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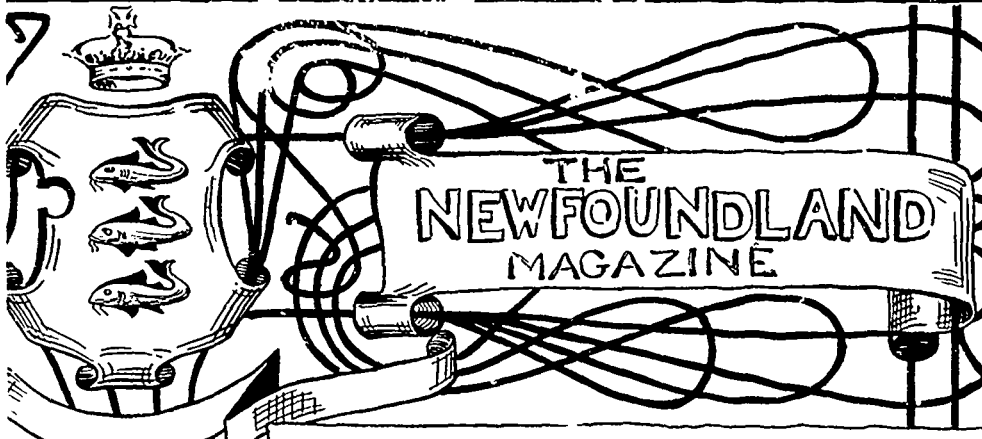
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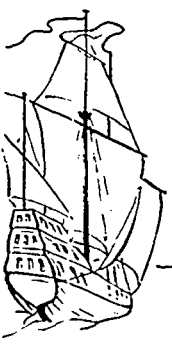
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JULY 1900



Published by the U.W.O. in St. John's, Nfld.

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# THE NEWFOUNDLAND MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1900.

No. 1.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Sir Henry McCallum, K.C.M.G. . . . . <i>Illustrated</i> . . . . .	D. W. P. . . . . 2
Newfoundland's Chief Town . . . . .	" .. P. T. McGRATH . . . . . 7
The Dead Fisherman (verse) . . . . .	" .. THEODORE ROBERTS . . . . . 13
An Island, with some of its humours. " . . . . .	.. D. W. PROWSE, L.L.D. . . . . 16
At the South Pit, (story) . . . . .	A. B. DEMILLE, . . . . . 21
The Poet's Hell, (Verse) . . . . .	GEORGE EDWARD . . . . . 25
At the Gangway (story) . . . . .	MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE 26
Says Sergeant-Major Morse (verse) . . . . .	PERCIE W. HART . . . . . 32
<b>" IN THE OPEN."</b>	
Bear and Caribou . . . . .	R. L. MARE . . . . . 33
The Call (verse) . . . . .	T. R. . . . . 39
The Stranger in a Strange Land . . . . .	REGINALD FAIJA . . . . . 40
Song . . . . .	RICHARD LeGALLENNE . . . . . 43
Song . . . . .	ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD 43
Harv Pelley's Salvages (story) . . . . .	PERCIE W. HART . . . . . 44
The Trail of the Loup Garou (story) . . . . .	BERTRAM NORTH . . . . . 50
Our Timber . . . . .	C. M. WHITE . . . . . 53
That Night . . . . .	R. K. F. . . . . 56
"Unto Death" (story) . . . . .	WILL S. FREW . . . . . 57
A Trip with the Dominion Bridge Builders . . . . .	W. J. HIGGINS . . . . . 62
<b>" THE LADIES "</b>	
Elizabeth Barrett Browning . . . . .	CONSTANCE AYLRARD . . . . . 64
Note . . . . .	. . . . . 67
The Right Sort . . . . .	. . . . . 67
Genesis of the French Shore Question in Newfoundland. THE HON.	
E. P. MORRIS, Q.C., MEMBER NEWFOUNDLAND CABINET . . . . .	69

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NOTE.—Owing to the importance of The Hon. E. P. Morris's article on the French Shore Question, an article on Music, by Peter LeSeuer, Mus. Bac. (Oxon); a story by C. G. D. Roberts, F. R. S., etc., and our English Letter have been held over.—ED.





**SIR HENRY EDWARD McCALLUM, R.E., K.C.M.G.,**  
GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE

# NEWFOUNDLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

JULY, 1900

No. 1

## SIR HENRY EDWARD McCALLUM, R.E., K.C.M.G.

AS a general thing, the Governor of Newfoundland is not encircled with that halo of glory which surrounds the renowned Governors of North Carolina and South Carolina. The advent of a new ruler to the ancient and loyal colony does not materially augment the gayety of nations, nor his departure interrupt the harmony of the terrestrial sphere. So far our rulers have been highly respectable officials, but with the notable exception of the late Sir John H. Glover, G.C.M.G., wholly unknown to fame outside their immediate surroundings.

When Sir Henry McCallum was appointed we were all rather astonished to find that so much notice was taken of the new administrator.

The English service papers were full of interesting paragraphs. All with one accord referred in the highest terms to the new Governor's professional ability and his distinguished career; all seemed to regard his occupancy of the governorship as a mere temporary thing until he could recover his health sufficiently to resume his more important work as an engineer on the fortifications of Hong Kong and the Straits Settlements. From these notices Newfoundlanders for the first time learned that their new ruler had already done splendid work, and his future as one of the most brilliant scientific men in the service was a matter of deep interest. Sir Henry was born at Yeovil in 1852,

of military ancestry on each side of the house, both his father, his mother's father, and his wife's father belonging to that distinguished corps, the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

A glance at his career fully justifies all the laudatory notices in the British service journals.

Sir Henry is none of your wooden warriors. He is a thoroughly all-round man, a scientific soldier, fit to go anywhere and do anything, — able to build a bridge, construct a railway and telegraph line, run the locomotive, repair it, and work the electric wires, survey a new territory and administer a British sphere of influence either in Africa or the far East. He has had plenty of service in the field with the fierce Malays at Pahang, where he quelled one of the constantly recurring native outbreaks, and in the Hinterland of Lagos. He began his life as a soldier at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. His record is unique; the only one that we know of that can be compared with him in phenomenal brilliancy as a student is Captain Grenfell, R.N., formerly a partner with Armstrongs. Young McCallum literally swept the college of prizes, coming out first of the whole batch of fifty-two cadets in 1871, winning besides the Pollock medal, and later on the coveted distinction of the Fowke medal in 1874.

For a young engineer his appointments



were remarkable. At twenty-two he was made superintendent of military telegraphy for the whole southern district of England. In 1874 he filled the important position of private secretary to one of the most brilliant and successful of our great colonial rulers and engineers, Sir William Jervois. His selection for this coveted post was due altogether to his great reputation. He was chosen as the best skilled young engineer of the day to aid Sir William in the work of fortifying Singapore. His chief had been the adviser-general to the British government in the defence of the Empire, Secretary to the Imperial Defence Committee, and well known as the prime mover in all that has been effected of late years to guard greater Britain from the enemy.

For two years Sir Henry was the great viceroy's right-hand man, not only in the construction and planning of great defensive works, but in the still more difficult task of controlling the fierce belligerent natives. A great American author and traveller, Poulteney Bigelow, who went from the Philippines to study English rule in the Straits Settlements, says, "The rule of the English over the immense country is the most wonderful exhibition of the Briton's capacity to govern a wild, turbulent population. Nothing gave me such an idea of England's mighty power and the high character of her officials as the spectacle of one English resident placed here and there amongst thousands of these fierce Malays, without a force either of guards or soldiers, ruling in the most orderly manner, over countries each as large as a small European kingdom." No one contributed more to this most desirable state of affairs than young Captain McCallum and his able chief. For these two eventful years there was plenty of both fighting and engineering. Several times Sir Henry was mentioned in despatches, and received the Perak medal and clasp for brilliant service in the field. In 1877 there was promotion, and the important post of superintendent of the great admiralty works at Hong Kong was conferred upon him. Laboring there most successfully for two years, he was next sent back to complete the defence of

Singapore, and with the exception of two years at the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich, 1879 to 1880, the rising young officer's employment from this time forward was in Singapore and the Straits Settlements.

From deputy engineer in 1880 he rose to be full colonial engineer, surveyor-general of the whole colony, member of both the executive and legislative councils, commandant of the Volunteer Artillery, and in 1891 special commissioner to suppress an outbreak at Pahang.

In 1897 Sir Henry was appointed to the governorship of Lagos. In this difficult and dangerous post he showed all his eminent qualities both as a soldier and administrator. For the energy and capacity he displayed in ruling the colony and frustrating an insidious attempt of the French to encroach on the Hinterland he was in 1898 created K.C.M.G., having been previously decorated with the C.M.G. for his work at Hong Kong.

The deadly tropical climate, the white man's burden of malaria, fever, and dysentery, has to be borne by every European in West Africa, and after a year's hard work Sir Henry had to be invalided home in the autumn of 1898. The vacant post at Newfoundland was conferred upon him, with the hope that in the colder insular climate he might recuperate and return to his life work as the organizer of imperial defence in the far East.

In his new role as a constitutional governor of a colony Sir Henry has been a success. On the social side of his new environment he is a model ruler; his courtesy and attention to his guests at Government House are unremitting. Each visitor goes away impressed with his kindness and the deep interest he manifests in all that concerns the welfare of Newfoundland. In his public capacity, presiding at public meetings, opening the Legislature, laying the foundation stones of public buildings, one recognizes at once the ready-witted man of affairs, the good speaker with the happy knack of saying the right thing, but over and above these functions, which are more or less ceremonious, the governor has shown on more than one occasion his genuine honest desire to benefit Newfoundland. *D. H. P.*

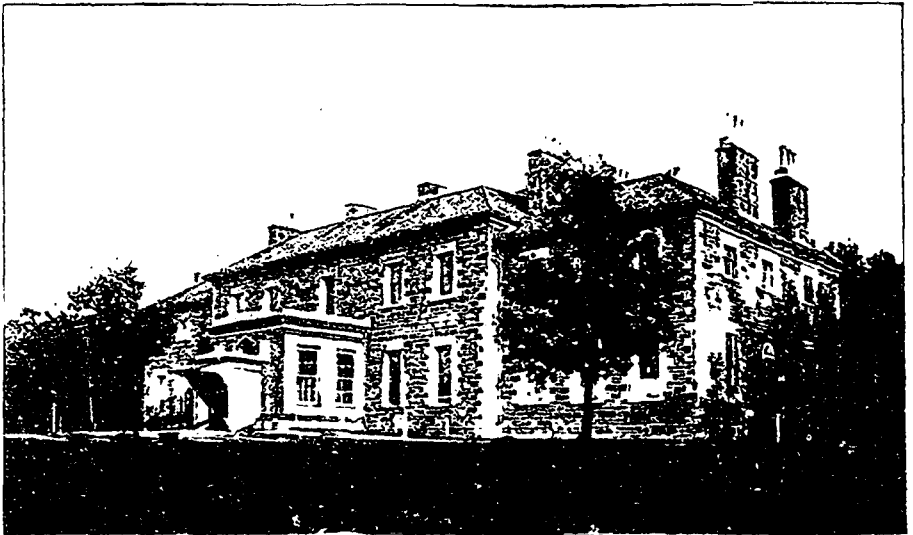
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## NEWFOUNDLAND'S CHIEF TOWN.

**T**O the tourist, the sportsman, the artist, the health-seeker, the historical student, or the blasé "globe-trotter" St. John's offers attractions which few cities combine in such a satisfactory manner. It is the capital of England's oldest colony. It is a centre whence can be reached in a few hours splendid streams and lakes which are the joy of anglers, grouse moors free to all, and caribou barrens, where these noble deer are found in thousands. It abounds in scenes to inspire the artist's brush or pencil, the environs presenting every variety of picturesque scenery. Its salubrious climate in summer renders it an ideal location for the invalid. That France and England struggled for its mastery for nearly three centuries indicates that many incidents will be found in its history for that period well worth perpetuating in some historical record. Its remoteness and isolation

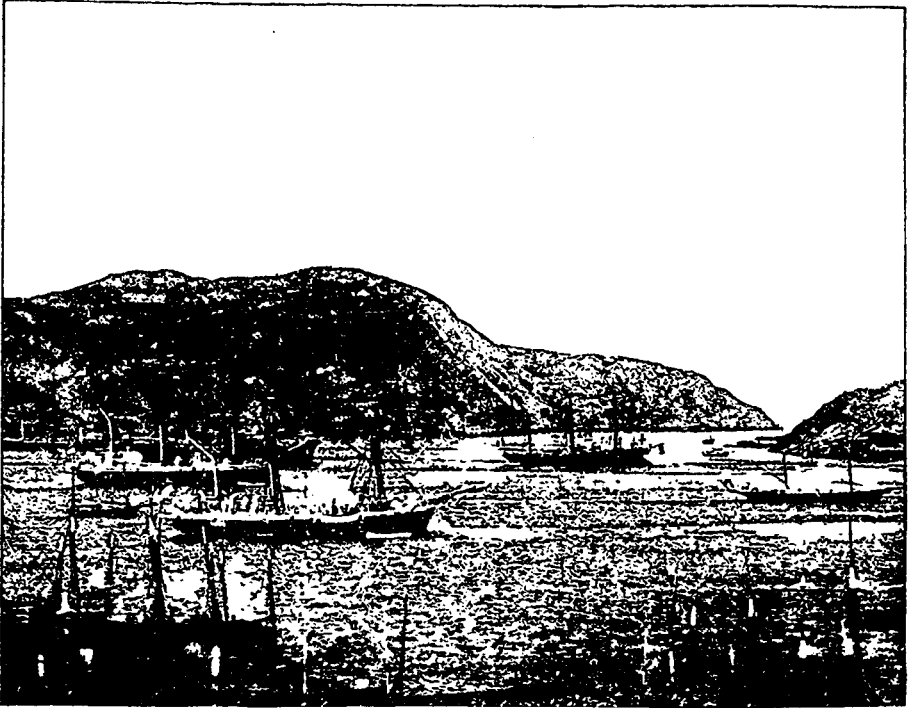
make it an irresistible temptation to the sightseer in search of "fresh fields and pastures new" who has even the crudest information as to its advantages in these respects.

Its early history is romantic in the extreme. Discovered by Cabot in 1497, its settlement may be said to have begun with the day he entered its harbor. The waters around the coast and the great submarine Banks, some seventy miles to sea, teemed with codfish, and ere many years English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese fishermen were making their way to this new region every spring, returning to their own ports in the autumn with their rich freights of fish, then of great value, especially in the Catholic countries. St. John's then meant Newfoundland, and for nearly a hundred years no European country claimed the place, though the English fishermen outnumbered all com-



ST. JOHN'S HARBOR, FROM SIGNAL HILL.

Photographed by Parsons.



*Alert (Br.)      Joly (Fr.)      Fronde (Fr.)      Columbine (Br.)*  
*Comus (Br.)      Buzzard (Br.)*

FRENCH AND BRITISH FISHERY PROTECTION SQUADRONS IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOR.

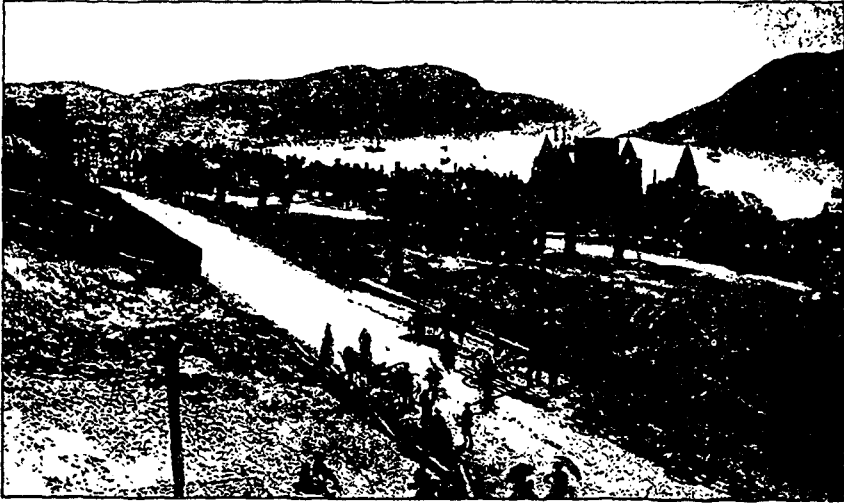
petitors, the French ranking next. In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert set up Queen Elizabeth's standard in the port, in the presence of the fishing skippers of these several nations, and made formal proclamation that it was henceforth English territory. The authority of the Crown, however, was but nominal until well into the next century. By this time the fishery, as far as England was concerned, was centred in the hands of merchant-adventurers from the west country, who fitted out and maintained large fleets of ships to engage in it. Apprehensive of competition, they secured the passage of laws dividing up the coast into plantations to be apportioned among them. The resident population, then a few hundred people, were ordered to be removed from the soil, and it was forbidden any person to winter on the island under pain of death. It was to be a mere summer fishing station; every shipmaster had to

give bonds to bring back each autumn all the men he took out in the spring, and no women were to be taken there on any pretext. The captain of the first fishing vessel arriving was admiral for the season, the second was vice-admiral, and the third rear-admiral, and this was the only judicial machinery provided by the English council for the maintenance of law and order among some thousands of fishermen.

The pirates and privateers of the period frequently harassed the town, and the changing fortunes of war saw it pass into different hands. De Ruyter, the famous Dutch sea-rover, took it in 1676, and though the English soon regained possession, it fell into the hands of D'Iberville, the French freebooter, in 1697. For the next twenty years it was a bone of contention between the two nations, the French having it one year and the English the next. Such a state of things

caused constant irritation in England, and in 1727 it was decided to supply it with an adequate garrison, a naval captain, named Osborne, being appointed as the first governor. French aggression was thus stayed until 1762, when the French again made a descent upon it and captured the town and forts, but Sir William Amherst recovered it within a few months, since which time it has remained in the undisturbed possession of England.

parallel of latitude. Northward and nearer would stand out the green shores of Ireland, only one thousand seven hundred and sixty miles away, a bare three days' run for a modern ocean greyhound. It is the dream of every Newfoundlander, and one by no means unlikely of realization, that in the near future the transatlantic passage will be made by way of Newfoundland. The ocean trip will be reduced to three days; the discomforts



ST. JOHN'S AFTER THE FIRE OF '02.  
(Ruins of Anglican Cathedral in foreground.)

During the American War of Independence, and again in 1812, the port was the rendezvous of the British fleets, and many a prize was brought in, and all through the stormy period when Napoleon was the great shadow over Europe it served a like purpose. At all times it was a shelter port for shipping in distress upon the Atlantic, and in the days prior to the laying of the Atlantic cable it was the centre from which the news of one continent was disseminated to the other. It is the most eastern town in the New World, and if the vision could be projected sufficiently far, an observer standing on the summit of the hills which enclose the harbor would see before him the sunny slopes of France, the mouth of the Loire, and the city of Nantes, which lie on the same

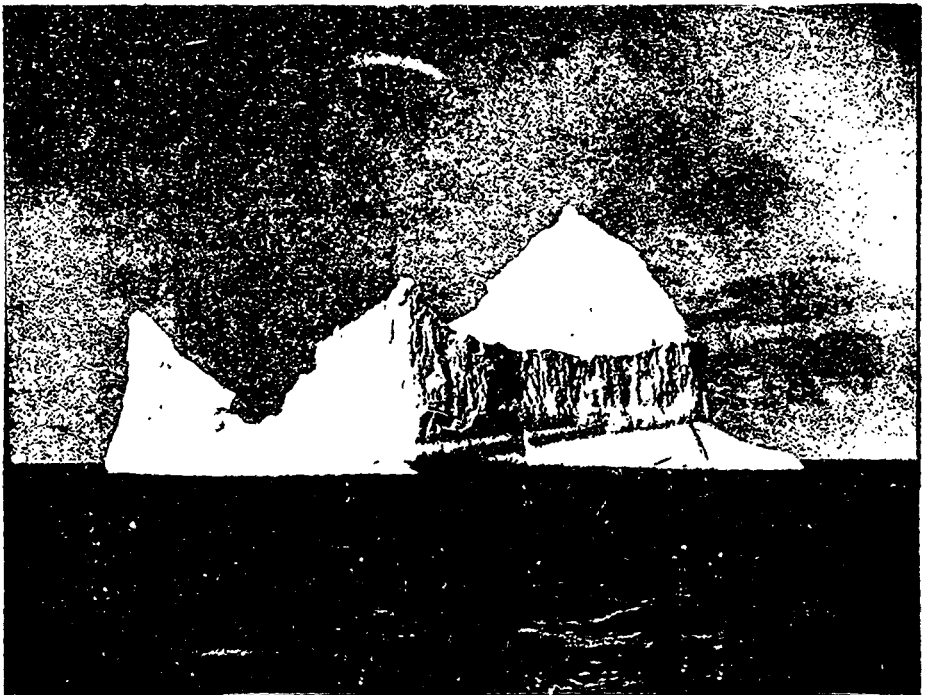
incident thereto will be minimized; and trams and ferries will hurry the traveller to his destination with the accompaniments of ease and luxury now lavished upon these vehicles of transportation. Forty years ago a line of steamers ran from Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, to St. John's, and while no means then existed for completing the trip by rail, the experiment served to show that here was the idea which some future genius should give concrete expression to by providing connecting lines of rail and steamers which would embody every improvement calculated to expedite travel between the two worlds.

St. John's stands to-day an eloquent testimony to the indomitable spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race. The fishing settle-

ment of past centuries remained little better than that until the year 1800. Only then was a road built outside its limits; only then was a grammar school established; only then was the Catholic religion recognized. Misgovernment, oppression, injustice, intolerance — all failed to crush the spirit of the people, though the growth of the place was immeasurably retarded thereby. Disasters of various kinds also proved impotent in preventing its advancement. The town was four times devastated by fire in this century — in 1816, 1818, 1846, and 1892; but each time it was rebuilt on a larger and more pretentious scale. The fire of 1892 occasioned a loss of \$20,000,000, only one-fourth of which was covered by insurance, and yet to-day the town is more substantially built and more prosperous than ever. Similarly, it withstood commercial collapse in 1816, 1840, and 1894, and likewise the ravages of cholera in 1854.

To-day it boasts a population of thirty thousand, all of British stock, and a com-

merce unequalled for a town of its size. It is, as it were, the clearing-house for the whole island. The great fish merchants, descendants of those who originally controlled the industry, are established in St. John's, which is, indeed, practically the sole town in the colony. The fishery is directed from here; the fishermen obtain their outfits and barter their catch here; the dried cod are shipped to market from here; the annual seal-hunt is prosecuted from here, and the oily harvest is handled at the city wharves. Almost all the colony's imports — food, clothing, fishing requisites, etc. — enter this port and are distributed to all the fishing hamlets around the coast, and every minor industry or factory is established within the city limits. Hence it is clear that it must be a busy, bustling, commercial centre, with active, keen-witted business men, hundreds of trades-people, and hosts of operatives, fishermen, and laborers. When the sealing steamers are outfitting in the early days of March, during their return



ICEBERG OFF ST. JOHN'S "NARROWS."

Photographed by Parsons.

in April month, when the cod-fishers arrive in May for their supplies, and during the fall when they return to "square up," the business centres are alive with stalwart fishermen, and hundreds of fishing schooners are at anchor in the harbor or discharging their fish at the merchants' wharves.

The churches, colleges, and such like institutions are unusually fine for a city of this size, and probably nowhere is religion more zealously practised and education more sedulously promoted. The public buildings are equally creditable, for being the seat of the colonial government, all the important departments are housed here. Newfoundland has never joined the Canadian federation, and the British system of colonial autonomy is seen in all its completeness, if in miniature, in St. John's. In the harbor are the British warships which protect the fisheries, the governor is a British official, and the Executive Ministry and two Houses of Parliament are modelled on their British prototypes.

Codfish is now ceasing to be the badge serving to identify St. John's. Though that industry still retains its early vigor, and the ocean teems with as great an abundance of the lordly cod as in the days of Cabot, other avenues are opening up, and commercial enterprise finds an outlet in new directions. The building of a railway disclosed to us that we had a country of great latent wealth, and the coming of Mr. Reid, the millionaire railway contractor of Montreal, enabled us to inaugurate the development of these resources. While twenty years since there was not a locomotive in the island, St. John's is now the centre of a railway system



FISH "MAKING" OR DRYING.

some six hundred miles in length, cutting the interior in two, traversing the mineral belts, the arable areas, and the forest lands, and bringing into close touch with the capital the remotest coast settlements. The railroad tops the great bays north and south, which eat into the mass of the island. On these bays are steamers which connect with every hamlet, and there is daily communication between St. John's and every mile of the seaboard. Nor is this all. A fast steamer, the "Bruce," forms the link between our railway system and that of the Intercolonial at North Sydney, Cape Breton, and daily traffic is thus maintained between the colony and all parts of Canada and the United States.

The completing of the railway and perfecting of these communications will enable St. John's shortly to take rank as a leading tourist resort. Hitherto its isolation was its chief drawback, but that has now been removed. To-day the visitor can reach here as readily as he can any of the favorite and much-heralded regions of the western continent, while the variety and entertainment provided for him will be much greater. The city of Quebec is visited by thousands of tourists every summer, and St. John's has attractions not inferior to it. Here are to be seen old forts antedating those of that city. Every hill is crowned with its crumbling bat-



teries, many a hard-fought battle was waged on the ground now given over to the grazer or husbandman in the environs, and relics of the French occupation are dug up with many an excavation. Nature in her most yielding mood has lavished upon the suburbs her most beautiful scenery, while every stream yields a bountiful basket of plump trout. A little farther away salmon may be got, sometimes reaching thirty pounds weight, and cod-catching with the hardy fishermen from the coves near the town is always to be had. The delights of grouse shooting or deer stalking are not to be told in the limited compass of this article, but it can safely be said that not even the most exacting sportsman need go away unsatisfied. The visitor to St. John's can make his plans to reach any part of the island he desires, can obtain guides and bearers at low rates, and can enjoy every form of sport the island offers, without any charge or limitation, save in the case of caribou, where a license fee is exacted, and the number to be killed is prescribed. From St. John's also can be reached the remote Labrador peninsula, the rugged, picturesque scenery of which will more than pay the visitor for his trip, not to speak of the pleasure afforded by the spectacle of the mighty icebergs floating southward from their Arctic homes, a feature of the marine panorama which is never absent during the summer months when the route would be open for tourist travel.

The future of St. John's cannot but be a successful one. The expansion of its commercial and trade relations is steadily increasing. The establishment of labor-giving industries grows apace. The mining, lumbering, and pulp-making enterprises which are being set on foot in the interior will materially promote its prosperity, as it must be the depot whence their supplies will be drawn. Bell Island, eighteen miles distant, is the seat of the great hematite iron deposit from which the Dominion Steel Company obtains its stores of raw material for the smelting works at Sydney. Fully three thousand men are employed there this summer, and with such conditions reproduced in four or five different localities it is not difficult to realize what benefits must accrue to the

metropolis. Tourist travel, too, is on the increase. To accommodate it a palatial hotel is being erected. Other hotels will be built at suitable points along the railway line, and every facility will be provided for the comfort and entertainment of visitors. With the daily communication provided by the railway and "Bruce" service, the frequent steamer connections with Europe and America, and the steamers skirting the coast and running to Labrador, there is every inducement for the tourist, while no portion of the island is beyond access by the sportsman. The British Admiralty will probably convert the port into a naval station ere long, fortifying it and providing a suitable garrison. One of the lessons of the existing war is that Great Britain needs more coaling stations along the great trade routes, and the strategic position of St. John's clearly points to it as being one of the ports to be used for such a purpose, particularly as it can be so easily defended and has the largest dry-dock in America. All these agencies will combine to enhance the city's prominence and welfare, to make it a greater attraction for strangers, and to give it a recognized position among those coast-towns which play such a part in the maintenance of Britain's maritime supremacy.

