

# *Murphy's*

## *Sealers' Song-Book,*



Mary Mellish  
Archibald  
Memorial

Published by  
**JAMES MURPHY**  
St. John's, Nfld., March, 1911.

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# A. Goodridge & Sons,

*General Importers and Wholesale  
and Retail Merchants.*

*Exporters of all kinds of Produce.*

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AT OUR BATTLE HARBOR ESTABLISHMENT, on the Labrador, Fishermen can be supplied with SALT, COAL and PROVISIONS at reasonable prices.

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## NOTICE.

Section 1 and 4 of An Act Respecting the Preservation of Beaver, passed March 22nd, 1910.

"Any person who shall hunt, kill, or pursue or take any beaver within this Colony at any time from the first day of October, 1910, to the first day of October, 1913, shall, upon conviction, for the first offence, be imprisoned for two months with hard labor, with the option of a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, and not less than fifty dollars; for the second offence the penalty shall be imprisonment for six months with hard labor."

"Any Magistrate, Justice of the Peace, Policeman, Customs Officer or Game Warden, who believes or has reason to believe that any Beaver or beaver skins are in or upon any house, shop, store, wharf, or premises, vessel, boat, or in any package or luggage, in contravention of this Act, may enter upon such house, shop, store, premises, vessel or boat, using, if necessary, sufficient force for the purpose, and search therein, and open and examine the contents of any package or luggage, and should any beaver or beaver skins be found thereon or therein, unless the owner or lessee of such house, store, wharf, premises, boat, vessel, package or luggage, can show that the said beaver or beaver skins have been placed there without his knowledge and consent, the said owner or lessee, upon conviction, for a first offence, shall be imprisoned for two months with hard labor, with the option of a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, and not less than fifty dollars; for the second offence the penalty shall be imprisonment for one year with hard labor, together with a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, and not less than two hundred dollars."

GAME AND INLAND FISHERIES BOARD.

J. W. MERCER, Secretary.

St. John's, October, 1910.

## NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY Broom Department.

Brooms, Hearth Brushes, Whisks.

A large stock of Brooms, Hearth Brushes and Whisks always on hand, and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Style and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a Trial Order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favored with a share of your patronage. All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Supt.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, 1911.

A 16487  
July 24, 1934



## Department of Agriculture and Mines.

The following extract from the CROWN LANDS ACT, 1903, is published for general information:—

### MINERAL LANDS.

Any person may search for minerals and on discovery of a vein, lode or deposit of mineral, may obtain a license thereof in the following way:

- (1) Driving a stake not less than 4 inches square into the ground, leaving it 18 inches over ground; name of person and date to be written on stake. Application for license to be filled with affidavit (see Act for particulars) within two months. Cost of license for first year is \$10 for each location. Subsequent rentals: 1st year, \$20; 2nd, to and including 5th year, \$30; for next period of five years, \$50; and for following years, \$100.

Upon expenditure of \$6,000 within five years, lessee shall be entitled to a **Grant in Fee Simple**.

Licenses for larger areas may also be granted upon terms set forth in the Act.

Further information may be had on application to

**S. D. BLANDFORD,**

**Minister of Agriculture and Mines.**

Department of Agriculture and Mines,  
St. John's, Newfoundland.

## NOTICE.

In accordance with Act 10 Edward VII., Cap. 37, Entitled "**An Act for the raising of a sum of money by Loan for the Public Service of the Colony**" the Minister of Finance is hereby authorized to raise by Loan upon the credit of the Colony the sum of

**Four Hundred and Thirty Thousand Dollars.**

by sale of Debenture Bonds with Interest Coupons attached. Interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum payable half-yearly on the first days of January and July in each year.

**M. P. CASHIN,**

*Minister of Finance.*

St. John's, March 14th, 1911.

# The Nimrod Song.

This song was written the Spring of 1907, when Captain Baxter Barbour was in charge of the Nimrod. She was in the Gulf and had a narrow escape.

Come all you friends of Newfoundland,

Who have a mind to roam  
O'er the wild and stormy ocean  
Far from our native home;  
I hope you'll pay attention,  
And listen to my song,  
To those few lines I'm going to sing,  
It won't detain you long.

