing very nicely. The following morning they woke to find sails on all sides of them. "Sonny" started to get out his oars.

"What you going to do?" demanded the wounded one.

"Why, I'm going to row to the nearest vessel. I cal'ate we're right among a whole fleet of fishing schooners and such; explained "Sonny" concisely.

"You lie still," thundered "Daddy."

"But"—began "Sonny."

"Just remember what you pro-

mised night before last," interrupted the elder man. "You've had all your turns at flying off the handle when sails or rocks or islands or steamer's smoke was to be seen. And what real good did all your hurry and skurry do us, I'd like to know? Avast with any more of that nonsense. We're comfortable here, in a good boat, with plenty of grub for two or three weeks to come. What's the use of crowding canvas. If good rescue comes, all right; otherwise, we'll take things easy. It's my turn now and we'll see how waiting and letting the other fellows do the hurrying turns out."

"Just as you say, 'Daddy,'" replied "Sonny" cheerfully, once more resuming a comfortable reclining position and cutting himself off a huge chaw of tobacco from his pocket fig.

Hour after hour went by and both men continued to take things easy in the bottom of the dory. Suddenly "Sonny" happened to open his eyes a little wider than usual. Just a few yards from his head he saw the wallowing stern of a vessel. Upon it was lettered the words: "Martha A. Janvier, Gloucester, Mass."

"Hey!" he yelled jumping to his feet in wild excitement. "Here we are, 'Daddy.'"

But "Daddy" merely opened one eye and did not offer to move hand or foot until the dory had been made fast and "Sonny" was volubly relating their whole adventure to Skipper Danvers and the rest of the crew:

## THE LOON'S CRY.

THE moon looked down upon the cold, still lake  
 That gave her image back: round the indented marge  
 The silhouette of cliff and forest lay  
 In inky blackness on the oily steel,  
 Prolonged at times in some gigantic pine  
 Flinging his shadow-form athwart the lake.  
 My breath congealed to vapor on the air:  
 I shivered at the still, cold loneliness,  
 Made lonelier, stiller by the eerie scream  
 Of maniacal laughter floating far  
 Out of the shades--a loon! I turned to seek  
 The camp-fire and my blankets, well content  
 To leave the vastness of the solemn world  
 To that strange spirit of the solitudes.

By day as well, beneath the brilliant sky,  
 How still it was, for all the sou'ging rumor  
 Of the uncertain wind through pines and spruces,  
 So quietly the waters stretched away  
 Between the hills of bristling, spiring green.  
 Again we heard the solitude in sound:  
 The yodel of a loon: ran over lake  
 And river: *Hoi-yo! hoi-yo!*—to be greeted  
 And welcomed by the silence in the hills.  
 Then we, who journeyed there, spoke ever briefly  
 And rarely, while the paddles scarcely made  
 A splash or ripple. Nature put on us  
 Her impress of the spirit of her forests--  
 The indelible remembrance of the wilds--  
 To weaken us with yearning when we trod  
 The loved and well-known lengths of busy streets.

One stormy night of winter, when the fog  
 Had come down thickly over the mighty city--  
 Till it had seemed to still its iron beating  
 To sleep I heard a boat far on the river,  
 Cry with the reedy loon-voice: *Hoi-yo! hoi-yo!*  
 The woods rose up about me, and the waters  
 Stretched silently between the undulant hills  
 That ran to meet the mountains. On the air  
 The wild-wood odor of the mossy ground  
 Floated around me, as a benison.  
 And over all the vibrant cry rang out:  
*Oh, hoi-yo! hoi-yo!*—shrill and mockingly.

*New York City.*

*Dallet Fuguet.*

## DESPITE THE RED GODS.

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

**D**ILLING and Snaps got into the cab and the steamer-trunk went on top. Snaps had neverseen New York before, and he crouched between his master's legs and glared at it with disgust in his red-rimmed eyes. Dilling rubbed the dogs ears and tickled his great jaws. The stump of tail wagged in reply.

"The White Gods are calling me," said the young man, "and I am afraid. The Red Gods are my friends—they are fierce, and gay and wayward, but they do not hurt their priests! But the White Gods crumple our souls."

Snaps looked sad, though it is doubtful if he understood anything about it. The cab bowled into a better part of the city and Dilling looked at the old things with some return of the old interest. He knew where he would go for a shave. Then he would dress, and after dinner go and hunt up Bates, or Rogers, or Vandyne. But these thoughts did not bring him a full glow of pleasure for the White Gods whispered "and what will you do on the morrow?"

Not very far up town, and half a block west of Lexington Avenue, in a dull stone house, there is a little room where Dilling always pitched his tent. This is because Dilling has a queer way of winning the admiration of queer people. The cab drew up and Dilling and Snaps jumped to the pavement. The red light of an October afternoon was in the street. The cabby tackled the box in a masterly manner, and at last swung to the ground on top of it.

"Bless my soul," he puffed, "but I wouldn't do that for every gent." Dilling smiled—for he knew the

meaning of the words. At that moment the door opened and Miss Baxter, in cap and apron (and it was afternoon too) trundled down and grasped the journalist's hands.

"Oh, Mr. Baby Dilling," she cried, "I knew you would come and tell me your adventures. Oh, and I've kept your room ready for more than a year, and the maid dusts your books every day."

Dilling looked down into the kind, honest face, and the evening sunlight hurt his eyes as summer snow fields had done. Then he turned.

"Never mind the change, and thank you," he said.

The man touched his hat and drove away.

"You are too good to me," he said to Miss Baxter, and took her up the steps on his arm. Snaps followed them into the hall, his front legs more bowed than ever and his muscles sticking out in a brutally aggressive manner.

Dilling found the little room two flights up very tidy, but otherwise much as he had left it. A maid came to the door to say that Miss Baxter would have tea in the drawing room in fifteen minutes. Snaps sat down by the empty grate and glared about him. He seemed to be looking for something to fight. Dilling pulled at the trunk straps.

"If I go back to the old place," he said, "I will do the same old things. I will shave and smoke and dress all at the same time, and bungle my tie and swear at my shoes and presently get into the street. A clock will tell me I have five minutes' grace. All the old feelings of despair, followed hot-foot by new hopes (which will be just like the old ones) will come to me. After a

few minutes I will reach Mrs. Grundy's house and go up to the room where the fellows leave their hats and coats. There will be the same men, smiling the same smiles and guying one another with the same jokes. I will notice again the cast-iron regularity of Ponsonby's made-up tie. But Ponsonby will be just as satisfied with himself as he used to be. And Smith, who is very young, will laugh at some story that he and Wilkins alone know. And I will tell myself I am having a fine time. The rest of it—dancing or whist, with just the same soothing effect on my spirits. And after it all, when Mrs. Grundy has said 'Good Night,' I will go out smiling and talking to her, and holding down all the little hell of my own soul, but I will ask her the same old questions and perhaps she will look at me the same old way—just for fun. Great God, Snaps, do you think I am fool enough to go back again! Our paper will send us to Yucatan if we pester it a bit. We must keep stiff upper lips, old dog, and let the world think that we are still hot-foot after fame. I will make another scrap-book and try to remember to stick some notices in it. When I first got you, Snaps, you tore up my papers while I was packing, and had no end of fun. That was my third scrap-book. You needn't look at me with your jaw stuck out like that—you are not the only dog homesick for St. Ann's. I was born there, too. There are kind people in that place, and yet—well, I think its more pity than respect. Which same is not good for a man's pride. I don't know if they understand you, pup, but one of them understands me—and that is the devil of it. It is painful to be understood and nothing else. We will not go home. We will go to Yucatan and the world will think we are brave and energetic and happy. You are brave enough, Snaps, but I am a coward. It is too true, you pup, though I

didn't get into a blue funk when the scouts came in at midnight and told us—but that was before your time, in '98. I have acquired a beastly habit of wanting to fight people, and so have you. We should be ashamed of ourselves. I scrap even my own editors and I don't blame them for being hurt. But we will not go home! Come down to the drawing-room and wolf Miss Baxter's tea and cakes. After that we'll tog up and go out to dinner."

They went down stairs and found the kind-hearted old landlady beamed behind her tea-kettle. She had discarded her apron and shone in a dark red gown. Snaps squatted on his tail and gulped all cake that came his way. Dilling told strange stories, and laughed a great deal and seemed to find it difficult to remember where he had left off talking to laugh.

"I had a jolly time;" he concluded.

Miss Baxter looked across the tea table with anxious eyes.

"I don't believe you did, Mr. Baby Dilling!" she said decidedly. The youth moved uneasily. The long room was dim with twi-light.

"Why? you used to believe what I said. It is great fun knocking about new places and doing just enough work to keep the wolf from one's state-room door and camp-fire. Its an unselfish life, too, dear Miss Baxter, for I don't bother anyone but editors, and they're so used to being bothered they take it like quinine and whiskey."

"You used to work for more than that," she said.

"I was younger and fatter then," he replied, "and held some selfish ideas concerning fame. Fame is one of the ungodliest stumbling blocks across the door-way to a charitable life."

"You are laughing at something holy," said the lady sternly. "If I were your mother I would make you stand in the corner."



"I will stand there for five minutes if you will let me smoke a cigarette," he said.

The cigarette was smoked, but not in the corner. The good Miss Baxter possessed an enquiring soul. What was it she wondered, that made her dear young friend move about the world like some sinner driven by regrets? She had often heard of his people—quiet folk in a quiet place, loved and respected by both their equals and inferiors in the social puddle. She knew the kind of family—old and out of pocket, but with its eyes not altogether glued to the glories of the past. She had watched Dilling's career since the day he moved into the little room on the third floor. She had seen him gay and sad, prosperous and down-on-his-luck—but always with his chin in the air. She had read his verses, his stories, his foreign articles, and flattering newspaper notices concerning him! Why did he rush off to unheard-of places like one ridden by a nightmare, leaving his publishers staring at uncorrected proof-sheets? When Dilling dropped his cigarette butt in a saucer and went up stairs to dress she remained in the dark drawing-room, shaking her head knowingly. She could hear the leisurely footsteps going up and Snaps scrambling after. She remembered how he used to take three steps at a time—and in those days he was quite unknown.

"Poor Baby Dilling," she sighed, and rang for lights.

Dilling and Snaps went out to dinner. They went to a comfortable place where Bates and he used to dine whenever the editors were kind. He found the same "smart" people filling the tables. The head-waiter looked hard at Snaps, and then at Dilling.

"This way Sir," he said with a bow, and Snaps followed with a lordly air and sat down under the table. The head waiter himself helped Dilling off with his ulster

and hung up his hat and stick. Then he sent a yellow light-footed young man to take "this gentleman's" orders. Dilling, who dearly loved the ways of complicated civilization, in spite of his actions, sighed and smiled. He had seen other people's dogs turned out of this gilded place. "And yet," he wondered, "is this sort of thing worth working for, when the old fun has gone out of the work. It is better for one's dog, I must say. To swell about on the strength of a lot of half-hearted work; to suffer hardships among strangers (just for something to do and to make copy of) that would turn the bile of a street laborer; to have the word "home" mean a dear place many miles away where you used to have good times and where a pipe and tobacco jar are always kept ready; to put on evening clothes and look as if nothing but success had come near you when defeat sits besides you at the club hearth, and the camp fire, rides behind you in the saddle and drops tears into the very ink you write with—and all because—" just then the soup came in.

