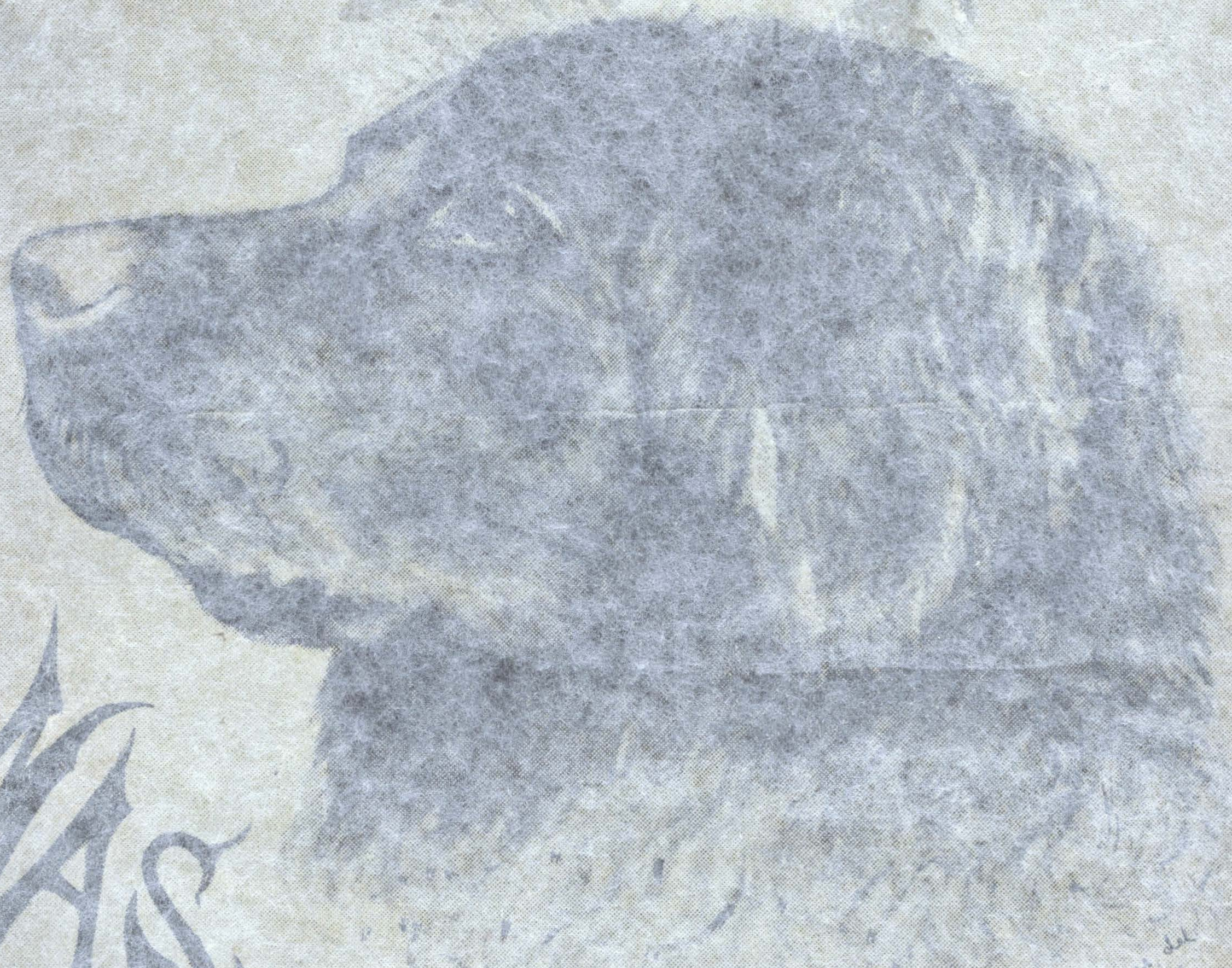


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Annual

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Parsons' Xmas Annual.

No. 3.

WILL PARSONS, Publisher.

CHRISTMAS, 1901.



Tobogganing in Newfoundland.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons.





OUR GREETING.

BY THE PUBLISHER.

“GLORIA IN EXCELSIS!” So sang the angelic voices on the first Christmas morning; and so have sung millions of human voices adown the ages. In climes remote and near this song has been chanted. From cloistered cell and thronged cathedral it has ascended; and is becoming more sacred as it is the better understood.

At Bethlehem it was the angels song; but when once they broke it upon the stillness of the night, it became man's. The humble shepherds heard it first, and since that time it has been on the lips of mightier men; and not a few of the world's great ones have responded to its teaching. It is essentially a universal song, but especially the Christmas song, and shall continue so until all peoples shall have learned its meaning.

We, too, have learned this song. We love it and the Babe whom it heralded, and to-day we celebrate the festival of His nativity; and in our desire to add to its enjoyment, we issue once more our ANNUAL. In its columns the reader will find some of the choicest literary productions of our local authors; and among its illustrations the most artistic touches of the engraver. We mean the ANNUAL to be a success in every sense of the word; and to accomplish this, neither time nor money have been spared. We are conscious of the fact that it will find its way into thousands of our homes, and that thousands of people abroad will likewise scan its pages. Though far from Terra Nova, they do not forget it. During the Christmas season they will often talk of the “old land,” and of its whole-souled festivities. To them the ANNUAL forms a connecting link with the past; and as they peruse its contents, they will in a measure, feel afresh the spirit of “the old times.”

Christmas renews many memories; and even amid its enjoyments we find ourselves looking backward upon the “long ago,” and indulging in reveries that cannot be written of. To us in Newfoundland it is especially a time of re-union. Perhaps at no other season are so many of our people at home. During the greater portion of the year they have been scattered to the four points of the compass, but about this time most of them have completed their voyagings and have anchored 'neath the shelter of home.

Not all who have went out have returned. Some have fallen. As Mrs. Hemans has so pathetically said:—

“The sea, the lone blue sea, hath one.”

But those fallen ones are not forgotten; their memory is cherished; they still hold a place in our daily rounds, and in the ANNUAL we reverently refer to them.