It was on the 20th day of March,  
In the ice that we got jammed  
Between the Island of St. Paul's  
And the Shores of Newfoundland;  
The wind blew from the S.S.E.

All mixed with showers of snow,  
And each man packed his clothes-bag  
And from her we did go.

The captain, mate and boatswain  
Stood on the bridge that time,  
Some of her crew were down below  
Provisions for to find;  
It would grieve the heart of any man  
To see us standing so,  
Out on the frozen pans of ice,  
Amidst the frost and snow.

The sea still kept on raging,  
Our ship still going down,  
Until the Providence of God,  
The ice it wheeled around;  
Our captain he stood on the bridge,  
The ice it gave a slack,  
And by the moving of his hand,  
He ordered all hands back.

Some of us tried to board her,  
But it was all in vain,  
The force of ice came bundling in,  
Her decks we could not gain,  
Some of our crew looked mournful,  
On boarding us that day,  
Until the ice it gave a slack  
And we got underway.

Jim Barnell's been our deckmaster,  
The berth that he did fill,  
He climbed the rigging of our ship  
To cut away the sail;  
He cut the mainsail from the mast,  
As you may understand,  
For to make a covering for us  
Out on the frozen jamb.

The ice it broke our quarter boats,  
Likewise our quarter rail,  
It didn't hurt our steaming gear,  
Or hinder us from sail;  
Our captain's been a hero bold,  
A man of heart and steel,  
His name is Baxter Barbour,  
Belonging to Wesleyville.

John Gibbon's been our carpenter,  
The same I will relate,  
Fred Newberry our boatswain,  
Elly Thistle boatswain, mate;  
Our cabin cook, from Carbonear,  
James Poole, it is his name,  
Saved nothing but his cooking seals  
To face the icy plane.

George Snow he was our cabin  
steward,

The same I will pen down,  
Our mate been Thomas Rideout,  
A native of Newtown;  
John Crocker was our forward cook,  
Paddy Murphy does the same,  
And the man that minds the gally,  
Mark Norris is his name.

Success to Captain Barbour,  
And may he soon command  
A better ship than the Nimrod  
And a crew from Newfoundland;  
And may good luck attend him,  
While on the Northern seas,  
And may his big jib always draw,  
Filled with a moderate breeze.

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## Loss of the Regulus at Petty Harbor.

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Ye daring sons of Newfoundland,  
That fear not storm or sea,  
Please hearken for a moment  
And attention give to me,  
While I explain in language plain,  
That filled hearts with dismay,  
Of how the Regulus got lost  
In Petty Harbor Bay.

On Sunday morn, with happy hearts,  
With glad and cheery smile,  
She cast her lines and got up steam  
And sailed from old Bell Isle;  
And as she steamed up near Cape  
Race,  
It blew a heavy breeze,  
Her main shaft broke and left her  
Disabled on the seas.

Mary Mellish  
Archibald  
Memorial

Word from the Cape was soon despatched  
To send without delay  
Some help to shipwrecked mariners,  
Disabled in the Bay.  
The tug John Green then got up steam  
And to the ship did go,  
And got on board a hawser  
The Regulus to tow.

She towed her for about a mile,  
While wind and seas did roar,  
When soon the towline parted  
And she drifted toward the shore;  
The look-out on the tug John Green  
To these on board did shout:  
The port lights on the Regulus  
Did suddenly go out.

The tug boat's crew from that they knew  
The steam boat was no more,  
They knew that she had foundered  
On the breakers near the shore;  
The tug boat then for many hours  
The Bay did cruise around,  
But no sign of the Regulus  
Could anywhere be found.

The tug John Green bore up for home  
They saw it was no use,  
The danger of the tug being swamped,  
She then gave up the cruise;  
And brought the sad and gloomy news  
To friends in St. John's town,  
How Captain Taylor and his crew  
That Sunday night went down.

May God, the Ruler of the land,  
The tempests and the deep,  
Make light the sorrows of the poor,  
The widows left in grief;  
The husband, son and those they loved,  
Most fervently we pray  
For those poor souls who lost their lives  
In Petty Harbor Bay.

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## Around Green Island Shore.