Those of the leisured class can make no mistake in visiting St. John's. The people are kind-hearted, genial, and hospitable, their pleasures are simple, and their lives marked more by conflict with nature's obstacles than the carking cares of larger communities. The fishing villages, seemingly hundreds of years behind the times, are found but a mile or two from the city streets, and the electric trams will set one down at the fisher's cot, where a pair of dogs form the motive power for conveying his catch to market. No greater contrasts can be found anywhere, no more enticing scenes can tempt the sightseer, no more agreeable or interesting people can charm the visitor accustomed to hackneyed situations in this respect. From no region accessible at such small cost can the sportsman take away such a bag of game, and no recreation will prove as fruitful of benefit to the nerve-shaken dweller in great cities as a visit to St. John's. *P. T. McGrath.*

## THE DEAD FISHERMAN.

**H**E knew God's wonders! Now let him rest,  
With the toil-worn hands on the fearless breast.  
The fish come into the silver bays,  
And the red sun goes to the west.

But never again with the wind and the tide  
Will he swing out from the harbor side;  
Never again will he see the boats,  
And the "flakes" where the fish are dried.

He knew God's wonders — the fog and the wind,  
And the clear, clear sun with the smoke behind,  
And the loud-mouth billows that chase the fleets,  
And the little winds that are kind.

In grief and hunger he tacked and veered;  
Famine and greed were the things he feared;  
But now he craves nor food nor drink  
Since the last black cape is cleared.

Bread, nor drink, nor love, nor ease,  
Trouble him now, though the summer seas  
Lift to look at his still, dark face,  
And offer him all of these.

The gulls swerve over the laughing bay  
Where he and his skiff sailed yesterday,  
And down where his lobster-traps are piled  
The green tide has its way.

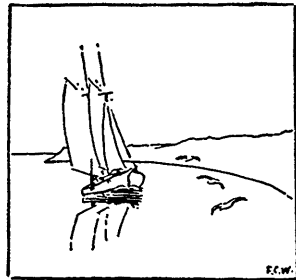
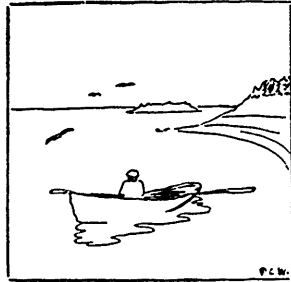
When the wind blows south, and the ice drifts in,  
And the tickle is mad with the crashing din,  
Right well he'll know, though his hands are crossed,  
How the spray flies white and thin.

When the sea-smoke hides the floor of the sea,  
And the blind tides moan and the white murre flee,  
He'll feel some twinge of the lost wind's pain  
And the strayed ship's misery.

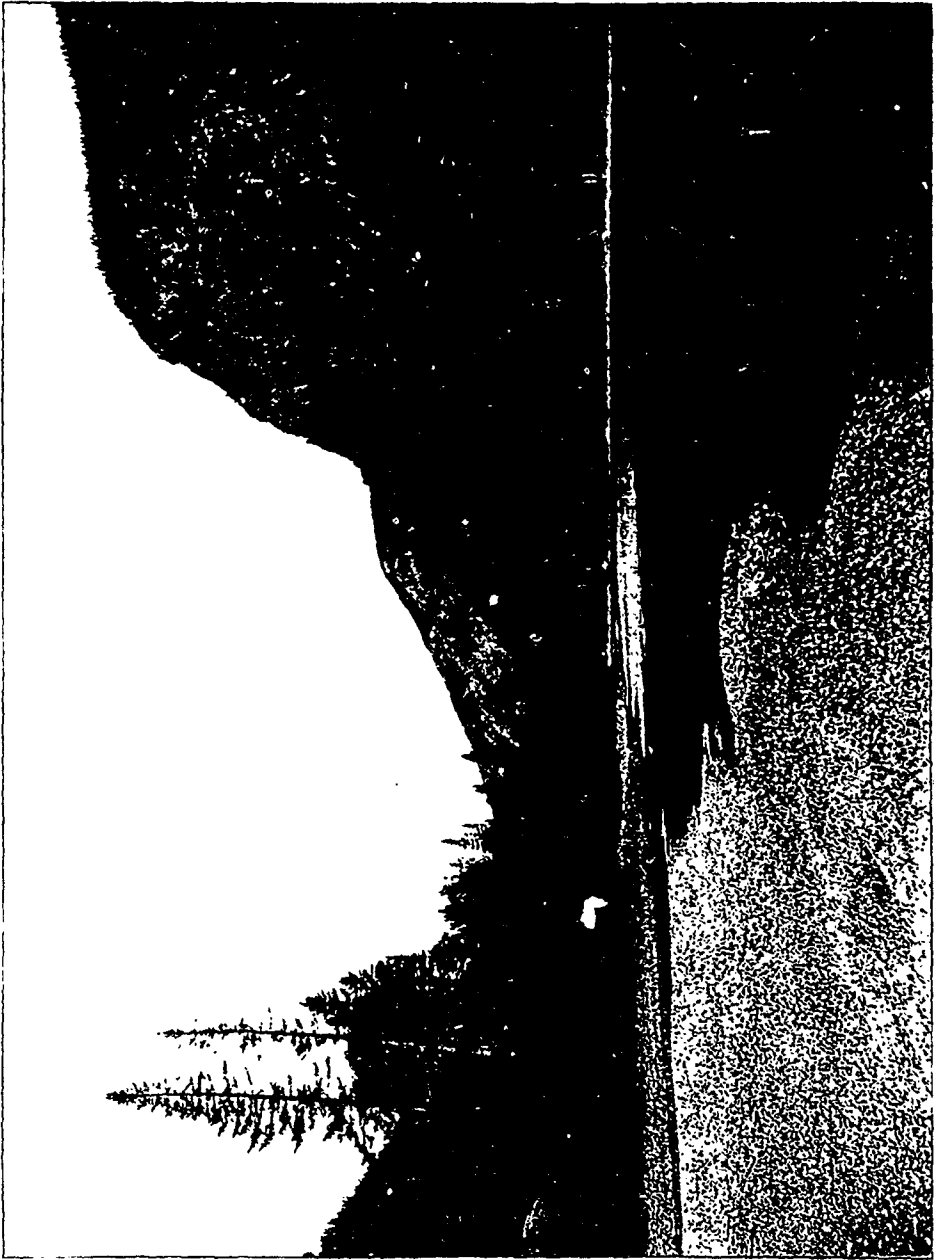
To-night they will bury him under the sod,  
Where the stone cross stands and the larches nod;  
But they cannot hide from the eyes of his soul  
The wonders he knew of God.

Beach, and headland, and bluff will rise  
Each dawn, to gladden his quiet eyes,  
The wonders he loved will be shown to him —  
White bergs and the hollow skies.

The purple cliff and the flocking gulls,  
The filling sails and the leaning hulls  
Will paint his dreams — but nought of toil  
Will come with the wind that lulls.



*Theodore Roberts.*



ON THE HUNTER.

## FROM AN ISLAND.

WITH SOME GLEAMS OF ITS HUMOR.

**A** MIDST all the scenes of this fair earth of ours there is probably no more beautiful form in nature than the island. On islands poets have lavished their choicest phrases: "The sceptred isle;" "This precious stone set in the silver sea." Byron sang of the "Isles of Greece," "the purple islands of the *Ægean*." But apart altogether from their external attractions, throughout all time there has been a peculiar fascination about islands. From Sancho Panza and his "Insular realm of Barataria" down to Chocolat Ménier and his kingdom of Anticosti, humanity has forever longed to possess an island. This craving for a kingdom by the sea, for an isolated spot of earth, where one can reign supreme monarch of all he surveys, is well-nigh universal. Now in the old world habitable and desirable islands are limited. You may count on your fingers the proprietary islands of England and France that can be bought or leased.

The modern Sancho Panza, the would-be "Gran Gobernador of a new Barataria," the seeker after an island kingdom, may, however, possess his soul in patience. He need not go far afield. This ancient colony of Newfoundland has numerous islands for sale (not included in the Reid contract), quite untrammelled by the French shore difficulty, unmolested by the *modus vivendi*, and all diplomatic complications. They have all the qualifications desired in a cockney building site — quite detached, healthful air, salubrious climate, gravel soil, with a sound foundation of solid rock. These "sweet lone isles amidst the sea" are varied in form, prodigious in number, and extend from the latitude of France to Arctic Labrador. Apart from sentiment, the island as a field of investigation for the man of science and the student of humanity is most attractive. To the zoölogist it offers a fauna of a peculiar type, with strange variants and rare insular forms. To the botanist, the geologist, and the physical geographer it possesses a special interest.

A highly intellectual Canadian, who has

written the history of Newfoundland,— Mr. Beckles Willson,— made two most important discoveries. He found a cook who had been boiling tea for several years, and he evolved the sublime fact that we were the tenth largest island in the world. Around this big island there is an ever varied interest: for the sportsman big game in abundance, the lordly caribou, noblest of the reindeer; for the angler streams and lakes and fish galore; for the tramp and the tourist, beautiful scenery and a perfect summer climate. To many, however, the islanders themselves will be the greatest attraction; their simple, kindly ways, their courtesy to strangers, are as engaging as their rude health, splendid physique, and fresh complexions.

Every good sportsman who has recently visited the island can bear testimony to their eminent qualities as guides, their knowledge of the habits of the deer, and their keen desire to oblige.

In Newfoundland codfish is king — in many distant parts of the island the only currency. "Fish" always means dry codfish, and the Supreme Court has solemnly decided that salmon is not fish. This common prosaic "*morrhua vulgaris*" has played an important part in the progress of the world. It was the codfishery that first brought Englishmen across the Atlantic, and transformed the small agricultural England of the Tudor age into a nation of sailors. In the colony fish is everywhere except on the merchants' dinner-tables; its pungent odor that sticks like a burr pervades the fishing villages. The ups and downs of the island, financially, are ruled by the fluctuations of the fishery and the variations in the markets abroad. The great majority of the population are fishermen, and fish enters into the life of the islanders in every form. A devoted parson, desirous of impressing on his congregation the great facts of religion, took his most pointed allusions from the common vocation. The seine or trap, a large square enclosure of twine, he explained, was the general ministrations of

the church gathering all into its fold; the jigger, a leaden form of a herring, with hooks attached, was the application of the spirit to the individual soul. Sometimes these allusions to common life from the pulpit do not quite hit the mark. There had been a calamity, a boat was upset in a northeast gale, and its occupants were drowned. The Methodist preacher thought it was a good idea to improve the occasion. "Supposing," said he, "my dear brethren, you were caught in a terrific gale, blowing on shore; in this terrible time, threatened with instant death, your immortal soul in danger, to whom would you fly? Where would your thoughts turn? What would you do?" "Hist the fo'sle and run under Belle Isle," was the gruff reply of an old fisherman.

In all their works and ways Newfoundlanders are wholly unlike either Canadians or Americans. All over the continent we can trace the influence of the North American Indian in such games as lacrosse, in the birch canoe, the paddle, the snow-shoe. But the islander's fit-out, his punt, his gun, and snow-shoes, all are exact copies of those used in Devonshire and the southwest of England two and three centuries ago. All the early settlers came from these beautiful shires. The wonderful variety of hill and dale, and moorland streams, that delights the tourist in the land of Lorna Doone, has always made Devonshire a famous sporting country. The descendants of these old West country farmers and poachers took to woodcraft in their new island home as naturally as a duck takes to water. Old customs, the curious vernacular, queer old games, and curious expressions, all can be traced back, not to the southern England of to-day, but to the England of Raleigh and Spenser, the spacious days of great Elizabeth. The mummings or "fools," as the native calls them, which were kept up in the colony from Christmas to Twelfth day, are as old as the Saxon times. The masked figures, rigged up with all kinds of finery, sometimes with small ships mounted on their head dress, the hobby horses, witches, are all very old English games. Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1592 brought with him to Newfoundland, says the old chronicle, "Hobbie-

horses and other May-like conceits." There were no lakes in Devonshire, so a big expanse of water, fifty miles long, is to-day called a pond; the splendid native grouse is, in the settlers' lingo, a "pat-tridge;" a hill or mountain is always a "rudge;" ridge, an exact model of the long single-barrel (a Poole gun) as the Newfoundlander calls it; the punt still in use; and the pot racket can be seen in old sporting books on Dorset and Devon, and it figures in a work that survived up to about 1830 — "Colonel Hawker on Shooting." The Newfoundlander's home is on the sea, his playing ground the ice fields. As hunters of the hair seal they have no rivals, no compeers. When the Dundee men first saw our sealers skipping along over the loose ice, jumping from pan to pan with the delight of a lot of school-boys, they were fairly scared. As an old Scotchman said to me: "They are graun men on the ice, but unco venturesome, mad, crazy loons after the seals." The youngster's delight is to practise this game of "copying" on the ice, in Newfoundland parlance. The distances the men go from the ship, the risks they run from loose ice, fog, snow-blindness, and sudden blizzards, render seal hunting one of the most dangerous occupations in the world; yet accidents are rare, and when loss of life occurs it is due either to adventurous spirit of the men, or more frequently to negligence and the covetous desire to get more seals. Often in an expanse of forty or fifty square miles of field ice ten or a dozen steamers are killing seals. The men, eager to get a big load, slaughter the seals ten or a dozen miles away from their ship. It is too far to haul them aboard, so they gather the pelts together, and put a flag over them on a stick with a spear, called a gaff, the collection of seals being known as a "pan." The ocean currents are always shifting the ice. At dawn the pan has moved a dozen miles; fog, perhaps, intervenes, and some other sealers come across the pan and steal them. Every spring there are actions in the courts about stealing panned seals, and lots of perjury and ill-feeling created thereby.

I remember being engaged in one of these cases, in which the simple natives

showed a good deal of acuteness. The plaintiff was called Tobias Le Drew, and his crew swore that their seals were marked B. S. T., "Brilliant Star," name of their vessel, and T for Tobias. My clients, the defendants, were in the "Iona," and their master was Slocum. They very ingeniously declared that their seals were marked Iona Slocum Brothers, and that the B was turned the wrong way by the illiterate marker; thus I. S. B. turned upside down is not very unlike B. S. T. However, the jury did not believe my truthful clients, and gave a verdict against them for the full amount. We won another case, largely, I considered, through the care I took in drawing a map, showing all the vessels in position, each carefully delineated with her special rig. On the next occasion I found our burly client was stupidly drunk in the witness box, and do what I could he kept turning the vessels upside down. I am inclined now to think he knew that he had a very bad case, and that he simply fortified himself with rum to worry through it. Thousands of seals are lost every year through panning.

Thanks to a denominational system of education which may be characterized as sectarianism gone mad, where poor little settlements with children and means barely sufficient to supply one small school are now saddled with three (Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Wesleyan),—even in the larger places there are three poor seminaries of learning in place of one good one,—of course the natural result arises that Newfoundlanders are the worst educated people in North America. In native wit, in self-reliance, and handiness the native can hold his own; he constructs his own house, builds his boat, tans leather, and makes his own shoes. A German miner told me a story about the difference between one of our islanders and a Cornishman. They were trying some new ground, and it was so wet the shots kept missing fire. The English miner was nonplussed—a native came along, he took some greasy paper that had been round their midday meal of pork, wrapped up their cartridge, and off went the shot. Their simplicity and their similes are alike remarkable. A girl was asked to describe a person. He was heavily

marked with the smallpox. His face, she said, "was like a wormeaten posten shore." Any one who has ever noticed a wormeaten post will see the resemblance at once. Another time a queer old native, a miner, who had been out in California, was telling me about the fright of two witnesses who were called before me in a case of arson. They were relatives of the accused, and they deliberately perjured themselves to get him off. "When them cum into court," said the old man, "they were that frustrated that their hearts were staggerin' and flutterin' like a wounded pattridge." Any one who has picked up an injured bird and felt his last expiring flutter will see the point of the old chap's remark. As to their simple ideas and queer notions, the best illustration I can give is the story of a family feud in a very remote settlement in Fortune Bay called Langue de Cerf (in the vernacular Long the Cerf). Two families fell out, the Pooles and the Whelans. Questioned in court about the cause of the deadly enmity, Jane Poole said, "It war all about the singing of a song." After a good deal of pressing, at last the deadly dirge was given forth as follows:

"It was a Monday mornin',  
All in the month of May,  
The weather fine and clair,  
Jock Whelan from Fox Cove sot sail."

To avenge this terrible insult Whelan and a posse of friends started from Fox Cove to attack Poole at Langue de Cerf. The poor father, Charley Poole, was too weak to hold a gun, but he was an old hunter, and he directed the son John how to attack the advancing party. "Take 'em in drift" (shoot them in line), said the old man, when the son fired and peppered Jock Whelan all over, and at once the invading foe decamped. Jane was questioned again. "Did you see the wounds on Whelan?" "Yes," she said, "I seed 'em; his back war like a plum puddin'."

In some distant islands there were settlers sixty years ago who had never seen a horse. My old friend John Stuart advanced money to a circus, and had amongst other animals a piebald pony thrown on his hands. He sold him to a dealer living on one end of the long island

of Merasheen. A youth out gunning from the other end of the island saw what he considered a kind of deer and shot the pony.

Another remarkable illustration of native simplicity happened about seventy years ago. The parents in a very remote little cove went off to see the priest, leaving the aged grandfather and the children at home. During the parents' absence the old man died. The children had seen all animals skinned, and they were preparing so to operate on their aged relative, when fortunately the father and mother returned.

As a rule fishermen look upon wrecks in their immediate neighborhood as special dispensations of Providence in their favor, divine gifts sent from Heaven for their peculiar benefit. The idea is sunk deep into their hearts. Going through the Pentland Firth, watching the current and the rocks and islands about, I could not help being struck with its great capacity for wrecks, so I said to the splendid specimen of manhood who stood beside me on the steamer's bridge, our pilot, "This must be a fine place for wrecks." "Wracks, mon," said he, "there's mony a braw hoose in Orkney built out o' wracks, but the dommed Breetish Government has put a leet-hoose here and a leet-hoose there," pointing with his hand, "and yon's twa; there's no chance for a pair mon noo." Our native islanders entertain much the same opinion; as an old woman said to me once, speaking of a wreck on the south coast, "I don't know what God Almighty is thinking about to send us a bad fishery, and a blasted old Norwegian brig chock full of rocks when we were hoping for a load of flour." With a population holding these opinions the difficulty of getting convicting evidence is sometimes very great. A steamer called the "Burgos" went ashore in a fog in St. Mary's Bay many years ago; the crew got ashore, leaving the master only aboard. By and by a fisherman's boat came along, the master hailed him, and he took him ashore. Not a tittle of evidence could be obtained as to the persons who completely looted the vessel, a passenger steamer. The police Inspector and I were sent to investigate, but not a trace of the culprits could we discover. As I found

out afterwards, the chief depredator told all his comrades, "Keep on the wan word; the judge ain't a prophet or the son of a prophet, and if any of yees don't tell 'em he woan't know."

However, I did get to know. I made a random shot at one person whom I suspected, and he fell into the trap in quite an innocent way. "Jim," said I, "what did you say to the captain when you were taking him off the steamer?" "Begob, your Honor, I only wished him the time of the day." So I secured my man. It was of course clear that the moment he landed the master he went off hot foot to the ship for plunder. Parts of Newfoundland, especially about the South Coast, Cape Race, and St. Shotts, and also on the Southwest near Cape Ray have an unenviable reputation for marine disasters. Whilst the native is keen about getting material benefit from the wrecks, he is also distinguished for gallantry in saving life, and care of the dead. Near Cape Ray, just west of where the steamer "Montpelier" was lost last week, an old man, George Harvey, assisted by his daughter, a very young girl, and a boy of twelve, saved all the crew and passengers of a Canadian packet ship about 1830. A fine Newfoundland dog of Harvey's played an important part in this heroic rescue. A large gold medal was presented to the daring old man by the king. So common are wrecks about some of these localities that when men engage for the fishery it is always part of the agreement that the servant shall get his share of a "wrack." The houses in these neighborhoods are all furnished and ornamented from lost ships. When the Rev. J. J. Curling first came to the Colony he was holding service in one of these places. The old fisherman kept looking at his fine cloth coat. "That be a fine piece of cloth," said the old man, laying his hand on his arm; "never seed a better bit of cloth in my life. Get 'e out of a wrack, sir?"

The Irish invasion and conquest of Newfoundland began about the year of our Lord 1780, and the advancing hosts were largely increased after the Rebellion of 1798. The new colonists made excellent farmers and fishermen. Like their countrymen all over America they took a leading part

in politics and the liquor trade. Their faction fights principally between the yellow bellies, Wexford, and Waterford were thoroughly Milesian. These mimic battles all between themselves gave a fillip of excitement and interest to a dull capital destitute alike of a theatre or a House of Parliament. To the Irish everywhere we owe smart repartee and excellent humor. One of the best specimens of the kind that I can remember was a poor Newfoundland Irishman's reply to a beggar's request for charity. "Give a pore widdy a copper for the love of God," said a tall, gaunt woman, leaning her back against the Union Bank, to a passing fisherman, whose patched and tattered clothing showed his unmistakable poverty. "Is it looking to me, mam, for moneyye are? What wud the likes of ye want for money, wid the Bank to your back?" Backing a bill is Irish for endorsing a note. To the Irish Newfoundland owes undoubtedly the blessings of self-government and home rule.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, May 3, 1866.

Just at the present time, when rival factions are tearing one another's hair, washing their dirty linen in public, the great advantages of free institutions do not seem very apparent. Some miserable cynics go even so far as to state that if the members for Muddy Hole, Caplin Cove, and other important boroughs were all drowned the colony would survive the catastrophe.

In concluding these rambling sketches, let me say once for all that the Newfoundlander, notwithstanding all his drawbacks and disadvantages, is a noble specimen of manhood; in his own vocations, upon the sea or the ice-fields, without a peer, in his intercourse with strangers most kindly and courteous. Of the Island women there cannot be too high praise; they are as good as they are lovely, with a beauty and freshness all their own, born of the salt seas and the fine pure air of their Island home.

*D. W. Protosc.*



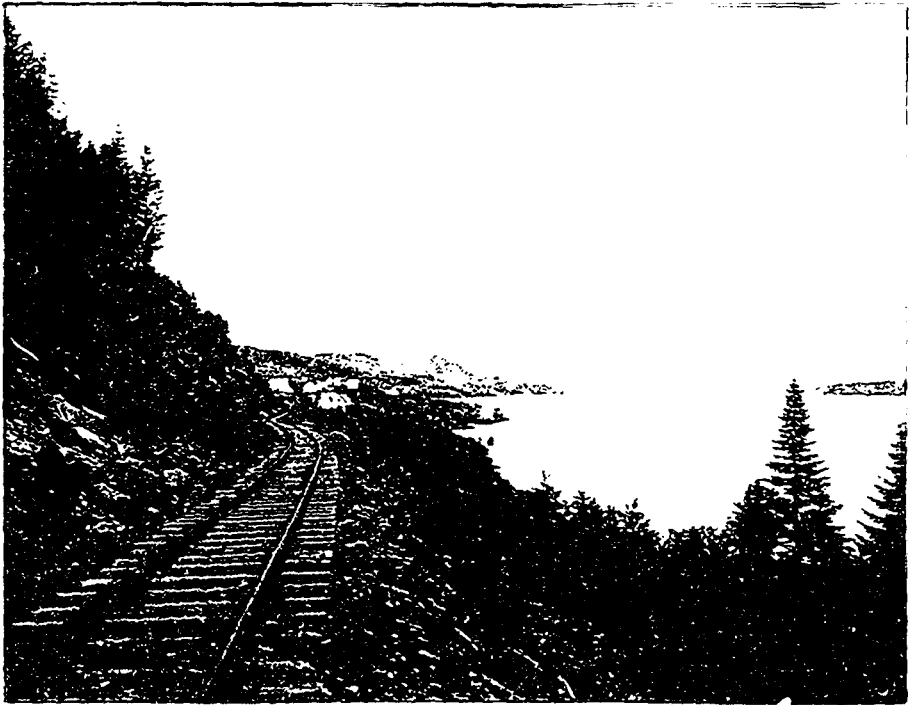
ASLEEP IN THE BOATS — EARLY MORNING.





**A CURVE ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND RAILWAY.**

Photographed by Parsons.



**BAY OF ISLANDS.**

Photographed by Parsons.

## AT THE SOUTH PIT.

By A. B. DeMille.

THE South Pit lay in the heart of a fine coal district, about half-a-mile from the village which it had called into existence and which died when the mine was wrecked by the great explosion of '81. All about stretched the scarred coal country, marked by many rifts and hollows where the workings below had fallen in from time to time. A mile from the Pit was the other village. Most of the miners' families had drifted there after the accident; so that the two or three rows of cottages near the South Pit were gradually deserted. These cottages were of the same type that one sees in the older mining parts of England—long, low brick buildings, never more than one story in height. For the country had been settled by English and Scotch miners far back at the beginning of the century and they brought their ideas with them. Gloomy enough were these empty dwellings, with windows gone, roofs broken and doors swinging loose. Some had sunk at an odd and grewsome angle as the levels "crushed" in the mine below and caused a subsidence of the soil.

On Saturday, Nov. 13th, 1881, the South Pit was wrecked by an explosion. Fire and flood followed and the shaft filled with water. And of all the miners in the blackness below only three—ne dying, and the others dead—reached the light of day.

The Company tried more than once to pump out the mine, but when the water fell below a certain level the fire broke out anew. So for a time they let it lie.

But when I was at the village in the summer of '96, they had set to

work once more. For they were anxious to re-open the valuable seams in the South Pit, which were by no means worked out.

The villagers told me many things about the great disaster and one afternoon I went over to the Pit. It was approached by a typical coal-country road which showed black as jet amid the green grass and bright yellow flowers round about. Eastward of the rugged works at the pit-head a valley stretched, with a river and many noble elms; beyond were hills shutting out the further view and enclosing the whole scene in a gigantic circle.

No one was visible when I reached the South Pit. Numerous dwellings stood about, and near by was another shaft—the "Fan Pit," which was also useless and full of water. The pumping-engine was running at full speed. Two "water-boxes," or "bailers," slid alternately up and down the shaft. These were huge square buckets, made of wood strongly clamped with iron. Every two minutes one of them shot to the surface, a valve at the bottom clanked open and a stream of water dashed into the sluice which led to the river. The trestle-work over the shaft was partly new. One relic of the past remained, however. Nailed to a post just at the Pit-head was a weather-beaten board. Originally it had been black with yellow lettering; but time had bleached and cracked it until the print was almost illegible. With some difficulty I read the following:

### SOUTH PIT SIGNALS.

- 1 rap.—Coal on.
- 2 raps.—Caution; Men riding.
- 3 raps.—Short down.