Dilling addressed himself to the meal. Sometimes he noticed the strange appearance his big brown hands had above the white table cloth. It was like a bull in a china shop. But as the bull happened to be born to the china shop it was perfectly correct. His hands would be black, or perhaps he would have none at all, before he was done with Yucatan. The claret did not please him. He had tasted better (and it had paid no duty) in a place which this head-waiter had never heard of. His brain, with a trick it had learned by slaving for magazines, pictured these little things for him and held them up for the blue pencil of his literary taste. But the White Gods and the Red Gods were battling all the time in his heart. He might frown at the claret and smile at the rice birds,

but his soul was harkening to the fighting of the Gods.

Someone touched his shoulder. He looked and beheld Bates; and Bates' mouth was grinning the old, wide way and his eyes were dancing with welcome, and he did not look a bit different, tho' he had taken to himself a wife six months before. He had dined at home and had just dropped in by chance, on his way to the shop where his wife's opera-glasses were being mended. He sat opposite his friend and stuck his elbows on the table.

"You blessed old gad-about," he said, "why didn't you come straight to us? And what do you mean by dining here, like a wreck on a lee shore or a motherless infant, when our mahogany waits for you? But you must move your traps over to-night and stay with us till we all grow old."

"I would like to—it is awfully good of you, old man, but—"

"But what?"

"I must hit the trail again to-morrow," replied Dilling, with a kink in his voice.

"Where for?" asked the other.

Dilling heard the Red Gods giving way—dropping back from cover to cover in sullen rage.

"I must go home for a few days, and let them see that I am still alive and able to eat the fatted calf," he said.

Snaps, under the table, coughed in his sleep,

\* \* \* \* \*

And once again Dilling rode against the wall, with his eyes wide open, and the field behind him laughed that so clever a rider should break himself so often at the same jump.



## PEACE IN STRIFE.

I said : " The dust is in my eyes,  
 " So hot so blind, I may not see.  
 " Then lead me out from hill to hill,  
 " From tree to tree."

Like one who throws his sword aside,  
 And leaves the battle to the strong  
 I slipt away. The woods were green,  
 The paths were long.

I said : " These hills are mine own hills  
 " And these wild fields are very dear,  
 " And maple-leaves make fitting song  
 " For dreamer's ear."

Still far behind, beyond the rim  
 Of rounded hills I heard the crash  
 Of falling horses, and the din  
 Of shields that clash.

And, though I wandered on, and found  
 The woodland bowers wondrous kind,  
 I could not win beyond the strife  
 That raged behind.

I thought : " The red dust hurt my eyes,  
 " Swords smote me !—yet the shields were bright,  
 " The flags were brave ! I wonder now  
 " How goes the fight?"

\* \* \* \* \*

I found my shield beneath a tree,  
 I found my horse beside the way,  
 I cried—" Dear Hills, I'll woo your sleep  
 " Some other day."

So we rode back—my horse and I—  
 From rest and quiet. Almost spent  
 We gained the madness of the fight  
 And found content.

*Bertram North.*

## BELL ISLAND.

BY CARLWIT.

**B**ELL ISLAND up to within a very few years since was a mere insignificant little place—almost an unknown region—even to many Newfoundlanders. Of course the greater number of us had a vague idea of where it was situated, but further than that it is questionable whether many of us would have been able to say anything of the place. This seems strange, especially when we are confronted with the fact that Bell Island must have been inhabited over two hundred years ago. Whether it was permanently inhabited or not since then I am not prepared to say. However, I am not exaggerating in the above statement regarding the ignorance of our people respecting the little island, which has within the last six years come into world-wide prominence. To-day it is not improbable that it would be difficult to find a city in America which has not in some manner and to some extent heard of Bell Island. And how has this change come about? Simply through the wealth and quantity of the iron mineral which has been discovered there. Has it taken two hundred years to discover such a ponderous deposit of valuable ore, on so small an island, and one which has been explored time and again by so many able local and foreign geologists? We must only conclude that these learned men satisfied themselves with “a look from the distance,” because it is said several of them came away disgusted, fearlessly pronouncing the island to be nothing better than a barren rock.

And yet, these great men were terribly astray, so far so, that we

are inclined to believe they were “only joking.” But why should they try to deceive us, regarding so important a matter.

But it transpires that Bell Island, pronounced a barren rock, holds within its grasp very valuable beds of iron ore containing millions of tons.

The island referred to is situated in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, being at the nearest point three miles distant from the mainland.

Visitors to there from St. John's and nearby places travel via Portugal Cove. Of late, however, a quicker and more pleasant route is open to travel, namely, via Kelligrews, where a little launch of ten ton capacity, owned by the Nova Scotia Steel Co., can be boarded for the island.

This launch, the “Wabana,” was built a few months ago, and covers the distance (ten miles) between Kelligrews and the island in about an hour.

Since the Nova Scotia Company's mine has been operating (some five years) the island has become a great resort or rendezvous for “vacationists,” be they the student weary of persistent study, and a victim of that fagged out feeling which generally pursues overtaxation of the mental faculties, or the mechanic, the office hand, the shop clerk, or their employer who, one and all, being accustomed to the busy turmoil and hum of city life, seek needed solitude and rest in the refreshing green of Bell Island.

But quite recently has the place been supplied with hotel accommodation, and that, too, only with a very undesirable limitation.

Shops and general supply stores have been opened up by young men from St. John's, each one of whom receives a liberal share of the trade in his respective line.

The beach does not extend to any length along or around the island. On it stands the public wharf (or more commonly called the "break-water"), which is about three or four hundred yards east of the "old pier," or that at present worked by the Dominion Iron and Steel Company.

Having climbed about a hundred yards of the steep hillside which stands facing this beach, one sees on his right side a lonely gravestone, standing on a smooth grass plot. Apparently this grave is alone, but when one scrutinizes more closely he will at least, guess that a few other very small stones (though they bear no inscription) are erected nearby. The lonely tombstone records the demise of William Dwyer on December 18th, 1814, aged 70 years. I noticed in the graveyard, which is quite a distance from the above spot, a stone inscribed with the following: "Gregory Norman, died July 14th, 1783, aged 66 years. Having lived respected, he died lamented." The homes of the *liviers* are about equally divided between Bell Island (east), and Lance Cove (west). From every standpoint the island is a most healthy location, particularly during the summer season, when the sweet, fresh zephyrs fan it with their tender breath. Then the beach is adeptly suited for bathing, being floored, so to speak, in many places with a sand soft to the touch as carpet. And the green slopes which lie all about before the observer's eye make the place a veritable Eden.

The ore which has been discovered, runs north from near the centre of the island. A strike among the laborers (1600) at work in the two

mines operating there, started on June 11th, this year.

The workmen were getting ten cents an hour, and the same for overtime work. They wanted to get twelve-and-a-half cents an hour, claiming that in all other parts of the world where mines are being operated the laborers are better paid.

We understand, however, that the grievance of the miners was greatly aggravated and brought about by some base insinuations which some foreign "bosses" made about Newfoundland laborers.

The city Magistrate, the members of the Assembly for St. John's East, and the Inspector General with a *posse* of police were immediately sent to the island, but they could not interfere when nothing of a disorderly nature was transpiring. We have heard enough of this "strike" through the daily papers, and hence I shall desist, for I have no desire to re-write it.

The two mines at present being worked are supposed to contain 40,000,000 tons of ore, 26,000,000 of which belongs to the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., better known as the Whitney syndicate. As the reader peruses this article let him swallow its contents *not cum granis salis*, as most articles deserve, but rather as the gospel itself.

The two piers used for shipping and handling the ore are situated on the northern side of the island. They are surprising structures, and are similar in every particular, with one exception, that of height.

The following facts are taken from an article which was written for the issue of the "Canadian Mining Review," dated April 30th last, by R. E. Chambers, Esq., the efficient manager of the Nova Scotia Steel Company's mine on the island:

"The equipment of Wabana (the name by which the Bell Island mines are known to the world) is the result of three installations.

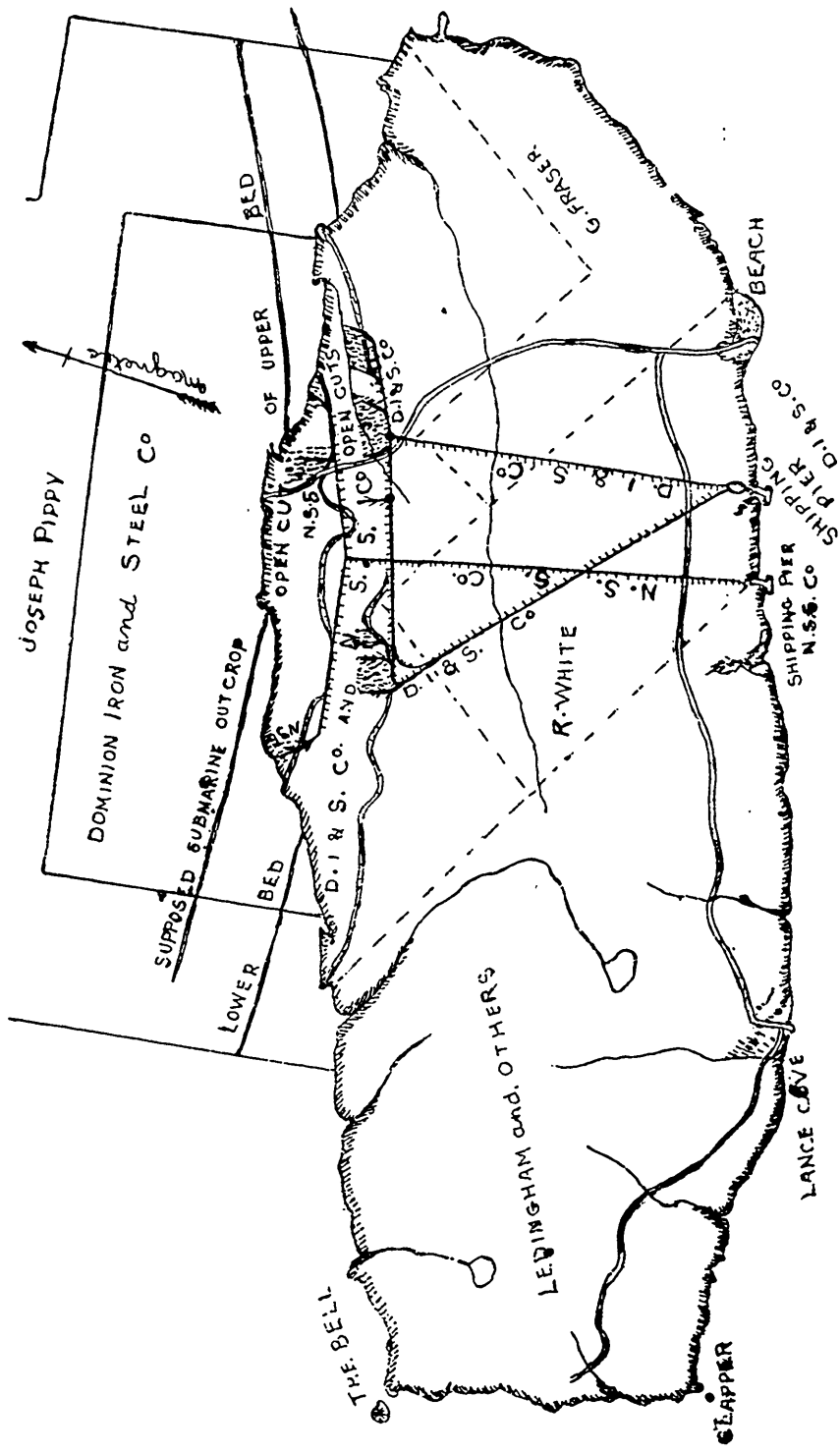
"1. The original plant was erect-

ed in 1895 with the idea of supplying ore to the Ferrona Furnace of the Nova Scotia Steel Company. This called for an output of only 200 tons per day with a possible increase to 500 tons. This plant consisted of a hopper pier of 2,000 tons storage capacity, and an endless rope tramway, connecting the pier with the mine. The haulage engine at the mine. The mining, being simply quarry work, did not require an elaborate outfit.