But withal it is Christmas. Again the “tree” is decorated. Again old Santa Claus approaches. Again the “mistletoe and holly” appear. Again the feast is prepared. Again the carols are sung. Let us then be glad, and for a while forget dull care, and wishing ALL the greetings of the season, let us raise a still higher note, and with the angels sing, “GLORIA IN EXCELSIS!”

NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY ISABELLA.

OH! a wonderful land is this New Found Land,
With its grand old rocks tree-crowned,
With its flashing lakes of glorious blue
By the belt of the forest bound—
With rivers that fret and circle and roam
Till they sweep in cataracts vast,
With thunderous torrent and rush of foam
To the deep, deep sea at last.

'Tis a land where the weary toiler finds
Sweet nooks to the world unknown,
Where the free sweet wind sweeps in from the sea
Surcharged with its fresh ozone;
And the homes of our primitive fisher folk
With their Irish and Devon lore:
Since Cabot's days by their fathers told
And repeated o'er and o'er.

How we pause in sorrowful silence to think
Of our royal Red Men gone
From a land they loved with a love as deep
As a Patriot's benison!
Oh! I wonder were they too proud to stay
With strangers from over the sea;
For they seemed to have vanished and passed away
Till a dream they appear to be.

Must it ever be thus that Right is nought
Except to the great and strong?
Is it good that the weakest should go to the wall
And all to the Fittest belong?
Has ever been thus: the Conquerors claimed
Whatever they won their own:
And Might made Right if it happily gained
A Kingdom, a Crown, a Throne!

Ah, then! ah, then our grand Red men,
Our Indian Chiefs, good-bye!
And with reverence due we softly tread
On the mounds where their ashes lie:
Where no rush of rail, no shriek of steam,
With unhallowed rattle and roar,
Shall ever avail to break their rest,
Till time shall be no more.

July, 1901.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE illustrations for PARSONS' XMAS ANNUAL are—as in previous Annuals—from Photographs by S. H. Parsons, whose ability as a Portrait and Scenic Artist is well and favorably known both at home and abroad.

The Photographs selected, we hope, will prove interesting, and when looking through the illustrations the reader will see we have spared no effort to make this Annual a success, pictorially as well as literary.

We desire to thank our literary friends who have so kindly contributed to this Annual. The articles will be found both interesting and instructive, and we hope will be appreciated by all who scan its columns. To our advertising patrons we also tender our thanks. We therefore take this opportunity of wishing one and all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

The engravings for this Annual were made by Will Parsons (the publisher), by the half-tone process.

SEAL-HUNTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY V.

NEXT to the cod fishery the most valuable is the seal. The former is of longer duration, while the seal fishery is short, but is attended by many risks and dangers not known in the prosecution of the cod fishery.

As the fleet all sail at the one time great interest is taken in their departure.

This year, 1901, was no exception to the rule, and accordingly on Saturday, 9th March (the 10th fell on Sunday), shortly after 6 o'clock, the people thronged to the wharves to see them leave in quest of harp and hood.

About 6 o'clock the hills resounded with the whistles of the different steamers, calling their crews on board. Immediately all hands are on board, the ships are swung into the stream so as to be off sharp at 8 o'clock.

At 8 a.m. the S.S. *Neptune*, Capt. S. Blandford, rounded the heads, and was quickly followed by the rest of the fleet. Many were the good wishes for their safe arrival, and loud cheering rent the air as each ship passed the battery, where a large crowd had collected.

Once outside the heads full steam is put on, and the fastest ships soon leave their slower and less powerful sisters far behind.

This year it was a beautiful sight outside the heads, a fine morning, hardly a ripple on the water, the fourteen steamers stretched in a long line going at full speed, and some with canvas set.

When the ship is well under way, the crew are divided into watches, each under charge of a master watch. Each watch is made up of about 50 men. A steamer that in the ordinary way would carry a crew of fifteen to twenty men, at the seal fishery carries from two hundred to two hundred and fifty. For their accommodation bunks are built in the hold, which are taken down when the ship is loaded. This only inconveniences the men for the run home, and if they load their ship they do not mind a little inconvenience.

This year for the first day's sailing it was clear water, and no ice was met till Sunday. Immediately the steamer gets into the ice a man is stationed in the foretop, called a "scunner," who looks for any loose ice or lakes of water, and directs the wheelmen to the easiest course. When the ship becomes jammed the men get out and break away the heavy ice from the bow, and with ropes warp her ahead or astern. Sometimes when forcing through some heavy ice the men roll the ship, which tends to break it from the bows, and thus make progress easier. Two hundred men running from side to side will almost roll her rail under.

The greatest precaution has to be taken when reversing the engines, as the wake fills up very quickly and the rudder or propeller are easily broken by the heavy ice.

Immediately the ice is sighted, a man is stationed in the crow's nest (or barrel), and with a powerful telescope sweeps the horizon for any signs of seals.

For the first day or two only the usual routine work of the ship goes on, until when the seals are seen everything else is dropped.

No seals are allowed to be taken till the 12th. The most valuable is the young harp. The harp seal is so called from a mark on its back resembling an ancient harp. The young are born about February 25th and grow very fast. They are said to gain three to four pounds daily.

The harp seal is very quiet and there is no difficulty in killing them. A prime young harp will weigh from forty to fifty-five pounds.

The hood seal is so called from being furnished with a bladder over the head, which they can inflate at will and on which no amount of hitting has any effect.

The old hoods are very difficult to kill, and must be shot, and even then care has to be taken when "sculping" to put the gaff in its mouth so that it cannot bite. In many cases they have caught men by the hands and put their teeth right through.

An old hood will sometimes weigh a quarter of a ton.

When the seals are first sighted, the greatest excitement prevails. The men collect in the waist of the ship, each armed with a gaff, hauling rope, etc., and when the "patch" is reached they leave in companies, each company going in different directions.