When I first went to Trinity,  
In the brave old days of yore,  
'Twas there I took a stroll  
All round Green Island shore;  
'Twas there I met my own true love,  
The girl that I adore,  
A handsomer little fair maid,  
I never saw before.

I have a staunch a bully-boat  
As ever rode the ground,  
She can beat anything with sails  
From the Horse Chops to the Sound;  
Besides, I have a big Poole gun,  
About five feet barrel or more,  
And 'tis for your sake I'll shoulder her  
All round Green Island shore.

I have a feather bed, a watch,  
Of a new house I've a frairie,  
I'll take you home to Robinhood,  
If you will share my name,  
If Bill Hookey seeks to win your heart,  
I'll leave him in his gore,  
And sail far away from Trinity,  
And the dear Green Island shore.

(To which the maiden replies:)

To wed you, dear Johnny,  
Would be a poor look out;  
You have two very small legs  
Which scarce carry you about.  
Besides you're not able to stand the cold  
Of a cold winter's day;  
I'd rather wed a weasel,  
So, Johnny, go away.

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## When Hayward Pays the Men.

This song was written March 1910. Mr. Fred Hayward is worthy of all the praise bestowed on him by the poet. Its author is Mr. Daniel Carrol, a clever young native of St. John's West.

'This good, when on the breezes borne,  
The sealer's horn we hear,  
To watch the faces of the boys,  
And join them in a cheer,  
As outward bound the steamers go,  
And from the highest crag  
We watch, while in the offing dips  
The barrel, smoke and flag.

'Tis good to hear it in the street,  
"Twelve steamers in the fat,  
And everyone a likely load,  
Rall under boys, at that;"

'Tis good to hear the cheer that rings  
From hillside, pier and ship,  
When slowly up the harbor comes  
The first full bumper trip.

'Tis good, a berth to capture, when  
You thought all chance was gone,  
'Tis good to hold the winner  
In the biggest sweepstake on;  
'Tis good to know your captain is  
The greatest "growler" out,  
'Tis good to hear the barrel-man  
A-down the rigging shout:

"The seals are thick and plenty  
To the windward, Nor-Nord-East,  
There's not another ship in sight—  
An hours sail at least  
Will bring us slap amongst 'em boys,  
Make ready for fray,  
And thirty thousand harps shall fall  
Before your bats to-day.

'Tis glory, when the pelt-piled pans  
Are lifting on our lee,  
And greater glory when she's full  
And battened decks we see;  
'Tis brave, the cheer of manly joy,  
That wakens at the sound  
That helm and engine make that  
day,—  
The day we're homeward bound.

Sing cheerily for the maids we love  
For smiling babes and wives;  
Sing! as our ship thro' seething slob  
Swift and serenely glides;  
Sing, for the waiting mother, sing,  
Sing, too, for the South's first  
"bill;"  
Sing, as the Red Cross flag, for us,  
Is raised on the distant hill.

Ho, for the friendly handshake, ho!  
For the greasy canvas bags;  
Now for the landing, "heave away,"  
While never a sealer lags,  
But, oh, the acme point is reached  
That morn or evening, when  
With joyous shout we clear her out  
And Hayward pay the men.

O hearty, genial, jolly Fred  
With kindly word for all—  
Never across your path of life  
May sorrow's shadow fall;  
A flow of fellowship is felt  
That makes me young again,  
It thrills my soul to stand and watch  
While Hayward pays the men.

## The Ryans and the Pittmans

My name it is Robert, but they call  
me Bob Pittman,  
I sail in the Ino, with Skipper Tim  
Brown,  
I'm bound to have Dolly, or Biddy, or  
Polly,  
Whenever I'm able to plank de  
cash down.

Chorus,—

We'll rant and we'll roar like true  
Newfoundlanders,  
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck  
and below,  
Until we see bottom inside the two  
sunkers,  
When straight through the Channel  
to Toslow we'll go.

I'm a son of a sea cook and a cook in  
a trader,  
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef  
the main-boom,  
I can handle a jigger and cuts a big  
figure,  
Whenever I gets in a boat's stand-  
ing room.

If the voyage is good this fall I will  
do it,  
I wants two pound ten for a ring  
and de priest,  
A couple of dollars for clane shirt  
and collars,  
And a handful of coppers to make  
us a feast.