When the cages are in motion.

1 rap.—Hold!

4 raps.—Extra caution. Something wrong.

5 raps.—Take the cage to Bank if possible.

I was impressed by the incongruity of the thing—the clear, bright summer weather all about me, and the time-stained board with the mournful significance of that “if possible.” I gazed into the ruined pit and wondered when that summons was last sent up from below.

After some hesitation I made bold to enter the winding-house and found the engineer there alone. He was not a ready talker, but after a little preliminary beating about the bush I managed to engage him in conversation. I was interested in machinery and this won his heart because he was proud of his engine. He described everything and I asked him the meaning of the “rap” signals. He explained that a long wire ran down to the bottom of the pit; this was struck on occasion by a heavy metal “rapper” and the sound was conducted to the man in charge of the winding-engine.

“But they took out the wire after the big explosion,” said he.

At this moment the relief-shift came in and the engineer left the winding-house with me.

My business kept me in the village for some weeks and I had many a talk with the engineer. He was a quiet, self-reliant man, of Scotch descent and with odd little turns of Scotch accent in his speech now and again. This cropped out more noticeably when he was excited or deeply moved.

He was very loth to speak of the great explosion and only when our acquaintance had ripened would he consent. Then one day, as we stood by the South Pit, he told me in a monotonous voice the story of the disaster.

“I was down workin’ at the time she blasted,” said he. “I was on

the day shift and had got below it might be six o’clock in the mornin’. I was workin’ away off on the nor’-west side. Along about seven I felt a concussion in the air. I was over a mile away from where the explosion occurred. At the time, I thought it was below me. Another man handy by, says to me,—

‘Angus, what’s that now?’

I says,—

‘Gas in the mouth.’

Then there was another about five or six minutes following which was heavier. So I thought it was about time to be moving.

“When I got to the landing, men were runnin’ from all the workin’s an’ a lot of smoke was goin’ past us up the shaft but I will say it was not very thick. I asked a man if he knew what was wrong an’ he said he could not tell me an’ he said,—

‘Boys, I guess we’d a-better start for the mouth.’

An’ so an’ all I rapped the cage up an’ we piled on an’ got to the bank. All the men that was there with me got to the bank. Then the manager an’ two or maybe three more jumped on the cage an’ went down. But they only got three bodies an’ the gas was so bad that they was nearly lost themselves. They tried to go down again, but the gas was too bad—smoke an’ damp comin’ up both pits then, the South an’ Fan. So there’s a lot o’ men down there still—forty men down there still. Puir fellows, an I knew every one! An’ my ain father’s down there, too.

“The nex’ day was Sabbath an’ early in the mornin’ there was two slight explosions an’ the smoke began to get very thick out o’ the South Pit. I went to church—to the church nearest the pits. It was full, quite a lot of relations of the men left in the mine were there. There was no singin’ that mornin’. Our minister, he read the fourteenth of John an’ prayed and started his sermon. I mind his text; it was,—

'Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.' An' he spoke a bit, maybe five minutes, an' then he stopped—O, quite a while an' said,—

'I can't preach to-day. My God! what can I say to you?' An' he put his head down on the desk an' began to cry. So we all went out an' I think we all went over to the pits, about half-past eleven. Then the big explosion came. It was the Fan Pit—the third seam takin' fire, they said. Ye'd no believe it' mon, but when she blasted the big sheaves were thrown on top of the machine-shop yonder, 150 feet awa'. An' the smoke came up an' darkened the the whole sky, an' sometimes it would look almost a solid body of fire.

"I was glad I had got my mother home. She was wanderin' about the pit-head all night, puir body, but I got her home about eight or nine in the mornin'."

"You can think how gay a mon wad feel lookin' at that fire an' knowin' his father was below in that hell of a place. I dinna like to think o' that Sabbath."

He turned away abruptly and we walked towards the village. We passed the deserted and monotonous rows of cottages, and their desolation came more forcibly home to me. I turned and looked back to the lonely winding-house.

"Ay—ay," he said, "lonely? It is that sometimes. Along in the autumn evenin's when the wind gets moanin' eerie among the trestles, an' ye ken the auld South is runnin' down twelve hunder feet sheer into the darkness whaur all those puir laddies is lyin'—"

He stopped and changed the subject.

One day, as we sat in the winding house, he asked,—

"Do ye believe in ghosts, man?"

I made the obvious reply, but he rejoined, quickly:

"Ah well, but have ye had a chance o' judgin'?"

"No," I answered. "I must confess that my experience has been limited."

"Well, then, I do believe in something o' the sort. Ye've seen that signal-board at the bank? An' the five-rap signal? A've heerd that signal since the explosion. Now ye see there's no wire."

"Yes."

"An' ye know that the 'bottomer' has sole charge o' the rapper."

"Yes."

"An' there's no livin' 'bottomer' in the South Pit?"

"Well?"

"Well, mon, whaur does that signal come from? A've heerd it, I tell ye!"

"When did you hear it?"

"I heerd it last year an' the year before, when the engine was pumpin' late. It came just on the night o' the anniveersary o' the explosion. They're goin' to pump late this autumn an' I'll surely hear that signal once more."

I began to argue against this foolishness, but all the satisfaction I could get was the reiterated,—

"Eh, but I heerd it!"

"And when will you hear it again?"

"The night o' the thirteenth o' November," was the instant reply.

"Then I'll make an agreement," I said, laughing. "If I'm anywhere about here on that night, I'll come and stay with you in the winding-house."

"An' if ye will," he rejoined, "ye'll hear what I heerd, I do assure ye."

The last thing I expected was that I should again be at the village in November. But so it happened: and, as luck would have it, I arrived on the thirteenth. I had completely forgotten my agreement of the summer, nor did it come to my remembrance until I met my friend, the engineer, on his way to the winding-house for the night's work.

"Eh," he said, "an' so ye've come, I see."

"Yes," I answered. "I'm going to knock the bottom out of that nonsense of yours."

"A'richt," he rejoined, impassively, "Come to the winding-house the nicht an' we'll see." He waved his hand and went his way.

I was altogether ashamed of myself when I set out for the rendezvous after tea. It seemed so unreasonable to pander to the superstition of an ignorant miner, as I savagely muttered. The night was snowy and very still, so that passing through the street of the deserted village—now doubly lonely under the snow and the rising moon—I could plainly hear the panting of the great engine at the South Pit.

It was nine o'clock when I entered the winding-house. The lofty engine-room was brilliantly lit by electricity. The engineer stood on a low metal frame-work within easy reach of his lever. The pumping, as has been said, was done by means of two huge bailers, with a capacity of some 800 gallons apiece. These were operated by a large fly-wheel from which cables led to sheaves above the pit. The sheaves revolved in opposite directions, so that the bailers ascended alternately. Upon the end wall of the engine-room was fixed the gauge which showed, by means of pointers, the position of the bailers. When each came to the surface, the engine was stopped until it was emptied.

The engineer was a reticent man, but we gradually worked into conversation, as we had before.

"She's not steaming well the nicht," he remarked.

"And this is the night when the signal's to come," I said, inconsequently."

"Now, ye may laugh;" rejoined my companion, gruffly; "but ye'll no laugh in an hour or so."

But I laughed again and we fell to talking of indifferent matters.

An the night wore on, however, the engineer grew quieter. I rallied him, but it was of no avail, and as one cannot make a conversation, I, too, became silent and, it must be confessed, a little drowsy.

Suddenly I was aroused by a clash of metal. I started up.

"Na, na, mon!" said the engineer. "That's no the signal. Ye'll know it fast enough when ye hear it."

I settled back in a seat beside my companion and absently watched the gauge at the end of the room. One bailer was nearing the bottom of the pit. Down, down, went the pointer, until it reached its limit and the engine stopped.

Then in an instant the signal came. Loud, urgent, imploring; echoing up along an invisible wire; clank-clank-clank-clank!

I sprang to my feet; the sound was close beside me.

"That's whaur the wire used to be," said the engineer, thickly.

Again came that strange call: clank-clank-clank-clank.

I glanced at the engineer, but his eyes were fixed on the gauge and as I looked he reached for the lever and set the huge wheel in motion. He was white to the lips.

Yet once more the signal rang out as the bailer flew to the surface—but now it was slow and faint.

"God!" I cried. "Can there be anyone down there!"

"Mon, the Pit's drowned! Their's three hunder foot o' water in it. An' look, their's *na wire!*"

I looked, and then rushed out to the mouth of the pit. The night was calm and the moon rode high. Its rays fell full on the old battered signal-board. And while I gazed the ascending bailer sprang from the black depths of the shaft and the water crashed into the sluice.

.....

The next morning I was ready, of course, to laugh at the whole occurrence and above all at my own credulity. I did not see the engineer again, as I had to leave by an early train.

But in a newspaper two months afterwards I read something which neutralized my views of the case. It was an item stating that the South Pit was dry and that the Company was re-timbering the bords and levels. What chiefly interested me, however, was the following:—

A melancholy discovery was made by the Underground Manager and the men who went down first after the Pit was dry. The great ex-

plosion of 1881, as was surmised at the time, had wrecked the workings so that it was impossible to proceed more than a few feet into the levels.

Wedged among broken timbers, at the entrance to one of the levels, were found the bodies of two miners. Owing, doubtless, to some chemical action of the water, they were in a state of perfect preservation. Death had evidently overtaken them in the very act of making their escape.

In the hand of one was found a short iron bar. The poor fellow had probably caught it up for the purpose of signalling to the bank-house for help.

*King's College, Winsor, N. S.*

#### THE POET'S HELL.

THE poet sinned and God said, "This be his hell—

"Dreams are his, as of old, but lost is his skill to tell;  
He will hear the voice of the North wind crying along the snow;  
He will feel the fingers of April letting the rivers go:  
Stars will burn him their message—high, and white, and clear,  
And the magic heart of the night will pulse at his patient ear;  
Then to the waiting cities, maddened with song, he'll come  
And the people there in the markets will laugh when his lips are dumb."

The poet sinned and God said, "This be his hell—

"The rivers will sing him their lyrics; the forests will weave their  
spell;  
He will follow the Spring and Summer, knowing the winds by name;  
He will read the secret of life where the maples are touched to flame;  
The crowded spruces will love him and teach him their ancient lore  
And the wonders that Kings would learn will wait at his cabin door;  
Then he will rise in his joy—and then he will taste his hell—  
With the knowledge of things in his heart and never a thing to tell!

The poet lived, with never a song to sing!

He heard the frost in the grass and the wild, free birds take wing.  
He felt the snow on his face, like tears from an angel's eyes  
And he heard the voices of silence out of the silent skies.  
"Peace," he said to his heart. "Why should you tear me so,  
"Would the world be a jot the wiser, knowing the things we know?"  
"Peace," he cried to his soul, "for this is the will of the Lord."  
Then the music tore at his heart, slow rending it cord by cord.

*George Edward.*

## AT THE GANG-WAY.

BY MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE.

THE outward bound Oriental steamer *Nizam* lay at the Brindisi wharf awaiting the arrival of the overland mail. It was early in February and the heavy drifts of snow in the Alpine passes had delayed the train, so that the *Nizam's* passengers had ample time to make the most of such objects of interest as the place affords.

To the ordinary traveler, however, Brindisi is not so particularly attractive, and but for the fact that of late years it has been found a convenient port of call for the overland mail to India and the Far East, it would probably have remained in the state of decay and obscurity into which it had fallen since the days of the Roman Empire. Clement Trouson, a globe trotter, *en route* to Jerusalem, had, of course, visited Brindisi before, as he seemed to have visited every place one could mention from Kansas City to Kabul. So having done his duty by piloting a group of fellow passengers to the column supposed to mark the termination of the Appian Way, and a *vino* where they could with safety purchase sundry liquid refreshments of the country, he betook himself to the Grand Hotel on the quay, where he ordered a shore dinner as a relief from the monotony of ten days of ship cuisine.

Dinner leisurely brought to a conclusion, he lit a cigar and returning to the ship, lounged near the gangway awaiting the arrival of the signaled mail, bearing new and possibly interesting additions to the passenger list.

Soon the loud clanging of a bell was followed by the scream of an engine, and the long train at last

rounding a curve slowly drew up alongside the vessel. With the utmost dispatch the mail, passengers and baggage were transferred to the *Nizam*, already with a great droning sound of escaping steam, and the passing of sharp orders along the deck, getting under weigh.

Clement Trouson at his post near the gangway critically commented to a friend upon the probable status of each new arrival.

"One Australian squatter, wife, and daughter—been spending the proceeds of a wool crop doing Europe. Indian civil servant returning from leave—brandy, liver, and bad language. College professor going to dig among ruins. Governor of some place, wife with poodle dog, maid with jewel case, and aid-de-camp carrying His Excellency's umbrella. American Consul to somewhere, with a budget of good stories in his brain and poker chips in his pocket—an acquisition to the smoking-room.

Ah, now! pretty woman. I wonder—"

A sudden cry broke off further speculation on his part, for the lady had tripped on stepping down on to the deck, and would have fallen but that Trouson's arms providentially intercepted her descent.

"I beg your pardon. I hope you are not hurt," he said, assisting her to regain an upright position.

"Oh no," she replied, recovering her breath. "Think not. Allow me to thank you very much for your assistance."

"Are you sure—quite sure you are not hurt?" he asked with solicitude.

"Quite sure," she replied, with a

smile. "Thank you again," and with a slight inclination of the head, she followed a steward, carrying her hand baggage, into the throng on deck, and, for the time being, disappeared.

Clement Trouson again turned to the crowd passing upon to the ship, but his interest in that proceeding had apparently waned, for shortly-drawing his arm through that of his companion, he led him some distance aft the gangway.

"I wonder who it was that Providence so unceremoniously cast into my arms?" he remarked. "From the glimpse I caught of her face, she seemed to be a remarkably pretty woman."

"Well, as to the latter, you ought to be a good judge certainly," laughed the friend. "I fancied, though, her face seemed familiar. I rather think she is Mrs. Dick Vane—the wife of Dick Vane, an Assam tea planter. Mrs. Vane, or Muriel Darcey before her marriage, was the belle of Calcutta two seasons ago."

"That's interesting," replied Trouson. "Come Hart! let us go below and make further inquiries.

As the result of a brief interview with the purser, Hart was confirmed in his surmise, and the added interesting piece of intelligence disclosed, that Mrs. Vane had been assigned to a vacant seat at the table opposite Trouson. Truly, our planets have been set in conjunction," the latter reflected. "A few hours ago I was anathematising Brindisi as the center of boredom. Who knows! I may come to regard it in quite a different light."

Throughout the night the *Nizam* steamed swiftly along under an even keel, and the following morning continued her course over such placid sunlit wathrs, that the passengers were all early astir, with appetites keenly sharpened for breakfast.

Trouson, as usual, took his place at the table before the gong had

ceased to vibrate in remote corners of the ship, and glancing over the bill of fare gave an order for a substantial meal.

Many times the swinging doors leading into the saloon opened to admit passengers, and the seats in Trouson's vicinity rapidly filled up until only the one opposite remained vacant.

"You are very preoccupied this morning, Mr. Trouson," remarked a young lady on his right. "I suppose it is the shadow of your approaching departure at Port Said which affects your spirits." "That is surely a sufficient reason," he replied, turning his head toward his neighbor.

At that moment, the chief saloon waiter opened a door upon which Trouson's eyes had involuntarily rested, admitting a woman of medium height, whose perfectly fitting nautical costume set off a graceful, slender figure. As she stood hesitatingly in the doorway a stream of sunbeams descending through a skylight shone full upon a profusion of golden hair gathered up under her sailor hat, and revealed to the full extent the dazzling fairness of her complexion.

The waiter, with the instinct of his kind, which seems to divine without question the assigned position of each individual under his charge, at once preceded the newcomer to the vacant seat opposite Trouson.

For some moments the globe trotter scrutinized his plate with absorbing interest. Then raising his eyes as if about to make a casual inquiry, he met those of his fair acquaintance of the night before.

A smile that played about the corners of her mouth encouraged him to venture a remark upon the extreme beauty of the morning.

"Perfectly delightful!" she replied, and then inquiringly, "If I am not mistaken, I have to thank you for saving me from a bad fall



last evening. I might have met with a serious injury."

"Oh, not at all," he rejoined. "I am only too happy to have rendered you a service. There was a heavy dew last night and the decks were slippery. I sincerely hope you did not suffer from the mishap."

"Fortunately not in the least," she answered, then asking a question in return: "Have you had a pleasant voyage so far?"

This was the opening which Trouson eagerly sought.

"Extremely pleasant," he answered. "We had a little rough weather in the Bay, but from that on the sea has been as calm as a pond." Thus the conversation progressed until on rising from the table he was in a position to offer his services to obtain for Mrs. Vane a chair on deck.

Having established his new friend in a sheltered position, and provided her with one or two volumes from his store of light fiction, it was but natural that Trouson should linger near her chair for a few minutes—few minutes, however, that lengthened into nearly an hour before he realized the flight of time.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed at last, rising from the chair he had drawn to her side. "I promised to give a man his revenge at quoits, and I see him scowling at me over there like the dickins."

So receiving her assurance that there was nothing further by which he could add to her comfort, he raised his cap, and joined his companion of the night before.

"You're a nice fellow," greeted Hart. "I have been waiting half an hour, but I suppose you will plead the one excuse a man is entitled to make for breaking any engagement."

Trouson laughed airily as he gathered up his share of rings. "Yes Hart," he replied, "a most charming woman. Mrs. Vane is delightful in every way."

"A pity you have so short a time to improve the acquaintance," the other remarked as he pitched a ring on a high number. "Only three days before we arrive at Port Said."

"Much may be accomplished in three days," Trouson retorted, and then the game proceeded.

Under no other circumstances, perhaps, does chance acquaintance-ship ripen into friendly relations as upon a long-voyage steamer.

As Trouson had predicted in the three days which intervened before the arrival of the *Nizam* at Port Said, he made astonishing progress in his relations with the attractive Mrs. Vane. So much so, in fact, that in a situation where few incidents escape the unoccupied attention of fellow travelers, his marked devotion to the lady did not pass without unfavorable comment.

Both the morning hours which he had previously occupied with exercise on deck, and the period after luncheon when he usually repaired to the smoking-room for a rubber were given entirely to her fascinating society. In the evening their chairs were drawn close together.

For Mrs. Vane's sake, it was remarked, that it was a good thing Mr. Trouson was about to leave the ship. On an ocean voyage, it is true, the strict rules of society are much relaxed; but to be sure there are limits—limits which everyone agreed he had over-stepped.

It was a fresh spring-like evening as the *Nizam* approached Port Said, that gate of the Tropics at the northern entrance to the Suez Canal.

The sun had gone down with a burst of glory in the western waters of the Levant, and far away on the eastern horizon a full moon was slowly rising over the sandy wastes of Arabia. A cool breeze following after the vessel came as a messenger of farewell from the wintry regions of the North.

Clement Trouson and Muriel Vane stood near together at the forward

ail of the promenade deck, watching the intermittent flashes from the lofty lighthouse marking the long jetty stretching out into the open sea. Further in the background a few lights denoted the city and the vessels at the quays.

"I can scarcely believe that you are going to leave us here, Mr. Trouson," she said. "In three days we seem to have become the friends of as many years."

"Yes," he replied, adjusting a wrap that had slipped from off her shoulders, with tender and lingering care. "Yes. I—I am awfully sorry myself."

"I hope you will enjoy your visit to Jerusalem," she remarked.

"Jerusalem! Oh yes," he laughed. "It is one of the few places I have not been to yet. I suppose I must visit it; but do you know—"

He hesitated, turning his eyes searchingly towards his companion's face, as if seeking encouragement to proceed with something uppermost in his mind, but concerning the reception of which he was as yet uncertain.

At that moment his friend Hart's voice staved off decision.

"Well, Trouson, I suppose you leave us here. Now you know every place on the earth, tell me what there is to be seen at Port Said. Is it worth while landing."

"Yes, if only to escape the noise and dirt of coaling," the other answered, in a tone as if not over-pleased with the interruption.

"Well, we were thinking of making up a party to do the town, and it occurred to me that perhaps Mrs. Vane would like to make one of its members."

"And am I to be sent about my business to Jerusalem?" asked Trouson laconically.

"No, of course not. We shall require you to act as our guide in pointing out the various churches, monuments, and so forth."

"The churches and monuments in

Port Said," replied Trouson, "are practically non-existing; but the so forth of interest, is represented by as large a collection of gambling dens and dance houses of especial villainess, as any place of its size in the world. However, as you suggest, we will do Port Said."

"I had hoped, we might have taken a little stroll together," he added in a low tone to Muriel Vane, as the third party moved off to another group. "It is such a bore tramping round in a crowd, and the chances are a hundred to one we shall ever meet again."

"Yes, but on shore, you know, the old saying applies, that there is safety in numbers," she answered, with, perhaps, unintentional significance.

By this time the *Nizam* had rounded the breakwater, and was steaming quickly up to her berth directly in front of the town. A few minutes later she had slowed down, and was made fast to the wharf, when that dreaded Port Said operation of coaling by baskets on the heads of an endless chain of natives had commenced.

To avoid the flying dirt and general discomfort on board, the party, of which Trouson formed the leader, left the ship as soon as possible, and made their way into the bazaars; where they were immediately accosted by a babbling crowd of Greeks and Armenians, one offering Oriental wares manufactured in Germany, another praising the seductive charms of some *houri* to be reviewed in a den near at hand, and a third suggesting the money to be gained at certain games of chance.

Proceeding leisurely from one scene to another, they at last reached the outskirts of the town, near the sea shore, and halted to discuss further plans.

"What do you say to a stroll along the sands?" suggested Trouson

to the others. "It is good waiking and a capital night for exercise."

This proposal being readily acquiesced in, the party set off with Mrs. Vane and Trouson in the lead. Walking briskly forward, the two latter proceeded for a considerable distance in silence, each enjoying the relaxation from the confinement of several days, and fascinated with the peculiar charm of their surroundings. On one side tiny wavelets scintillating in the moonlight rippled up almost to their feet, on the other a belt of sand edged a vast inlet of the sea, the resort of myriads of water-fowl. The intense stillness was broken only by their footfalls on the encrusted sand.

"Do you know," said Trouson at last breaking the spell and slackening their pace, I have half a mind not to go to Jerusalem at all. I have almost determined to change my plans and go to Bombay in the *Nizam*."

"I am sure that would be delightful," enthusiastically replied his companion.

He paused a moment and then continued gravely: "It all depends upon one thing."

"A cable?" she asked, at random.

"No," he replied seriously. "No, upon you Muriel."

"Upon me!" she exclaimed, involuntarily widening the distance between them; and in as much surprise at the nature of the contingency, as at his calling her, for the first time, by her familiar name.

"Yes," he continued. "If you ask me, I will re-book on the *Nizam* round the world."

They walked on a few paces before she answered. "I should, of course, be glad for you to come on with us; but I cannot agree to my being the sole motive for your action."

He laughed with a note of cynicism in his voice. "No, of course, not," he replied. Then halting suddenly and facing her so

closely that he gazed down into the depths of her eyes, he continued:—"What a joke it would be if we got back too late for the ship and we had to remain in Port Said."

"I am sure I don't think it would," she retorted, glancing round, and discovering to her dismay that they had rounded a small tongue of land, and that the rest of the party were nowhere in sight.

"I do," he answered sharply. "We could then go on to Cairo together. What fun it would be."

"Are you mad?" she asked, beginning to be thoroughly alarmed at his manner.

"No," he said, seizing one of her hands and pressing it to his lips. "No, unless I am madly in love with you, Muriel. I have loved you from the moment you fell into my arms at the gangway at Brindisi. I will love you though—"

He essayed to enfold her in his arms and would have rained kisses on her cheeks, but that with a scream for assistance, wrenching herself from his grasp, she darted back to the edge of the waves, threatening to retreat further in the same direction if he made another step forward.

Clement Trouson cursed beneath his breath the infatuation which had led him to commit such a mistake in the character of Muriel Vane. He was about to offer such apologies as his better nature prompted, when turning at what he fancied to be the sound of steps, he discerned three figures moving up stealthily in the shadow of some high sand dunes.

"What do you want?" he called out, as the three men advancing into the moonlight, proved to be, not members of their party, but stalwart Arabs possibly heavily armed. "What do you want?" he again challenged, as the men still approached, and as he realized they had followed perhaps with robbery or murder for an object.

"Stand," he cried, when they were yet some paces off, and seizing a broken spar lying close to his feet. "Stand where you are, or by Heaven! I'll brain the first man who comes a step nearer."

Trouson's language was probably not understood, but his menacing attitude doubtless impressed itself upon the Arab mind; for the men halted as peremptorily requested, and appeared to take counsel together as to the best mode of attack.

Trouson surveyed their own position which seemed to be perilous enough. Behind them the waters of the Mediterranean, before them the salt lake, and between them and their friends, as yet nowhere in sight, three sinister-looking Arabs whose actions belied pacific intent. To another and deeper regret he added that of the folly of strolling out into the desert by moonlight however attractive.

Upon the realization of their mutual danger Muriel Vane had returned to her companion's side.

"If you can again trust me to protect you," he said hurriedly, "I think the best thing for us to do is to shout together for assistance. Now." He raised his hand and "Help! Help!! Help!!! rang out through the clear atmosphere, and again, "Help! Help!! Help!!!"

In a little, from afar, there seemed to come a faint responsive echo; but of that they could not be certain, the tongue of land intervening.

The Arabs seemed to fully understand the import of the summons, for exchanging passive for active attitudes, they separated and prepared to advance from different directions.

Trouson at once placed himself before his companion, and with his spar well poised awaited the onslaught.

"Help! Help!! Help!!! again cried Muriel.

The tallest of three Arabs drawing

a curved blade from his sash made a sudden rush at Trouson, and received a blow on the head for his venture, that laid him prostrate several yards off on the sand.

"Take that you devil," shouted Trouson. "Now for the next," and he raised his improvised club with a threatening gesture, but, for the moment, the other two held aloof.

"Help! Help!! Help!!!" Once more went forth the summons.

This time the response came prompt and distinct, followed quickly by some dark figures seen to be rapidly approaching.

It was now Trouson's turn to assume the aggressive, and starting forward with spar held aloft, he was about to soundly belabor their assailants, when the two men seizing their moaning comrade between them, made off as fast as they were able over the sand dunes.

"We heard your cries," gasped Hart, coming up out of breath, followed at short intervals by several male members of the party. "What has happened? Have you been attacked?"

"Yes, we were set upon by those three rascals," replied Trouson, indicating the three rapidly disappearing figures.

"By Jove! then it was lucky we came up in time," remarked Hart. "How did it all happen?"

Trouson turned to Muriel Vane. "You can tell best how it happened," he said. "It was all my fault. I am awfully—a w f u l l y sorry."

"No," she replied. "Mr. Trouson behaved splendidly."

Then she told simply of the attack.