"2. All demands for ore were easily met by this arrangement till the summer of 1898, when the possibility of shipping ore to the European markets called for an increase. The experience of the previous two years had shown the necessity of increased storage capacity at the pier in order to give quicker despatch to steamers. It was estimated that an extension of the system of pier hoppers would cost over \$100,000 for an increased capacity of 10,000 tons, whereas the excavation of pockets in the rocks ashore would give a capacity of 20,000 tons for an outlay of \$40,000. The latter plan was adopted, and the contemplated output of 20,000 tons per day realized. To carry the ores from bins to steamers, a distance of 550 feet, a horizontal conveyer was put in. This was designed and made by the U. S. Steel Company, and contemplated a capacity of 600 tons per hour at a speed of 100 ft per minute. In operation, however, by increasing the speed, it has easily hauled 1,100 tons per hour, including stops for shifting the ship, so that the actual working capacity has probably reached 1,400 tons per hour. To supply the additional ore for this output, tramways were built along the crop of the lower bed of ore, 2,600 feet east, and 6,500 west, as shown in the figure. Quarries were opened at the end of each line. These branch lines were operated by endless cables driven by a bull-wheel at the Central Station,

which received its motion from a bull-wheel on the main cable. To minimize the handling of coal a new hauling engine was placed at the pier. It is a compound condensing engine with cylinders 13 in. and 26 in. diameter, by four feet stroke, and receives steam from three vertical tubular boilers. In 1899 this plant easily met requirements. Sixty-nine (69) steamers of an average carrying capacity of 4,500 tons were loaded. And the total shipments for the year reached 302,000 tons. The record for quickest loading was on September 28, 1899, when the S. S. "Claudius" was loaded with 6,000 tons in five hours and fifty minutes, or over 1,000 tons per hour.

"3. The sale of part of these ore deposits to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company took place in the summer of 1899, and comprised the lower of the two parallel beds of ore, together with the equipment. This Company contemplates a consumption of 800,000 tons of ore per year in its furnaces at Sydney. This, taking into account the length of the working season at Wabana, means an output of 5,000 tons per day. To meet this increase a tramway has been built direct to the west mine from the pier and an additional haulage machinery installed to operate it. Several new openings along the tramways running east and west from the old Central Station have been made. These will deliver their ore over the old system, while all ore from the west mine, where the facilities for working are unusually good, will come over the tramway just built. These lines can be operated separately and independently of each other. To the west of West Mine is an outcrop on the lower bed of one and a half miles, along which it is the intention to construct a tramway operated by cable. On completion of this line every part of the outcrop of both beds will be reached. To meet their sales for



MAP OF BELL ISLAND SHOWING IRON MINES.

1900, the Nova Scotia Steel Company have constructed a new pier half a mile to the west of the old one, and fitted up a tram-way connecting with their new mines on the upper seam of ore. The water at the pier has a depth of over 27 feet at low tide. A conveyer is erected, similar in type to the first one, but with larger buckets, which should give it a somewhat larger capacity. This conveyer will bring the ore from pockets in the rock having a capacity of 40,000 tons. To construct these pockets advantage was taken of a natural gulch on the shore, giving a large capacity without an excessive amount of excavation. The tram-way has branches extending east 3,690 feet, and west 4,100 feet along the crop of the upper bed. Instead of separate cables for the side lines, in this system one rope operates the main line and branches. It is six and three-quarters miles long, of one inch in diameter plough steel Lang's lay. Traveling at a speed of 240 feet a minute, with cars spaced 80 feet apart, it should haul 360 tons an hour, or with a very large deduction for stops, should easily handle 2,500 tons per day. The mining from the upper bed, as from the lower, consists simply of quarry work. There are in it from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 tons which can be won by open cut. Underground mining has not yet been commenced in the district. The situation of the beds, however, is unusually favorable for its prosecution. The characters of the ore in the two beds are very similar, with one or two per cent of metallic in favor of the contents of the upper bed."

NOTE.—The reader will be able to follow the explanation and detail given by Mr. Chambers, by having recourse to the map.

One of the piers is 95 feet high from the water level, and the other is 120 feet; each is about 65 feet long and 45 wide. They are sup-

ported by a cribwork of heavy timber filled with stone which enables them to successfully withstand the severest storms. In the wharf there are ten pockets which are capable of containing 200 tons of ore each, and are so regulated as to permit of the mineral being conveyed into the holds of vessels by way of chutes, each worked by one man, who is able to put on board a vessel 200 tons per hour. It will be seen by Mr. Chambers' article that the empty and full cars run in opposite directions, and continuously. They empty themselves at the pier automatically into the pockets spoken of above, when they run around the pier to be again connected with the cable and taken back to the mine. The cars are of two sizes,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons capacity. The ore is found in the formation of tiles or rhomboids in various sizes, and is apparently moulded. It costs the proprietors of the mines between 25 and 30 cents a ton to put the ore on board vessels for shipment. I learn from good authority that the rate of output per day this season is not so large as that of last year. The daily output of the Nova Scotia Steel Co's. mine averages 2,500 tons, while that of the Dominion Iron Steel Co. is 1000.

If the mines at present being worked contain what is estimated by the companies, then at the rate of shipping 4,000 tons per day, it would take over 20 years to exhaust them. The ore is more easily mined on Bell Island than in any other part of the world. Mr. F. Morris and others have also a slope claimed at the western end of the island, which they think is very valuable. This mine is not so extensive as the above-mentioned ones, and will not be so easily mined either.

There is perhaps one mine which at the present time furnishes ore cheaper than Bell Island, and that is the Alabama Mine, U. S. A., but it must be remembered that the



work in connection therewith is done by convicts.

Spanish ore has been becoming scarcer, dearer, and poorer, so it is said.

Our ore supply is 2,000 miles nearer to England than the Alabama and also on the seaboard, rendering unnecessary 250 miles of rail haul.

The soil all over the island is of the finest kind, being often fruitful without the help of manure. I can recommend no place where one could more heartily enjoy a holiday, and more completely forget the cares of the world than Bell Island.

It has Catholic, English and Methodist churches, and the Salvationists and Courtneyites have rooms where they occasionally hold their services. The settlers on the island are all independent, having farms and houses of their own. The present summer a large number of domiciles are being erected on different spots around the island.

Sports and pastimes are perhaps the only things entirely omitted from the daily routine of life there. There are some splendid sites which, with little trouble and expense, could be converted into admirable play-grounds. Football, cricket and other clubs should at once be organised, as they are known to be wonderful developers of brain as well as muscles, and I believe the *liviers* on Bell Island are not less brainy than elsewhere, hence I contend that with the advantages of other settlements they would possess equal ability.

The following description of the probable formation of the Bell Island Iron Deposit is from the pen of a Newfoundlander and is now published for the first time:—

“I find that the existence of the deposit at Bell Island *must have* taken place as follows:—The place (locus) of that deposit was at one time the bottom of a lake. The iron element was contained in some

parent rock of Archean character. It was probably separated from the parent rock by the action of water percolating through it. The action of this water may have been purely mechanical or chemical. In the one case one might call it “leaked out,” in the latter the action (chemical) would be possible, because of the existence of Carbonic Acid in the water, which would find many modes of effecting disintegration of the parent rock. The particle containing the molecule of iron was then carried to the lake. It may have been a carbonite or not. If the former, plants of the germ would pick it up, separating the carbon from the water. The iron in solution would be liberated and taking of a little hydrogen would be precipitated to the bottom. It would there crystallise and thus become the hæmatite iron of commerce. If looked at through a microscope it would appear oolitic (like the ova in the roe of a codfish), botryoidal (like a bunch of grapes). The former ought to describe the character of the Limonite of Bell Island.

This process going on during countless ages, would account for the deposit. The same process is going on at present in the Swedish lakes, and it goes on to some extent in our own island.

It is not necessary to follow the lime or other elements.

If there was no carbon—only the iron—it would still be precipitated, then changes would occur in the temperature of the lake, and thus the same action would go on and thus your Limonite would come.”

Such is the probable formation of this, without doubt, the most curious, if not the most wonderful deposit in the world. It has been quite a puzzle to Geologists and others.

It is the opinion of many chemists, assayers and mining men, that the formation was partly chemical, partly mechanical, which bears out

the above explanation. It might be said further that by some eruption the iron was thrown up to the surface where we now see it. However, a good deal will have to be conjectured in this matter of physical and geological importance."

### THE DOUBTFUL GIRL.

NOT yet, not yet! I would not say you nay;  
 I would not tell you yes for yet a-while.  
 I am so young; I would not bind my May—  
 Let June begin the harvest of my smile;  
 Not yet, not yet!

Forget, forget what you have said to me;  
 Let us play children still, and never grieve.  
 Let us be heart-whole while we may be free—  
 Although we hope for love, and we believe:  
 Forget, forget!

And yet, and yet, though others smile on you,  
 Remember well what you have vowed to me.  
 I did not tell you no, so pray be true;  
 Perhaps, perhaps I'd rather not be free:—  
 And yet, and yet!

*Dallett Fuguet.*





## LONDON BEAUTIES OF THE PAST.

### I.

**T**HERE is abundant material for a word-sketch upon this subject, to be gathered from history and from the glorious "patches of colour," which the famous artists, who enriched the world during the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, have left us.

It goes without saying that physical beauty has ever been, and possibly always will be, an undoubted power, a force, which has dominated since the world began, the heads as well as the hearts of the wire-pullers of administration, to influence them either to deeds of valor or to their undoing.

At the periods when the great portrait painters lived—whose fame will last while art survives—it was not necessary to idealize their subjects to "make a picture," as Whitehall was crowded with lovely women who had managed their advent upon earth, so timely, as to fit in with the existence of the artists who so ably portrayed them. It being a time when brush and palate were the only means of perpetuating a likeness, and many decades before photography was even dreamed of, or believed that it was possible that any mechanical powers might eventually proclaim the professional beauty a drug in the market.

Upon close scrutiny, some of these faces fall very short of the classical style we have been taught to believe is the only true standard of feminine beauty. But latitude must be taken and always will be taken on this point, for the face which is faultless

in outline and form is often, at the same time, absolutely void of expression and thus the key-note to beauty is absent.

Noses in particular, have sinned against the canons of art, and have impertinently defied all regulations set up for their imitation in that rigid school where the worship of uniformity of feature and chiselling had become little short of a sacred law.

An apostle of the classical school would scorn a head high in front and depressed behind—what phrenologists call "the bankrupt form of head;" a nose tipped heavenward, or a chin not worth mentioning. Yet, with all these drawbacks, it is possible for the possessor of them to lay a claim to beauty if they are redeemed by a skin without a blemish, eyes eloquent and well set, and a mouth capable of a thousand witcheries. Such a type has, before to-day, gained the palm of attraction over the perfectly moulded, intense face that one sees in the "Hebrew Melody" painted by Westall.

Heresy will go on repeating itself to the end of time, and happily so for the majority of women, whose vanity if not judiciously handled may turn to vexation of spirit. An old-worn adage very truly tells up that,

"Every eye forms its own beauty."