If the weather is favorable, when the patch or herd of seals are struck, the scene is one well worth seeing. As far as the eye can reach is ice pure and white, with little pinnacles here and there, and perhaps an occasional iceberg, while large lakes of water occur at intervals, and all over the surface of the ice are numerous seals, all unconscious of their impending fate. At night the noise made by the seals remind one of the whistles of so many steamers.

Immediately the men are on the ice the slaughter commences. The young harps are easily killed; a knock on the head with a gaff stuns them, and then with knives sharpened like razors, the carcass is severed from the fat and skin. This is called "sculping." The carcasses are thrown to one side, and the fat and skin, called "pelts," are either hauled to the ship's side or to a "pan."

A "pan" is made up from 150 to 600 "pelts," the under ones placed fat down, so that they will not adhere to the ice, and the top ones skin down. In the centre is placed a small staff on which is the flag of the steamer. This is generally the house-flag, with the steamer's initial in the centre.

These "pans" are sometimes far distant one from the other, this of course depends on the number of seals in the patch and the position of the ship. Sometimes the men have to walk ten to fifteen miles from the steamer, while at others they need not go more than two or three.

It is not an easy matter travelling some ten miles to and from the ship if the ice is loose, with perhaps two or three feet of snow on the surface, and it is still more difficult hauling seals to the pans over the loose ice.

A man will haul from four to six seals in a tow.

The men leave at daylight and return to the ship between five and six o'clock in the afternoon.

The ice will sometimes break up very quickly. Where it is in one solid sheet, and no motion perceptible, it will suddenly break into small pans and then the swell can be plainly seen, and where before had been one level field of ice it looks like so many hills and valleys. If a steamer has her load panned this of course makes it easy to get them on board, as she can move from pan to pan quickly, but it also opens the way for other steamers to come in, and a general scramble ensues for the live seals.

When several steamers strike the "patch" at the same time, that with the best crews has a great advantage. Much depends on the choosing of a crew, for while a good man will kill eighty to one hundred seals a day, an inferior man will not exceed fifty.

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Invariably, the whole fleet strike the same "patch" before they are all killed. At first some will go inside and some outside, but in the end they all get within a radius of some twenty miles. The first day only one steamer may be in sight, but the number will increase daily until the whole fleet can be seen.

After the first day's killing the ice presents a very different appearance from that before the slaughter commenced.

The ice in places is reddened with blood, and if many steamers are near, the flags on the pans are flying everywhere, and gangs of men may be seen in all directions.

If everything looks favorable for a quick trip, immediately the seals are taken on board, the coals on deck is thrown overboard to make room, and when the ship is loaded only enough is kept for the run home.

The seals are picked up as quickly as possible, and no time is lost waiting for the men to get on board. The seals are strapped together with short ropes in lots of ten or twelve "pelts" and hoisted on board by the steam winch.

As soon as the last lot are strapped on, the engines are put at full speed and the men have to scramble to get on board.

Sometimes a pan will break in halves, and when the ship reaches it some of the "pelts" will be floating in the water, many of them half eaten by the sharks which are numerous.

The scene at night is very pretty, all over the ice are twinkling lights with the hulls of the steamers looming up in the background. These lights are put on the pans and the work of loading goes on day and night.

The men endure many hardships, especially when the weather is cold, but they do not mind if they can get the seals. They fear nothing, and do not mind a ducking in the ice cold water. On one of the steamers this year, two men started to run for a stray seal, one of them fell in the water between two pans, and the other coming behind him jumped on his shoulder to the next pan and killed the seal before pulling him out.

This year the weather was as warm as it would be on shore, but very foggy.

On Sundays those who do not care to work are allowed to remain idle, but these are very few, as if the seals are killed they believe in getting them on board as quickly as possible.

The law prohibits the killing of seals on Sunday.

When the steamer is loaded and made ready for home, it is difficult to get about the deck, as provisions, etc., are all on deck, and when they can be had, a deck load of seals are taken.

On the way home, if the weather is fine, a good time is spent; the men are all jolly, and songs in the fore-castle is the order of the day.

For the first time, a ship from each firm this year carried a doctor. Fortunately there has been very little sickness, still there is always the risk of an epidemic breaking out, and with a doctor on board much might be done that otherwise could not.

The crew receive one-third of the net value of the voyage, which is divided equally amongst them, and two-thirds go to the owners.

The record of all previous years was this year broken by the S.S. *Southern Cross*, which steamer reached Harbor Grace loaded on the 20th March. Only once before since the date of sailing was the 10th has a steamer arrived on the 20th. This was the S.S. *Wolf*. In 1889 she arrived on the 10th March, but had only a part load.

The S.S. *Southern Cross* would likely have reached port a day earlier had she not put into Greenspond on the way home. She arrived there on the 18th, nine and a half days after leaving, and wired the good news.

The *Southern Cross* was commanded by Capt. Darius Blandford, who for the four years he has been in charge of a steamer has a record that cannot be beaten, having loaded his ship each season, and this year has well christened a new ship, this being her first season.

She was originally a whaler, but was refitted in 1898 by Sir George Newnes for an Antarctic expedition in command of Mr. ———, and reached the most southerly latitude yet attained.

The fleet this year comprised twenty steamers, carrying 4,067 men, and brought in 345,382 seals, of the value of \$389,094.93.

The first arrival was the *Southern Cross*, 20th March, and the last the *Virginia Lake* on the 6th May, she having been jammed in the ice for thirty-five days.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

BY E. M. W.

ONE day last October, friend James and I arrived at the snug little village of St. Maud's *en route* to the shooting grounds near by. It was a holiday evening, too, when we arrived, and, as luck would have it, the boys and girls were giving a spree and a "sheep supper" that night. Being new comers and intimate with the major portion of the residents, we soon found ourselves the invited guests for the great "break down" we're having here to-night.

This invitation came to us as an oasis in a desert, as our journey so far by train and coach, through mud and over boulders and indescribable roads, had been irksome in the extreme, and anything on "change" in the way of novelty, would, we felt, be just the thing to fix us up, at this exigent moment the propitious god of fortune happened along, and knowing we were

Agog for novelty where'er it lies,
In mosses, fleas, or cockleshells, or flies,

tendered this invite which we gladly and graciously were pleased to accept.