The whole party then returned in a body to Port Said, and passing through the bazaars, where the jingle of music indicated that the *houris* were still displaying their charms, reached the *Nizam's* gangway, where they halted. "Good-bye, Mr. Trouson," said Muriel

Vane extending her hand. "Let me again thank you for all your kindness. I hope—" Then changing her mind continued, "I hope you will enjoy your visit to Jerusalem, and that wherever you are you will find great happiness."

She placed her foot upon the gangway, turned for a moment and gave him a farewell look, then passed on to the deck, and, as he stood with bared head, was hidden from his sight forever.

SAYS SERGEANT-MAJOR MORSE:

- W**AI'VE all got to die whin our toime comes,"  
Says Sergeant-major Morse ;  
"An' war's not so bad for the soldhier  
As the loife of a garrison force ;  
For it's thin there be sickness and favers,  
Blue divils, an' all koind of ills,  
An' there's tin goes from suchlike in pacetimes,  
To wan that the battlefiel'd kills."
- "This African job is a blissin',"  
Says Sergeant-major Morse ;  
"T'is the foinest koind of a drillin'  
For the foot, guns, sappers, an' horse ;  
An' the officers too, they be larnin'  
The wor-rk of a giner'al's grade,  
So we'll soon have a big foightin' ar-rmy,  
Sich as niver was seen on par-rade."
- "T'is the luck of the ould British nation,"  
Says Sergeant-major Morse ;  
"But wai're all so well used to th' sthory  
That it sames jist a matther of course ;  
Here's Europe's big ar-rmies been spoilin'  
To fight for this minny a year,  
While wai took our aize as noice as y' plaize,  
Until its jist toime to praypare."
- "This African job was the warnin',"  
Says Sergeant-major Morse ;  
"An' wai've answered the bell pretty loively,  
The colonies joinin', o' course ;  
Thai're may be an ar-rmy that's bigger,  
But divil wan with it can pair,  
An' wai've shown the whole world that our soldhiers,  
Haven't yit larned the maning of fear."
- "And here's the rale mate of the matther,"  
Says Sergeant-major Morse ;  
"The toime was jist roipe for the nations  
To think they could break us by force ;  
But, bedad, now thai've changed that opinion,  
For alridy they bow and they schrape,  
As they did jist before the cunnin' ould Boer  
Made a hit and a miss at the Cape."—*Percie W. Hart.*

# 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.

## BEAR AND CARIBOU.

BY R. L. MAKE.

HAVING made several shooting excursions into the interior, and other parts of Newfoundland, I decided that the next time I went in quest of sport I would keep a log, and, on my return, write a sketch of that pleasure a man may have in Newfoundland, provided he has a sound constitution, good health, and willing and able to go through a certain amount of "roughing it." Doctor Tobin, of Halifax, N.S., and myself, had made two or three trips to the Humber River, on the West coast of the island, to Grand Pond, Bonne Bay hills, etc., and had good sport stalking caribou and shooting and trapping beaver; but there being no feathered game to be had here, we decided this year to try our luck on new ground; this we found, thanks to Mr. A. M. Blackmer, of Black River, Placentia Bay, who strongly recommended us to go to Long Harbour, Fortune Bay, and went across to the head of Placentia Bay. On the 16th of September Doctor Tobin arrived in the Allan steamer from Halifax; he brought with him, as his servant, a man named Keating, who is warden of the "East River Fishing and shooting Property," of which Dr. Tobin and J. Kenny, Esq., of Halifax, are owners. Keating proved a most willing and obliging man, and a famous cook. The Doctor also bought his pointer dog, "Shot,"—a well trained animal in every re-

spect, and which took to our ground at once, much to my surprise—his paws never giving out. My setter dog, "Grouse," which I took with me, and "Shot" became great friends, and "backed" each other famously over many a brood of birds. At half-past four on Tuesday afternoon, 22nd, we left St. John's in the coastal steamer *Conscript*; and at half-past eight that evening arrived at Ferryland. The next afternoon we got into Placentia; but were detained there by a violent storm of rain and a south-east gale of wind. Next morning, at daylight, we got under weigh; and, at half-past eight that evening, arrived at Belleoram, Fortune Bay. Here we parted with the *Conscript*. Belleoram is a thriving little place, and has a snug harbour. Here we found the small steamer *Greyhound*, belonging to Messrs. Newman & Co., of Harbour Briton. That night we retired to the lockers on each side of the cabin, and slept soundly until about daylight, when the whistle of the steamer announced that we were off. After steaming along for some time, we passed the celebrated place called "Tickle Beach." Here it was, in 1878, that our fishermen drove the Yankees away, and prevented their taking herring, for which the Imperial Government paid something like fifteen thousand pounds sterling for "so-called damages." Captain Simms informed

us that, since this occurrence took place, herrings have abandoned this once famous herring ground. About ten o'clock we arrived at the anchorage, about three miles from the telegraph station. Here we were boarded by the operator, who kindly took us on shore in his large dory. On our arrival at Mr. Ryan's, we found two strapping big Indians, Peter John and young Louey John, whom we engaged to accompany us. We now had three good Indians. Some deer-stalkers may prefer white men as guides—and I grant that many good ones are to be found in Newfoundland—but give me the Micmac Indian. I have had considerable experience in caribou stalking in this country, and have no hesitation in saying that my success, in a great measure, is due to the fact that I have always taken a good Indian with me. The Micmac Indian is generally tall, well-formed, and active; he can carry a very heavy load on his back, and is capable of enduring great abstinence and any amount of cold; his complexion is a dark, dingy hue; hair very coarse and jet-black; his eyes are a dark hazel. It is wonderful to witness the sagacity and unerring precision with which he can trace his route from one spot to another, no matter how great the distance may be; and it does not signify whether he has gone over the country before or not, he knows the right direction. The Micmac language is soft and, at times, musical. After a most enjoyable dinner at Mr. Ryan's, we set to work to make our prog (consisting of pork, flour, tea, etc.,) into loads. Unfortunately, we did not pack enough, as we found out later on, when it was too late to send back for more; however, the things left behind, together with our leather rifle-cases, which we could not lug along, were forwarded on to St. John's afterwards by Mr. Ryan. The next morning, at an early hour,

we crossed the river on to the barrens, and walked a few miles, when we camped. During this day we shot some partridges, and this being the first sort of shooting the Doctor had had in Newfoundland he enjoyed it. The following day we struck camp and tramped off to Gisborne's Lake, about thirteen miles. This is a fine sheet of water, and a most perfect place to spend a week—plenty of firewood and good shelter. The next morning, before breakfast, the Doctor, who is a very early riser, spied some duck in a brook running into the lake. He got near, when off they went to wing; but a right and left from his shot-gun brought down two beauties. We spent eight very pleasant days here, shooting as many birds (both partridges and ducks) as we liked. One evening, about five o'clock, while the pot was boiling, we sat just inside the tent cleaning our guns—a brace or two of partridges were hung on a line between two birch trees, when suddenly the Doctor put up his arm to ward off something, and called out. I looked up quickly, and saw that an enormous bird had dashed at the partridges; but seeing us, had missed them. The Doctor jumped up, put a cartridge in his gun and, seeing the bird pitched on a stump behind the tent, fired and bowled it over. It was a very large Goshawk, of a deep brown colour, with white breast, thickly-feathered head and legs, and powerful claws. Shortly after this, we decided on shifting camp and moving on; and, after a heavy breakfast of "bruise," spatch-cock, and tea, on a charming morning in the first week in October we started for "Carrol's Hat," a great place, the Indians told us, for geese and ducks. We kept the dogs loose at heel, with light chains, ready for use should we want to stalk anything. After walking ahead of our baggage for a couple of hours, we saw some tracks of very heavy deer, and I strongly

advised our waiting until the Indians came up, when we could have the dogs secured; but, after waiting for a short time, the Doctor said he felt chilly, and decided on walking on. He took "Grouse" and "Shot" with him. I lit a pipe and, taking out my "Dollard" deer-stalking glass, commenced looking around. In a quarter of an hour the Indians came up, and we started on. We jogged along for a time, when suddenly I heard a long, low whistle, and, looking around, saw one of the Indians pointing to a hill, on which, by looking closely, I saw a black object moving about. "There bear; big bear!" said Peter. I soon had my rifle—a double-barrel Express .500, built by Gye and Moncrieff, of St. James' Street, London—ready; and off John and I went to stalk "Mr. Bruin." On the way I met Tobin, and, after explaining to him what the "quarry" was, we got on. He took charge of the dogs. After running as hard as we could for fully three-quarters of an hour, we came to the hill, which was about five hundred yards to leeward of where the bear was. Now the stalking commenced; and it was no easy thing for a man who was pretty well blown after a hot run. However, this sort of thing was not new to me, and I dragged myself over the hill, and at length was within a couple of hundred yards of where the Indian said the bear ought to be. We got behind some scrub, and, following the example of my guide, I slowly raised my head and looked. There Bruin was, filling himself with blueberries, and quite unconscious of the dose of lead I had in store for him. As he seemed very happy, we wriggled ourselves on a bit further, and I had a good look at him while I was having a blow. There he was, his immense body covered with a thick, glossy coat, and jet black—fully furred from head to tail; on each side of his

muzzle was a tawny patch; his eyes set low in his head—black and twinkling, and strongly indicative of his ferocious disposition, if wounded. He was now within easy shot, 150 yards; but suddenly he cocked his ears, with a presentiment of something wrong. Taking aim, I pulled the trigger of my right barrel, the solid bullet hitting him just above the second joint of the fore leg. He gave a tremendous spring in the air, and roared again and again, tearing with his teeth the paw of the wounded leg. Then the bullet of my left barrel went through his heart, and over he rolled. All hands, including the Doctor's man, Keating, rushed up. They and the Doctor had been enjoying the fun from the place where we had first spied the brute. The bear proved to be an old one, and very large; and with considerable difficulty the three Indians rolled him over on his back. They estimated his weight, as he lay, about four hundred pounds. They now set to work to skin him which took some time; and I made him skin him out from the nose to the tail, leaving his claws on the paws; I also had his jaws removed, as I wanted the teeth to show the youngsters. The skin is a beauty, and was much admired by the number of persons who saw it on my return to town. We now had a nip of "House of Commons" whisky, and it was appreciated by all hands. After lighting the pipe, we shouldered the two haunches of bear meat, and other parts of the flesh which the Indians said was good, and marched down the hill and joined the Doctor and our baggage. The Doctor, although feeling disappointed, no doubt, at not having shot the bear himself, expressed the pleasure he felt at looking on at the whole performance. That night we supped off bear steaks; but neither of us could say that we enjoyed it;—not a patch on the beaver meat we had



many a time dined off of on the Bonne Bay hills, and scarcely as good as the "musquash" stew we tasted when camped north-east of Grand Pond. But if we did not enjoy it the Indians *did*. Our camp was now pitched at "Carrol's Hat;" we had plenty of good water and lots of firewood. Before rolling ourselves in the blankets, we had the Indians in our camp, and over a glass of "hot Jamaica" (which goes well on a cold night in the woods) we drew from each many a yarn of hunting in gone-by years. We remained here for some time—the weather being delightful and the sport at the wild geese grand. We shot eighteen while camped at "Carrol's Hat." The Indians have a clever knack of "toleing" the geese; and we saw them, on more than one occasion, "tole" these birds so well that, after having been routed by us and taking to wing, they flew round and round us, within shot, before finally going off. Having now had as much sport as we cared for at the birds, we made up our minds to deer-stalking. We had already tasted venison; the Doctor had shot a two-year-old stag. What a feast we had the night after the hind-quarters of this fat young beast were brought into camp! tender, juicy steaks; marrow bones, which we roasted in the ashes of our fire; kidneys on toast, *a la* "Carrol's Hat!" Certainly, the frying-pan must have been in Keating's hands for two hours! This was the best venison, we both declared, we had ever eaten. The Indians "wired in" also, and John and Louey could be heard by us, just as we turned over on our snug bed of boughs, smacking their lips over the young stag's breast-bone. Next morning, after a bath in the brook, we decided to go off after "ye ancient stag" in different directions. We tossed for choice, the Doctor winning. Peter, his Indian, advised him to go towards the

"Tolt," in a north-easterly direction—I having the "Middle Tilt" and Sandy Harbour River ground. After wishing each other good luck, the Doctor, accompanied by Peter John and Keating, started off, and shortly afterwards I followed suit, taking John and Louey with me.

On I go, following the foremost Indian, who, with a tidy load rolled up in the "lean to" slung on his back, is stepping lightly on; the other Indian brings up the rear, with no less than one hundred pounds of a pack on his broad shoulders. After about three hours' tramp, during which time, at intervals, we stop to have a spell and look round, seeing, now and then, a small stag and a wandering doe. We come to the ground that is known as the "Middle Tilt Ground;" here we stop and boil the kettle, and have a cup of tea. It would be impossible to camp here if one wished to do so, as there is absolutely no wood to burn, and very poor water—nothing but barrens for miles around. After lighting our pipes we start off again. We have gone some distance, and are now about six miles from where we intend camping at Sandy Harbour River, when Louey touches my arm and says, "Me see two deer walking dere,"—pointing to some small marshes at some distance east of where we were. John and I look, but can see nothing; nor can I see anything through the deer-stalking glass. I say, "You sure you see deer?"—to which he replies, "Certin sure. You come me; me show you; may be big stag." Of course I am game; so, leaving our loads where we stand, off we go as hard as we can, making as little noise as possible, to leeward. In due time we come near the place where Louey has seen the deer; but the devil a deer is there! I feel rather fagged, having come a most roundabout way, through scrub, marshes, and tucks, and am rather waxy at seeing

nothing; but, being in right good training, we set off about north, as Louey says, "Deer move on; travel bit. Soon get shot." After some more nasty walking, Louey, who has been looking to the westward, says, "Dere the deer. O my, big stag! Plenty doe!" Sure enough, there they are, in a large marsh, a big stag with at least twenty does around him—some feeding, some lying down and lazily chewing the cud. Some three hundred yards to windward stands another fine stag, with very fair antlers; but not to be compared to the "Master of the harem." Now and then the smaller stag moves towards the other, and the big chap dashes at him, and at each other they go—butting each other about the heads and clashing their antlers. Louey and I now crawl on as quietly as we can, and by degrees, get near. Louey points to a small clump of juniper trees, which are a short distance in front of us, and says, "You crawl dere; long shot; but we stay 'ere too long. Maybe odder stag wind us. You go; I foller." I now worm myself along as gently as I can, Louey following, and at last reach the junipers. I shove in a couple of cartridges loaded with solid bullets, and take a look at the deer. Certainly, the big stag is a long way off still, and, to my mind, too far to fire at. He is also standing head on. I therefore wait, with the rifle at full cock. Louey, on his knees behind me, whispers, "Minute me tolc." "All right," I say; "presently." I have been deer-stalking in Newfoundland almost every year for the past twelve years, and I think it a mistake to attempt very long shots; any deer *over* two hundred yards should be waited for, on the chance of coming closer; or, if you have an experienced Indian guide, he will be able, in nine cases out of ten, to "tolc" a stag within a reasonable distance. If the stag is standing well, and the light is

good, it *should* be killed at two hundred yards; but it is often missed. Nothing but darkness coming on, or the certainty of getting him no nearer, should justify a shot at any deer *over* this distance; for even if a hit is made, it is almost sure to be only a wound, which the deer will carry off with him, suffer for weeks, and eventually die. The tendency of an Express rifle is to throw the bullet very high on the *first* fifty yards of its flight. Louey now begins to "tolc"; at the first grunt the stag gives a jump, throws his enormous antlers up, and sniffs the wind. Presently he grunts again and, thinking that another stag has come to interfere with him, trots a bit to leeward to try and wind the enemy. Caribou always endeavour to get to leeward of any danger as quickly as possible, and the stalker must prevent this if he can. I look around at the Indian's face, and note his restless eyes glancing incessantly. "Me tolc 'gen," he says, and this time he grunts a challenge, which brings the stag broadside to me, about one hundred yards off. I now pull the trigger, and "thud" goes the bullet through his body, behind the fore-shoulder. The big chap gives several grunts, and falls; the does seem scared at seeing their "lord and master" tumble over, but gather together in groups, and, as we walk down to view our "quarry," trot off. Not wanting any venison, I let them go.

It did seem a pity to rob such a splendid herd of does of their "Bos"; but I must own that I did not feel the slightest remorse in having extinguished life in so huge an animal. What an immense brute he looked as he lay on the marsh, with the blood oozing out of his side! What antlers he had!—almost as large as the antlers of a fine stag I shot near Grand Pond, and which at this moment are gracing the wall of my bath-room. The stag which I had

just shot was a big one, though, and I counted forty-three points, on every one of which one could hang one's watch. The antlers, from their appearance (especially the brow ones), must have been used in many a hard fought battle this season. I had promised the Doctor's man, Keating, to give him the head and antlers of the biggest I should kill; so that by this time, no doubt, they adorn the dining-room of Mr. Jerry Kenny, of Halifax, to whom Keating had promised to bring the best he could get. My Indian did the skinning. He cut off the head well down, leaving a long neck. "Skin goot; make boots me, winter," said he. We now covered the carcase, and make tracks, the big antlers and head on Louey's back. In an hour, it was pitch dark, and pouring rain. I have had many a day's hard work in tramping back to camp, after many hours hunting, but I do not think I ever went through such a time as that—plunging into bog holes; now going head on into a gully of deep water; no path of any sort; and the Indian simply had to make a guess at where the other man had put our "lean to." We knew that we had five miles to go. On we tramped, and about ten o'clock that night reached Sandy Harbour River, and after wading across with the water up to our middles, we found our shelter, and, before a big fire, changed our togs and sat down to a supper of marrow-bones, deers' tongues and venison, and a glass of hot Scotch. Next morning I turned out early, and after a plunge in the river and a breakfast of fried pork took a look around. Sandy Harbour River is a capital place to "make" camp, for here is plenty of wood and water—water for one's tea (and whiskey) and wood for the fire. I remained here for some days, stalking two more stags and killing a fat doe for meat. When the Doctor turned up with his men it was to tell of good

sport, for he had bagged four stags, besides ducks and geese. Next day some men belonging to Grand Le Pierre (a settlement at the bottom of Fortune Bay) came up to cut wood. We put these men on our stag venison, as they looked half-starved, and gave them all the old clothes we could spare. They were musically inclined, and kept us awake the whole night singing many songs to one tune.

We had had sport enough, so, one lovely morning well on in October we packed our traps, antlers, etc., and started on our seventeen-mile walk out. We lunched at Mother Brook. The scenery, upon drawing near Piper's Hole, was grand. To the north, south and east arose magnificent hills, and as we tramped along, the delicious scent of sweet-fern filled the air. Although late in the fall the weather was lovely. Not a breath of wind moved the dying foliage, and a blue haze, like the smoke of distant fires, lay over the landscape. This season is our Indian summer, and we knew that all too soon the bright leaves would be swept away by the northern blasts, and buried beneath the first snows of our Newfoundland winter. About five o'clock in the evening we reached Piper's Hole and lit a fire, while John, who lived in a solitary spot about four miles off, waded the river, to go home and bring up his dory for our baggage. While he was away I noticed some fine salmon pools on the river, but the Indians, who seemed to know the place well, said that the salmon rarely came that way, as at one time the river was netted most outrageously. About seven o'clock John returned with the dory, and as it was a big one, we all stowed in, and in due course arrived safely at his home, where we found his wife and seven children. The wife told me that she had spent many weeks in the woods hunting with her husband. We remained here a day, drying the

skins and cleaning the flesh off of the stags' heads.

□ By easy stages we returned to St. John's. And so ended one of the most enjoyable shooting excursions

I have ever made—capital sport, lovely weather, and a right good companion. What more can a man want?

## THE CALL.

THE crowd was in the street—he heard  
 Across the clanging and the din  
 The thin, clear piping of a bird.

It called to him, "Come out of town;  
 "Come out, come out, the woods are cool,  
 "The swinging eddy-rims are brown."

"The banks are red, the trees are green—  
 "The rocks are diamonded with spray—  
 "The merry rapids flash between."

"Come out! the black duck leads her brood  
 "By golden waters, and the moon  
 "Makes laughter in the solitude."

The town was hot. He bent his head  
 And heard, across the weary miles  
 The things the distant rivers said.

The noise of quick wheels died away  
 And he could hear the winds foot by  
 Like children on a holiday.

He closed his eyes and he could feel  
 The strain across his wrist, and hear  
 The angry music of the reel.

And—face on desk—he saw the trout  
 Leap clear, then fall. Thus, in his dream,  
 July and Nature called him out.

*T. R.*

# THE STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

BY REGINALD FAIJA.

I I is with a certain amount of trepidation that I take up my pen to write on a subject which can hardly have interest to the general reader of the *Newfoundland Magazine*, but I understand that the space this writing of mine is to occupy is to be devoted to sportsmen, to a few of whom some of my fishing and shooting experiences may prove a little interesting; it is them that I must address. Though the beauty of this land is great and has given me much pleasure, I must frankly admit that though I would be an artist, it was its sporting reputation that brought me hither; I, of course, at first experienced the many disappointments that the fisher on a strange stream and hunter in a strange land is wont to. But, on the whole, had what is called a good time. After trying the lower reaches of the Humber, there catching a good many trout of no great account, I had the good fortune to meet a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made previously and went with him to try some of the rivers running into Bay St. George. We pitched our camp at the mouth of one of these, and from there made daily excursions to different pools which we wot were good, and many of these there were. The going is hard for the most part and at first painful, for often the finish of an eight-mile walk, commencing across bog and through wood, is a mile or two along the stoney bed of the river, and after the soles of one's brogues have become soaked and soft, the rocks and small boulders have an extremely unpleasant manner of reminding one of their existence, and having accomplished the journey so, we may not be greatly cheered

by the prospect of the journey *from*; but the catching of a few good fish well repays one for the trouble taken to do so, for the angling is fine and the quarry game. Nothing but the smallest flies are of much avail, and those the fish take short, and though mostly grilse between six and ten pounds on small flies and fine tackle, they give a great deal of play and are easily lost. Perhaps it is an axiom to fishermen that in clear water one must use small flies—certainly you need them on the west coast—and as the sun reflects the colour of the redish and yellow bottom through the clear, peaty water it might be liquid amber flowing on gold. For the most part we found tiny jock-scots, silver doctors, and two or three flies with bright metallic bodies; and yellow, white and red wings and pale hackle, which I do not know the names of, are the most efficient. It may be interesting to the fisherman to know that the ouanisch haunts the upper reaches of most of the rivers on this side of the island, and anyone with a taste for exploration might work his way to some of the ponds around little Red Indian Lake and try to while a wierd monster of fabulous dimensions and unheard of rapacity which some of the guides with much innocence of expression aver do inhabit those waters. Howbeit, there may really exist there some pike or pickered, for these are found in many parts of Canada and the Northern States, and there are records of pike over 100 lbs. in weight and of great size, which have been taken in Cosmo and other Italian lakes, where the water is quite as fresh and quite as cold as any in Newfoundland. And now, fellow-

sportsman, I have nearly come to the end of my fishing talk, for I want to say something about deer-stalking, and Mr. Editor says I must not write more than 2,000 words to you; but before I quite close the subject, I should like to say just two words in very grateful acknowledgement of the goodness of my friend whose advice I must thank for most of my fish, many good stories, and much good fellowship; and I number the days spent together in catching our dinner, and the evenings spent in eating it, and afterwards smoking round the camp fire, among the happiest that ever I spent.

Perhaps, thanks to Mr. Reid, the great advantage of Newfoundland as a field for deer-stalkers lies in the fact that it is quite available for all manner of huntsmen. One may set up a camp of great comfort—spring mattresses, chairs, tables, and the luxuries which appertain to these things, somewhere on the line, walk a mile or two till one is opposed to a lead, and there have a cushion set upon a convenient boulder by a guide, thereon to sit the while and await the advent of the game, then to make a shot as soon as it comes within range; or on the other hand one may select an almost obsolete trail in some remote part of the island, and with a couple of guides pack his way laboriously across marsh, barren, and through woods, which but scarce know the sound of man's footfall. The difficulty of transporting much provision, either for comfort or sustenance, totally excludes the possibility of one's enjoying much luxury of any kind—not that this matters—for wit you a camp, however rough, is a magic palace, wherein everything becomes sybaritish. It may not seem so at first, but the time is sure to come when the plain food one does not care much for at starting, becomes passing good. I need not say that to the stranger in a strange land the second method of procedure is by

far the most interesting, and it is that which I selected, so it came to pass that one day in September last year I started up country from Bay-du-Nord with two guides, a supply of bread, a few cans of fish, some tea, some sugar, blankets, a rifle, a shot gun, and stock of ammunition for both weapons. After a stiff climb of about two thousand feet which seemed like a stone wall, only not quite so rough, with bushes and scrub which carefully grow in the most unaccommodating places, we got on a plateau, for the most part of marsh land in places covered with white mould and blueberry scrub, and broken by innumerable puddles and ponds, which one gets weary of dodging round. The joys of this sort of traveling are not enhanced by the dwarf spruce trees which have a rude habit—tripping one and hitting unlikely parts of the person, and which resolutely object to being trodden on. The wild, dreary waste of ponds, marsh, and stoney barren rising in endless hummocks as far as the eye can see, strongly suggest at sundown the land of Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat." After crossing a couple of rivers we make our camp, and early next morning see signs of deer, which we follow till evening without coming up with anything, notwithstanding the fact that the wind is right and marks fresh. However, after making camp again we did a little reconnoitering and had the good fortune to sight a prickett deer. Not wishing to detract from my license complement I did not try to kill him, for which I had ample time and cause to repent, for we did not see another for ten days, during which time we had to subsist on tea and hard tack. This I tell that it may be a warning to inexperienced sportsmen not to be too ambitious, for wit you hard tack is exceedingly filling for ten minutes but the satisfaction thereof soon passes away. I must here say a word of grace for the blueberry

for the liberal manner in which it tried to atone for the ill-favour it showed us in impeding our progress, by making a first-rate addition to our larder, for we boiled it with our bread, made jam of it, put it in our damper, and lastly eat it, which is more than can be said of many things that I have cooked. We were singularly unfortunate as regards birds. With no dogs, the willow grouse were impossible. We saw one flock of geese, which had no sense of sport whatever, for they gave me no show at all. No one can shoot a loo under ordinary circumstances; having shot it no one can eat it, and though we shot a few twillique which are very good to eat, they somehow don't seem very large—which reminds me of the old nigger who said of possum—"eb you goes by de size ob em dey be little, but if you goes by de tase, dey be biggest ting goin." But bad times end as well as good ones, and so it was with us; for after giving up hope and realising that forage might not hold out to see us home, we commenced a retreat, and on the second day of the journey home, on coming round a hummock, we sighted a company of deer—about seven doe—accompanied by their liege lord, about a half mile away, and almost straight down wind. Luckily they were discovered to us before they got wind of us; so retracing our steps round the hill, we worked our way as far backwards and to leeward as a large pond admitted, and from there advanced at right angles to the wind towards our game under as much cover as we could find, taking up a position about two or

three hundred yards from him behind a tuft of spruce and blueberry. As I then had a very imperfect view of him, for he was partly hidden by the hillocks of mould and dead grass, I sent one of the men to make a detour and drive him up my way. He got well to leeward of the game and came up on the further side of him and then showed himself. This, so far from disconcerting my buck, merely aroused his curiosity, and he made straight away from me towards the guide. It was I who was disconcerted, for on my man advancing the game made off again, not in my direction, but between us, straight up the wind. Seeing my chances disappearing, likewise the stag, I hazarded a shot, and had the luck to hit him somewhere in the hind quarter. Then it became a running match, with the odds big in favour of the deer, unless I could put another bullet in him. As he turned around for the first time to see how things were going on, I tried a head shot and missed, grazing the brow antlers just forard of the eye, then some more running. Next time he turned I managed to get a shot, raking forward just behind the shoulder which dropped him. In all I found I had ran about two miles. He turned out to be a splendid specimen of staghood with a good pelt and well-spread symmetrical antlers, very palmate, including both those on the brow. As there is nothing particularly edifying about the rest of our operations, I think I may say good-bye. When you next go on a stalk, I hope you may have good luck, and kill your game better than I did mine.