This, one readily realizes when looking at the pictures painted by Reubens, who seems to have chosen his models by weight.

Shakespeare tells us that—

"Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye  
Not utter'd by base sale of chap-  
man's tongues."

Yet we feel, in the outcome of critical conceit that some eyes—aye many eyes—are capable of errors of judgment; and that truth does not dominate even in art, when fashion can establish a society-beauty—when previously her charms had passed, so to speak, unnoticed in the crowd.

One of the most notable beauties was Lady Jane Grey. In a portrait of her painted by Lucas de Heere, she is represented as very charming. Her face is of the same cast as Raphael's Madonnas, with smoothe placid brow—high and broad, giving a solemn width to the down-cast eyes and the mouth sweet and small, abounding with possibilities.

Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, was another type of a much-painted lady. She was evidently much sought after, as she was on the eve of divorcing her third husband to marry a fourth, when death claimed her. She possessed a bright complexion and abundant hair. A poet laureate chaunted her praise, thus:

"Oh! fair, fairest of every fair,  
Sweet, lovely lump of beauty clear."

She was decidedly plump, so it is inferred that the word *lump* was appropriate if not euphonious. Holbein in his painting represents her as very "comely."

Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I, was a beautiful woman. There is a charming portrait of her in the possession of Lord Wantage, by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, in the glorious apparel of the period which always has a distinct charm.

Also, Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip Sydney. There is a fine portrait of her by Marc Gheeraadts, belonging to the Duc de l'Isle and Dudley. The sweet thoughtful face on the canvas

being exactly what might be imagined, from the knowledge of her character.

Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, was one whose beauty and talent held sway over the intellectual world. Her influence in state matters is historic, for she was a woman of unusually strong character. That anomalous expression "new woman" might have been applied to her. She possessed that electric force which dominates the wills of others. She was rounded in form and face, was full of vitality and possessed auburn hair which curled and fell in luxuriant masses over her white shoulders.

The Imperial Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, daughter of Viscount Grandison, was another woman of undoubted charm. Her portrait at Hampton Court, in the Lily Room, as Britannia is famous.

Another notable beauty was Elizabeth Hamilton. "La Belle Hamilton," afterwards Countess de Grammont. She was one whose nose was "tip-tilted," but in spite of it, her long, drooping eye-lids gave her a calm, sleepy expression, altho' it was hardly to be expected. She was the daughter of Sir George Hamilton. Sir Peter Lily immortalized this gracious personage in a fine portrait, which is considered one of the gems of art. Some people, whose historic facts have become rusty, have confused this lady with Emma, Lady Hamilton of Nelson repute, who was painted in so many positions by Romney. "Circe" and the one at the spinning wheel being exquisite pictures. The one of her executed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, entitled "the snake in the grass," is a magnificent work.

In the theatrical world, Mrs. Siddons claimed a high place in the nitch of fame. In a picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds as "The Tragic Muse," the face and figure are full of intelligence and interest.

Then we have Nell Gwyn, "Com-

edian," who rose from an orange girl to a great court lady. According to Frankfort Moore her life was one of pathetic interest. She possessed a face of great attraction.

Elizabeth Cumberland, Lady Cavendish Bentinck, Mrs. Cosway, with her wide-eyed, child-like loveliness, and the Hon. Lady Diana Sinclair, all held high places in the opinion of the powers-that-were as to their charms, the latter figure in the group possessing singular sweetness of expression. In a portrait of her painted by Cosway, R.A., he represents her as decidedly beautiful.

Georgina Spencer, the ever-famous Duchess of Devonshire, is well remembered in the annals of history. The picture by which she is best known is the one in a broad brimmed hat—the Devonshire hat—with sweeping feathers, the introduction of the fashion giving her the pseudonym of "The Duchess of the feathered head." She was the daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, who was the great grandson of the great Duchess of Marlborough. She led the fashion and was the leading spirit at the Ladies' Club. A wonderful picture of this "Fair Queen of the wags" and her baby daughter, Lady Chavish—afterwards Countess of Carlisle—was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

There were two Duchesses of Devonshire, as there were two Ladies Hamilton, who were beauties of vast interest in their different ways. It was Elizabeth Foster, Duchess of Devonshire—daughter of Frederick Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, whom Walpole called "The Mitred Proteus and Court Bishop"—whose famous picture was stolen some time ago and its loss wrapped in such mystery. She took immense interest in literature and all matters intellectual. Gibbon said of her when comparing the two Graces of Devon:—"Bess is much nearer the level of a mortal, but a mortal

for whom the wisest man, historic or medical, would throw away two or three worlds, if he had them in possession." It was also his opinion that "if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his woolsack, in full sight of the world, he could not resist." Her studies were versatile and thus her house was the resort of people of distinction. In the case of both ladies their charm principally lay in amenities and grace of deportment, in irresistible manners."

## II.

When in a retrospective mood and thoughts take wing as far back as our first parent Eve, in imagination, we instinctively endow her with the gift of physical beauty. Firstly, because we naturally cannot conceive any work direct from the hand of God in any other light than that of perfection. Secondly, because the "human form divine" has always held its first place in the bountiful beauties of creation, especially it seems when woman was "new in grace." And lastly, owing to the personal interest invested in her by each one, individually, a feeling of chivalry and vanity, combined with a lingering long-drawn-out touch of family pride rises to prompt us to believe that she was endowed with this divine gift.

Since pigments have been used by civilized man, Eve has been a stock subject for representation upon canvas and has been given, again and again, to the world, according to each interpreters' accepted theory as to what was the highest standard of beauty.

Naturally, the only works known to us are European, and hence Mother Eve has always been depicted as a waite skinned woman, although Adam's name alone might contradict the thought.

Authentic colour of the original, therefore, being but a mere matter of detail too trifling for a master-

mind to take into consideration artists have in the face of their ignorance of anatomy, given Eves by the score to delight or exasperate posterity. Some have been beautiful, but most have signally and pitifully failed, and seemed to have sinned unmercifully against every law of beauty's lines.

Among modern living artists, Watts has given us an Eve, which can be seen daily, in the Tate Gallery, on the London Embankment. Her dimensions are huge. Her limbs being those of a ploughman with the muscles of a gladiator. Happily only the back of the head is visible, or we might justly expect to see a beard and moustache grace the face.

But in spite of freaks of varied taste and often a conspicuous absence of true inspiration, it is surely an undisputed surmise that from her comes the heritage of beauty. Thus, as time has gone on with its ceaseless waves of varied thought and teaching, there are many types left, which have not deteriorated from the great ideal, but have possibly added to their charm of expression, by the cultivation of intellect and from the common-sense views, based on scientific lines, of treating life which has gradually but surely been instilled into the minds of people.

With a vast leap over the vista of years, we find the strain of beauty strongly developed in the later centuries. The varieties and fripperies of fashion peculiar to each era, entrancing the loveliness due to nature and at the same time hiding the disadvantages which may have existed.

This was certainly the case when Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Peter Lely, Romney, Cosway the Court painter, Shelley, the miniaturist, (who produced versions in small after Reynolds), Gainsborough, Kneller and other well-known men perpetuated the fair ones' charms, while at the

same time immortalizing their one great work.

In the eighteenth century, Henrietta, Countess of Warwick, was an exceptionally lovely woman. The present Earl of Warwick—husband of the present beautiful duchess—possesses the famous portrait of her and two children, painted by Romney. It is acknowledged to be one of his most noted works and one of the finest productions of English art. The group is very graceful. Lady Warwick's little daughter, who was as fair in face as her mother, is gazing at her with a face full of pleading and confident love, while her little brother stands aloof, his diminutive figure clothed in the quaint dignity of white "ducks," cut-away coat adorned with innumerable buttons and a deep white collar below his loosely curling hair. This picture gives an instance of the artist's great gift in delineating children.

Cowper said of him,—

"Romney, expert, infallibly traced on chart or canvas, not the form alone and semblance, but, however faintly shown, the mind's expression, too, on every face with strokes that time ought never to erase."

The Rev. Wm. Hayley wrote of the picture in the verses called "Venus' address to Lady Warwick:"

"Sweet model of my chaster power!  
Simplicity and grace thy dower!  
Behold! thy finished portrait stand  
The master-piece of Romney's hand!  
Whom I, with pleasure, taught to  
trace,  
The sweetness of that lovely face;  
Whose smile is so beyond divine,  
'Tis flattering me to call it mine.

'Twas I—and Romney owns as  
much—  
Who guided every finer touch,  
Directing still, with secret hints,  
The form, the character, the tints;

'Twas I, among his pencils placed,  
 One with superior virtue graced,  
 Made of soft down with Cupid's  
 feather,  
 Which all the Graces tied together.

'Twas I upon his canvas spread,  
 The bloom of my celestial red,  
 And fearing time the tints might  
 tarnish  
 Glazed it with that immortal var-  
 nish,  
 Which I so sacred still have kept  
 That tho' the Graces prayed and  
 wept,  
 They could not tempt me to reveal  
 it,  
 Nor for their favorite Reynold's  
 steal it."

About this period Mrs. West's name ranks on the list of noted beauties; but whether she possessed many natural charms, or whether she was idealized by her husband's facile brush at the time when he was president of the Royal Academy, is possibly an open question, as there is nothing worth recording of Mrs. West to make her name famous. She is posed after one of Raphael's Madonna's in oriental drapery, holding her child closely to her face. The picture is very lovely! The memory of it lingers as "a joy forever."

There have been, from time to time, many children noted for their beauty, but unhappily all have not fulfilled, in after life, the promise of their early youth. In many cases it has been most disappointing to see the daintiness grow to coarseness, and delicacy of feature pine away to "characterless neutrality." This, however, was not the case with Elizabeth Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, for it is recorded that "from the days when a child of nine she stood with her little basket at the pumping-room door, timidly offering the tickets for her father's benefit concerts; to those when in her teens she was the belle of the

Bath assemblies, none could resist her witching grace." And she evidently retained the same fascination of beauty through life. A wistful sadness rested in her large dreamy eyes and in the curves of her faultless mouth. She was irresistible alike when young, as when singing in her fresh sympathetic voice in Oxford to the delight of Dons, or when in London to the enchantment of the King. Reynolds painted a wonderful picture of her when she was Mrs. Sheridan as "St. Cecilia," but there is a still more lovely portrait painted by Gainsborough in the possession of Lord Sackville which does not disappoint in one tiny detail. The entire figure of this richly dowered woman being full of grace. In the Dulwich Gallery there is another picture of her, standing in voluminous blue drapery by the side of her sister, Mrs. Tickell.

Lady Maria Waldegrave, afterwards H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, was also one who ranked foremost amongst the handsomest women of her day. There is a beautiful miniature of her in the possession of Lord Waldegrave, being a reduction after the magnificent painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing her in the garb of a widow. C. R. Leslie has said of it, that—"The painting is indeed worthy of its lovely origin, whom Sir Joshua seems to have painted with peculiar consolation and strength; she is in mourning with a black veil over her head." She was the second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole and niece to Horace, who was supposed to have arranged the marriage in 1759 with James, the second Earl of Waldegrave, natural descendant of the Royal Stuarts, who was Governor to the Prince of Wales (George III) and the Duke of York. "Her complexion was of the "nutte browne maide" type. She had fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth and possessed infinite wit and vivacity, making in

all a faultless face and person, most charming in detail." She like Lady Coventry—another beautiful contemporary, who played a leading part in the London world—was accustomed to be mobbed in the park by the inquisitive. The rivalry, however, did not last long, as death removed Lady Coventry and left Lady Waldegrave in undisputed possession of the throne of beauty. Her three daughters, the ladies Maria, Laura and Horatia Waldegrave, were all lovely women, inheriting in full their mother's gifts. All three sisters were unfortunate in their love affairs, but were ultimately married. Lady Maria to Lord Euston, Lady Laura to her cousin, Lord Chewton, afterwards Lord Waldegrave, and Lady Horatia to Lord Hugh Seymour.