There's the plump little Polly, her name  
is Goodsworthy,  
There's Joan Coady's Kitty and  
Mary Tibbo,  
There's Clara from Bruley and young  
Martha Foley,  
But the nicest of all is my girl in  
Toslow.

Farewell and adieu to ye fair ones of  
Valen,  
Farewell and adieu to ye girls in  
the Cove,  
I'm bound to the Westward, to the  
wall with the hole in,  
I'll take her from Toslow the wide  
world to rove.

Fairwell and adieu to ye girls of St.  
Kyran's,  
Of Paradise and Presque, Big and  
Little Bona,  
I'm bound unto Toslow to marry  
sweet Biddy,  
And if I don't do so, I'll be shot by  
her da,

I've bought me a house from Catherine Bavis,  
A twenty-pound bed from Jimmy McGrath,  
I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle,  
And then I'll be ready for Biddy—  
Hurrah!

I brought in the Ino this spring from the city,  
Some rings and goold brooches for the girls in the bay,  
I bought me a case pipe, they called it a "meersham,"  
It melted like butter upon a hot day.

I went to a dance one night at Fox Harbor,  
There were plenty of girls, as nice as you'd wish,  
There was one broken-back-ed, a-chawing of frankgum,  
Just like a young kitten a-gnawing fresh fish.

Then here is a health to the girls of Fox Harbor,  
Of Oderin and Presque, Crabbes Hole and Bruley,  
Now let ye be jolly, don't be melancholy,  
I can't marry all, or in "chokey" I'll be.

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## Loss of the S.S. 'Tolesby.'

The S.S. Tolesby was lost January, 1907—Perry the brave man who saved her crew was let go unrewarded. He is deserving of better recognition at the hands of the authorities than he received for doing so brave an action.

You daring sons of Newfoundland, come listen unto me  
And I will sing of dangers that are to be met at sea,  
I will tell you of the Tolesby, that came to grief one day,  
At a place called Little Seal Cove, up in Trepassey Bay.

She left Galveston, Texas, in December, safe and sound,  
With a heavy load of cotton, to Havre, France, was bound,  
And her voyage was uneventful till her course she tried to trace,  
All in a blinding snow storm, when making for Cape Race.

'Twas on a Monday afternoon, this storm it did appear,

On the thirteenth day of January, to you I will make clear;  
When suddenly she struck the rocks, where ships have struck before,  
Some distance from Freshwater Point, near Little Seal Cove Shore.

With twenty-seven souls on board, which did comprise her crew,  
They lowered the boats when Captain Payne gave orders for to do  
Like matchwood they were smashed in twain by heavy seas and knocks  
Which those frail craft encountered by striking on the rocks.

They jumped into the seething surf, and swam towards the beach,  
Which, thanks unto kind Providence they all did safely reach.  
And with the wreckage from the ship, they lit, amidst the storm,  
A fire upon the rocky beach, that night, to keep them warm.

They won't forget that awful night, when they had reached the shore  
With a frowning cliff around them, and the ocean's maddened roar;  
With frozen sleet beneath their feet, and facing blinding spray,  
Shipwrecked at Little Seal Cove, up in Trepassey Bay.

At ten o'clock next morning some fishermen from Drook,  
As down that awful precipice they chanced to cast a look,  
They saw the Tolesby's shipwrecked crew five hundred feet below,  
While brave Joe Perry volunteered that he to them would go.

This gallant, vallant fisherman, that did this deed so bold,  
His name it should be handed down in letters of bright gold,  
None but a noble fisherman such danger would have faced,  
As they lowered him o'er the hillside with a rope tied round his waist.

And now amongst the shipwrecked crew the rescuer he stands,  
With a dozen fishermen above, with strong and willing hands.  
Around the waists of twenty-two the hempen rope he tied,  
And one by one they were pulled up that rugged, steep hillside.

Oh, tell me not of other lands where courage has been shown;  
Have we not got the men to do such brave deeds in our own,  
Where would you find much braver men than those upon that day,  
Who saved the Tolesby's shipwrecked crew, up in Trepassey Bay.

## Died on the Ice Floe.

Tribute to the heroism of Richard Parsons, of Flat Rock.