## SONG.

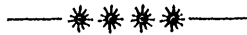
BY RICHARD LE GALLIENE.

O LOVE, I look across the sea,  
 The sails go by,  
 From vastness into vastness fade,  
 Lost in the sky.

O the great world, so wide and cold,  
 And you so far!  
 If only you could come as near  
 As yonder star.

Aloft, alone—I vex it not  
 With me or mine!  
 So far—yet am I near enough  
 To see it shine.

*France, May, 1900.*



## SONG.

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

WHEN the days are long and lovely,  
 And the cinnamon-rose in bloom,  
 When the magic twilight hour  
 Is rich with purple gloom,  
 Youth's deathless dream  
 Comes and will not depart,  
 And the sweet hopes of childhood  
 Are kindled in the heart.

When the paths in the quiet garden  
 Are shaded with elm and vine,  
 When the dusk is hushed and holy,  
 And moonlight half-divine,  
 Thoughts sweet as June  
 In the weary brain upstart,  
 And love—love like a tide  
 Rises and fills the heart!

*Canada, June, 1900.*



## HARV. PELLEYS SALVAGES.

BY PERCIE M. HART.

HE is first remembered as a gawky country lad from somewhere inland, who came to the little Nova Scotian seaport and sought employment with the fishing fleet. After being repulsed by a number of the conservative skippers, he finally betook himself to a tall spile at one margin of Hadley's wharf. Perching upon the top of this elevated resting place, with long legs dangling half way to the flooring planks, he pulled his knitted woolen cap down over his eyes, and crewed slowly upon the end of an oat straw.

Several schooners lay at the dock-side, and men were busy with hand-barrows and great scales, discharging and weighing the fish, which had been roughly salted down in the vessel's holds. Stray brine dripped and splattered all about, and the air was filled with the pungent odor of green cod.

Young Dick Hadley stood near the ungainly scales, marking down the quintals upon a piece of smoothly-planed pine board. Here he found time, in between the coming and going of the barrows, to devote some attention to the shock-headed intruder.

"Whar's your name, punkin?" he first queried.

After considerable delay the one addressed gave the desired information.

"Harv Pelley! Pell Harvey!" ejaculated the mischievous Dick, to the delight of the rough and ready crowd of fishermen. "That's the worst name I ever did hear!"

"Suits me," replied the other, calmly.

"What you think you're going to do?" went on his tormentor.

"Goin' fishin'," said Harv slowly.

"Oh! You be? Where?"

"Dunno. Wherever it is she goes," volunteered the young countryman, nodding with his head towards the schooner nearest him.

"How you going?"

"On her."

"So you're going fishing on the *Dayspring*, eh?" recapitulated the grinning Dick.

"Yep!"

"Not if I know myself, young feller, and I think I do," cried Daddy Phelan, who stood close at hand. "I've told you already that I had no use for greenhorns."

"Well, I'm goin' with you, anyhow," remarked Harv in placid tones.

"You are?" shouted the quick-tempered skipper. "You are eh? If I catch you trying to sneak aboard my vessel I'll lambaste three-quarters of what little life you've got, clean out of you."

"You dassent kill me, for that would be murder and you'd get hung," announced the rustic. "I've made up my mind to have a trip and I guess I can stand your thrashings."

Daddy Phelan was indignant, but fish were of more importance to him at the moment than bickering with a landsman. So he merely snorted defiance and went on directing the labors of his men.

"Say, do you mean it?" questioned Dick, a short time afterwards, when the work was finished and the two lads left alone.

"Mean what?" slowly answered Harv.

"What you said about going fishing on the *Dayspring* whether Daddy Phelan would let you or no?"

"Of course I mean it."

"Well, you are a good one and no mistake," cried Dick admiringly. "But say, you can't do much on the Banks unless you have an outfit?"

"Outfit? What's that?"

"Why, oilskins, rubber boots, mittens, chewing tobacco, and—all and all those kind of things."

"P'raps the captain will give me such a lickin' that I won't be able to get about much this trip. I kinder reckon on that."

"Don't you believe it. Dad has a quick temper and may be angry for a minute or so, if he finds that you have really been able to smuggle aboard. But all you will have to do will be to set to work with the rest, and I'll warrant that he will not hurt you much."

"I don't rightly know how to go about hiding on board her," declared Harv dubiously. "If she was a barn and had a hay mow I'd be all right, but—"

"Say," quickly interrupted Dick, "I'll help you. I'd do anything to plague Daddy Phelan. Hang around till dark and I'll bring an outfit from our store. You can pay for it when you come back. And I'll get some crackers and stuff for you to eat until the *Dayspring* is well clear of land. It wouldn't do for you to show yourself much before three days from now. Daddy says he is going to sail first thing to-morrow morning."

There was some further conference between the two young men, and I imagine that Dick secured the connivance of Jim, the colored cook on board the schooner. This last, however, is not a matter of record. At any rate, Harve Pelley was safely snugged away that night in the forehold of the *Dayspring*, along with a regular fisherman's outfit from Hadley's store. After the first burst of righteous indignation, when Harv discovered himself on the third day out, Daddy Phelan relented, and merely fulfilled the letter of his promise by laying

the end of a rope some few times across the legs of the amateur stow-away. Harv took his punishment meekly and fell to work at anything he could find to do. After the first rawness wore off, Daddy and his crew ably assisted Harv in this search. And so, what with three months of calm and gale upon the high seas, setting trawls and hand-lining, fish dressing and what not, he became an experienced 'banker' able to command trifling wages and molasses-sweetened coffee in any vessel of the fleet.

And now we come to a series of events having to do with the rise and decline of Harv Pelley, which remain entirely unapproached in the by no means commonplace annals of the Province.

When the *Dayspring* came sailing into her home harbor once more, laden down to within a few inches of her deck-streak with fat cod, she was towing a steamship's life boat astern. This had been a find of Harv Pelley's. Early in the dawn of the preceding morning while standing his trick at the wheel, he sighted the boat floating derelict across his course. Not another soul was on deck (for the weather was moderate and the work of the past days the reverse) but such was the quality of Harv's newly acquired seamanship, that he managed to pick up the boat's painter with a gaff-hook in passing, and so accomplished a salvage—his first one.

When Daddy Phelan came on deck he scarcely joined in the enthusiasm of his steersman. Even a liner's lifeboat, equipped with oars, compass, lateen sails, water breaker, and a polished brass tiller-head, was worth little more than her weight of kindling wood in that part of the earth. As a great concession, Harv was allowed to keep his quarry (subject to certain deductions from the amount of pay that had been promised him) and great was his joy thereat.

Scarcely was the *Dayspring* safe at dock before the weather, which, as sailormen and goodwives say, had been 'breeding' for some time, took a decided turn for the worse. To state that it blew hard would but ill describe the thing. It raged. It stormed. It smote the ocean and the helpless craft upon it, with the might of a hundred fiends let loose. The main fury was over in twenty-four hours, but it took several days in which to fully moderate. August gales are by no means rare along the Provincial and New England coasts, but this was a memorable one in its way. Its way was a path of widows and orphans, bankrupt ship-owners, and wreck-strewn sands. That was the sad part of it. The humorous side (for even the greatest tragedies of life cannot be wholly overshadowed by tears) was presented in the unparalleled achievements of Harv Pelley.

With the partial blowing out of the great gale he had rigged the small storm-sail on his lifeboat and proudly careered around the sheltered harbor in her, to his own huge gratification and the envy of the youth of the town. But even this somewhat exciting form of amusement became rather tame in the course of a few hours, and Harv looked around impatiently for some further opportunity for testing the capabilities of his craft. He did not have long to wait. A big full-rigged ship, far out of her proper course, with sails blown clean from the bolt-ropes and masts and spars in a tangle of wreckage, came driving sullenly upon that rock-bound coast. No human power could save the vessel. Once she reached the breakers, a few seconds' crunching of those sharp-edged hungry rocks, would tear her into countless morsels. With the aid of telescopes, observers on shore noted that her boats were all gone and no sign of human beings visible aboard. It was accordingly presumed that

the ship had been abandoned, and no effort was made towards rescue. But to the credit or otherwise of Harv, be it said, he bothered his mind about no such details. Without even landing to secure assistance he headed his craft straight out of the harbor. Three months upon the Banks had made him a perfectly reckless sailor. The sea was still running high and the wind, though much abated, of considerable power. He came very near to being swamped, upset, or tossed bodily overboard by the fiercely thrown lifeboat, a dozen times or more. It is safe to say that no other craft of her size could have passed through the dangers. To the consternation, wonderment, horror, and various other emotions of the admiring watchers, no sooner did Harv's lifeboat come under the quarter of the doomed ship, than a figure emerged from the after cabin and threw the daring fisherman a line. Descending this hand over hand the individual safely reached Harv's side. The lifeboat was cautiously veered around and headed back for the harbor. Within a very few minutes the great ship heaved upward upon a sunken reef, and then buried herself in a smother of foam. Harv's new companion had had as narrow an escape as ever man could have.

Nearly the whole population of the little fishing town braved the flying spume and fierce wind-gusts on Hadley's wharf, in order to greet the successful return of Harv Pelley's lifeboat. Judge Hadley's horse and waggon stood in the lee of a fish house, ready to transport both rescued mariner and saver to the hospitable mansion where twenty odd lusty matrons of the town were preparing hot water bottles, herb-tea, feather beds, and dry clothing for the pair's especial benefit. Judge Hadley himself, with civic importance somewhat disguised in a mildewed suit of oilskins and battered straw hat, stood upon the dock

ready to grasp the stranger's hand and drag him towards the vehicle.

But all these most philanthropic measures were rendered of no avail by the newcomer. He was a little dried-up looking specimen of humanity. Under one arm he carried a tin dispatch box. A great leather belt with wide-flapped pockets upon each side, spanned his waist. Paying no heed to the proffered salutations, he eagerly inquired the name of the town, its means of communication with the outside world, and how many miles distant the railroad lay. Inside of three minutes, he had engaged transportation for himself to the distant station from Judge Hadley at a stipulated price. The Judge would cheerfully have taken him for nothing, but when it came to a practical business proposition, charged him a good steep figure. Perhaps the Judge reasoned that the disappointment of his worthy spouse and her attendant train of matrons, was worth something over and above the twenty mile drive by rough roads.

"And now, young man," went on the stranger in quick, jerky accents, addressing the blushing Harv, "you deserve something. Yes, you do. You saved my life. What can I offer? Speak up? I'm in a hurry. I'm rich. Want money? How much? I owe you a good deal. You look like a sailor. Ought to have a vessel of your own. Then marry nice little wife. Cottage on the hill and all that sort of thing. Who owns this schooner? Nice craft. Small, but nice. Who owns her? You do? Your name is Judge Hadley? Glad to know you, Judge. My name? That does not enter into the transaction. Your price—ch? Seems reasonable enough. I'll give you the equivalent in Bank of England notes, down on the nail. Those should pass here all right. British Province. Ha ha! Yes, of course. I knew they would and

anywhere else for that matter. Call these good people here present as witnesses. Make out papers and all the rest of it after I'm gone. Young man that schooner belongs to you, now. I'm off. Good bye. No need to thank me. You earned it, and more. Good bye."

And clambering into the clumsy vehicle, precious tin box clasped in hand and salt water still dripping from his clothing, he whipped up the horse, thrust the reins into the hands of the Judge's hired man on the front seat, and clattered up the road before any of the amazed crowd of onlookers had power to draw a full breath.

Thus came the reward of Harv Pelley's second salvage, and although subsequent findings were full of the stranger's being a fugitive from justice and not rightfully entitled to the funds in his possession, yet these things were never really proven, and, moreover, they are aside from the narrow track of our own particular story.

A schooner is somewhat more than a mill wheel and less than an elephant. Water to keep her in service is free and abundant, and although she eats no great quantity of fodder excepting in repairs, yet freightings, charters, or other paying employments are necessary for her continuance. Harv Pelley had a schooner on his hands and no money with which to fit her out for any lengthy trip. To be sure he could have readily secured credit from any of the town merchants, by giving a mortgage upon his craft as security. But Harv probably never thought of this, and the conservative townfolk were not the ones to enlighten him. He knew that salt, gear, provisions, and wages, for another voyage to the Banks, meant an outlay of hundreds of dollars. And so, having been hitherto successful along a certain line, he determined to try it yet once again. Within twenty-four hours of the

departure of the generous stranger, Harv had gathered together a motley crew, made sail upon the *Dayspring*, and started forth from the harbor with his big life-boat towing astern. By this time the gale had fairly blown itself out. The shores upon either hand were strewn with wreckage. The wiscacres, even while they averred that the time was a golden one, shook their heads over his thus tempting fate.

Wrecking has ever been a most highly prized institution among the natives of rock-bound coasts. Many such a one has made more than a whole ordinary year's income in the fruits of a single day's harvesting alongshore. But it is out at sea that the great prizes are come upon. With the luck of whatever you may choose to term it, Harv Pelley and his schooner *Dayspring* found a veritable Golconda, a floating fortune, in other words, a steamship. She was of French register, small in size, but loaded down with a valuable cargo, and had been abandoned by her crew. The engines were shattered and deck pretty well swept clean of everything, but she was otherwise in seaworthy condition, and leaking not a drop. It was by no means a remarkable occurrence. Many a vessel in better condition than the *Chateau de Pasquine* has been deserted by crew and officers, under the temporary excitement of imagined dangers and disasters.

But to find a fortune in a helpless steamship, and to convey that fortune where it might be actually realized upon, were two entirely different things, as Harv and his associates soon discovered. There was no material with which to rig adequate jury sails upon the steamship even if they had had the power. Towing was the only possible solution of their difficulty. Now the towing of a small steamship by means of a still smaller sailing vessel, even in fair winds and weather, is about as difficult a busi-

ness as can be found in any ocean. Moreover, they had quite a distance to go. According to the crude reckoning of Harv's navigator, they first sighted the derelict in Lat. 42, Long. 44 or about 200 miles south-east of the Grand Banks. This meant a tow of some 500 miles to St. John's, Newfoundland, the nearest available sea-port. Most captains in Harv's place would have satisfied themselves with filling up their own craft from the derelict's cargo, and leaving the latter to drift away unchecked. But Harv knew that this, his third salvage, would make him independently wealthy if he could only secure it. And so he held on.

They had many mishaps before finally getting started on the return trip. The tow-rope made fast to the bulwark stanchions pulled them out like splinters. Placed clean around the after cabin it well nigh wrecked that structure. Finally, Harv had the small after hatch removed and the ends of more than a dozen stout wire cables carried down below-deck and wound several times about the heel of the mainmast. The whole was then lashed firm with marlin, and carefully served at all chafing points.

Slowly, very slowly indeed, they went ahead. Probably one mile in an hour would have been a liberal estimate. But choice foods and other things were abundant on the steamship, and Harv and his companions repeatedly declared that 'as long as they got in 'fore snow flew, they didn't care a hang.'

This combination of slow progress, dainty eating, and sudden prosperity, must have relaxed what little discipline and watchfulness the motley crew of the schooner could boast. In no other way can we account for the remissness of the lookout. In broad daylight he allowed a huge ice-berg to drift well down upon them, without notifying his shipmates. That this was par-

ticularly careless may be understood when it is remembered that the presence of an iceberg of any size in the vicinity, can be 'smelt' or detected in the sudden coolish dampness of the air, before the floating monster actually draws within range of vision. However, it seemed as if everything was to be all right. The great mountain of ice was taking a course that should bring it astern of the towing steamer. Not very much to the rear, but still enough to clear the latter. A miss was as good as a hundred miles in this case. The schooner could only continue her slow sailing gait, doing scarcely more than moving through the water, even with all sails spread and drawing.

Icebergs are uncertain navigators. Two-thirds of their bulk is submerged in the water and they are thus peculiarly liable to the action of the currents; while their considerable exposed portions come under the minor control of the shifting winds. Moreover, as they drift southward, huge portions become detached, centres of gravity are changed, and the whole mass is liable to roll over. That such a concatenation of circumstances should take place when this special ice monster was close aboard this little steamship seems unfortunate to say the least. And yet it happened so. With a roar of rending fragments, the splash of a mighty wave, and the dazzling glare of countless iridescent crystals reflected in the bright noonday sun, the berg veered sharply round towards the towing steamer, and, toppling slowly but steadily over, bore down directly upon her deck and pressed the devoted craft beneath it.

Harv and his companions well realized their danger. They had no time for filing, unfastening, or hacking away the steel towing cables, bound securely about the heel of the schooner's mainmast. Scarce could they hastily grab up

some stray articles of food, and bundle into the lifeboat. Even as they pushed away from her side the *Dayspring* lurched over and descended stern first into the depths of the ocean. It must have been a unique and magnificent spectacle to see that schooner with all sail set, in the full flush of her strength and beauty, and under the serene blue sky of Heaven, go down with her stricken sister-craft, bound to her by the fetters which were meant to save. But the shipwrecked crew paid little attention to the poetry of the scene. They realized that they were adrift upon a dangerous part of the ocean. Dangerous not only from the ordinary perils of navigation, but also by reason of the thick fogs of the locality with their helpfulness towards collision. The lifeboat, complete enough in many other particulars, could boast no signal lights or horns. These articles, not the least important part of a Bank fishing vessel's equipment, had gone down with the *Dayspring*.

About twenty-four hours after their disastrous encounter with the ice-berg, the soggy, impenetrable fog with which they were all so well acquainted, shut down upon them. They kept sailing doggedly along, as well as the stifled breeze would permit. It was no more risky than lying still. Suddenly, upon their quarter a great moving shadow loomed up. There was a clang of gongs, the rush of swirling water, hoarse shoutings of excited men, and the sharp stem of a fast-moving liner cut the lifeboat in twain.

Buoys and planks were quickly thrown to the struggling swimmers, and vivid glare of portfires partially pierced the fog. The wreckers were all picked up, and afterwards landed at a home port.

In such fashion did Harv Pelley win and lose a life-boat, sailing vessel, and a steamship. From nothing to wealth, and back again to nothing, in the course of a few weeks!

# THE TRAIL OF THE LOUP-GAROU.

BY BERTRAM NORTH.

[T was very early in March. The sun was not in sight, but a long, clear streak of yellow lay along the Tay Hills. Beaverhead stood black against the centre of it.

David Hawless came out of the kitchen door of the backwoods shanty, lantern in hand, and crossed over to the stables to feed the stock.

There was a solid crust in the barn-yard, where the snow had not been trampled down by the cattle.

Billy Evans, David's chum, before pulling on his over-socks and long-boots, lighted the kitchen fire and put fresh water in the kettle. David entered the barn by a small door cut in the grey expanse of the main portals, which are much too large to use in the winter time. Lifting the shutters in front of the horses' manger, he thrust in liberal rations of good timothy and clover. Then lifting corresponding shutters on his other hand he fed the cattle—some with English hay, some with swamp-grass of a poorer quality.

The lantern threw his shadow sprawling over the dusky beams and rafters. The horned-cattle mumbled with hugh mouthfulls, and made the poles creak and the chains rattle, in their eagerness to snatch tit-bits from their neighbors. But the horses stamped nervously. David tossed his fork into the mow, took up his lantern and went out.

The red rim of the sun was just gliding up over Beaverhead. He snuffed the soft March air with relish. Billy came out with the milk pails which he set down on the snow, and went over to the well-house to draw water into the trough for the horses, and his pard desisted from his scrutiny of the

sky and opened the horse stable door. He went in, told Nelson to "stand over," and began to untie his halter-ropes to lead him out. Something brushed past him, touching his shoulder. He turned just in time to see a man pass out at the open door. Leaving the knot half untied, he was at the door in a bound. Across the yard and across the field beyond, went a tall figure in brown clothes, with Billy hot on his heels.

"Where the devil did he come from? This is no place for tramps," he muttered. Then he returned and led out the three horses, who pricked up their ears and reared in an unaccountable manner. In a few minutes he quieted them and they drank good naturedly, pushing their noses together and playing with the water.

"If that fellow can be caught at all, Billy can do it, and handle him too, when he is run down," he said, standing with one foot on the edge of the trough and gazing off at the grey line of poplars into which the two had disappeared.

The light grew apace. The thin blade of smoke from the chimney went up like a peace offering. The horses were led back to their warm, straw-spread stalls, and grain was dealt out to them. Then David descended to the cellar of the barn, and for ten minutes worked steadily at the handle of a turnip cutter. By the time the crisp chips were dropped along in front of the grunting steers, it was full morning.

Billy had not yet returned, and in spite of Hawless's confidence in his friend's prowess, anxiety stole into his blood.

"I've seen a skinny little devil of

a quarter-back nearly kill Buckley on the foot-ball field, and Buckley was a bigger man than Billy," he said.

He ran indoors, up to his room, and took his six-shooter from its resting place. With flying fingers he pushed in the cartridges, then down stairs, out and away in the direction his chum had taken. The crust was strong as a floor and fine to run on. He crossed the wood of poplars and black alders, and at the edge of the spruces met Billy slowly returning.

"What is the matter?" he gasped, for his friend was trembling like a scared heifer.

Billy did not answer at first, but took his arm and moved on. The cheeks, by right, so brown, were as grey as the poplar bark.

"For God's sake, tell me," cried Hawless, clutching the other by the shoulder.

"I will—in the house—by the fire." He looked nervously around, staring at the black edge of the spruce woods with terror in his eyes.

In the kitchen David administered a mug of whisky-toddy, piping hot. Billy gulped it down and drew a long breath.

"When I was upon him—six inches to grab—he went down on all fours and ran like a dog—my God, he looped away like a big dog—" he cried.

An unpleasant chill crept over Hawless, but he tried to laugh.

"What is your object in lying, old man?" he asked.

The other went nearer the stove.

"It is God's truth," he said slowly.

David Hawless, grit to the backbone and strong as a bull, started fearfully at a scratching on the door. Then, with his revolver cocked, he opened the door a foot. Peg, the English terrier, came in quivering. The hair was standing around her neck like bristles. She

sprang into Billy's lap and whimpered.

"I forgot," said Billy, "Peg was with me."

They got breakfast, clattering forks and eating with as much relish as possible; but an unnamable grey dread had fallen on their animal spirits. They forgot to fill their pipes.

"Do you remember the story old Jones told us when we snow-shoed over for the buckwheat flour last week," asked Billy.

"Yes, about the man-wolf," said Hawless. "Then—was this—do you think?"

"The loup-garou or the devil," muttered Billy. "And we called old Jones a liar!"

Peg would not go out of the house that day but crawled to her basket behind the stove and pretended to sleep. The men went about their work of hauling up rails from a piece of young fir-woods half a mile distant, simply because they did not want to own up to one another, in the broad light of day, that they were no braver than Peg.

A week passed without any change in the bright spring days and crisp nights. The snow was slowly sinking, but the March crust continued sound. Over the open fire, in that part of the shanty where pictures and books and good rugs bespoke the tastes of the occupants, Billy knocked the ashes from his pipe. David reached back for the blue jar and found it empty.

"It's my turn to tramp over to the village and restock," said Billy.

"Sure," replied the other, gazing at the offending jar—then—"why don't you ride? Nelson is in tip-top condition for the saddle."

Billy shook his head.

"The short road is not kept broken out this time of year," he said, "and the crust would cut up a horse like fun."

They found a package of very dry cigarettes in the pocket of one of



Billy's summer coats. With the shaded lamp from home on the table at their shoulders and their athletic bodies reclining in steamer-chairs, they smoked the cigarettes and talked about the experience with the Loup-Garou. The awesomeness of it was beginning to wear off and David even went so far as to try to explain the whole thing scientifically. This he found hopeless, for Billy would have the story as he had first told it. "Anyway, how could a man get down on all fours and go faster than I can run—no, my son, it was something worse than the devil himself," he said impressively. Then he laughed.

Hawless puffed out a line of rings, eyeing Billy through it.

"You feel better about it now than you did," he said. "You weren't so confoundedly fond of this devil of yours the morning you ran after him."

"Correct you are," assented Billy, growing sober; "and I don't like even the memory of the thing very much; but just now I am in a mood to make light of anything unholy."

In the inside pocket of his smoking coat lay her letter, which had come up that day in the fortnightly mail.

Next morning, warmly and lightly clad, and armed with a small revolver, Billy started out on his ten-mile tramp to the village. He said he would be back early in the afternoon, only tarrying a few hours to lunch with their friend, the Doctor.

Hawless, with no tobacco to cram into his companion pipe, and nothing new to read, moved about the house and out-buildings restlessly, after his friend's departure.

Bright and lovely grew the day. Peg, who had been locked into the big room upstairs, whined dismally. Hawless discovered himself standing outside the bed-room door, picturing the red eyes of the Loup-Garou glaring at him. Then he went inside, and the first thing his hand

went to was his loaded six-shooter. He put it into his pocket with an apologetic smile, whistled to Peg, and went out. They started off on Billy's trail at a sharp trot, and the farther they went the faster they put their feet down to the good crust.

Thus, sometimes running, sometimes walking, they travelled until noon. The wood-road along which they had been moving for several miles dipped suddenly into an alder swamp. Peg, who had been running ahead, turned at the edge of the grey stretch of bushes and came back, yelping furiously.

Twenty yards farther and a sight met Hawless's eyes that, for a moment, chilled him helplessly.

There, in the midst of a circle of crushed alder shoots and broken snow-crust, two figures swayed and strived. There was blood on the snow—warm blood that had melted in.

David rushed forward, shaking off the cruel chill of horror, and stared close at the fighters. His foot struck his chum's discarded revolver, which lay there, just outside the fatal circle. At that moment they fell—Billy underneath—the tall man he had seen before on top. Between his friend's groans and gasping for breath, he heard a sullen, brutal snarling.

Like a flash he was at them where they rolled on the ground, trying to snatch them apart.

Then the six-shooter cracked and he was thrown violently down, and something long, and snarling, and black, leapt over him and disappeared like a dark shadow among the waiting alders.

\* \* \* \* \*

And this is one story of the Loup-Garou. Hawless told it to me while Billy Evans lay on the lounge by the fire, dreamily pulling at a cigar. From where I sat the white scars on his cheek and neck showed plain. The hand that held the cigar was crippled, and I shivered at the marks of the teeth.

## OUR TIMBER.

BY C. M. WHITE.