Lady Augusta Campbell, daughter of John, the fifth Duke of Argle and wife of General Clavering, was entitled "A St. James' beauty" in an engraving by Bartolozzi, from a portrait of John Hodge Benwell's. Benwell was an artist of great promise, but his career was cut short by death at the early age of twenty-one. He had a peculiar method of combining crayon, pastel and water colour, which was considered most effective. It has been re-introduced of late years, in one instance by McCallum, with the addition of oils, but the combination has been condemned by the powers-that-be.

The Hon. Charlotte Legge, afterwards Lady Feversham, was a beauty of her day and was painted both by Romney and Hoppner. Her part in London life is little recorded and she does not seem to have come to the fore in any unusual way worth remembering.

Jane Maxwell, afterwards Duchess of Gordon, on the other hand, was one of the renowned beautiful trio, with the Duchess of Rutland and Devon, three most prominent figures in political and social life and who

took such a conspicuous part and were foremost in every movement during those stirring times. The Duchess of Portland, too, made a good fourth and well maintained her position with those winsome rivals. The Duchess of Gordon, however, with the Duchess of Rutland, were "The twin constellations" alike of Pitt, the Court of the Tories, during the heaven-sent Premier's lengthened administration." She was born, it is supposed, in 1749, and was the daughter of Sir Wm. Maxwell. As a girl, she is described by a contemporary as being "a boisterous young hoyden, who delighted in riding on the backs of pigs which were permiscuously turned out in the vicinity of her father's second floor flat in Edinburgh." It was characteristic of the girl who could ride a pig in a public thoroughfare that she should, in after life, become notorious as a humourist, a diplomatist, and "a grand manager," like Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. However, her position in life was soon on a more elevated footing, for she married, when young, Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, and was thus translated from pig riding to the wearing of strawberry leaves: and it may be said that one who could keep her seat on a pig could, without difficulty, hold her own in any position in life.

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland were "reckoned the handsomest couple in Ireland," which is loud praise in a land where beauty was and is to be found, on every side for the looking. The Duchess was a power in London, her beauty being an influence which she did not fail to use to the greatest advantage during the racy Wig and Tory controversies of the time. As one of the "Three graces" or the "Beautiful trio," the palm of queen of beauty was awarded to her. And the following lines fully justify the statement:—



“Come Paris leave your hills and  
dells  
You'll scorn your dowdy goddesses,  
If once you see our English belles,  
For all their gowns and bodices,  
Here's Juno, Devon all sublime;  
Minerva, Gordon's wit and eyes;  
Sweet Rutland, Venus in her prime;  
You'll die before you give the prize.”

Lady Mary Isabella Somerset was the youngest daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Beaufort, and was painted when Duchess of Rutland by Sir Joshua. There is a lovely picture of her in the possession of the present Duke of Beaufort and another painted by Cosway. Wraxall also sketched several pen and ink portraits of her. It is said that Sir Joshua made her put on eleven dresses before he could be satisfied as to the one in which to depict her, in the end deciding upon what she herself expressed it, as “that bed-gown.”

In the theatrical world at that period, Elizabeth Farren was at the zenith of her power. Like Jordan and Melton—also Queens of Comedy

—she came from Ireland. Her father was an apothecary in Cork, but getting weary of the art of Esculapius, joined a company of strolling players. His daughter was born in 1757 and known always as “Eliza,” played when very young juvenile parts in Bath. At the age of fifteen she took the character of “Rosetta” in “Love in a Village,” which began the successful career of so many actresses and singers of the time. Leading men in the fashionable world were much in love with her. Her personality was distinct and her talent as an actress, according to Walpole who was acknowledged as a “fine judge of fine ladies,” that she was “the most perfect actress he had seen.” She married Edward, Lord Derby, the twelfth Earl, and consequently bade farewell to the stage.

Sir Thomas Laurence, P. R. A., painted a truly charming portrait of her, but if executed before or after her marriage is not recorded.

*Sylvan.*

*St. George's Square,  
London, S. W.*



## TWO NEW BOOKS.

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### THREE MEN ON THE BUMMEL.

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

*T. Fisher Unwin, London, Publisher.*

THE author of "Three Men in a Boat," "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," and divers other delectable essays and stories made his own public long ago when he was quite a youngster. Now the lightest production from his pen is welcomed by an ever-widening circle of admirers. The latest of his works now before us makes no pretension to importance; it is frankly a very light production, and the fun occasionally far-fetched and farcical; it is not to be compared with Jerome's earlier books.

It gives the experience of three friends on a bicycling tour in Germany, their preparation for the trip and their adventures. The "Bummel," German for a spree, is of the mildest and most innocent character, only one member of the party falls a victim to the seductions of German beer.

Readers of Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad" will naturally compare it with that sparkling and lively production, probably the best extant Tourist's guide to the Fatherland. The two books won't bear comparison.

Clemens has everything in his favor as a joker—an inimitable dialect which gives point, and pungency to such a masterpiece as "The Jumping frog," a reckless play with all that is held sacred; an occasional wild profanity shocking to the elect gives zest like caviare to a large proportion of the children of the world. Jerome is an Englishman. He uses no vernacular; his

humour is largely made up of quips and cranks, amusing incidents racily told, sudden extraordinary burlesque turns of thought.

The first part of the book, describing how two of the adventurers managed their wives. How they finally got leaves from their beloved ones is rather thin and not specially amusing. When at last they arrive on the Continent Jerome gives a lively picture of Germany and Teutonic ways. The much governed country of the Kaiser is satirized, but all in a kindly way. The police regulations in their fearful and marvellous minuteness.—"You must not hang your bed out of window or dress in fancy costumes on the street; you must not shoot the cross-bow on the thoroughfare; even the infantile German cannot in a lawless way make dirt pies or sand castles by the wild sea-shore. Actually, in German parks and public gardens, special places are provided for him, each one supplied with a heap of sand. There he can play to his heart's content. To the German child a pie made of any other mud than this would appear an immoral pie. It would give him no satisfaction; his soul would revolt against it."

The serious view of the Fatherland—the way men dare speak only in bated breath of their Rulers—the grinding military tyranny, the crushing weight of the conscription, is never touched on; all is light and airy, traced with a delicate humor so fine, so everescent at

times, that the reader, like the connoisseur in fine wines, must have the same refined educated taste to appreciate the delicate aroma of its rare wit and grace.

Only on one subject does the author let himself out, the brutality and absurdity of the German student. Duels and then beer swilling, alone seem to have stirred him up to write with fierce scorn and rage against ridiculous exhibitions of savagery and animalism. The absurd English tourists which one meets in Europe are every bodies amusement. Their over-bearing manners have done more to make it hated than all our conquests and our colonies.

In describing one specially absurd English pair, he gives it out that they were actors employed by the French Government, after Fashodo, to go about and personate the British traveller. It made the French laugh—"surely we could never go to war with such an absurd nation."

The Foreign office in Paris lent the pair to Berlin when England raged about the Kaiser's message to Kruger, and the extraordinary travellers had the same effect on the Germans.

One of Jerome's best and truest sayings is about the spread of the English language over the world. Of course all these observations are not really serious. It is British supremacy in commerce and colonization that spreads the language.

Shakespeare and Milton may have done their little best to spread acquaintance with the English tongue

among the then-favored inhabitants of Europe. Newton and Darwin may have rendered their language a necessity among educated and thoughtful foreigners. Dickens and Ouida may have helped still further to popularize it. But the man who has spread the knowledge of English from Cape St. Vincent to the Ural Mountains is the Englishman, who, unable or unwilling to learn a single word of any language but his own, travels purse in hand into every corner of the Continent. One may be shocked at his ignorance, annoyed at his stupidity, angry at his presumption. But the practical fact remains; he it is that is anglosising Europe. For him the Swiss peasant tramps through the snow in winter evenings to attend the English class open in every village. For him the coachman and guard, the chambermaid and the laundress, pore over their English grammars and colloquial phrase books. For him the foreign shop-keeper and merchant send their sons and daughters in their thousands to study in every English town. For him it is that every foreign hotel and restaurant-keeper adds to his advertisement: "Only those with fair knowledge of English need apply."

Did the English-speaking races make it their rule to speak anything else than English the marvellous progress of the English tongue throughout the world would stop. The English-speaking man stands amid the strangers and jingles his gold.

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## THE FARRINGDONS.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

*Hutchinson & Co., London.*

Miss Fowler made her debut as a novelist with great success. "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" gave brilliant promise. "A Double Thread," her next effort, a fantastical idea

was cleverly worked out. The plot was never convincing; every reader felt that the double thread was merely a sort of literary clothes line on which the authoress could hang

her clever conversations and smart hits. "The Farringdons," her latest, is the best of the trio.

Miss Fowler is the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, Secretary of State for India, under the Liberal Government. And one of the ablest Nonconformists in the House of Commons. On the mother's side she comes of a great family of artists and inventors. Thorneycroft the sculptor, is not less widely known than Thorneycroft's torpedo boats. In this book and in her last, the authoress uses a device as old as literature, the 'comic servant and soubrette.' All thro' the "Double Thread" we were entertained by a delightfully humorous gardener. In "The Farringdons" his place is taken far more affectively by two Methodist workingmen and their wives, Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey. Out of many humorous dialogues, we select the following as one specimen amongst many of delightful fun and sarcasm on the author's Nonconformists friends:—

"Well, I holds with folks getting married," argued Mrs. Bateson. "It gives 'em something to think about between Sunday's sermon and Thursday's baking; and if folks have nothing to think about, they think about mischief."

"That's true, especially if they happen to be men."

"Why do men think about mischief more than women do?" asked Elizabeth, who always felt hankering after the why and wherefore of things.

"Because, my dear, the Lord mane 'em so and it is not for us to complain," replied Mrs. Hankey in a tone that implied that, had the *role* of Creator been allotted to her the idiosyncrasies of the male sex would have been much less marked than they are at present. They've no sense, men haven't; that's what is the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," agreed her hostess; "the very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs; and they fancy that they are a-wrestling with their doubts, when really it is their dinners that are a-wrestling with them. Now take Bateson hisself and a kinder husband or a better Methodist never drew breath; yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of Election till there's no living with him."

"That's a man all over to the very life," said Mrs. Hankey sympathetically, "and he never has the sense to see what's wrong with him I'll be bound."

"Not he—he wou'dn't be a man if he had. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at the time, till I says to him, 'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch o' carbonate of soda would set things straight again.'"

Christopher and Elizabeth are admirably drawn characters. They are far more real, more alive than the heroine of the "Double Thread" or "Jack LeMesurier." The only drawback to the book is the beginning; it is like a poor shabby entrance to a fine mansion. The incidents of Elizabeth's childhood, even her sprightly talks with young Christopher are neither captivating nor clear. The real interest in this fine novel begins when the maiden aunts are killed off and the heroine commences her real life as a flirt and an artist. We follow her career with the keenest interest all through her various religions and artistic emotions, her two narrow escapes from matrimony, until she is finally landed in the arms of her most sane and stedfast lover, Christopher.