"'Tis eight o'clock, time is up," said James, "let's be getting along, as I insist upon being punctual when a dance is on the tapis." I readily acquiesced, and we then strode out beneath innumerable stars, as they rose from out the remotest abysses of heaven, twinkling as brightly as tho' they had but then begun their existence, and were never to suffer impairment.

We reached our guests' house, and as we opened the door, what a scene did we gaze upon! Oh, such a scene! The frolic had begun, and in a room of 15 x 15 were some sixty youths and maidens in gay hilarity going through the mazy whirl, accompanied by fiddle music, which was every now and then punctuated by the click of the deck boots. On a spit over the fire was a whole sheep, minus fleece and other non-eatable features, being roasted up in barbequed fashion, and the heat from that fire must have registered 100 degrees Fahrenheit, for the oppressiveness of steam and excitement caused the dancers to divest themselves of unnecessary apparel, the boys of coats and waistcoats, and the lassies, in some cases, shed their ———, (Did I say blouses? No!) that full freedom might be theirs to shake the rafters at the end of each figure,

A pipe ornamented the face of both bearded and beardless youths, the jug of cheerful bedecked the cupboard, the mantle-piece, the window-sill, and the hands and lips of most of the merry throng. Such a prelude would be vain to attempt a full description of. Those who have witnessed similar scenes require none, and to those who have not, any attempt at one would be useless. All, therefore, I shall say is, that such a scene of fun and frolic, and harmless waggery, could not be found anywhere outside that ring which encircles St. Maud's, and even within that bright zone, nowhere but in the cabin of Jimmy Tobin. The dance is stopped for the nonce, and 'tis "Who will sing?" "Deb Farrell do sing us a song, please!" shouted a chorus in unison. "Yes, Deb will sing. Do Deb, girl, sing 'Her love on the blue,'" requested the lady doctor of the neighborhood, and after a cough, a spit out, and a wipe of the mouth, she chanted this song with all the melancholy softness and pathetic sweetness for which the voices of our native girls are remarkable. It told with humor peculiar to all "come all ye'es," a romantic love story, of false man, and the heart broken maiden; and sung it with all the reverential awe and caution which the solemnity of the subject required. She long amused and captivated her auditors, but at length, more's the pity, the vocalist could sing no more, having a mighty great cowl entirely. Then the story-teller spun off yarns until he got as dry as a chip wid all he talked, and even the sides of most of the company "war ready to split wid the rale dint of laughin." "Go on, Dick, and tell us about the ghost Billy L—n saw in Gull Island Cove." "I can't, me byes, I'm too hoarse." "Arrah, take another drop to wet your whistle, and you'll get on better with your story." He did take another, and another, until ghosts were the liveliest spirits in the house.

Song, dance and story were beginning to get stale, when the man of the house scratched his pericranium, and acting on a sudden impulse, saith he, "Boys, if it is to be a weddin', let it be a weddin', so to speak. Square away the chairs, fix the stools, and pull out the table in the middle of the floor. Mary, girl, jig out the sheep. Mr. James," said he, "that was a purty baste, his mother deserted him when he was an innocent lamb seven years ago, and we brought him up on a nursin' bottle until he became hardy enough to scrape about the house for himself, and it went against my grain this morning to take him from under the bed, where he always slept, and drain his life's blood for this supper to-night. I'm sure I shall see him in my dreams, he was always so softhearted towards me, and as for the poor mistress, I lay a wager she won't taste a morsel of him, as she always said he was as natural as one of her own." The table was arranged with more than usual tidiness, the crockery reflected the ruddy glare of the red fire with redoubled brilliancy, the bottle and mug glittered and glistened as merrily as if they felt conscious of their contents and the jovial side of the happy scene. And happy indeed was the scene, and happy was that time, and happier still the hearts of the laughing fisher folk by whom I was on that occasion surrounded; as plates of soup, chunks of mutton, lashins' and lavins' of vegetables, plenty of puddin', and a "wee drappie o't," went to make the inner man comfortable, anecdotes, rare and witty; songs, humorous and side-splitting; speeches, *a la* O'Connell; toasts and compliments, away up in the seventh heaven of eulogy (and well rubbed in too); reminiscences of the seal and cod, the trap and the seine, the good man and the lazy duffer, the boat that *bet* the bay and the one that couldn't weather it; tales of wakes, of weddings,

of fights, of christenings, of love, and of ghosts, such and kindred went to fill the programme. But, as they say in Mary, Queen of Scots, "the scene is changed," a storm is brewing in someone's *tay* cup.

Tom Carrigan was too attentive and familiar with Nelly Casey, helping her *ad lib* to cake and candy (those motto conversations did the harm), a privilege which should belong alone to Lar Kelly the schoolmaster. The day was as good as set between Nelly and Lar, and he could not brook any such interference with his affections. With fire in his eyes, and a scowl across the defunct remains of Tobin's sheep, he suddenly jumped from the table with a polite invite for Tom to come outside. Explanations were not satisfactory enough for Lar's fastidiousness, when, 'twas up first and down house, and poor Carrigan lay stretched upon the sward as if waking. This gave rise to a general *melee*, the claret flowed copiously, chairs were smashed and glasses jingled, you dodged crockery at every turn, women screamed, garments were rent asunder, the air was made sulphurous with extra strong English, and poor unwitting Nelly lay coiled insensibly in the chimney corner, and to think of her own Lar battered out of shape; and what if he had thrown her overboard altogether, with her seven mats hooked, five new quilts patched, a feather bed filled (her savings of six years in the poultry yard), yes, the ring bought, and a new pink velvet dress made by Paula Harvey for the occasion. Such was her explanation and appeal to me, with a request that I would use my "powerful way of talking" to bring about a happy re-union. Being thus honored by the belle of the village, and yielding to her pathetic entreaty (no not that, but her eyes, her mouth and her bewitching smile fetched me), so soon had bread cast upon the troubled waters. By a choice bit of diplomacy I brought Lar and Tom together, had them clink glasses together, vowed to each other they couldn't remember a word about it, then smoked the pipe of peace. Nelly coming forward, I placed her little hand where it had often been before, and with exchanged promises of fidelity in future behaviour, salied out into silent night and happily wended their way homewards, when, I presume, things were adjusted mutually. Partners were called for the last dance, a rattling Irish quadrille, every boy and girl put their best foot forward, the noise and rattle, the tramp and hoorahs, was not altogether the style of a church meeting, but better conducted than are such in many instances on the *score of brotherly love*. At the finish we clasped hands and sung, "We're jolly good fellows," the fair ones not being in the least particular with the incongruity of the strain.