**I**N writing an article on any subject of public interest, but particularly on one which attaches considerable importance to a country, the writer has to exercise a judicious amount of prudence, lest he should say anything which would be entirely misleading or untruthful. Exaggeration, no matter how trivial in such subjects, is oftentimes productive of many evil consequences. Some of the forest timber of Newfoundland is equal in quality to that of the best in any part of North America. Even in old histories and the geological reports of the colony, writers have not shrunk from publishing their honest convictions regarding the quality of our timber. Many people were much surprised when Newfoundland was first spoken of as an agricultural country, and even at the present day there are many pessimists who sneer at this assertion. It is little wonder then that General Dashwood, an English sportsman who regularly takes advantage of our great sporting facilities, would dare to write even in our local newspapers that "Newfoundland is a country of scrub-trees." There are many natives also who, time and again, have written very disparagingly of our agricultural and timber lands. But it must be remembered that the assertion I made above in respect to the quality of our timber has been proven by men most competent of judging, and who have volunteered their written opinions. In belts, and mainly along the river valleys, are found the agricultural lands of the island; and also around the heads of the bays, or the margins of the smaller streams. The western portion of the island is by far the most im-

portant, having in addition to a large extent of fertile soil, valuable forests, coalfields, marble, gypsum and limestone beds, and mineral deposits. Cape Ray and Cape Anguille mountains, which partly bound the Codroy Valley, and which attain in some places an altitude of 1,200 feet, are richly covered, nearly to their summits, with forest trees. The area, occupied by level or undulating land in the Codroy Valleys, amounts to about 75 square miles or 48,000 square acres. For the most part the country is well wooded with stout mixed timber consisting chiefly of spruce, balsam, fir, yellow birch (frequently of large size), white birch, and tamarack. In the procuring of timber the presence of so many fine smooth rivers in this part of the island gives great advantages. The Crabb, Fishel's, Barachois, Robinson's, and Flat Bay all flow west from the Long Range mountains into St. George's Bay. Though shallow they are smooth-flowing and well stocked with fish. These rivers all run through excellent land, which is covered with large timber, Crabb's river region being especially favored. Of this part of the island the geological reports say:—"Much of the timber of this great plateau is very large. It consists principally of birch, spruce, fir, and poplar. Yellow and white birch trees having a diameter of three feet, and even more, are frequently met with. Many of the trees are tall and straight, resembling the hardwood forests of Canada."

Indian Brook valley which is on the east of the island was once very thickly studded with tall forest trees, but fire at different periods

has swept them down. There still remains, however, a large quantity of timber available for lumberers, and a considerable quantity suitable for farmers and builders. The forests of the Exploits Valley, also in the east, consist of spruce, balsam, fir, tamarack, white birch and poplar; and the timber in the Gambo country especially in the valley of Triton River is very fine. Pine is abundant here, and though not so large as that of the Gander, is of excellent quality. The white birch, spruce, and fir along the banks of the river are remarkably fine; indeed finer is seldom met with in any part of the island.

Perhaps the most convincing and substantial proof that our country bears timber in large quantities and of splendid quality and value, is conveyed in the following facts. On March 3rd last, Mr. R. G. Reid concluded arrangements with Mr. Lewis Miller, of Crieff, Scotland, for the development of some of the lumber regions. Mr. Miller is a large lumberman with his headquarters in Sweden. He was here last summer, traversed the interior of the country, inspecting many wooded regions, and expressed his surprise at their wonderful richness. The agreement between Messrs. Reid and Miller is, "that the latter will build a spur railway line, twelve miles long, from Gload's Pond, on the N.F.R., to Red Indian Lake, on the shores of which he will erect a lumber mill to cut 40 million feet of lumber a year. He will build a second mill at Indian Bay, Bonavista Bay, with a capacity of 20 million feet, and a third mill of similar capacity at Burnt Bay, Notre Dame Bay." A thousand men have been engaged lately at the first named place, building the track and mill; and the last named place is just now in working order, and is to be the headquarters of the enterprise. It will have attached to it a large lumber yard. At Burnt

Bay the steamers will load to carry the output to market.

To convey 80 million feet of lumber a year to market will require the regular running of 80 steamers of 2,500 tons each, and the almost constant employment of three thousand (3,000) men. The project will require more men than do the two mines on Bell Island, and will probably mean a comfortable living to fifteen thousand (15,000) people—the 3000 above mentioned and their families. It means that villages will grow up near the mills, that farms will be started, that agricultural produce will find a steady local market, and that new trade avenues will be opened. It is said that other lumber firms, syndicates, and companies will in the near future apply for other and similar concessions to the great lumber enterprise above mentioned. It must be borne in mind that such like industries will give permanent, not temporary employment. Is not this what all our people are craving for? "Man is born to labor," and whether it is pleasant to us or not, the great majority of us have to work for a living.

The wages to be paid by the lumber mills, which are in course of erection, will be good, as in most industries of this nature. Men of many callings will be able to procure lucrative employment in them. It is next to impossible to make any correct forecast of the many and varied advantages which must accrue from these great enterprises. We are also assured of further mining developments; and such with the other enterprises instituted by the Messrs. Reid cannot fail to bring a great and permanent boon to this ever-neglected and down-trodden country. Great things, however, cannot be accomplished in a few days, as most people unwisely seem to expect, for in such huge undertakings there are a legion of stumbling-blocks or obstructions to

be encountered and surmounted before the real starting point is reached. Hence we should not expect such tremendous enterprises to be in full working order in a few weeks, but rather let us think it surprising if such are permanently established in as many months. Fires, time and again, have unfortunately destroyed much of our valuable forest timber. This destruction of timber can be attributed in many cases to the wanton carelessness of sportsmen and others, who having lit small fires to "boil the kettle," have forgotten to quench them before leaving. What may be taken as a proof of the richness of the soil in the island, is the incontrovertible fact that wherever such fires have occurred, a luxurious growth of grass, several feet in height, has sprung up, immediately. A third of the area of the island is covered with lakes, ponds, etc., or, in other words, water.

Whatever doubts there may exist regarding the richness of our soil, none whatever can be held of the wealth of our timber lands. The best reply to our many detractors in this respect is the price obtained for our pine in the London market. Our yellow pine fetches the very highest price there. I shall now name the principal saw-mills at present working in the island, beginning at Gambo and moving North. The mill at Gambo is owned by Mr. J. Murphy, of that place. It has a capacity of about 10 million feet of lumber a year, and employs regularly on an average of 75 men. Gambo is admirably situated for such an industry, and it is much appreciated by the settlers there, many of whom manage to make a comfortable living by it. The next mill is at Benton. It is owned by Mr. Reid, and has a similar capacity to the above mentioned one, both as regards the cutting of lumber and the number of employees engaged there. Glenwood Mill, which is the

next to be met with, is worked by Mr. G. Sterrit. And the mill at Exploits, owned by the Exploits Lumber Company, under the management of Mr. C. Hilson, is the fourth and last of the principal mills situated along the line. All four industries are about equal in every respect. During the winter months between three and four hundred men are employed by each of them at logging, and other work. Hence we see that they are almost indispensable as a means of giving labor, and would be much missed in their respective localities if by any mishap they were closed down. The Terra Nova mill, which once did a splendid business, is not working at present, but it has been purchased by the Horwood Lumber Co. and will be put in full working order once more. This same company has also purchased the Indian Arm saw-mill and great things are promised from it this summer. There are many minor mills situated at different intervals all along the railway line. Between Glenwood and Exploits is Burnt Bay, where is to be situated the headquarters of the "Miller Lumber" enterprise. A fine and substantial wharf which was lately built at this place by the Messrs. Reid will especially suit the purpose of loading the steamers. The mill at Spruce Brook, which is about 26 miles west of Bay of Islands, is beginning to boom. It is under the proprietorship of the Horwood Lumber Co., and it is expected will eventually do an equal business with the ones above mentioned. The heaviest timber in the island is found between Gambo and Exploits. Timber is more or less plentiful all along from Exploits to Port-aux-Basques. For the most part it consists of pine, fir and pulpwood in enormous quantities. Many people are unaware of the kind of wood that is denominated pulpwood. Spruce trees which are not sufficiently heavy for deal are especially

suited for pulpwood. These latter are plentiful everywhere in the interior.

The principal varieties of our forest timber are:—White pine, yellow or red pine, scrub pine, black, white, and red spruce, fir (called var here), and larch (called hackmatack in New Brunswick, Tamarack in Quebec, and juniper in

Newfoundland), white birch, yellow birch (called witch-hazel), black birch, low and alpine birches (two inferior varieties), white and black ash, mountain ash or rowan tree (dogwood), balsam poplar or balm of Gilead, and aspen poplar, willow (in several varieties), alders, choke, and wild cherry.

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### THAT NIGHT.

DEAR reader, what I shall here write is about that which happened to me in Newfoundland in the beginning of the present year of our Lord, nineteen hundred. If the story be condemned by the lack of striking incidents, it should be much redeemed in interest by its being true. My profession occasioned me to live in one of the colony's greatest cities, and there I could find but little comfort, so it came to pass that when my friend, Walter Robertson—"Walty Robson," as we would call him—suggested that I should live with him, I gladly accorded with the idea, settled my account with the people I had been living with, and had my worldly goods and possessions removed to my friend's home. It was an old timber house which stood a little way out of the town in the lee of a lonely hill and vicinity, surrounded by dark spruce and fir wood, but though it had stood there before the oldest colonist could remember, looked dreary and was accused of being haunted, it was exceedingly cheerful within and comfortable. I made my entrance thereto on one of those evenings when the year is young, and spring tries hard to imitate her elder sister autumn.

The lake at the back of the house looked as though it were of ink, and the wind moaned and whined in the manner of the equinoxials in similar places in the mother country.

After eating an excellent good supper and smoking some excellent good pipes of tobacco, we retired to our couches, mine in a room temporarily prepared for me in a part of the house which is now scarce used for the need of repairs which it is in, but adjoining to the room in which my friend slept.

After disrobing myself and donning the garment in which I was wont to sleep, I put the lamp in a convenient place, got to bed, and prepared to enjoy the ten minutes of reading with which I am in the bad habit of indulging myself before sleeping.

Hardly had I opened my book, when I was startled by a loud thud which seemed to come from Walter's room. This was followed by several loud groans; then another thud, a faint squeak; then again there was silence, but for a little time, for the last sound was quickly followed by that of quick stentorious breathing as of one passing towards that dark stream which no living man knows the further shore of. I did

not doubt that some horrible tragedy was being enacted, and wondering should I be in time to prevent its culmination. I sprang out of bed, hastily seized my revolver, and went as silently as I might out of my room and along the passage to the door of the next room——

Reader, have you ever interrupted the doing to death of a fellow creature, and that a dear friend in a lonely old house, while equinoxials moan and whine in dark fir woods around, and ripple the surface of black tarns. If not you know not, neither can you imagine what I felt as I stood at the door of Walty's room that night. With an effort I

overcame the dread which then made me to hesitate for a moment and flung open the door.

I was surprised quite as much as I expected to be. The room had but one occupant, that its owner he sat on the floor; grasped tightly in either hand was a hard dumb-bell shaped object which he worked convulsively to and fro. This was attached to a weird contrivance of weights and squeaking pulley's by cords of India rubber, which I subsequently learned to be the latest machine designed by Samsow in the interests of the noble science of physical culture.

R. K. F.

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## "UNTO DEATH."

BY WILL. S. FREW.

**B**ARLINNIE prison was sleeping. Barlinnie, the miserable abode of those unfortunate wretches—rich and poor, master and servant, college-bred and alley-bred—who having all by common crime, come within the powerful and far-reaching arm of the law, buried alive, as it were, in the midst of one of earth's busiest quarters, spent the dreary monotonous days of their confinement, wishing for night and sleep, during which, for a few brief hours they could, in their dreams, live once more in the happy past, and recall old faces and scenes gone from them perhaps for ever. Gone, yea, and with them liberty and honour. They were indeed a motley collection, representing almost all nationalities, and embracing every type of criminals, from the hungry youth who had stolen a loaf, to the doomed murderer, to whom each beat of his heart, every tick of the clock, brought the scaffold and

an ignominious death near and ever nearer.

Day and night, night and day, with never a change to kill that tiresome monotony; their pride humbled, their spirit subdued, consigned to degradation and obscurity, they paced constantly to and fro o'er the yard with never-ending restlessness, the echo of the hum and noise of the busy world ever present to their senses; whilst they, condemned to lie as it were dead but conscious in a noisy churchyard, could listen in their restless dreams to the busy treading of the feet on, on, on and pray for release.

Terribly grim loomed the prison in the moonlight, its weird shadow lending a solemn, impressive aspect to the building, an oppressive brooding silence hovering round the place, broken only by a night bird calling to its mate, or Glasgow's bells in the distance chiming the hour of midnight, whilst ever and

anon from afar came the lonely sighing of the night-wind across the moor.

Suddenly, the loud clanging of the prison bell broke the stillness, awaking the place as if by magic; wardens hastily obeyed the imperious summons and rushed half dressed to the scene of the disturbance. Confusion reigned everywhere; even the prisoners crouched in their cells, and fearing fire, shrieking, cursed and prayed alternately to be released, for even to them, drinking the very dregs of earth's misery, life was precious.

What could be the matter? Something startling must have occurred, for rarely was the alarm bell rung at such an unearthly hour. Soon, however, the cause of the extraordinary uproar was known. John Sherbrooke, known as Number 49, a desperate character, who had recently been sentenced to five years imprisonment, for robbery with violence, had escaped. Outside the open door of his cell, the turnkey had been found lying, with his head battered in, whilst a heavy stool near by covered with hair and clotted blood, left little doubt as to the awful manner in which he had been unmercifully done to death. His keys had been removed, and it was surmised that, having for some reason, presumably on being called, opened the cell door, he had been savagely attacked by the prisoner, and the poor fellow, taken off his guard, had been unable to defend himself from his barbarous assailant, who had afterwards removed the keys from his murdered victim and, luckily for him, unnoticed by the guards, was thus enabled to unlock the gates between himself and freedom.

Parties for his recapture were immediately organised, and every hole and corner adjacent to the jail, likely to afford shelter to the criminal, was searched thoroughly. The head jailer, in person, led one party;

judging from the state of the body when found, he thought that the crime had been committed but a few minutes before, and providing he was not hiding in the vicinity, the man would be found in the city, whither he would go to obtain a change of clothing, for in his prison garb his conspicuousness would prove his downfall; so to the city, about three miles distant, with the utmost speed, they went.

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Upon a bed, in the corner of a wretched attic, in one of Glasgow's most squalid districts, lay the wasted form of what had been a pretty child. Fever, however, had lain its deadly hands on her, till now but a shadow of herself remained. In her bright eyes still lingered some of their former radiance, which mingled with the angelic beauty reflected from her pure soul by the approach of death, gave to her countenance an ethereal expression. Alone, unwatched, uncared for, save by angels, though two or three times a day a kind, motherly neighbor brought the little orphan some refreshments. There, in that uncongenial place, the little creature passed the long dreary days and nights, solitary and lonely, awaiting peacefully the hour when her soul would flee from sorrow, and death would bring tranquil and profound repose. The fading form, the dying fire, the failing light, the time-worn room, the gloom and solitude, were all in harmony. The bright moonbeams gleamed through the uncurtained window to-night and revealed the form of the old woman kneeling before the dull, red fire, gazing mournfully upon the child, fast fading like the light on a summer's evening. The invalid awoke from a fitful slumber. "Who's there?" she inquired timidly.

"Only me," answered the woman, crossing to the bedside.

"Where is daddy? I heard him call. Hush, hush, there it is again, and mamma—I saw her beckoning me from heaven."

"Try to sleep again, dearie," said the woman kindly, as she gently unlocked the twining fingers, which the child, in her eagerness, had twisted in her own. Dream again, and perhaps in your dreams you may meet your angel mamma again, and walk hand in hand amidst the bright glimmering stars on the eternal streets of heaven."

Slowly the moon faded, and the grey light of a new day began to break in the eastern sky. The fire had died out now; nothing broke the stillness but the heavy breathing of the little girl or the faint sighing of the wind which, as the light dawned, came creeping along the street, moaning low and mournful like the rustling of a phantom's garments. Fainter and fainter grew the breathing, and the shadow of approaching death fell across her face; the candle flickered, and the woman, worn out with watching, began to doze, when she was awakened by the sound of a hasty step on the creaking stairs leading to the room.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and a ghastly, hollow-eyed man, covered with dust and perspiration, his face blanched with terror, stood on the threshold. More like a beast, he looked with a fearful hunted expression in his determined face, the woman recognized him at once; and his appearance, together with his hoarse breathing, acquainted her more plainly than words could have done, of what had happened.

"Help me to escape them!" he gasped. "The hounds are on my track, I cannot shake them off; for a moment or two I have managed to put them off the scent, but it cannot be for long—I must change

these clothes or I am lost. For God's sake help me, quick!"

Crossing the room and taking off his coat as he did so, he opened a drawer, from which he took a revolver.

"I shall escape them yet," he growled. "No, they shan't catch me. I'll shoot them first and myself also, rather than be taken alive."

The sweat streamed from every pore in his body; his whole frame shook under the tension of his nerves, but a fierce, determined expression was in his eyes. Then his glance fell on the bed, and instinctively he knew that something was wrong.

"Is Mary ill?" he inquired, anxiously. She was his only child, and since the death of her mother, had so entwined herself into his heartstrings, that he—cruel, rough, inhuman to others—loved her earnestly and ardently. His heart was knit to her with a cord of love that no earthly power could have broken.

The woman informed him of the condition of the child, and added that she did not think she could live many hours.

For a moment he stood as if turned to stone, his arms dropped, his face, if possible, took on a paler hue; then, clasping his hands above his head, with a moan of anguish, he dropped beside the bed.

"My God!" he groaned, fearfully, "Dying, Mary, dying." Then his overtaxed nerves gave way, and he burst into an hysterical shriek—"No, no, not that, anything but that; she is all I have in this world. It's not true!"

He turned, and madly clutched at the woman's hands till his nails cut her flesh—then the child awoke and looked at him; first wonderingly, then joyfully, with her large blue eyes. Her face was ashy pale, but upon it was stamped a celestial brightness which, like the silver



lustre of the moon, declared the approach to the fountain of its glory.

"Daddy," she murmured feebly, with a languid smile, attempting to stretch her arms towards him. "I knew my dream would come true; I knew you would come back."

He turned to her with emotion, his overcharged heart gave way, and bowing his head, the criminal, the desperado, wept in a way that he had not wept for years.

She looked at him in a frightened sorrowful way. "Don't cry daddy," she said. "You must not feel sad because I am leaving you. I am going to meet mamma. To-night I saw her far far away, and she looked so sweet, so beautiful, as she beckoned to me. God will watch over you."

"God has forgotten me!" he interrupted savagely.

"Hush, hush," she whispered, tenderly, stroking his ragged hair. "Don't say that, he has not forgotten you. I am going to be with Him, but mother and I shall often come to see you, and to sit with you as we used to sit together before she left us, and even after she died, when we sat in the twilight you and I we felt she was still beside us, and thought we could hear amidst the stillness the faint rustle of her angel wings. So in the nights to come when you think yourself alone, we shall be near you—ever to watch over and comfort you."

A groan he could not control broke from him.

"You must not weep, dear daddy. A few years is a short separation, when we are to be re- united to all eternity. Kiss me again. I am so tired, but happy; very, very happy."

He had clutched her to his breast now, his arms clasped round her neck, and her golden wavy hair mingled with his own.

The woman, unable to bear the sight, of his grief, has gone to the window. Suddenly she turned pale, then with a half suppressed shriek

exclaimed:—"Run for your life; quick, if you want to escape. They are coming down the street, four of them. Get out by the backway, there is yet time. Go whilst you have a chance."

Hastily the man unclasped the shadowy arms entwined round his neck, and with an oath leapt to his feet. He knew they would come straight to his house, where, like a rat in a trap, he would be captured, and unmercifully dragged to the jail, beyond which, in his mind's eye, lay the ghastly scaffold.

He went over the dying child and kissed her. "Good-bye darling," he said, and his heart was breaking.

With her remaining strength she clasped his rough hand. "Don't leave me," she pleaded. "All seems so dark and I shall be so lonely. Oh, stay with me a little longer."

He tore himself from her, and reached the door, then hesitated.

On one side stood imprisonment, degradation and death; on the other liberty and life, and between lay his dying darling, his first, his only child. Then love overcame fear. With all his vices and crimes, he was at least a man, and with a choking sob, which could only be wrung from a broken-heart, his brain reeling, and his whole frame quivering convulsively, he dropped across the bed; and in this position his pursuers found him, when a few minutes later they entered.

"Ha! ha! my fine fellow; so we have trapped you, have we?" said the head jailer. "You may as well surrender quietly; your game is up, there is no chance of escape; put the handcuffs on the brute."

Sherbrooke, with blazing eyes, sprung to his feet, his teeth snapped like a trap, his right arm was stretched towards them, and the light of a breaking day gleamed along the barrel of a revolver.

"One step more," he said, and a dangerous light shone in his eye, "and I'll blow your brains out! I

am a desperate man, mind, and defy you to take me; no, not if there were twenty of you. My life is forfeited, any way, and one or two more drops of blood cannot hasten my doom, and when I say I'll kill, I mean it; so for your soul's sakes keep off! Don't think you caught me unawares. I saw you coming, and had I wished, could have got away, but my little girl lies there dying; and with her I intend to stay, though all the bloodhounds on earth were on my trail."

"Gladly would I lay down my life for her, but that cannot be; she is sinking fast. I have waited for you, now I implore you to wait for me. Let me stay with her a little longer—give me but ten minutes more, then I shall go quietly with you, and shall with my last breath pray for you. But, he added, fiercely, "make a single movement to disturb me, and it shall be your last; yea, were hell itself my portion, even across the body of my child I would shoot you like a dog."

The men cowered beneath his glance; they were brave, but standing before a desperate, armed man, like a lion at bay, they knew that it would be madness to attempt an arrest.

The jailer was not an unfeeling man; he knew from the laboured breathing of the child that her moments were numbered—for the noise and excitement had already all but smothered the last flickering spark of life. "So be it," he replied. "Ten minutes I allow you, as I hope to be reprieved myself if ever I am placed in a similar position."

Sherbrooke lowered the weapon, his eyes showing the gratitude he was unable to express; then, in a state of utter collapse, thinking only of her, and totally oblivious to

the surroundings, he knelt beside the bed in a paroxysm of grief.

Again and again he strained her to his heart, whilst the tears he was unable to control rolled down his cheeks.

Once her eyes opened and her lips moved. He stooped to listen, and scarcely drawing breath, listened for a long, long time, but no sound came; a smile flitted for an instant across her face, like the bursting of the sun through a cloud, a sigh, a gasp, and her pure spirit, released from its earthly tenement, soared to its Maker.

For the minute he did not realize that she was gone; madly he pressed kiss upon kiss upon her marble brow; over and over again he implored her to speak but one little word, but she was dead; sleeping peacefully, she lay; never again would her light step and cheery voice be heard in that ancient room; never again would her eyes gaze towards the sun, and the blue sky she loved beyond it; calmly, tranquilly she slept, free from trace of pain; fair to look upon in life; in death she was even fairer.

Suddenly the father pressed aside the straying curls, fondly and gently he folded the snow-white hands, then taking one last, long gaze he drew the sheet across the form, arose and faced his captors.

The old, hard, brutal look had left his face, a peaceful, resigned expression had taken its place, and at that supreme moment he looked every inch a man.

The wardens, who stood by with uncovered heads, could not help admiring him as unfalteringly he walked towards them, his arms folded and his head erect, and a nobler light shone in his eyes than they had ever seen before.

"I am ready," he said, simply extending his wrists for the gyves.

## A TRIP WITH THE DOMINION BRIDGE BUILDERS.

BY W. J. HIGGINS.

HAVING accepted an invitation from Foreman Woodward to make a trip with him at 9.35 a.m. on the seventeenth of August, we pulled out of the Railway Station, and, after an uneventful run reached our destination—Bishop's Falls, Exploits River—at seven o'clock the following morning.

When we arrived, the men were just beginning their day's work on the splendid iron bridge which was then just nearing completion, and which, unfortunately, was completely destroyed a few weeks since. After breakfast I made a sort of exploratory tour of the place. Our camp consisted of a cook-house, about 15 x 30 feet, which by the way was built of boards put together in such a manner as to be easily taken apart and removed; a small canvas tent, which did duty as a store-room for the pork, flour, canned meats and other heavy stuffs, and a larger tent in which the men, numbering about twenty, slept.

The daily routine of the camp was as regular as a school. Rising at 5.30 a.m., at six, all hands except a few of the "lubbers," would sit to breakfast, which consisted during the whole six weeks I was amongst them of beans, coffee, and generally canned meat. The beans were certainly never omitted, and it was amusing to listen to the remarks and notice the peculiar facial expressions of some of the men in regard to them. One in particular, a French-Canadian—had an utter horror of them, and it was certainly good to watch him on the days when the train from St. John's would pass through. It was very seldom that she would not bring provisions of some kind for us, and prominent

amongst them would be the much-sought-after(?) bag of beans. "Holy Moses, Cook!" our friend before referred to would say, "more bean!"

Well, breakfast through, at seven the men would begin work and at twelve there was an hour's break for dinner. The meal varied, but of course there happened to be more "duff days" in the week than any others.

A very good thing occurred in this connection when at Flat Bay Brook, Bay St. George. These "duffs" were always of a dark colour, being mixed with what is called in camp-parlance "black-Jack,"—a liquid composed of molasses and water. At any rate, on this particular day I asked our cook, who, I might here state, was quite a good man at his business, to make up a light pudding, such as one would get at home. He promised to do so, remarking at the same time, that the fellows would have no use for it. Three splendid puddings that would do credit to any dinner-table were laid before the men at dinner. I looked on, and when the time for pudding arrived, a few at the end of the table started in on the ones before them, but at the end near where I was sitting, one fellow after casting his eyes around the table, called out "Cook! where's the duff?" "Before you" replied the jovial cook. The fellow looked first at the pudding, then at his chum next him and smiling said, "D'ye call that duff, why I allows it is more like cake?"

Work would be resumed at 1 p.m. and continued until near sunset, when tea would be taken. This would be usually of cold meats, etc., and every second evening, pies and

other pastry. Do you know some of these fellows got so fond of the pies that we had a small-sized meeting over the matter; the men demanding that they should get the pastry every evening. Needless to say, the "strike" failed and they had to content themselves with every alternate day.

Without a doubt we were a hard crowd, as far as eating was concerned, and, as an illustration, I have only to mention that a whole cow, which had been sent up to us from Bay of Islands, whilst we were at South Brook, Deer Lake, was entirely consumed in four days.

After tea there would be the proverbial "smoke and chat," and the majority of the men would retire for the night about 9 p.m., a few, however, remaining, to have a quiet little game of "draw" until the early hours of the morning.

It is needless for me to state that in a camp of such a number of men, of all types of character, we had plenty fun.