# IN THE OPEN.

*NOTE.—English, American and Canadian Sportsmen desiring information concerning the Game Laws of Newfoundland, and where to obtain reliable Guides, should write to the Newfoundland Magazine. Postage from the United States of America, 5cts; from Great Britain and Canada, 2cts.—Ed.*

## A SUMMER TRIP.

BY "HENRI."

ONE of the peculiar features of Newfoundland is its numerous lakes and lakelets, all of which, in the parlance of the natives, are termed ponds. In almost every one of these ponds or lakes are to be found myriads of trout, and, in some, land-locked salmon, whilst in others which are connected with the sea may be caught in the proper season that king of fish—the salmon. A large number of the lakes and brooks in Newfoundland have never been visited by fishermen, and it is only since the advent of the railway that the man with the rod and fly has invaded the interior and the west coast and returned well pleased with the result of his fishing.

There are, however, on the sea coast many a brook and many a lake which have not yet been visited by the disciples of Izaak Walton. On the western shore of Placentia Bay is situated Paradise Sound, an arm of the sea, stretching some eighteen or twenty miles inland, and varying in width from two to three miles. Hearing some little time ago that there was good fishing to be had at several places in the Sound, I determined, in company with a chum, to try my luck, and at once proceeded to procure the necessary outfit, transportation not so easily to be obtained, as we had to procure a small trading schooner which would have

to be our home for at least a week and perhaps for a fortnight, and as for the guide, it was a miracle that we got one at all, for at the last moment the man we had engaged backed out, and his place was filled by a half-witted sort of fellow who led us to believe that he knew all about the Sound waters, I had some misgiving about taking Mike, as he was called, but upon being urged by our friends that he, in all probability, knew as much about the country as Bob Spearn who disappointed us, and being assured by Bob that Mike had been often up the Sound berry-picking, we struck a bargain and shipped Mike. We were not very sorry afterwards that we had secured Mike, for although an indifferent guide and apparently totally unacquainted with the haunts of the finny tribe, he proved to be a capital cook and an amusing talker. Imagine us then starting in a small schooner of about 23 tons, our crew consisting of the owner and skipper of the craft, his son and a boy, with Mike, the guide, as a forward passenger, and ourselves as cabin passengers. The day was a fine one in the middle of July, and the wind, which was from the south-west, was very light, so that we slowly stole between Long Island and the Gallopers. Mike remarked "begobs if we don't get more wind 'an dis,

we'll not get in de Sound before next winter."

As we neared the entrance to the Sound we viewed with pleasure its picturesqueness. Far away in the distance we could see the shores of the Sound join hands, as it were, and there apparently the water had a termination. A deep purplish color seemed to hang in the distance whilst the nearer hills were decked in various shades of green. On our port hand, as we entered the Sound, lay Sound Island, not very many fathoms from the north-west point of the Sound, on our starboard hand was Red Head, so called, no doubt, because the strata which protrudes is composed principally of red slate. Mike informed us that it was a grand place on shore, that in the good old days, a Mr. Cook, who then carried on an extensive business in Paradise, had a lovely farm and summer residence in Red Head Cove valley, but the farm had gone to wreck, and bushes and trees now grew where once Mr. Cooks cows held sway.

"Since then," Mike said, "a furin chap called Corry or Currie who talked wus nor a Frinchman, had tried to open up a slate quarry there, but after spinding osheens of money he had gone back to his place in Trinity Bay." I have since learnt that there are excellent slate beds in that locality. Almost a mile inside of Red Head the Sound opens on the eastern side, into a sort of bay called the Southeast Bight, where a small fishing hamlet exists. As the wind failed us we anchored on the outside of this village for the night and were supplied with some fresh codfish, and some cod's tongue's, which Mike fried and served up nicely browned, they provided us with a most delicious dish. After our evening meal the usual visitors came from the shore in their punts and dropped along side. Some surmised we were on a trading venture and all were anxious

to know our business. Everyone appeared anxious to avoid showing their curiosity, and adroitly insinuated questions to obtain the desired information. The conversation would commence with the usual "Good avenin min" and would be followed by "I spose ye cum from Odarin to-day?" Our laconic answer would be "No!" Then, "Hows de fish up west?" "Pretty scarce I think." "Did ye hear if the Peekoes did eny ting wid de fish?" This question was put to find out whether we had been into Burnt Island. "No!" was again our answer. Then one of our visitors impatient for information says "say mister what air ye givin for fish?" My chum answers, "well that depends on the amount of our catch and the length of our stay." This puzzled our questioner, but an observant fisherman who, standing in his punt, leaned over the schooner's rail says "youse a fool Gooldswordy, don't you see she baint a trader!" Just then Mike appeared on the scene, having been occupied in the fore-castle, refreshing the inner man with several "bowls of ta" and no doubt discussing the characters of his employers. Mike's appearance was hailed by all of our visitors with expressions of delight. Every one appeared to know him, and here was a chance to have their curiosity satisfied. Mike was eagerly invited on shore, in fact, they begged him to come, and offered to convey him there. In order that they might be gratified, I told Mike he could go a little later on, when we had made arrangements for proceeding on our voyage. Calling to a friend Mike ordered him to be alongside in hali an hour's time and he would go ashore "for half an hour's jaw." My detention of Mike had an object in view, so I said to him "Now be sure you don't let on what we are going in the Sound for, and if they press you very hard you can tell them we are miners looking for

Croesus." "Begobs then I will," says Mike, "I'll tell em yer looking fur crayses" and off he went. We had our smoke on deck and sat chatting till the stars came out and objects on the shore became dim and undefined.

Turning into our berths shortly after nine o'clock we were rocked to sleep by the gentle motion of the swell which heaves in round the South-east point. When we awoke in the morning we found the schooner under way and stretching in the Sound with a fair breeze of wind off the western shore. During the day we hugged that shore with a variable breeze. Sometimes it was strong enough to raise our hopes of an early debarkation, then it would drop and we would steal slowly along. The scenery was very fine. The eastern shore was a plateau rising in some places to about three hundred feet, but I should think an easy one to travel over, although here and there were small groves of firs and spruces. Mike informed me it was "a grand place fur parridges" and that the boys of Clattise Harbor and the neighborhood hunted over the ground in the fall of the year, as soon as there was a "scat" of snow on it whereby they would be enabled to track the birds. Foxes were also numerous in the neighborhood, and one Dave Hebditch had caught a lot of "illigant" ones there. The western shore of the Sound was of a different character. The land rose almost precipitously from the water to the height of six to seven hundred feet, and was not broken by many indentations. All the shore was well wooded and the breeze as it came from it was laden with the scent of the various trees which grew there. We passed close by the only harbor on that side, which appeared to be a small but safe one. Mike informed us it was called Darby's Harbor and that it was "as nate a little harbor as ever ye saw, yez could moor

to the land an the biggest gale as ever blew could't hurt ye." Only one family was living there at that time. Later on we passed Chandler's Harbor on the east side, where, Mike informed us, there was a pond from which any amount of trout could be caught. As the day was advancing we were somewhat tempted to make this Harbor, but after some consideration, we concluded to pursue our original intention. Towards the afternoon the wind veered more to the south-west and became a strong breeze, before which we bowled merrily along. I thought there was no end to this beautiful Sound as the head of it, or in the language of the natives the "bottom," seemed to be as far off as when we started. Some of the crew said that this arm of the sea was eighteen miles long, some said it was twenty, but I am of opinion it is much nearer thirty miles. However, towards nightfall, we were informed that we were getting near our destination, and somewhere about ten o'clock down went the sails and the anchor was dropped overboard. Leaving orders to be called early in the morning, and after some preparations for our next day's start, we retired for the night. When we were aroused next morning, and had partaken of an early meal, we started for the shore, laden with our fishing and cooking paraphernalia, and soon landed near the mouth of a river which our guide said was the "Blackmore Brook." The spot was an enchanting one. For some distance the ground was level and covered with a profusion of berry-bearing bushes of all descriptions. Here it is, so we were informed, that the inhabitants of the outlying settlements come in the month of August, and later, to provide themselves with enough berries to make their winter stock of preserves. Here grew raspberries, wortleberries of the largest description, cranberries of the wild kind,

the luscious cappalaire and other wild fruits indigeneous to the country. Filbert bushes grew along the banks of the river and appeared to bear well, judging from the number of pods on them. After irterrogating Mike as to the best place for fishing, we discovered that he knew as much as we did, so after a survey of the mouth of the river, we determined to make a trial near by and test our luck. After casting a fly two or three times, we had the luck to raise and hook some medium-sized sea trout, my chum landing a beauty of about two pounds. Eager for better sport than we were getting, I suggested that we should work up the river and explore its possibilities. The river was of the usual description of water-courses in Newfoundland. By the look of its banks a considerable quantity of water must fill it in the spring of the year. Here and there it flowed turbulantly along almost rugged looking boulders, whilst in many places it widen into pools where the water was apparently quite still, and it was in one of these "steadies" that I saw evidences of something that was larger than an ordinary trout. Taking my salmon rod, I tried a cast and had the satisfaction of seeing a bid for my tail fly. Another cast and then a sudden tightening of the line. Whirl went my reel and my work had commenced. Down stream went the fish and then up and around, he was a vigorous one and gave me a good twenty minutes work. My difficulty in landing him was greatly increased by a boulder which was near the mouth of the "steady," and which he tried again and again

to circle, but at length he became wearied, and I got him to a little flat where Mike secured him with a gaff. He was too large to trust to the landing net, being about twelve pounds, and the net rather shoal for such a fish. Chummy, who was in upper pool, had at the same time hooked a grilse which he landed without much trouble. This was the commencement of our day's sport which resulted very favorably, Mike having to make two trips to carry our catch to the schooner. It was fine fishing, but there was one drawback, the sand flies and mosquitoes were numerous. Indeed, as Mike said, "they'd bate the ould boy himself and pick yer bones clane ef yez hadn't a pair ov hands on yez." We had smeared ourselves with a decoction of tar and oil, but these torments did not appear to mind the smell of the tar or the taste of it. They fairly revelled in it, and decorated us with such lumps that we were almost unrecognizable the next day. Amongst our catch in the upper pools were some fine sea trout and a few large brook trout. To tell of our sport the next day, which was equally as good as that of the first day, of the quaint yarns told us by Mike about the bears and the foxes which lived in these woods, and of ducks which were shot by the skipper of our craft, would take too long. Suffice it too say, that our time being limited and the wind favoring us, we, on the afternoon of the third day after our arrival at Blackymore Brook, reluctantly weighed anchor and wended our way home well satisfied with our summer trip.



## THE CAMP FIRE.

BY T. R.

WHEN the hardship and excitement of the day is passed, when the tent has been pitched and supper eaten, then peace comes to the hearts of the campers and rest to their limbs. The spruces seem to crowd in toward the magic circle of light. The red stars of the fire flash up toward the white stars above. The shout of the falls becomes music. The roar of rapids softens to a song.

The campers bring their blankets to the fire and fill their pipes. Old Gabe, the Mic.mac guide, is already snoring, with his feet to the warmth and a corner of his ragged covering pulled over his face.

There is no wind in the woods and yet the shadows waver among the trees. A plover cries. A loon lifts his hooting discord above the voice of the river. An owl goes over like a piece of wind-blown shadow.

"They were hungry to-day," said one of the campers, thinking of the trout.

The other did not reply. He lay flat on his back, puffing lazily at a

battered pipe. His eyes followed the red sparks on their upward flight. His mood was the same as that into which a man is thrown by good music in a dusky room. He remembered all the things he had promised himself in the past and had never fulfilled. It had become so easy for him to sit, like a lotus-eater, beyond the faintest sound of the struggle, letting the battle surge past him without snatching at any of the medals. People had once expected unusual things of him. He had shown promise as a versewriter, as a landscape-painter and as a botanist. To-day he had landed a three-pound trout. That was practically the biggest thing he had done for a year.