(The following song was written by P. J. Dyer, a native of St. John's, but now a resident of the United States. The following incident, in which a son of Richard Parsons, of Flat Rock, near St. John's, perished on the ice floe, took place on March 24th, 1894. —Publisher.)

The white, rugged ice-floe came gliding along

On the ocean, with seals scattered o'er,

And the eyes of the fisher-folk sparkled with joy

As it pressed closer still to the shore.

There was sharp'ning of sheath knives and seizing of "bats,"

There was gathering of "tow-lines" in haste;

And the heart of the youth in his teens swelled with pride

As he buckled a belt round his waist.

With hearts light as air they rushed out o'er the ice,

There their "bats" raised a torrent of blows

On the harps, while the keen, glittering sheath knives soon gave

Them the "sculp" they required for their "tows."

In the midst of the bustle the fickle wind changed,

And the ice 'gan to move from the land;

There was slipping of "tows," there was running for life,

'Mong the men of that brave little band.

Richard Parsons of Flat Rock, and his eldest son

(The younger had gone home before),

Were speeding along when the weary boy cried:

"I am tired; I can travel no more."

His garments, brine drenched, were now stiff with the frost,

His limbs had grown helpless and numb;

And the father with anguish untold was o'erwhelmed

Lest the boy should e'er morning succumb.

His own clothing straightway he tore from his back,

And in it did quickly enfold

The shivering form of his perishing boy,

In an effort to keep out the cold.

Then clasping him close in a frantic embrace,

Thro' that dark night he did strive,

By breathing his own warm breath o'er his face,

To keep his chilled off-spring alive.

He recked not of hunger, or cold or fatigue,

With his son on the brink of the grave;

And when found in the morning his pulse was as weak

As the boy he had labored to save.

*This is the Man*

That will give you Low Prices in

ALL DRY GOODS.

**P. F. COLLINS**

East of General Post Office



Kind hands bore them shoreward,  
and still on the way  
Another sad sight their eyes met,  
The form of the younger boy, thought  
to be safe,  
On the ice lying silent in death.

Vain, vain, is the effort in words to  
portray  
The depths of that fond parent's  
love;  
It can only be judged and rewarded  
one day  
By an all-seeing Father above.

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## Seal Hunting Song.

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(The following song depicts the methods adopted and the garb in which the hardy sealers of Newfoundland are robed in whilst treading the ice floe of the North in quest of seals.—Publisher.)

With knife and fork, with kettle and pan,  
With spoon and mug and glasses,  
To shield our eyes from glaring sun,  
And we take our tea with "lasses."

### CHORUS:—

For we are "swollers," toilers bold,  
And we copy from pan to pan, sir;  
With "pelts" astern we shipward go,  
Nor yield to any man, sir.

With sheath and steel strapped to our waist,  
And a stocking filled with bread, sir;  
We leave the side away to stride,  
O'er the icefields without dread, sir.

With a "bat" and a "gaff," and panning staff,  
Surmounted with a flag, sir,  
Away we go on the great ice floe,  
And we never care to lag, sir.

With a "tow line" round our shoulders bound  
Steel "frosters" in each boot, sir,  
To aid us in our hauling to  
The pans that hold the load, sir.

With "harps" to play on Patrick's Day,  
We all take great delight in;  
But with the "hoods" there's no such fun,  
For they're the "devils" for fighting.

Old "bedlamers" we often take,  
Their "pelts" being quite as good, sir,  
As any "swoll" in yield of oil,  
Be he "dog harp" or "hood" sir.

And when we're loaded—hold and deck—  
With "pelts" and plenty "flippers,"  
We leave the floe and homeward go,  
To meet delighted skippers.

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## Eloping Up-to-date.

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The coatless man puts a careless arm  
'Round the waist of the hatless girl,  
While over the dustless, mudless roads  
In a horseless wagon they whirl  
Like a leadless bullet from a hammerless gun,  
By smokeless powder driven,  
They fly to taste the speechless joys  
By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse  
Affords to them the means  
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod  
With a dish of stringless beans,  
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe  
And laughs a mirthless laugh  
When papa tries to coax her back  
By wireless telegraph.

—Motor Record.