I shall never forget one night at Grand Lake. It appears that the time-keeper also kept an account of the tobacco which the men bought (the camp being conducted by the foreman). Well, one of the men, a resident of Clode Sound, was charged by the time-keeper with stealing some tobacco. He, of course denied the charge, and, in order to decide the case, a court was constituted—the Foreman acting as judge twelve "good men and true" of the gang forming a jury, with the time-keeper as lawyer for the prosecution

the prisoner defending himself, whilst the writer held the official position of court stenographer, being instructed and regularly sworn, (not on a Bible however) to make a verbatim report of the whole proceedings. The case opened quietly and all went well until the time-keeper made a charge against the accused of not only stealing tobacco but a pair of boots as well. Then began the circus. The prisoner jumped up and told the lawyer for the prosecution that he was "a liar!" Well, if there was anything in the world that this same time-keeper couldn't stand, it was the idea of being called "a liar." He had only one arm and perhaps that might account for his being so open in his pugilistic boasts. At any rate, he immediately began a tirade of what he would do if he had two arms; informing his hearers that he could strike a blow almost as heavy as the world's heavy-weight champion, until in order to stop the row which seemed imminent, the judge reviewed the case, charged the jury, who, after a few moment's deliberation, returned a verdict "not guilty!" and the prisoner was honorably acquitted.

General rejoicing was the order of the day, or perhaps I might say "night" and in the midst of the revellery and drowning the clashing of the whisky bottles was heard the whistle of the train, which I boarded a few minutes afterwards, arriving in St. John's well pleased with the trip.





## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

**T**HERE are some books that open for us the doors of a magic world, and enrich us forever with fresh traits of mental and spiritual loveliness. The day on which we first read them becomes a red-letter day in that calendar of which we do not tear off the leaves.

One woman whom I know—know perhaps better than anyone else does—will never forget the snowy Christmas morning in her school-days, when among her presents she discovered a little fat green book, bearing in gold letters the words:—“Mrs. Browning’s Poems, complete.” I can see her now bending above it in the white light of that stormy morning, spoiling her eyes over it in the wavering firelight, taking it to sleep under her pillow when the wonderful day was ended. And no later literary admirations have ever taken away from her appreciation of that great and gentle singer, “half-angel and half-bird, and all a wonder and a wild desire.”

In reading Mrs. Browning’s poems, we find that they group themselves naturally in two great divisions—those written before, and those written after her meeting with Robert Browning. Of course, one could easily make sub-divisions, and there are occasional poems in each group which might be interchanged without detection, but I think this large general massing would occur to any careful reader. There was, it is true, another well-defined period of her authorship, of which the writings would form a third section (and no doubt a very curious and interesting one), but alas, those

writings have never come within the public ken.

Those earliest rhymes, at what age composed, we almost fear to guess, which were hidden under the mattress of her crib! and the French tragedy, most of which she made while sitting in her “house under the side-board!” Truly glad would some of us be to have the opportunity of smiling and sighing over the verses of that marvellous child. But we set these aside as out of the question, and turn to the poems included in my first division. Here we find the weird “Roumant of Margret,” with its powerful use of the supernatural element; the “Cathrina to Camœns,” of which the musical refrain was so often quoted to its author in after days; “The Lost Bower” and the “Deserted Garden,” voicing with delicate comprehension the day-dreams of the child; and so much more of her richest work, so many of the old favourites, that we feel that in this period of her literary activity, she bequeathed to the world a priceless heritage. The “Prometheus Bound,” “A drama of Exile,” and “The Seraphim” are here—all written in “the large manner,” and of a vast sweep in subject, and power in execution. Here is “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship” (perhaps her most popular poem), and “The Cry of the Children”—full of a wild, lyric power, and productive of untold good to those suffering ones in whose behalf it was written.

If we read carefully with unprejudiced mind, these poems and then compare them with those

written in later life, when her improved health and great happiness might be expected to lead to a rich harvest of song, we are puzzled at the result of our research. There is nothing we discover to account for the widely-prevalent idea that her work had suffered from her seclusion, and improved when she was brought more into contact with the world of men and women. One of her reviewers, a well-known critic, says:—"The new and stirring world of political and intellectual activity into which her residence in Italy now transported her, soon made its way into her poetry, and left its mark. But the effects of her long seclusion never wore out, though here and there we may find them obliterated for a moment." It did indeed leave its mark, this world of political activity. But the critic I have quoted certainly implies that the "mark" was an improvement, whereas in the opinion of some of her admirers, the very opposite of this is sadly true. In almost any of the poems I have named, and in dozens besides, we find music as limpid as this:

"Hark, the Eden trees are stirring  
Slow and solemn in your hearing.  
Oak and linden palm and fir,  
Tamarisk and juniper;  
Each still throbbing in vibration,  
Since that crowning of creation;  
When the God-breath spake abroad,  
*Let us make man like to God!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

Grove and wood were swept aslant  
In emotion jubilant—  
Which divine impulsion cleaves  
In dim movements to the leaves;  
Dropt and lifted, dropt and lifted,  
In the sunlight greenly sifted,  
In the sunlight and the moonlight,  
Greenly sifted through the trees.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fare ye well, farewell,  
The sylvan sounds, no longer audible,  
Expire at Eden's door!  
Each footstep of your treading  
Treads out some murmur which ye heard  
before,

Farewell the trees of Eden,  
Ye shall hear nevermore."

Or this, from "The Lay of the Brown Rosary":—

"Onora, Onora," her mother is calling—  
She sits at the lattice and hears the dew  
falling  
Drop after drop from the sycamores laden  
With dew as with blossom, and calls home  
the maiden—  
"Night cometh, Onora!"

Onora, Onora! they heard her not coming  
Not a step on the grass, not a voice  
through the gloaming;  
But her mother looked up, and she stood  
on the floor  
Fair and still as the moonlight that came  
there before,  
And a smile just beginning,

It touches her lips, but it dares not arise  
To the height of the mystical sphere of  
her eyes.  
Her hair droops in clouds amber-coloured  
till stirred  
Into gold by the gesture that comes with  
a word."

Here, too, we find strong, deep human feeling, as in that stanza of "A Valediction," where she voices the pang almost too bitter to be borne.

"Can I love thee, my beloved, can I love thee?  
And is this like love, to stand  
With no help in my hand,  
When strong as death I fain would watch  
above thee?"

My love-kiss can deny  
No tears that fall beneath,  
Mine oath of love can swear thee  
From no ill that comes near thee—  
And thou diest while I breathe it."

And so we go back to these immortal poems, and read them and re-read them, for strength, for sympathy, for inspiration. But ah, when we turn to those later, those political writings, where is the music, where the haunting charm?

"Aziglio, Farini, Mamiani,  
Ricasoli—doubt by the dozen!—here's  
Pepoli too, and Cipriani,  
Imperial cousins and cogeners;  
Arise, Laiatico, courtly  
Of manners if stringent of mouth,

Garibaldi—we'll come to him shortly  
As soon as he ends in the South."

"Peace, peace, peace, do you say?  
And this the Mincio? Where's the fleet?  
And where's the sea? Are we all blind  
Or mad with the blood shed yesterday,  
Ignoring Italy under our feet  
And seeing things before, behind?"

"You'll take back your Grand Duke?  
I made the treaty upon it.  
Dall Ongaro write him a sonnet;  
Ricasoli gently explain  
Some need of the constitution,  
He'll swear to it over again,  
Providing an easy solution  
You'll call back the Grand Duke.

Such verses as these, taken almost at random from her political poems, are unspeakably prosaic and disappointing. We wonder sorrowfully how the writer of those former glories, the upholder of the honour and dignity of song, ever brought herself to pen these uninspired strains! The change was certainly not caused by her great happiness or her renewed health. These are two of the great white wings of poetry. It was not brought about by her love, for it is the expression of that love which lights up, with a constellation of clear splendour, the often rocky and arid tracts of this period. Then how account for it? It seems to me we may lay it largely to the charge of the "political activity," and safely infer that Italian politics are no more poetic than those of less poetic countries.

(Let no rash maker of hasty generalizations hint—"This shows that women had better keep away from politics!") It might rather suggest to the thoughtful mind that if women had for some generations been taking a humane and magnanimous interest in politics, politics might, by the middle of the nineteenth century, not have been in such a prosaic condition as to cloud the radiant imagination of a poet! But this being a mere fanciful supposition, we dismiss it, and content ourselves with reminding the anti-progressive that Milton, when he

began to write on these subjects, lost his inspiration far more completely than did Mrs Browning.)

We must not forget in our attempts to divide and classify, that two great works belong to the second period, which might almost to the minds of some critics, restore the balance which swung so heavily in favour of her earlier writings. The marvellous "Sonnets from the Portugese," written when love had crowned her with garlands dearer than laurel, have placed her among the great sonnet-writers of the world. Judged by this branch of her art alone, she ranks with Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.

"Aurora Leigh" needs more careful and extended consideration than it could receive in so slight a sketch as this. It is a book which has been harshly criticised, and very highly praised, and there are both beauties and blemishes enough in it to account for either mode of treatment.

With the details of Mrs. Browning's life, we are not yet very familiar. She was born in 1809, and seems to have spent much of her early life in the country. Her poems are full of allusions to outdoor life, of the love of garden, wood and field. "Hector in the Garden," gives us a charming picture of the little gardener, as well as a vivid idea of her early intellectual training.

"Nine years old! the first of any,  
Seem the happiest years that come;  
Yet, when I was nine, I said  
No such word! I thought instead  
That the Greeks had used as many  
In besieging Ilium.

\* \* \* \* \*

Underneath the chestnuts dripping,  
Through the grasses wet and fair,  
Straight I sought my garden-ground  
With the laurel on the mound,  
And the pear-tree over-sweeping  
A side-shadow of green air.

She published the "Essay on Mind" at the age of seventeen, and

made a translation of Prometheus Bound before she was twenty. In 1837 she broke a blood-vessel, and some time after was ordered to Torquay for her health. One of her brothers, her close and sympathetic companion in her dreams and plans, accompanied her, and it was then that the great tragedy of her life fell upon her. This beloved brother was drowned in her sight, and his body was never recovered. The shock and grief nearly killed her. For years she was in such delicate health that she did not leave her room, but in time she was able to continue her studies and her composition. Only her family and a very few friends were admitted to her partially darkened chamber. In the letters and her poems we get charming glimpses of the congenial souls who brightened this sad time,—the sisters, Henrietta and Arabel, (described in "Two Sketches,") Hugh Stuart Boyd, Mr. Kenyon, Mrs. Jameson, Mary Russel Mitford, and other gracious presences. Mary Russel Mitford gives the following description of her:

"Of a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the Prometheus of Aeschylus, the author of the "Essay on Mind," was old enough to be introduced into society."

In 1845 came the meeting with Robert Browning, which led to one of the most perfect unions that history has to record. They were married in September 1846, and their love-story grew in beauty and strength with the years of their married life.

In 1861 Elizabeth Barrett Brown-

ing died in Florence, the city of her adoption.

*Constance Aylwin.*

OF Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen and Fanny Burney, W. D. Howells, in Harper's Bazar, says.—

"These women who fixed the ideal of the Anglo-Saxon heroines, wrote at the close of the last century and the beginning of this; some thirty years after the masterpieces of Richardson appeared, and fifteen or twenty years after "The Vicar of Wakefield" imparted to all Europe the conception of a more exquisite fiction. In some sort Richardson served them as a model, and Goldsmith as an inspiration; but it was they who characterized the modern Anglo-Saxon novel, which these masters had perhaps invented. The most beautiful, the most consoling of all the arts, owes its universal acceptance among us, its opportunity of pleasing and helping readers of every age and sex, to this group of high-souled women. They forever dedicated it to decency; as women they were faithful to their charge of the chaste mind; and as artists, they taught the reading world to be in love with the sort of heroines, who knew how not only to win the wandering hearts of men, but to keep their homes pure and inviolable."

#### THE RIGHT SORT.

"Cape Town has been afflicted by a plague of women, who have gone out to South Africa in exactly the same spirit that in other years they go to Ascot and Goodwood. South Africa is at the moment fashionable and therefore these ladies hurry off to the Cape, carrying with them all the follies and femininities of a London season. If they confined themselves to giving picnics, though the spectacle would be somewhat un-



pleasant, they would do comparatively little harm. But though they have possibly never done a hand-stroke of useful work in their lives, they insist on fancying that they can undertake work that requires long and severe training. The time they can spare from picnics is filled up with visits to the wards, where they worry patients and drive nurses and doctors distracted."

The above is from a great London Weekly, and, in my humble opinion, is far too hard on these would-be nurses. It is second nature to a woman, no matter in what station of life, to tend the sick and disabled and to do it well. Naturally, skilled nursing is better than unskilled, but what seat of war has yet known enough trained nurses? A woman need not know the manipulation of a dozen different bandages to administer drink and food to the feeble, or to comfort the dying. Most of the English ladies at the Cape have relatives—husbands, sons and brothers—at the front, and all of them have friends there. Why

object to the picnics? Surely it is better for a man, when he is weak and helpless, to eat good things and talk to pretty women, than to think of his comrades left on the battlefield. There will be time enough for that when his wounds heal.

I was once stricken down with fever in a foreign land in war time and when my friends had to push on to the front, I was nursed by a nigger cook. How gladly I would have shot that nigger if by so doing I would have procured the attention of a charming woman (I am sure they are all charming in Cape Town) no matter how limited her knowledge of the treatment of fever. She would not have tried to make me eat fried pork when the air was like a furnace seven times heated. She would not have left my water bottle hanging in the sun. Nothing inspired the dusky cook to conversation save the fear of having his head cut off by the enemy; while *she* would have told me stories of dances and "At homes."

# GENESIS OF THE "FRENCH SHORE QUESTION" IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY HON. E. P. MORRIS, Q.C.

FOUR hundred years ago on the morning of the 24th of June, John Cabot, in the little vessel, the *Matthew*, of Bristol, discovered Newfoundland. Ever since that memorable morning Newfoundland has been the scene of those troubles and disputes which in recent years have crystalized themselves in the descriptive phrase known as "The French Shore question." In the present article I merely propose to deal with the question from its historical and legal aspect, and in doing so shall have to confine myself within the limits of a brief summary—to do more would be to occupy the space of at least one number of the "Newfoundland Magazine." Few, if any international questions of modern times have given rise to more disputes than has the French Shore question. It has set up and pulled down kings, and more than once has changed the maps of two hemispheres. It has formed part of the preamble in one declaration of war, and no important treaty between France and England refuses it a place; it is fresh and vigorous to-day as when bartered by the French King for British North America, and nothing that we can see foretells the time when it is to become a mere antique. Kings may come and kings may go, but the French Shore question goes on forever. It was an old grievance before the Boers determined on their great trek into the Transvaal, and we find it to-day on the fall of Pretoria occupying the first place in the columns of the English *Fortnightly Review*. As will be seen by reference to Imperial and Local Han-

sards, it has been, year after year, century after century, debated in the House of Lords and the House of Commons in England, in the different Legislative Chambers in France, in the Local Legislature in Newfoundland, and in the Chambers of Commerce of both countries. The press of two continents has debated it, the Blue Books are full of despatches concerning it, and as I write, the question seems as far from being settled as ever.

True it is that the year 1898 witnessed the birth of another of its chapters, namely the appointment by the Imperial Government of a Royal Commission consisting of Sir John Bramston and Admiral Erskine, to enquire into and report upon the whole question of the French Shore. Whether this mode of dealing with the difficulty may lead to a settlement, time only can reveal; certainly not by any reasoning from the past can any such desired consummation be hoped for. The codfish, the innocent and unconscious cause of this trouble, still flourishes, and continues to furnish Newfoundland with an important item of her commerce as it did in the days of Cabot.

There can be no question that from the very date of the discovery of Newfoundland, the value of her codfishery was known and appreciated. We are informed by the early historians of Newfoundland that "Cabot brought home to Bristol a valuable cargo," and it is reasonable to assume that that cargo was codfish, which in the month of June usually abound in great quantities on the coasts. In the year 1500 the

codfishery was carried on by the Portuguese and French and the Biscayans on the great banks and coasts of Newfoundland. In the year 1585 a squadron under the command of Drake, seized the Portuguese fishing vessels on the coast of Newfoundland and carried them to England as lawful prizes, England being then engaged in war with Spain, and Portugal being subject to that power. In the year 1502 a charter was granted by Henry VII to Hugh Elliott and Thomas Ashurst for the establishment of a fishing colony in Newfoundland, but nothing practical seems to have come of it, and it was not till the year 1536 that a London merchant named Hoare, who with a number of others embarked from Gravesend and went to Newfoundland, and from what they saw and reported, led to what may be regarded as the real commencement of the Newfoundland fish trade. From this date a great portion of the West of England vigorously prosecuted this industry and it became no small factor in the growth of England's commerce. So much did the value of this trade appeal to the English, that in the year 1549, in the third year of the reign of King Edward VI, we find the first Statute passed by the British Parliament entitled "An Act for the encouragement of the fisheries in Iceland and Newfoundland." It cannot be doubted but that this enactment was intended by its promoters to wrest from all other competitors the fishery of Newfoundland whose value was then fully admitted by all European powers.

About the year 1582 a Commission under Sir Thomas Humphries was sent out by Queen Elizabeth for the purpose of settling disputes between the fishermen as to the ownership of their various fishing rooms or plantations. Hitherto the custom had been for the person first seizing the space of ground used for the curing

of fish to own the same. This led to annual disputes and much serious conflicts and it was now settled that "so long as he kept it employed for fishing purposes, the fishing-room the subject of his choice, was secured to each fisherman or fishing crew." The following year on the 5th of August, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, took possession of the island of Newfoundland in the presence of all foreigners fishing there.

"This taking possession of that island (says Dr. Foster), on the part of the Crown of England is the foundation of the rights which England has to the fisheries carried on by her subjects in these seas." In the year, 1591 we find Captain Whitbourne in Newfoundland with a commission from the Admiralty holding court and adjudicating on the claims and disputes of 170 masters of English fishing vessels arising out of the Newfoundland fishing trade. In the year 1633 a commission was issued by King Charles "for the well-governing of his subjects inhabiting in Newfoundland or trafficking in bays, creeks, or fresh rivers there." This was followed by others in quick succession, all tending to increase the safety of those engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries and to guard British subjects from being in any way molested or interfered with in their fishing operations. In 1634 a fine of five per cent was levied by the English Government on the value of all fish taken by the French in Newfoundland waters, but was removed in the year 1675. There can be no question that from this date we may fix the growth of the fishery dispute between the two nations, England and France, arising out of the Newfoundland fisheries. And this deduction is amply borne out by the fact that by the declaration of war by King William against the French King the first grievance mentioned is the dis-

puted sovereignty of Newfoundland. The words are :—

“That it was not long since the French took licenses from the Governor of Newfoundland to fish on that coast and paid a tribute for those licenses as an acknowledgment of the sole right of the Crown of England to the island, but of late the encroachments of the French upon that island and His Majesty’s subjects trade and fishery there, had been more like the invasion of an enemy than becoming friends who had enjoyed the advantage of that trade only by permission.”

In the year 1698 an Act was passed by the British Parliament “prohibiting on pain of forfeiture of ship and cargo the importation of fish taken by foreigners in foreign ships.” This Act was followed soon after by another entitled “An Act to encourage the trade in Newfoundland.” Under this last-mentioned Act the right and privilege of landing and drying fish on the shores of Newfoundland was limited to British subjects.

From the accession of Queen Anne to the English throne, 1702, down to the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Newfoundland continued to be the scene of perpetual conflicts between the two nations and the fishing interests of the two countries rose and fell in proportion to the protection afforded those engaged in the prosecution by their respective navies. The following clause of the Treaty of Utrecht, namely Article 13, is the one which undertook to deal with the fisheries in Newfoundland :—

ARTICLE 13.—“The island called Newfoundland, with the adjacent islands, shall from this time forward belong of right wholly to Great Britain; and to that end the town and fortress of Placentia, and whatever other places in the said island are in the possession of the French, shall be yielded and given up, within seven months from the exchange of the ratification of this treaty, or sooner, if possible, by the Most Christian King, to those who have a commission from the Queen of Great Britain for that purpose. Nor shall the Most

Christian King, his heirs and successors, or any of their subjects, at any time hereafter, lay claim to any right to the said island or islands; or to any part of it or them. Moreover, it shall not be lawful for the subjects of France to fortify any place in the said island of Newfoundland, or to erect any buildings there, besides stages made of boards, and huts necessary and usual for drying of fish; or to resort to the said island beyond the time necessary for fishing and drying of fish. But it shall be allowed to the subjects of France to catch fish and to dry them on land, in that part only, and in no other besides that, of the said island of Newfoundland which stretches from the place called Cape Bonavista to the northern point of the said island, and from thence, running down by the western side, reaches as far as the place called Point Riche. But the island called Cape Breton, as also all others, both in the mouth of the river St. Lawrence and in the Gulf of the same name, shall hereafter belong of right to the French and the Most Christian King shall have all manner of liberty to fortify any place or places there.”

By this Treaty it will be seen, the whole territory of Newfoundland was ceded to the British Crown, but by the fishing privileges which it granted to France, new sources of dispute and irritation were created and the conflict which has now been waged for nearly two centuries between the two nations may be said to have arisen by the varied construction of this Treaty given to it by the statesmen of both nations.

The success of the British arms by land and sea in the year 1762 led to the signing of the Treaty of Paris on the 10th February, 1763. This treaty was foreshadowed by the speech from the Throne of the English King on the 25th Nov. of the previous year in the following words :—

“He had pursued this extensive war in the most vigorous manner in the hope of obtaining an honorable peace, and that by the preliminary articles it would appear that there was not only an immense territory added to the Empire of Great Britain, but a solid foundation was laid for the increase

"of trade and commerce and the utmost care had been taken to remove all occasions of future disputes between his subjects and those of France and Spain."

The Treaty of Paris is the best evidence afforded of the value set by France on the Newfoundland fisheries, for, by that Treaty we find her surrendering all her rights on the continent of America, except the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon: giving up the whole of Canada for the continuation of the privilege of fishing granted under the Treaty of Utrecht, and even the small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon were not to be fortified, but to serve merely as a shelter for the fishermen of France; and by the 18th article of the said treaty the King of Spain renounced all claim and right to fishing in Newfoundland waters. The following is the text of articles 5 and 6 of the Treaty of Paris bearing on this question:—

**ARTICLE 5.**—The subjects of France shall have the liberty of fishing and drying on a part of the coasts of the Island of Newfoundland, such as it is specified in the 13th article of the Treaty of Utrecht, which article is renewed and confirmed by the present treaty (except what relates to the island of Cape Breton, as well as to the other islands and coasts in the mouth and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence); and His Britannic Majesty consents to leave to the subjects of the Most Christian King, the liberty of fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on condition that the subjects of France do not exercise the said fishery but at the distance of three leagues from all the coasts belonging to Great Britain as well as those of the continent as those of the islands situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. And as to what relates to the fishery on the coast of the island of Cape Breton out of the said gulf, the subjects of the Most Christian King shall not be permitted to exercise the said fishery but at the distance of fifteen leagues from the coast of the island of Cape Breton and the fishery on the coasts of Nova Scotia or Acadia, and everywhere else out of the said gulf, shall remain on the foot of former treaties.

**ARTICLE 6.**.....The King of Great Britain

cedes the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon in full right to His Most Christian Majesty, to serve as a shelter to the French fishermen; and his said Most Christian Majesty engages not to fortify the said islands, to erect no buildings upon them, but merely for the convenience of the fishery; and to keep upon them a guard of fifty men only for the police.

Following on the American war came the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, by which treaty the rights of France to fish in Newfoundland waters acquired under the Treaty of Utrecht, were confirmed, with this important difference that "the king of France in order to prevent quarrels which had hitherto arisen between the two nations of England and France renounced the right of fishing from Cape Bonavista to Cape St. John granted him by the Treaty of Utrecht and agreed that henceforth the French fishing should commence at the said Cape St. John." The following is the full text of the articles of the treaty bearing on the Newfoundland fisheries:—

**ARTICLE 4.**—His Majesty the King of Great Britain is maintained in his right to the island of Newfoundland and the adjacent islands, as the whole were assured to him by the 13th Article of the Treaty of Utrecht; excepting the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, which are ceded in full right by the present treaty to His Most Christian Majesty.

**ARTICLE 5.**—His Majesty the Most Christian King, in order to prevent the quarrels which have hitherto arisen between the two nations of England and France, consents to renounce the right of fishing, which belongs him in virtue of the aforesaid article of the Treaty of Utrecht from Cape Bonavista to Cape St. John, situated on the eastern coast of Newfoundland, in fifty degrees north latitude; and His Majesty the King of Great Britain consents on his part, that the fishery assigned to the subjects of His Most Christian Majesty, beginning at the said Cape St. John, passing to the north, and descending by the western coast of the island of Newfoundland, shall extend to the place called Cape Ray, situated in

47 degrees, fifty minutes latitude. The French fishermen shall enjoy the fishery which is assigned to them by the present article, as they had the right to enjoy that which was assigned to them by the Treaty of Utrecht.

## DECLARATION OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY.

The King, having entirely agreed with his most Christian Majesty upon the articles of the definite treaty, will seek every means which shall not only insure the execution thereof, with his accustomed good faith and punctuality, and will besides give, on his part, all efficacy to the principles which shall prevent even the least foundation of dispute for the future.

To this end, and in order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give cause for daily quarrels, his Britannic Majesty will take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner, by their competition, the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it which is granted to them upon the coasts of the islands of Newfoundland; but he will, for this purpose, cause the fixed settlements which shall be formed there to be removed. His Britannic Majesty will give orders that the French fishermen be not incommoded in cutting the wood necessary for the repair of their scaffolds, huts and fishing vessels.

The 13th Article of the Treaty of Utrecht, and the method of carrying on the fishery, which has at all times been acknowledged, shall be the plan upon which the fishery shall be carried on there. It shall not be deviated from by either party, the French fishermen building only their scaffolds, confining themselves to the repair of their fishing vessels, and not wintering there; the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, on their part, not molesting in any manner the French fishermen during their fishing, nor injuring their scaffolds during their absence.

The King of Great Britain in ceding the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon to France, regards them as ceded for the purpose of serving as a real shelter to the French fishermen, and in full confidence that these possessions will not become an object of jealousy between the two nations, and that the fishery between the said islands and that of Newfoundland shall be limited to the middle of the channel.

Given at Versailles, the 3rd Sept., 1783  
(L. S.) MANCHESTER.

The foregoing declaration of the English King, no doubt well-meant

and intended to have the opposite effect, has done more to intensify the difficulties and increase the complications than might even have been looked for from the treaty itself, in fact it will be seen hereafter that the phrase "interrupting in any manner by their competition" has furnished the foundation upon which the French have erected in late years the whole claim of an "exclusive right" of fishing on that part of the treaty shore defined in the treaty, and as opposed to the Newfoundland claim or contention of a "concurrent right."

Few, if any, disturbances arose out of the joint exercise by the two nations in fishing on the treaty shore during the long period following on the wars terminated by the Treaty of Paris in 1814; in fact, during these years, the French may be said to have abandoned this fishing and its prosecution was confined almost entirely to British fishermen. By the treaty of Paris however, signed in 1814, the French right of fishing was replaced and confirmed within the limits prescribed by the Treaty of Versailles, upon the footing on which it stood in the year 1792.