"You have something serious on your mind, old chap," said his comrade.

"No, no," he replied, "I was only wondering if we have enough tobacco to see us back to Badger Brook."

The shadows wavered, and the loon across the river laughed like a cynical devil.

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## A FOOT IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY A. R. NEVILL.

HAVE you ever been at Sandy Point—No? Then take Punch's advice to those about to marry and "don't."

The name is descriptive of the place, and when you have added that the sand is fine and drifts constantly, getting into your shoes, your eyes, and your hair, making you think things that are better not

expressed, you know nearly everything that there is to know about it, bar one, and that, that it is a very hard place to get to and a harder place to get away from. It is about two miles from the station, at Seal Rocks, or St. George's, as Bishop McNeil is anxious it should be called, and two miles doesn't seem far to go between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. even

in a sail-boat, which is the most uncertain means of progression known to man. Yet, so it was that 4 p. m. saw me just landing at Ferry-wharf and the express moving off without having the manners to wait for me. Alas! for the lack of breeding on the part of express trains.

At first I was awfully mad and said things about Sandy Point and sail-boats. Then some soothing friend suggested that if I could get leave from head-quarters the section man might "pass" me over the seventeen miles that lay between Seal Rocks and Fischel's Brook, the point where I wanted to strike into the country from the Railway line. A wire to St. John's brought an affirmative, for which I was duly grateful, and as soon as the freight train had passed in the early morning, four mightily amused section men started with us.

The party was made up of an Indian guide, a general utility man, and myself.

We had provisions for four or five days and Frank Paul carried a gun. I had intended to wear a *zevy* short serge skirt for the tramping, but consideration for the feelings of the section men induced me to put on one of greater length and less durability for the hand-car part of the journey.

A hand-car is a very airy arrangement to travel on, and is apt to make a short skirt even shorter. Unluckily rain began before we had had got very far, and by the time we reached our jumping-off place my longer dress had got so wet that I concluded to wear it for the day and keep the other dry for camp.

The "lead" which we were to follow went first through a marsh and then into a piece of spruce "tuck," either of which are villainous going.

"Tuck" or "tack" is the local name for the spuce scrub that grows in the hollows of wind-swept hills.

As a defence in war time, a barbed

wire entanglement wouldn't be in it with "spruce tuck," and I recommend it to the consideration of the council for the defence.

After the second days' walking, my poor boots and shirt bore witness in a vanishing degree to the strength of the "tuck," and perhaps a little to my own.

I began to feel sympathy for the old lady of nursery rhyme fame, who "fell asleep by the king's highway," and whose dignity was ruffled by the scamp who "cut her little petticoats all around about."

Frank Paul, my guide, was evidently impressed, for he said: "When you go to St. John's, and Governor see you, he give you new dress."

The rain that first day came down with such vigor that we had to go into camp at noon. A sheltered nook was found where good birches stood, and in as little time as it takes to write this, there grew under Frank's skillful hand, a jolly bark "camp," with a jollier fire.

I shall always remember the silence of that wood. Absolutely no sound but the splash of rain on the leaves. A few knats went softly about their affairs, and two or three birds of a kind I had never seen before, with slender black legs and long bills, went more silently after them.

The general utility man proved a good cook and was happy in his work. Much happier than he was after Frank had told to or three marvellous bear stories with much circumstantial detail. I suspect that Nicks' acquaintance with both bears and Indians was of the dime novel kind, for as evening came on he delicately suggested, with the greatest consideration for Frank's feelings, that the gun should be handed over to my keeping.

Though I can never understand why people are so afraid of being done to death (it must be so much more unpleasant for the murderer

than the murdered), I took charge of this terrible weapon, which was a single-barrel of very ancient make, with a genuine horn for the powder, and a small bag with some shot and bullets of various size.

The caps, Frank carried in a deer-skin pouch, with a needle and some sinew for purposes of repair, a bottle of Stockholm tar and oil to keep off the wretched mosquitoes, and a bit of "health root," which he seemed to regard as a panacea for all ills.

He showed me the plant afterward growing in a moist wood and it looked as if it might have been gensing, which is also the Chinese cure-all.

If there is virtue in ill taste, health root can be guaranteed as of exceeding value.

Day after day we marched on, mainly through marshes haunted by clouds of mosquitoes.

Mashes in hollows, mashes on hills, where one could look away into the distance in all directions and still have marsh on the horizon.

If any modern Don Quixote wants to do a penance to rival his of the Sierra Morena let him do it on a marsh in Newfoundland.

It is "the abomination of desolation," though I cannot remember that it was spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. Yet these days' tramps had their compensation. Lovely little lakes where Mr. and Mrs. Goosey-gander swam with their young family and croned at me loudly as I sat and watched them, while the men hunted for the lost trail; big lakes by which we camped at night among tall trees, and in the early morning heard the deer splashing off the bank and watched them swim across. Lovely sheltered spot, where the dewberries grew thick, and the bears had left evident marks of their good taste in fruit.

Sometimes by a lake Frank would pick up a piece of wood and laconically remark "beaver," or point to the marks on a sandy beach and tell me how many deer had passed, how

long since, and whether stag or pricket, or fawn and doe.

Towards camping time on Thursday, Frank shot a stag. He sprang out of a gully disturbed by our approach, and as he turned to see what manner of things we were Frank fired. The poor chap set off at a headlong run and we after him, but he soon fell among some fern and lay quite still. While the final rites were being observed I went slowly on and, climbing a little way, sat down near the edge of a small marsh surrounded by trees. Presently out of the wood came a doe with her fawn and fed quite near me. They reminded me a good deal of a Jersey cow and calf in the field at home.

How Frank stuffed himself that night with venison! Every time I woke he was still squatting before the fire, holding a junk of meat on a stick and eating it when it could not be more than half heated through. In the morning he did not feel well, and refused the delicious venison broth that had been brewing by the fire all night.

About 8 a. m., we reached the land of my desire, a lovely valley, surrounded by hills covered with billows of birch mingled with spruces standing tall and straight. At one end of the valley was a lake, on which were several broods of black duck. Out of the lake ran a river over some falls into a basin that promised much. I had heard of this place before; of its extent and the height of its grass. You "could only see the horns of the deer as they passed along." The deer were all right but the grass wasn't, as it only came to the shoulders of those *we* saw in the valley, and was of too poor a quality to tempt the soul agricultural.

After we had viewed the land and had a second breakfast in which Frank was still unable to join, we began to think of our homeward journey. The bread and tea were getting low, as it had taken four

days to reach our objective point, and presumably would take the same to reach Seal Rocks again; so we must move driven by the devil of necessity.

When we were ready to start Frank began to complain that he had "something in his inside." This wasn't to be wondered at, as he had put himself outside a whole leg of venison during the night, even to the marrow in the bones, and had eaten the kidney beside.

He was evidently suffering a good deal, and lay in a sheltered corner in the sun, shivering till his teeth chattered. The man had had several bad wettings, and I had a horrible vision of pneumonia and rheumatic fever, and of our having to depend for grub on my fishing rod. However, in a little he recovered sufficiently to move slowly on, and later that day, we passed through such quantities of fallen timber covered with loveliest moss. It seemed as if the moss, with its green fingers, was doing its best to

restore the glory of life to the fallen trees.

On Sunday we reached the railway track, but at a point many miles nearer home than Fischels. I could have hugged that track, and did all that was possible in that way to Frank Paul's utter disgust, as he wore moccasins and despised railway track for walking on. About four that afternoon we got to the settlement of Flat Bay, and at Frank's suggestion, went to the house of Paul Benoit, where we ate of good bread and good butter, and good eggs and jam, and drank tea with milk in it, that was nectar; and chief joy of all, washed off the stockholm tar and oil with which we had tried to keep off our winged tormenters, the mosquitoes.

The chief joy of camping out is the good taste of things when you get to civilization. I never knew how much I thought of my grub till that beefsteak came before me, in the dining-car, on my journey to St. John's.

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## THE SENTIMENTAL OARSMAN.

(ON THE THAMES.)

HE belongs to an old school of rowing man now almost exterminated by the vast hoard of Cockney excursionists which pours itself with yells, oaths and general offensiveness upon nearly all the lower reaches of the Thames, and by the almost equally vast hoard of members of the Pink Shirt Brigade who frequent the parts less easily reached. He rows for reasons various. For the love of rowing; also because the river brings to his soul a most blessed peace; because he likes to feel the fresh air and sunshine filter through his pores it seems to his very soul; to see the cultered flowers on the smooth-mown river lawns of riparian estates and the wild ones

that blow in the fair meadows through which the Thames carves its gentle way. Also does he love to hear the subtle sounds of Nature's language, so sweet, so numberless and to feel her sweet presence with his every sense. Well does she delight him and he is her most faithful lover—not the butterfly of two warm days. He sees the chestnuts shed their snow of pink and white upon the stream. He sees them clothed in emerald. He sees them in Autumn, when Midas has touched them and turned the emerald to gold; and he loves her in her old age, when the snow falls to hide her nakedness and the rain has brought down the flood-water which

sweeps along the winding river and makes it mighty.

Does my sarcastic reader laugh at the idea of *pink* and white snow? Here in Newfoundland, as the setting sun catches the top of mountains, have I seen snow appear every color in the lights, sometimes rose, sometimes pale yellow, sometimes lavender, perfectly complemented in the shadows. Perhaps best of all is a gorgeous flame-color; an emblem of purity lit by the light of God's warm love, which we may behold from the shadow of the plain, but which blinds us if we dare ascend into the light.

But this is not on the Thames! It has other beauties and divers. Ye strict ones, read not the next few lines, for therein is contained

a confession. The Philosophic oarsman, he sometimes makes his gig his church. While he hears the music of the bells of churches call their hamlets to service, he worships sincerely the Power that made these surroundings so harmonious to himself, with all his heart. And, after all, if he only does himself good perhaps the deed is better for the day, and certainly he is less likely to lose his temper on Monday.

Lastly, after a hard day's work on the thwart, he likes to let the blades lie on the water and hear the sound of curfew rung from some old riverside tower, steal softly to his ears across the placid water, as he watches the sun go down.

*Reginald Fajja.*

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## THE LITERATURE OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

THE richest fruits of incident and imagination are to be found in the records of nomadic man, garnered by a goodly array of poets and historians, travellers and novelists in all ages from Homer to Kipling, Herodotus to Peary. The lover of nature, the eccentric and fine literature, may choose to wander with Stevenson through the Ceveunes, or hobnob with Borrow's gipsies and prizefighters or see adventure in a cruise with Rob Roy. The craving for the sensational drives others to seek the excitement of a Railway Detective story or a midnight trip to Whitechapel—journeys and adventures "alone amid crowds." The serious and the studious follow the perilous discoveries of a Livingstone and Franklin or the more prosaic wanderings of a Darwin and a Young.

These writings have a charm and a value—they have their appointed place in the republic of letters.