---

### THE CUSTOM OF MOURNING

The other day Pat strolled into a drapery shop in the town of A—. He inquired of the assistant if he knew the custom of mourning.

"Yes," he said, "I do. If it is a very dear relative you are to wear black clothes, and if a less near relation a band of black on sleeve or hat, and for a friend a black tie."

Pat considered and then said:—  
"Give me a bootlace; it's my wife's mother."

# Bravery of Pouch Cove Fishermen.

(The loss of the schr. Water Witch occurred near Pouch Cove, Nfld., in 1875; Pouch Cove is distant from St. John's about 18 miles. The Water Witch belonged to Cupids, Conception Bay. The rescuers received gold medals for their bravery from England.—Publisher.)

All true born Newfoundlanders pray  
harken unto me,  
And hear your mesmates tell you all  
the dangers of the sea;  
You all remember Pouch Cove and  
her noble sons so brave,  
Who saved the crew of the Water  
Witch so near a watery grave.

On Christmas Eve this craft did leave  
as loud the winds did roar,  
And on a reef she came to grief not  
far from Pouch Cove shore;  
At a place well called the horrid gulch  
this schooner headed on,  
And in the twinkling of an eye three  
poor dear souls were gone.

Four seamen from the Water Witch  
leaped when they heard the  
shock,  
The rest belonged to that doomed ship  
were huddled on a rock;  
To wait for hours midst hail and  
showers as loud the seas did  
dash,  
And see their schooner smashing  
'gainst the cliff with awful crash.

The Pouch Cove fishermen to a man  
turned out that fearful night,  
To think upon those poor dear souls  
it was a fearful sight;  
And still to make the scene more sad  
—poor females numbed and cold,  
Were waiting to be released by these  
brave heroes bold.

Punts, rhodes and lanterns soon were  
brought by kind and willing  
hands;  
The shrieks of females in distress our  
fishermen couldn't stand,  
And now who'll face the horrid gulch  
six hundred feet or so,  
To save those souls half dead with  
cold who waited down below.

Brave Alfred Moores, a Pouch Cove  
man, I'll take the lead he cried,  
While around his waist strong hem-  
pen ropes with heavy knots they  
tied;

Whilst strong men stood on the hill  
top to lower him o'er the cliff,  
To dash one hero down below 'neath  
blinding snow and drift.

Three times they swung him in the  
dark through blinding snow and  
cold,

Before his feet could find a place to  
give him any hold;

At last he found a resting place just  
'neath a shelving stone,

Where he could see those souls below  
and hear each dismal moan.

To save this lonely shipwrecked crew  
his heart was filled with hope,

As six more brave Pouch Cove fisher-  
men like heroes man the rope;

And soon a small hand line, brave  
Moores, he quickly did lower,

Till all the Water Witch's crew were  
landed safe on shore.

But hark, and then a scream is heard,  
the people get a shock,

This time it is a female left standing  
on the rock;

Then Alfred made another dash  
whilst angry seas did roar,

And brought that woman in his arms  
in safety to the shore.

The news was soon in town next day  
about the Water Witch,

The whole community got a shock—  
the poor as well as rich;

The Governor soon sent home words  
in letters bold and grand,

To tell the pluck of fishermen that  
live in Newfoundland.

The Humane Society of Liverpool did  
very soon send here,

Gold medals for our fishermen that  
never knew no fear;

The Governor's lady pinned them on,  
those medals rare and rich,

The Pouch Cove men who saved the  
lives on board the Water Witch.

So here's success to our brave men  
who risk in storms or breeze,

Their precious lives for saving souls  
who venture on the seas;

May peace and plenty be their lot, this  
true and sterling band,

Brave Alfred Moores and all the rest  
belong to Newfoundland.

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Insurance Policies against Loss or Damage by Fire  
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**BOOTS and SHOES**

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OUR PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT is fitted with the most modern appliances for Compounding Prescriptions. Only Drugs that are absolutely Pure are used.

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Ask your Grocer for  
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**PORK and BEANS**  
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Water Street, St. John's, Nfld.

General Importers and Exporters

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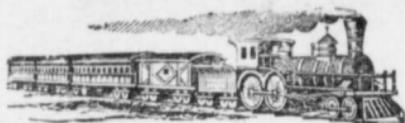
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