Thus happily ended my sheep supper in St. Maud's, and to those interested when reading this account, I ask them to go back with me in memory to the jovial night we spent at Jimmy Tobin's.

A boy who recently left home to attend a preparatory school is not much pleased with the change. He is suffering his first attack of home-sickness, and naturally wishes to return. In making known his desires to his father, he writes: "Dear father: Life is short; let us spend it together. Your affectionate son."

OLD NURSE.—"Well, how do you like your new little sister?"

Bertie.—"Oh Nursie, ask mama not to name it a girl—name it a boy so I can have a kid to play with."—*Truth*.

TRIP ACROSS FORTUNE BAY IN AN OPEN BOAT.

ON the 24th of August in the year 1896, a party of four gentlemen left one of the harbors on the southern side of Fortune Bay for a sporting trip to Grand Beach, a little settlement situated about twelve miles from Grand Bank, farther in the Bay. They had procured a large caplin-skiff, fitted with a centre-board and pump. The boat was of sloop rig, carrying a large lugsail and a jib, the latter being not much larger than a good size handkerchief. The boat left port about 4 o'clock in the evening with a crew of sportsmen, carrying fishing rods, guns, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the capture of trout and sea birds which abound about the region of Grand Beach. The wind was blowing a smart breeze from the westward, and a good sail down the shore was anticipated. Nothing eventful had occurred up to the time that the boat reached its destination about six o'clock. After getting her safely in the gut before a strong tide, the boys left her with their accoutrements and proceeded to a mill-house which was to be the place of their abode during their stay in the village. Five days were spent there with very successful results, dozens of trout and several birds having been captured. On the afternoon of Saturday preparations were made for returning home, and the house was once more vacated. After having sailed up the shore for two or three miles, it was suggested by one of the party that a trip be taken across the bay to Boxey, a distance of about twenty miles. After debating the question for a time, the matter had been decided upon and the boat's course was altered for the north side of the bay. A light but favorable wind was blowing, and after a five hour's sail Boxey Point was reached, and a couple of miles more had yet to be done before arriving at the harbor. On the way across the bay a number of pigeons were fired at, and a general good time indulged in. The Boxey natives were very anxious to know what kind of a boat it was heading for their harbor. Being sloop-rigged she created much excitement. Various thoughts ran through their minds, and at length the majority of the people had come to the conclusion that the little vessel was manned by Indians from Bay d'Espair. These Indians visit parts in Fortune Bay every year to dispose of fancy goods of their own manufacture. They often impose on the natives, who entertain no very pleasing thoughts concerning them. On seeing the boat approach the harbor, and on hearing several reports from guns which were fixed on board, two or three stalwart men marched down to the beach armed with "long toms" prepared for an attack. The manager of a lobster factory for a while tried to persuade them that the boat was not owned by Indians but by some person from the south side of the bay. In vain was this explanation heard, and the men became more angry and defiant than ever, though not one of them dared to shoot for fear that they might be mistaken. And mistaken they were, for it was soon ascertained that the little vessel belonged to a well-known gentleman of Grand Bank. The minds of the Boxey people were set at rest when the occupants of the boat stepped on shore and walked up to the bank. Having removed the stores from the boat to one of the houses of the place, the boys prepared for a good meal, not forgetting to visit the lobster factory and procure some lobsters. After tea a house to house visit was begun, and before eleven o'clock that night there was not a hut or dwelling in Boxey but had been thoroughly inspected. One of the little huts was about as large as a good size bale-box, and into this was housed not less than eight people—father and mother and six

children. The latter were obliged to lie on the floor of the domicile as there were no bedrooms off the kitchen which was the one and only apartment in the enclosure. They were all very pleased with the visitors, who were treated with milk and entertained in the best possible way. At about eleven o'clock at night the boys returned to their lodgings for the night. At daylight the next morning (Sunday) everything was got in readiness for the return home across the bay. There was a smart breeze blowing from the southwest, and a better wind could not have favored the sportsmen. A good run was made out to the Point when the wind began to increase with heavy rain. The sea gradually began to get violent, and several "combers" boarded the little boat which was not in anyway protected by a deck. Worse than that, there was but very little ballast in the bottom, and for this reason the sloop had to be handled very carefully. After speeding along for a mile or two more it was found necessary to take a reef in the foresail. On, on she sped, every now and then a big lop boarding her from the weather side. The pump was continually keep going, and it was very difficult to keep her free, for the rain was falling in torrents and an angry sea rising gradually. The occupants were in a wretched plight, for they were clad only in light summer clothing without the protection of oil clothes or storm coats. A distance of probably eighteen miles had to be run before home could be reached, and as the storm was increasing every minute, it was deemed dangerous to continue on the course. Brunette Island lay in the middle of the bay about four miles away, and for this port the course was shaped. A second reef had to be taken in the foresail, for the boat's gear was in a rotten condition and could not stand any great strain. One of the company was in a bad state of *mal de mer*, and he lay prostrate in the bottom crying at intervals to haul down the sails and "let her drive." Of course this was impossible, for under such circumstances land could never be reached. Brunette Island, where the lighthouse stands is very high, yet when the boat went down between the seas the lighthouse could barely be seen. The boys now feared that the boat could not live to reach the Island for the mountainous seas threatened to engulf them. Crack, went the fore-sheet with a sudden squall, the cringle also that fastens the sail to the boom giving out at the same time. There was not an inch of rope on board to repair the damage. Two of the crew caught hold of the piece of rope tied to the sail and grasped it firmly in order that the wind might fill the canvas. At length the island was reached and smoother water was had, yet the wind blew stronger and stronger, and the squalls from the bluff cliffs swept down on the little boat in all their fury. In vain was an attempt made to beat in the harbor, and a signal of distress was hoisted which was promptly responded to by a little smack that was lying in the harbor. The skipper knew the condition of the unfortunate boat and he brought with him a coil of good stout rope to effect repairs. After making about a dozen tacks the beach was reached, and all anxiety was relieved. The wind by this time had reached a hurricane and had the little vessel remained outside for but a minute or two longer she could never have lived. The boys were taken to one of the houses on shore where they were given some dry clothes and a meal which was highly appreciated. All the neighbours did what they could to help the weather beaten sailors, by sending such articles as bread, milk and preserves, etc. The Lighthouse keeper was especially kind. Towards night the wind changed round and all day Monday a North