They all pale in interest, however, before those works of facts and fiction intertwined, which present us to ourselves, the men-in-the-street (to use a hard-pressed simile) which portray our own daily life on the crowded King's Highway. In modern literature *Dox Quixote*, Tom Jones and the *Pickwick Papers* reach the high water mark on their depiction of movement and life; they stand above and apart from all others in the estimation of the critic and the crowd. These immortal works mirror life in the saddle and on the coach in the days of Spain's commercial prosperity and England's solid well-being. The weird pictures they afford of dead and dying epochs are as valuable to the historian as the canvasses of a Hogarth or a Rembrandt—the form and fashion of those ages live again under the magic touch of Cervantes, Fielding and Dickens. It is hard to realise the immense value of these contem-

porary accounts of life on the road in the last three centuries—the days immediately preceding the advent of the turnpike and the railway. It has been said we know less about our greatgrandfather's life *in situ* than of the daily tasks of the earliest Egyptian peasants.

How long shall we wait for a Le Sage or a Thackeray to see life steady and see it whole for us—to create new characters which shall follow us in our daily rides in bus, and tram and ferry and enliven the tedium of our more lengthy journeys by land and sea! The almost classic pages of "The Tramp Abroad" and the precious cartoons of Keene rise uncalled to the mind, but they fail to completely satisfy us. The sensational travel adventures of the Magazines bear about the same relation to the great works which shall depict the restless life we have to-day, that the marvellous jaunts of Amadis de Gaul do to the tilts of La Mancha's Knight. We may wander aimlessly with Mr. Howells through the Fatherland or vegetate in Paris, we may hurry breathless with Mr. Anthony Hope or Mr. Merriman to the Russia of fact or the Germania of romance, and still something is lacking—these rovers are but lay figures. The new woman, the man with a past, and all the rank and file of retrospective lady novelists and worldly Bishops, come and go from London to Ireland, from garrets to sea side Bohemias and we are listless. We await the Don Quixote and Mr. Pickwick of the steel age; we crane our ears to catch the echo of Sam Weller's voice in a suburban third class compartment; we long to accompany Mark Tapley on his long journeys across oceans and continents. Who will reset these priceless jems in modern settings for us?

There are men and women to-day who deny the existence in our work-a-day world of errant knights and

jesting squires, of benevolent old bachelors and amorous grooms—who see only the banal and the vulgar in the ceaseless movement around us. Trippers to Margate and mourners to Woking arouse in them no sympathy; they fail to catch the enthusiasm of the millions flocking to Paris or the weird battalions marching over the veldt to death and glory. Oh, the comedy and the tragedy of it all!

To most of us at times are granted dim visions of the life around us. The writer remembers witnessing the departure from Liverpool of a Royal Duke. The station was guarded by soldiers and officials. His Royal Highness had timed his arrival well, the train was due to start—a sudden commotion, a man with a bag on his shoulder was forcing his way to the train. It was a battered son of Neptune home from a long eastern voyage, fresh from a tramp, half rations and a crew in irons. For a few seconds prince and pauper alone held that great stage of modern life—the railway platform. The whistle sounded, we sped on our way, the guard dispersed and soon new crowds began to gather, quite unconscious of the little drama just played.

It is wonderful how railways and steamers—the great democrats—weave and interweave our lives and destinies with those so alien to us. Sit some evening at the casement of a Rhenish window and listen to the soughing of the wind through the Wald where Charlemagne hunted the wild boar. The light thickens, we catch a distant murmur, it is lost for a while. Suddenly down the steep bank thunders a streak of light—the express from London to Constantinople. It vanishes and silence reigns again. Another roar, another flash and the Paris St. Petersberg train-de-luxe has sped on its long journey northwards. As dawn breaks travellers come back along that vale from half

the capitals in Europe and mighty engines pound their way up that slope. Day and night, year after year Russian diplomats and Turkish agents, German savants and English tourists, Princes and peasants, mistresses and maids, and all the fotsam and jetsam of humanity pass silently across our paths like ships in the night.

If you wish to see another of these cameleon scenes pick your way thro the motley crowd or some steamer bound for the newer Indies. There an imperious, Haytian, minister, black as night, jostles the newest Rawdon Crawley departing to his governorship, full of vice-regal dignity; there swarthy Portuguese merchants from Demerara and delicate creoles from Cuba eye each other; there well-knit English sportsmen and aristocratic planters from Jamaica stand aside to see Danish and Dutch and French officials settle down to the pleasures of the table. Surely never since the days of Imperial Rome have such discordant elements been gathered into one family. Never were such opportunities presented for the studies of man.

There is another world—a world of pure comedy. Force your way into the crowded compartment of a suburban train, or better still, travel on a bus from Victoria to the Bank. Lucky is the man who rides behind an offended Jehu. Watch how he heads off his competitor, guilty perhaps of some breach of faith or etiquette. Heedless of byelaws and

police he holds his own at every point. A few yards are lost in dropping an old lady, he cuts a corner and is in front again. Merchant and messenger-boy alike neglect their business and stay to see the finish. Chaff flies fast and furious. At last the Bank is won. The hat goes round, Tony Weller wipes his brow and smiles approvingly upon us all, we fade away, the bells sound, the world moves on. Happy the day when Captain Cuttle is there to make a note on't.

These and a thousand similar scenes pass before our eyes daily wherever men and women ebb and flow along the highways of life. How often we are blinded and see them not at the time, but we shall not fail to recognise the mirror when it is held up to man, the majesty of the express, the humour of the bus-vision granted to Turner on the Cornish viaduct and cleared to Frith at Paddington. How vain to suppose that the advent of steamers and trains rob life of its romance. It was in the midst of the busy scenes of commerce and travel, the greatest writers found their inspiration; there inimitable characters were the sublimed essence of multiplied humorous and pathetic incidents and personalities. How much wider the scope to-day, how many more scenes pass us in review, how much harder the task but how much more enduring and universal will be the appreciation the new "Epic of Movement" will evoke.

G. R. F. Prowse.

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### PERCIE W. HART.

MR. HART'S STORY, "Harv. Pelley's Salvages," was published in our July number, and for this month we have obtained another of his yarns of our northern seas. I quote the following sketch from "The Author's Journal:"

"Mr. Hart, best known by his

tales of mystery and the sea, was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on January 27, 1870. He received his education under a famous Latin scholar, Dr. Edwin Gilpin, at the English High School of Halifax. Naturally inclined to an out-door life, he early took advantage of the

opportunities afforded by his father's fishing and trading vessels, making many voyages in them to the fishing banks and trading posts. For some months he was attached to the Canadian regular army in New Brunswick, as a bugler in the Halifax Rifle battalion. Later he engaged regularly in business in Halifax and New York.

"Mr. Hart is immensely fond of canoeing, and living, as he does, in a snug little cottage on the Passaic river, near Newark, N. J., he has unlimited facilities for indulging his hobby. He also has made a number of canoe voyages in Canadian waters, where he has been able to satisfy his penchant for hunting, fishing and amateur photography to the fullest extent.

"The influence of his life and tastes are readily to be recognized in his literary work. Mystery and romance seem to be the natural fields of those writers who grow up among the Canadian woods and waters. Gilbert Parker and Bliss Carman, particularly, are imbued with the spirit of these qualities, and they are not lacking in Mr. Hart's writings.

"His stories may be divided into three classes—tales of the sea, tales of mystery, and tales of ratiocination, or deductive reasoning. One class of stories, naturally, sometimes borders on another. In this respect and in the character of his work in general, Mr. Hart may be said to be a follower of Poe, having, however, a definitely original touch of his own.

"In stories such as the 'Flying Swan,' 'A Tale of Nova Scotia,' etc., he has embodied traditions and legends among the sailors and long-shoremen of his native land with the natural touch of one to the manor born. He is especially ingenious, also, in the solving of inexplicable occurrences, reaching a

plausible explanation of remarkable events by a chain of reasoning simple yet marvellous in its clear insight. He has, too, a rare quality of giving an air of probability to his stories of the supernatural, so that even his friends are not quite certain whether or not he is a believer in the various theories which they propound.

"Mr. Hart, besides his more serious work in *Munsey's*, *Lippincott's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, etc., is a frequent contributor of light sketches in prose and poetry to *Puck*, *Truth* and other popular New York weeklies. A specimen of his lighter work is given herewith:

THE OLD SWAMP ROAD.

"I've hearn folks talk of Broadway,  
End how the wimmin's frocks  
Jest made a panoramy  
For a hull heap o' blocks;  
End haow the glass store windows,  
With colored truck is stowed,  
But it's got to be a purty sight  
To beat our old swamp road.

"'You jus' go through that medder,  
'Longside that piece of grain—  
It do look dry and peaked,  
But then there's been no rain—  
Then cross the county's turnpike,  
To the field that's just been  
mowed,  
And there among the wavin' flags,  
You'll see the old swamp road.

"'There ain't no noisy cable,  
Nor piles of brick and stone,  
But jist a mossy ribbon  
To wander on alone,  
With Lily pads and alders,  
A shadin' of the toad;  
Oh, the purties spot in the hull  
earth  
Is down the old swamp road.'"  
[*Arthur Stedman in "The Author's  
Journal."*]



# GAME LAWS

## OF

### NEWFOUNDLAND.

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#### FROM THE ACT "RESPECTING THE PRESERVATION OF DEER."

4.—No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any caribou, from the first day of February to the fifteenth day of July in any year both days inclusive, or from the first day of October to the twentieth day of October in any year, both days inclusive.

7.—No person not actually domiciled in this colony shall hunt, kill or pursue with intent to kill in any season, any caribou, without having first procured a license for the season.

8.—A license to hunt and kill caribou may be issued by a Stipendiary Magistrate, a Justice of the Peace, a Warden appointed under this Act, or the Minister or Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

10.—Licenses shall be of three kinds: a license entitling the holder thereof to kill and take two stag and one doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Forty Dollars; a license to kill three stag and one doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Fifty Dollars, and a license to kill five stag and two doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Eighty Dollars. A license of the first class shall hold good for four weeks from the date thereof; a license of the second class for six weeks from the date thereof, and a license of the third class for two months from the date thereof.



#### FROM "RULES AND REGULATIONS RESPECTING TROUT AND SALMON."

75.—No person shall catch, kill or take salmon or trout in any river, brook, stream, pond or lake in Newfoundland, between the tenth day of September and the fifteenth day of January next following in any year.

"No net or other such contrivance for the purpose of catching salmon or trout, or likely to bar any passage for such fish, shall be set in Harry's Brook, in the District of Bay St. George, or within fifty fathoms of its mouth."

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Proctor's Cove,  
Bay of Islands,

Balena Harbor,  
Placentia Bay,  
Bonne Bay,

McCallum Bay.  
Port-aux-Basques,  
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"One little fire-cracker eager for a lark;
Two little shavings ready for a spark;
Three little papers in a pretty little blaze;
Four little flames going all sorts of ways.
Five little dry sticks just in time to burn;
Six old timbers waiting for their turn;
Seven great stories full of fire and fright;
Eight burning buildings—such a sorry sight;
Nine big blocks—up in flames they leap;
Ten million dollars in a blackened heap."

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Pantasote Mackintosh materials for shooting coats, tents, blankets, ground-sheets, and all sportsman's equipments, combine the advantages of lightness of weight, of being wind-proof and rain-proof because non-porous, and of warmth because retaining the body heat; are free from odor and unlike rubber, will not disintegrate, or become hard or sticky under any climatic conditions.

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Sportsmen will find white and indian guides for the interior at various points along the line. The trout and salmon fishing on the Newfoundland rivers have delighted the heart of every sportsman who has been in the Colony.

The Caribou are abundant and of exceptional size. A stag of thirty-four points is a common "bag."

For the man with the twelve-bore, Willow-Grouse, Plover, and Black Duck abound.

Explorers and Tourists interested in the undeveloped resources of new lands will find fields for research in the great mining and timber tracts of the Colony.

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