We have now traced the history and growth of the Newfoundland fisheries question from the discovery of the island down to the Treaty of Paris in 1814; four hundred years of strife and turmoil. Anyone who carefully reads even the imperfect synopsis I have given, will find no difficulty, I am sure, in agreeing with Lord Salisbury, who, referring a few years ago in the House of Lords to the French Shore question described Newfoundland as "the sport of historic misfortune." It is under this Treaty of Paris in 1814 and what it embraces, that the French claim to-day their fishing privileges, the chief amongst which is exclusive codfishing on the so called Treaty or French Shore; the right to can lobsters, and the right

to take salmon in the rivers. The better to appreciate the right to such claims, the ground upon which they justify such an interpretation, it will be necessary to clearly ascertain from such historical data as are available what these rights were in 1792 or in the words of the treaty, what was the footing upon which it stood in 1792. To clearly understand what that footing was, we shall have to travel back to the period of the Treaty of Utrecht when the right was first created and then gradually lead up to the present day and thus by a careful examination of the question from a constitutional and legal standpoint arrive at a just verdict as to what interpretation of the treaty to-day is the fair and equitable one.

The first and most important piece of evidence we have is the proclamation of Sir Hugh Palliser, Governor of Newfoundland, issued the year after the signing of the Treaty of Paris, which Treaty it will be borne in mind, confirmed the fishing privileges given to the French under the Treaty of Utrecht but conceded no more. That proclamation was as follows :

1. That there should be no obstruction or interruption given to the subjects of France in the enjoyment of the fishery allowed them by the stipulations of the treaties.

2. The harbor admirals and all officers were to take care that the said subjects of France be permitted and allowed in common with the King's subjects the right to choose their stations during the fishing season, according as they shall respectively arrive in the harbors and occupy such a space of beach as shall be proportioned to the number of boats as long as the said subjects of France shall be actually employed in fishing and drying the fish. In case of dispute the captains of His Majesty's ships and Harbour Admirals were to proceed with the strictest justice and report their proceedings.

3. The officers were not upon any pretence whatever, to interfere in disputes which might arise between French subjects.

4. The French were not to be disturbed in their persons, property or

effects curing or fishing, within the limits aforesaid according to the treaties.

Here then we have a public proclamation of the Governor of the Colony made at the time on the spot, clearly defining the French rights under the Treaty of Paris. We look in vain for any suggestion here of an exclusive fishery by the French. On the contrary everything goes to show a concurrent fishing or user was contemplated and understood for the words of the 2nd clause of the proclamation are "that the said subjects of France be permitted and allowed in common with the King's subjects to choose their stations." It is not likely that if such an unfounded pretension as an exclusive fishery as is now contended for was then set up by the French, that so clear and unequivocal declaration of the well understood and accepted meaning of the treaty would have been allowed to go unchallenged. The fishery was clearly a concurrent fishery, while the regulation and control of the same was vested in the English authorities. On no consideration were the French to exercise any jurisdiction. Again in the year 1764 we find the master of a French ship—Le Sage, complaining to the Governor of Newfoundland "that being the first to arrive at St. Julien's, a port on the treaty shore, he had been prevented by one Waldron from taking his first choice," recognizing in this way concurrency with British fishermen and only asserting his claim for the reason of his being the first to arrive. All through these years we find the French and British fishermen fishing side by side and occupying those berths by reason only of their prior arrival. In 1765 a proclamation of the English King to the like general effect as Governor Palliser's proclamation in the former year, was published and exclusive claims in fishing properties were decided to be "unwarrantable pre-

tences" to the great prejudice and discouragement of the ship fishery, not only of our subjects in general, but also of the subjects of the crown of France allowed by treaty to a concurrent fishery within the limits aforesaid." In the same year it was ordered "that all ships which shall resort to that part of the Island, shall choose their stations as they respectively arrive."

Now this clearly means the ships of both nations, for at no time did the Newfoundland Governors or admirals in any way interfere as between the French themselves or their private disputes. In 1768 we have a complaint of one M. Delorme master of the French ship *Bons Amis*, to the Governor of Newfoundland, that "he had been deprived of his first choice of a station at Toulanguet" (Twillingate) and an enquiry was directed." Then follows in 1769 the proclamation of the Hon. J. Byron, Governor of Newfoundland, "issued against obstruction or interruption to subjects of France in the enjoyment of the fishery in common with British subjects" and it was directed that the subjects of both nations were to choose their stations according to priority of arrival." The English harbor admirals were directed not to interfere between subjects of France in any disputes among themselves. In 1770 the Solicitor-General of England, DeGray, in the course of an opinion as to the acquirement of rights of a permanent character in fishing premises by British subjects on the treaty shore, observed "that he is of opinion that the French are not to be excluded from the permissive right of fishery, by any permanent establishments that may be made by the English. In other words that the French possessed their right in turn to the choice of stations and were not to be debarred from its exercise by any assumption of permanent fishing property in English settlers."

In 1772 Governor Shouldham's proclamation was issued, similar to those of his predecessors but contained in addition instructions from the Secretary of State that "the subjects of France be not hindered from nor obstructed in resorting to any part of the harbors in Newfoundland which lie within the limits, provided they be content with such a just and moderate use of these privileges as is warranted by the letter and spirit of these treaties and that they conform to those regulations which are prescribed by your (the Governor's) instructions."

Now we have seen that these regulations were never applied as between the French themselves, and it is valuable evidence to show that a concurrent fishery was always maintained. In 1775 the French Ambassador "complained to the English Secretary of State (Lord Weymouth), of sundry obstructions to the French fishery where they were allowed to carry it on in common with His Britannic Majesty's subjects." This is followed by a strong proclamation similar in effect to the preceding.

The grounds upon which the French mainly rely to establish an exclusive right of fishing are on the words of the declaration of the English King dated September 3rd, 1783, appended to the Treaty of Versailles of the same year. The words are:—

To this end and in order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give cause for daily quarrels, His Majesty will take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner by their competition the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it \* \* \* \* \* And His Britannic Majesty will give orders that the French fishermen be not incommoded in cutting the wood necessary for the repairs of their scaffolds, huts and fishing vessels."

Now to any ordinary mind these words can only have one meaning. If they came before a Court in a



document for construction they could only bear one interpretation, and that is that the French fishermen in fishing were not to be interrupted by the competition of the English fishermen fishing by their side. Competition here can only have the meaning of near competition, because it could not be pretended that competition arising out of fishing in other parts of the island was to be prevented. It is quite easy to understand the reasons which led to the declaration of the King. The Ambassador of France knew very well that the Treaty of Versailles only confirmed to the French the privileges they had under the Treaty of Utrecht. Under the 13th Article of the latter treaty the French "were not to lay claim to any right to the said island and islands or to any part of it or them." The whole of the island was the territory of Great Britain and to be under her absolute sovereignty. This was in no wise annulled by the permissive presence of a French naval force for the discipline of their own marine. Knowing this it is difficult to understand why the English King was requested to make a declaration to the effect that whilst competing together he would see that his subjects did not interrupt the subjects of France? He was the only party to the treaty that could do this, as he alone exercised absolute sovereignty. There would have been no point in such a declaration if the continuous presence of British fishermen on the treaty shore competing was not presumed. Nor was it an annual or occasional interruption that was to be guarded against. The words are:—"in order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give rise for daily quarrels." Now daily quarrels could only occur where men are continuously fishing side by side in the same harbor or on the same fishing ledge or bank, it was clearly to guard against interruptions, such

as they had been subjected to between the date of the passing of the Treaty of Utrecht and that of the Treaty of Versailles, for during this period the French and English as we have seen fished concurrently on the shore, and such a claim as an exclusive fishery never was set up. Nothing can be clearer than that by the Treaty of Versailles, 1783, and the English King's declaration and the counter declaration of the French King, both of which declarations are affixed to the treaty defining the fishery rights of the French in Newfoundland to be in the future what they had been in the past. This declaration goes on to say "The 13th Article of the Treaty of Utrecht and the mode of carrying on the fishery which has at all times been acknowledged, shall be the plan upon which the fishery shall be carried on there. It shall not be deviated from by either party, the subjects of His Britannic Majesty on their part not molesting in any manner the French fishermen during their fishing nor injuring their scaffolds during their absence."

Now in face of such a declaration how unfounded appears the pretensions of the French to an exclusive right of fishing. If such had been conceded or contemplated it is very unlikely that the counter declaration of the French King would have assented to use of such words as "that the method of carrying on the fishery, which has at all times been acknowledged, shall be the plan upon which the fishery shall be carried on there." And again, "it shall not be deviated from by either party," and still further, "the subjects of his Britannic Majesty on their part, not molesting in any way the French fishermen;" words and phrases clearly pointing to a concurrent user. We have seen that the Treaty of Utrecht gave no exclusive right of fishery to the French, that the manner in which the fishery for years was carried

on, fully established such a reading of the treaty, and in 1783 it is settled that the manner in which it is then carried on shall not be deviated from. Amongst the sources of information which have furnished the material for this paper, I have been much indebted to a Foreign Office memorandum, dated March 1866 and July 1873. From this memorandum it would appear "that between 1713 and 1780, that is, from the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht to the breaking out of the war of 1780, the rights enjoyed by the French were concurrent only, and the attempts made from time to time by the French to induce the British Government to make their rights exclusive, had been successfully resisted." Mr. Fitzherbert in a despatch of May 4, 1783, stated that "M. DeVergennes continued to urge the insertion of such words in the declaration as would secure the exclusive right of fishing to the French. This attempt to obtain exclusive rights was resisted and it will be observed neither the treaty of 1783 nor the declaration annexed thereto, confers any exclusive rights in the fishery to the French." Lord Palmerston in a despatch from the Foreign Office dated July 10, 1838, in reply to Count Sebastiani, who claimed on the wording of the English King's declaration, an exclusive right of fishery, amongst other things, says:

"The Treaty of Paris of 1814, declares that the French right of fishery at Newfoundland is replaced upon the same footing upon which it stood in 1792."

In order therefore, to come to a right understanding of the question it will be necessary . . . to ascertain what was the precise footing upon which the French fishery actually stood in 1792.

Now it is evident that specific evidence would be necessary in order to show that the construction which the French Government now desire to put upon the Declaration of 1783,

is the interpretation which was given to that Declaration at the period when the Declaration was framed, and when the real intention of the parties must have been best known. It would be requisite for this purpose, to prove that upon the conclusion of the Treaty of 1783, French subjects actually entered upon the enjoyment of an exclusive right to catch fish in the waters *off the coast* in question . . . at the commencement of the war in 1792; but no evidence to such effect has yet been produced . . . and moreover it does not appear that such right was claimed by France, or admitted by England, at the termination of the war in 1801, or at the peace of 1814.

And referring to the prohibitory proclamations of the English Governors after 1873 which were issued "from time to time on occasions when it was found that British subjects while fishing within the limits in question, have caused interruption to the French fishery," Lord Palmerston says that "neither in the Act of Parliament, 1788, passed for the express purpose of carrying the treaty of 1783 into effect, nor in any subsequent Act of Parliament relating to the Newfoundland fishery, nor in any of the instructions issued by the Admiralty or Colonial Office, nor in any proclamation which has come under my view, issued by the Governor of Newfoundland, or by the British admiral upon the station, does it appear that the right of French subjects to an exclusive fishery, either of codfish or fish generally, is specifically recognised."

And, in conclusion, he adds ". . . exclusive rights are privileges which from the very nature of things are likely to be injurious to parties who are thereby debarred from some exercise of industry in which they would otherwise engage, such rights are therefore certain to be at some time or other disputed, if there is any maintainable ground for con-

testing them; and for these reasons when negotiators have intended to grant exclusive rights, it has been their invariable practice to convey such rights in direct unqualified and comprehensive terms, so as to prevent the possibility of future dispute or doubt. In the present case, however, such forms of expression are entirely wanting, and the claim put forward on the part of France is founded simply upon inference, and upon an assumed interpretation of words."

Governor Darling in a despatch to Mr. Labouchere in 1865 states that several proclamations of Governors between the years 1763 and 1783 speak of the French rights as "rights in common."

From a perusal of all of the foregoing nothing is clearer than the presence on the Treaty Shore of British fishermen lawfully prosecuting their calling, was fully recognised by the French.

Away above and beyond all of the foregoing well-known arguments as to the interpretation of the treaties on which the French base their claim of an exclusive codfishery, there is this further piece of evidence which must appear conclusive, and which in itself ought to be sufficient to set the matter forever at rest and put the French out of Court. In 1818 a treaty was entered into between Great Britain and America by which the Americans acquired the right to fish along the coast of Newfoundland from the island of Ramea, on the south coast round to Cape Ray, to the island of Quirpon, on the extreme north-east, that is to say over nearly the whole extent of the coast known as the French Shore. Clearly Great Britain could not dispose of that which was not her own, and if it was within her right to grant fishing privileges to a foreign power such as America, those privileges were hers. The date of this treaty is it will be observed, subsequent to all

those which might be quoted in support of the French view. Therefore after the Treaties of Utrecht, Versailles and Paris and after the declaration of King George III a treaty was entered into which put beyond dispute the fact that Great Britain retained sovereign rights over the waters of Newfoundland and the coasts over which she had granted certain fishing privileges to France. And so matters progressed between the respective fishermen and negotiation after negotiation took place between the governments of Great Britain and France and the Newfoundland Government with a view of some permanent settlement of the vexed question. The most important of these negotiations was that known as the Convention of 1857 signed in London in that year. Under this Convention it was proposed amongst other stipulations to give the French an exclusive right of fishery and the use of the strand from Cape St. John to Quirpon and from Quirpon to Cape Norman in and upon certain five harbors named. On other portions of the coast British subjects were to have a concurrent fishery. A concurrent right was also given to the French on the coast of Labrador from Blanc Sablon to Cape Charles and of North Bell Isle. This convention was indignantly rejected by the Newfoundland Legislature and led to the celebrated despatch from Mr. Labouchere, the then British Secretary of State for the Colonies, to the Governor of Newfoundland, and now known as the Magna Charta of Newfoundland. This celebrated despatch is as follows:—

"The proposals contained in the convention having now been unequivocally refused by the colony of Newfoundland they will of course, fall to the ground and you are authorised to give such assurance as you may think proper that the consent of the community of Newfoundland is regarded by Her Majesty's Government as the

"essential preliminary to any modifications of their territorial or maritime rights."

From this date up to the year 1885 no less than eight attempts at different times have been made and convention after convention has been held, each one producing a new arrangement, but all in their turn proving abortive and successfully resisted by the Newfoundland Legislature. Any one who carefully and dispassionately studies these arrangements and the despatches connected with them must arrive at the one and only conclusion that their failure was due principally to lack of knowledge and local experience on the part of the British negotiators as to the immense importance to Newfoundland of the fishing privileges proposed to be ceded to the French. Too often, a desire on the part of the negotiators to return successfully from their mission crowned with glory, having effected peace at any price, and judging and estimating the privileges they were bartering away by no better estimate than that gathered from a view of the Newfoundland map on the wall before them; too often the result of keen diplomacy and accurate knowledge of detail on the part of the French representative, gained by a practical knowledge of the subject from a service on the treaty shore.

The last and most important of these negotiations was that entered into at Paris in November 1885. At the negotiations England was represented by Mr. Clare Ford and Mr. E. B. Pennel, gentlemen who were both connected with the Colonial and Foreign Office, neither of whom had ever been in Newfoundland and whose knowledge of the question would depend altogether on their powers to assimilate our case from the Blue Books of a century. As a consequence Newfoundland was, as usual, sacrificed, and nothing practical came of the negotiations but a Knighthood for each of the Eng-

lish representatives. On the French side the commission included a naval officer who had served for several years on the treaty shore and who was fully conversant with every phase of the question. As a consequence the Newfoundland Legislature rejected the arrangements and principally for the following reasons set out in the report of the joint select Committee of the Newfoundland Legislature:—

- 1.—Its adoption would place the French in possession of the principal harbors between Cape Ray and Cape John to the practical exclusion of British fishermen from any of the fishing privileges of that coast.
- 2.—That it gave jurisdiction to commanders of French cruisers in matters criminal as well as civil to the disregarding of those principles and procedures to which as British subjects we are accustomed and entitled in tribunal justice.
- 3.—The proposed arrangement sought to assert, perpetuate and legalise a claim to the purchasing of bait by the French in all the ports of the colony without reservation or power on the part of the colony to restrict them by local legislation.
- 4.—And that no acceptable equivalent was ceded to this colony for those large and important concessions proposed to be made to France under the arrangement.

We now arrive at the last and most important chapter in the history of the French Shore question. Following on the rejection of the arrangement of 1885, the Legislature of Newfoundland in 1886 passed what was known as the Bait Act, "An Act to regulate the exportation of herring, caplin, squid and other bait fishes." This Act was passed mainly for the purpose of preventing the exportation by Newfoundlanders to St. Pierre of bait fishes used by the French for the Bank fishery. This Act was more than justifiable, as by the competition of the French they not alone by a prohibitive tariff in their own

country rendered the export of codfish from this country impossible, but by a bounty amounting nearly per quintal to the value of the fish itself were gradually driving our people out of the European markets. This Bait Act of 1886 was not allowed by the British Government, but nothing daunted the Newfoundland Legislature repassed it in 1887 and sent home delegates to England to urge its sanction. Happening to be the Jubilee Year of Her Majesty the Queen, and a number of Colonial Premiers being in England whose influence and sympathy were obtained and fortified by an able despatch from the then Newfoundland Governor, Sir George William Des Voeux, the mission of the Newfoundland delegates was successful and the Act was assented to and put in force the following year and vigorously prosecuted. It promised to prove disastrous to the French Bank fishery as the following figures will show; the exports of codfish from St. Pierre were as follows:

In 1887..	754,770	qtls. of	112	lbs.
" 1888..	594,594	" " "	" "	" "
" 1889..	300,000	" " "	" "	" "

Whilst the corresponding period in Newfoundland was as follows:—

In 1887..	1,080,024	qtls. of	112	lbs.
" 1888..	1,175,720	" " "	" "	" "
" 1889..	1,076,507	" " "	" "	" "

With such a condition of things staring them in the face, the French looked around for some means to meet the loss occasioned by the cutting off of their bait supply. In the canning of lobsters and the uniting of this industry on the treaty shore with the procuring of bait, they imagined they found the remedy.

They not alone erected lobster factories on the treaty shore, but in the year 1888 two British subjects, Murphy and Andrews, while law-

fully engaged packing lobsters on the treaty shore "had their establishment removed at the instance of the French authorities, a French warship assisting and a British warship interfering to support the the unwarrantable contention of the French." Naturally such monstrous and high-handed acts led to intense feeling in the colony, and on the assembling of the Newfoundland Legislature a joint address to Her Majesty the Queen from both branches was unanimously passed. This address summarised the illegality of the French claim to take and can lobsters as follows:

1.—Because it was declared by the Treaty of Utrecht that it should be unlawful for the French to erect buildings except those "necessary and usual for drying of fish."

2.—Because the Treaty of Paris (1763) restricted the liberty to "fishing and drying."

3.—Because the Treaty of Versailles (1783) speaks of "the fishery assigned to them by the Treaty of Utrecht."

4.—Because the declaration speaks of "the fishery" and "the method of carrying on the fishery which has at all times been acknowledged shall be the plan upon which the fishery shall be carried on there."

5.—Because the French King's counter declaration speaks of "the fishery on the coast of Newfoundland, which has been the object of the new arrangements."

6.—Because the Treaty of Paris (1814) declares that the French right of fishery "shall be replaced upon the footing on which it stood in 1792."

7.—Because there was no such industry as the lobster fishery in Newfoundland at any of these periods, and no such industry was heard of until within a few years past, and the language used to describe "the fishery" which the French were entitled to pursue is utterly inapplicable to lobster catching, or the erection of factories for taking or canning lobsters."

The address concluded with the prayer that—

Having regard to all the facts referred to and the necessary deductions relating therefrom, we are led to the expression of opinion, that in this matter, that is to say in the assertion and protection of the rights of your Majesty's subjects in Newfoundland against the aggressive and unwarranted claims of French subjects, and for the avoidance of discord, tumult and disturbance between the subjects of the two great powers, it is necessary that some firm and vigorous action should be taken by the colony, with the co-operation and active assistance of your Majesty's Government."

To this address came the reply of the Secretary of State for the colonies who, affirming the position of the Newfoundland Legislature, went on to say "that the pretensions of the French in regard to the lobster fishery and the erection of lobster factories on shore are disputed by Her Majesty's Government who, however, trust that some understanding may be arrived at with the French Government between the present time (9th November 1889) and the opening of the next year's fishing season."

Negotiations then followed, and in March, 1890, the following *modus vivendi* was entered into between the British Government and the French:—

"The questions of principle and of respective rights being entirely reserved on both sides, the British and French Governments agree that the *status quo* shall be maintained during the ensuing season on the following basis:

Without France or Great Britain demanding at once a new examination of the legality of the installation of British or French lobster factories on the coast of Newfoundland, where the French enjoy rights of fishing conferred by the treaties, it is understood that there shall be no modification in the positions (emplacements) occupied by the establishments of the subjects of either country on the first of July, one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine; except that a subject of either nation may remove any such establishment to any spot on which the commanders of the two naval stations shall have previously agreed.

No lobster factories which were not in operation on the first of July, one thousand eight hundred and eighty nine

shall be permitted, unless by the joint consent of the commanders of the British and French naval stations. In consideration of each new lobster fishery so permitted, it shall be open to the fishermen of the other country to establish a new lobster fishery on some spot to be similarly settled by joint agreement between the said naval commanders.

Whenever any case of competition in respect of lobster fishery arises between the fishermen of either country, the commanders of the two naval stations shall proceed on the spot to a provisional delimitation of the lobster fishery grounds, having regard to the situations acquired by the two parties.

N. B.—It is well understood that this arrangement is quite provisional, and shall only hold good for the fishing season which is about to open."

Much indignation was created in the colony when the draft of the *Modus Vivendi* was made known and it was found that such an arrangement had been agreed to, against the express wishes of the Government, without the assent of the Newfoundland Legislature and in direct violation of the Labouchere despatch. Delegates from the Government and the people visited England, and enlisted with good effect the press and people in our favour. In the summer of 1890 a lobster factory on the treaty shore owned by James Baird, Esq. of St. John's, merchant, was removed by Sir Baldwin Walker, the captain of Her Majesty's ship "Emerald," the senior officer on the Newfoundland fisheries protection, and permission was refused Baird to carry on the factory. Baird sued Walker for \$5,000 damages and obtained a verdict in the Newfoundland Courts. Walker appealed to the Privy Council who affirmed the finding of the Newfoundland Court. The enquiry into this case led to the discovery that for a great number of years the treaties had been illegally enforced and that the Act 51, George IV passed for the purpose of enforcing the treaties had been by accident or design, expressly repealed as an obsolete measure by the Imperial Stat. Law

Rev. Act 1871. The decision of the Privy Council in *Baird vs Walker*, was in effect that the Government had no law whereby to carry out the treaties, and that with the repeal of 51, George IV passed away the whole authority for enforcing the treaties. The British Government then proposed in 1891 to introduce the repealed statute in order to enable them to enforce the treaty, but this being made known to the Newfoundland Legislature then in session, delegates from both branches were appointed to proceed to England. On their arrival they found that a Bill was before the House of Lords and had passed a second reading, by which powers were taken to enforce the treaties. This Act was a verbatim copy of 51, George IV. which was in its nature, a Coercion Act of the worst kind under which naval officers exercised quarter-deck jurisdiction of the most objectionable and high-handed character; an Act conferring immense powers from the decisions under which there was no appeal, and for the damages sustained by its enforcement no redress. By an undertaking on the part of the Newfoundland delegates to pass a temporary bill to enforce the treaties and then discuss the terms of a permanent measure, the Bill when it reached the House of Commons was withdrawn. This was hailed by the colony as a signal victory, and was achieved largely by the able presentment of the Newfoundland case in the speech at the Bar of the House of Lords of the Right Hon. Sir W. V. Whiteway, one of the Newfoundland delegates. The Newfoundland Legislature then (1891) passed the desired temporary legislation, which has been since renewed from year to year, and under which the naval officers have continued to enforce the treaties. Before returning to Newfoundland the delegates discussed with the British Government the terms of a permanent Bill, the terms of which

in many respects, were a great advance on the legislation it proposed to supersede. The delegates however, were not unanimous, and on their return made two distinct reports to the Newfoundland Legislature. The main features of the proposed new Bill were, that in the place of naval officers, judicial commissioners were to be appointed by the British Government, who would constitute a court for the trial of all questions arising between parties fishing on the treaty shore. This permanent Bill was introduced into the Newfoundland Legislature in 1893 and rejected, a strong objection being that the Bill contained no provision for the appointment of Judges or judicial commissioners by the Newfoundland Government, which a majority of the Newfoundland delegates contended, was agreed to by the British Government, and further, no compensation was provided for parties who might suffer by the arbitration, and further, the Bill made no provision for an appeal.

And here the history of the French Shore Question ends. No further step has since been taken with the exception of the appointment of the Royal Commission in 1898 referred to earlier in this paper. That Commission visited Newfoundland and reported to Mr. Chamberlain, but its report has not yet been made public. It is very generally understood that its main features will be strongly in favor of the colony and it is not altogether without foundation that the withholding of the report from Parliament up to the present time is due to the desire to avoid the necessity of another war.

It will be noticed that in dealing with this question I have directed the evidence towards the main claim of the French, viz., "an exclusive right of fishing on the treaty shore." To seriously answer the other claims already enumerated would be to admit they had any foundation in

law either under the treaties or by custom. Newfoundland has never in any way repudiated the just claims of the French; all they ask is that the treaties be enforced with the interpretation that English statesmen for centuries have placed upon them. If this were done the French Shore question would be settled.

Newfoundlanders have never been able to understand that while every British Government has consistently maintained that the treaties confer on France no more than the concurrent right of fishing on the treaty shore, they, at the same time, with a view of avoiding collision with the French, year after year permit our people to be interfered with in their lawful avocations and wink out of-sight the open violation of the treaties by the French. It is in fact simply absurd to pretend that because the French fishermen were guaranteed from interference in pursuit of their industry, therefore the privilege of fishing was to be theirs alone, or even that they were to possess preferential rights over other fishermen.

The obvious meaning of the treaties is that the French fisherman is to receive the same protection while fishing in British waters as British subjects already enjoy subject to treaty limitations. It is intolerable that Newfoundland should be tied hand and foot in every branch of industrial development merely to please France. There is only one imaginable solution of the difficulty; let England purchase out the French rights either by a money compensation or an exchange of territory. Much is hoped for by the people of Newfoundland from Mr. Chamberlain now at the head of the Colonial Office. If he requires to have his hands strengthened by the unanimous voice of the people of England, then let the evidence taken in 1898 by the Royal Commission be published, and I have no doubt that a remedy will be applied which will render it no longer appropriate to speak of England's oldest and most loyal colony that "she is the sport of historic misfortune."



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# Newfoundland Railway

...REACHES ALL POINTS IN...

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In connection with it, the "Bruce," "Argyle," "Glencoe," "Clyde," and other steamers, run to Cape Breton, to Labrador, and along the great bays.

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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 hearts 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.

**The Newfoundland Railway** furnishes first-class dining and sleeping accommodations, and at its eastern terminus (St. John's) a modern hotel.

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**R. G. REID, Prop.,**

**St. John's, N'f'ld.**