BISHOP & MONROE

WISH YOU A VERY PLEASANT XMAS.



MEATS
— AND —
POULTRY.

PRODUCE DEPOT.

MARTIN BROTHERS

have in stock a full supply of all kinds of Produce, consisting of

**Oats, Potatoes, Parsnips, Turnips,
Hay, Carrots, Beet, Butter, Corn,
Corn Meal, Bran,**

And to arrive for the Xmas Season :

A complete assortment of Meats and Poultry.



“Health, Happiness and Prosperity”

to all patrons of the

Union Grocery,

is the Christmas wish of the Proprietor,

H. TAPPER

SELLING OFF!

During the month of December we have decided to sell off the balance of our stock of

DRY GOODS, &c.,

at sweeping reduction in prices, as we contemplate making extensive alterations in our premises in the New Year.

SCLATER'S, 361 Water-st.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY by having your Overcoat or any of your soiled or broken garments cleaned and repaired by us,
NATIONAL CLEANSING AND PRESSING HOUSE, 378 Water Street; M. J. McGRATH, Proprietor.



Executive Council of Newfoundland Government.]

[From Photos by S. H. Parsons.



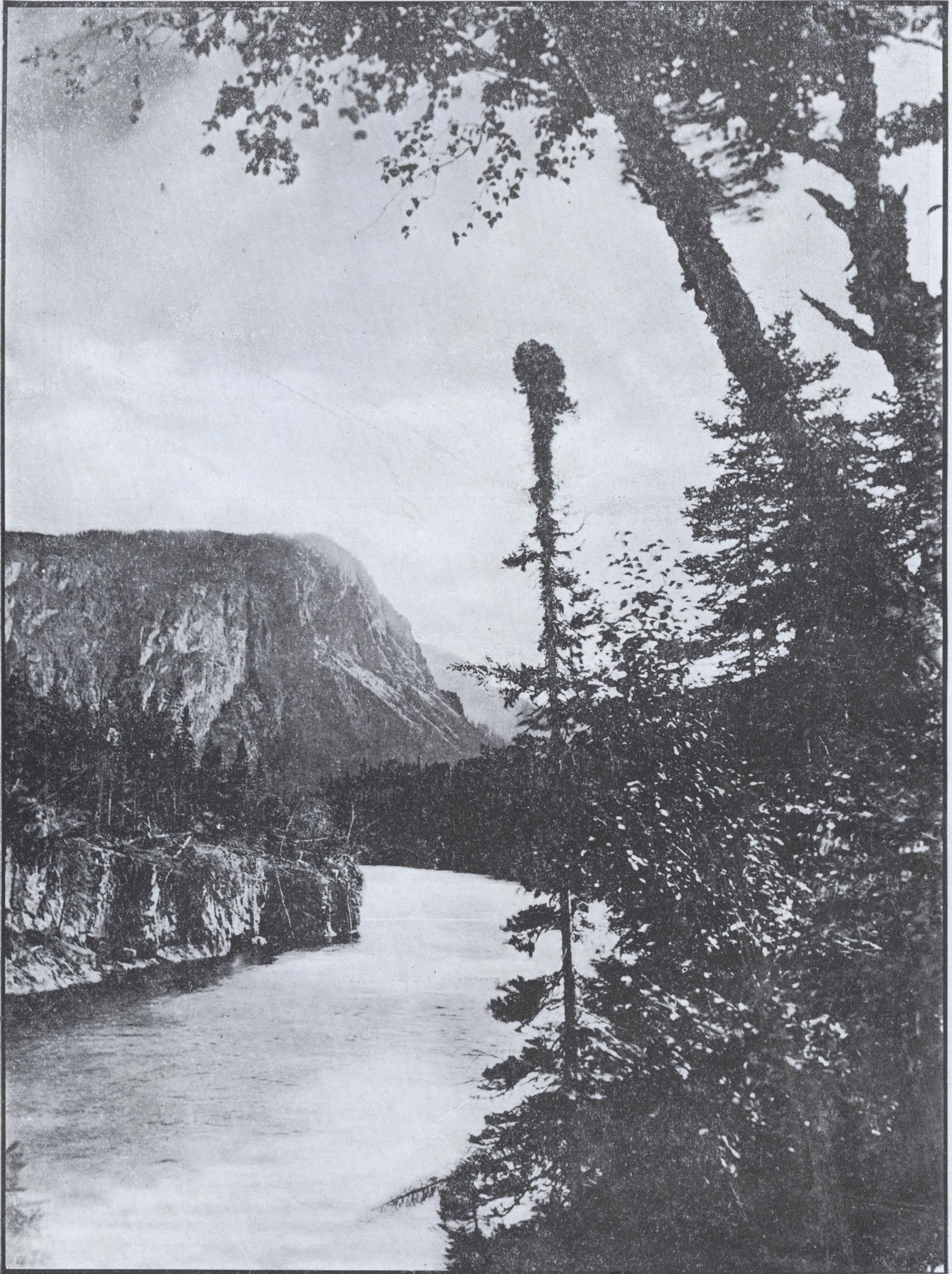
Portraits of Children.]]

[From Photos by S. H. Parsons.



Star Football Team—Champions, 1901.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons,



Sunset on the Humber.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons.



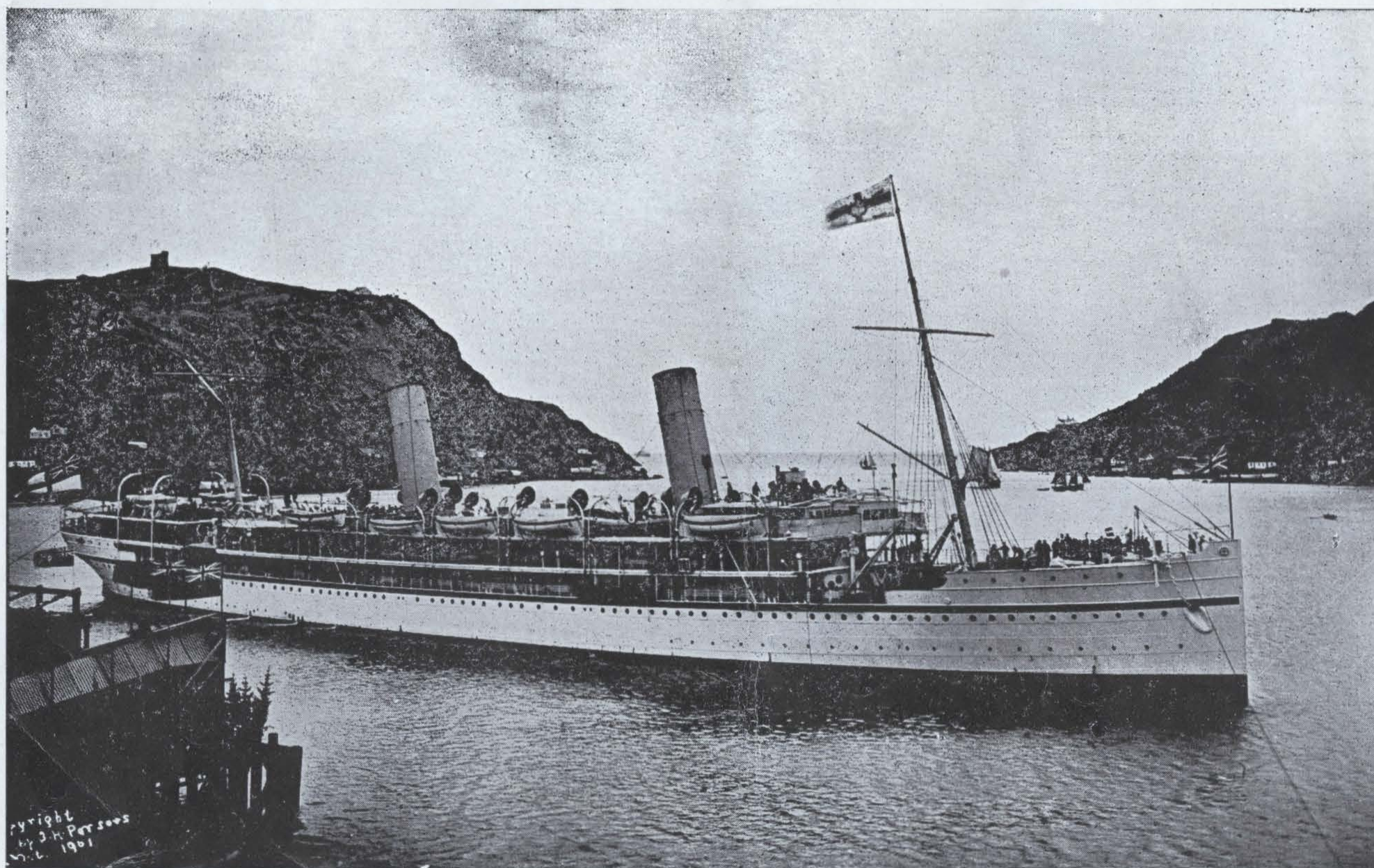
Church Lads' Brigade Band.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons.



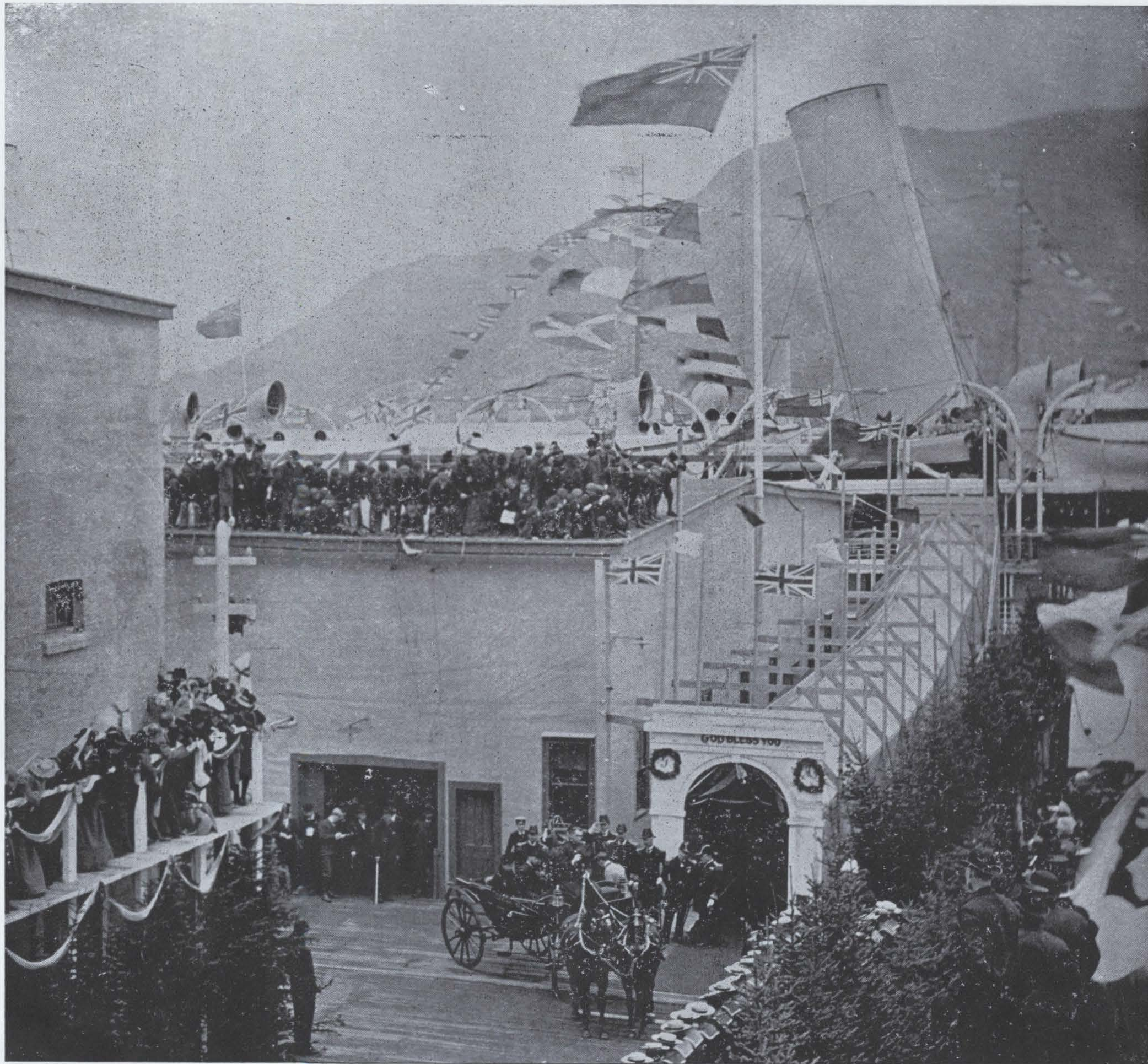
Officers of Church Lads' Brigade.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons.



H.M.S. "Ophir" in St. John's Harbor, Oct. 23, 1901.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons.



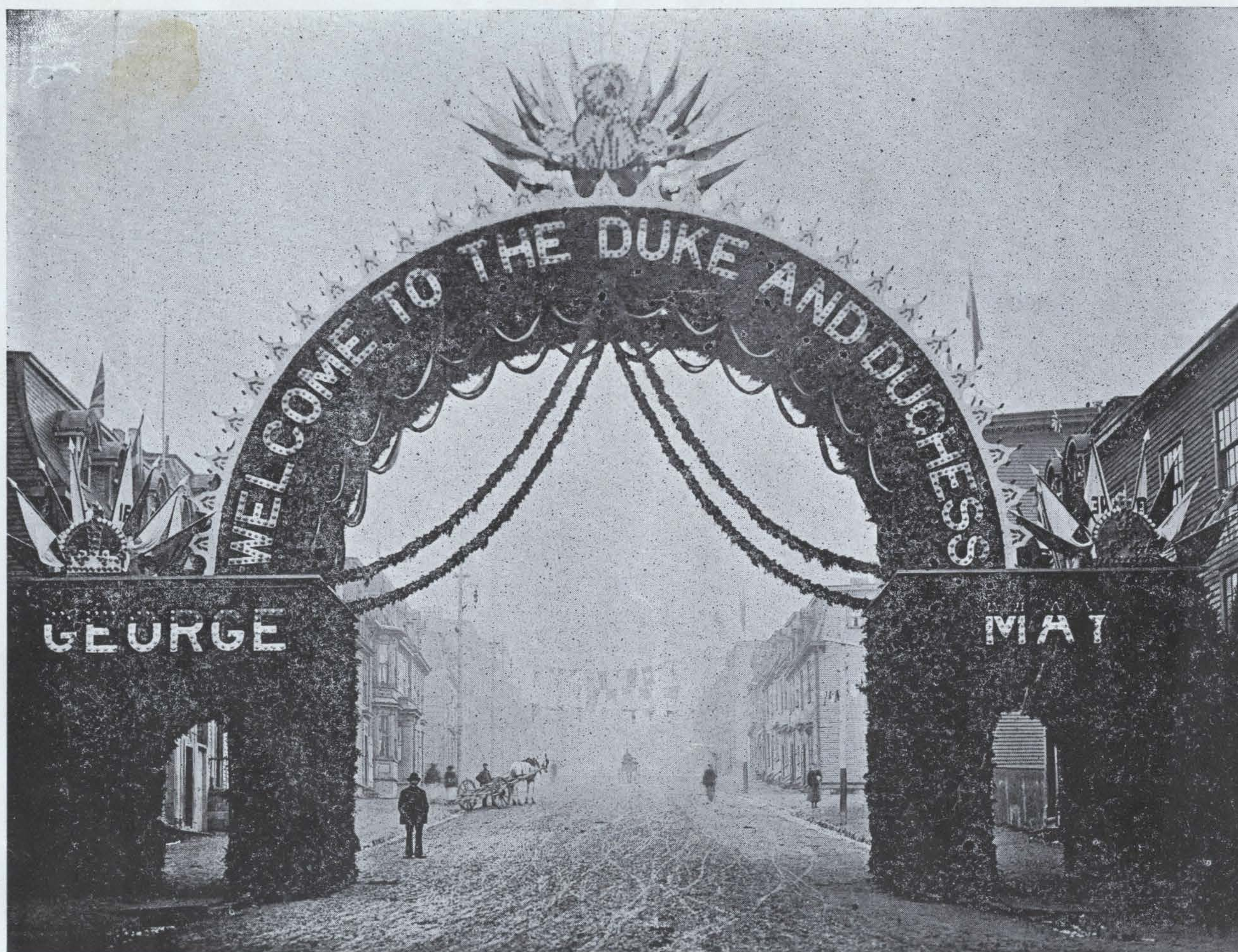
Landing of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall at St. John's, Nfld., Thursday, Oct. 24, 1901.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons.



Duke and Duchess of York leaving Government House to lay corner stone of Court House, Oct. 24, 1901.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons.



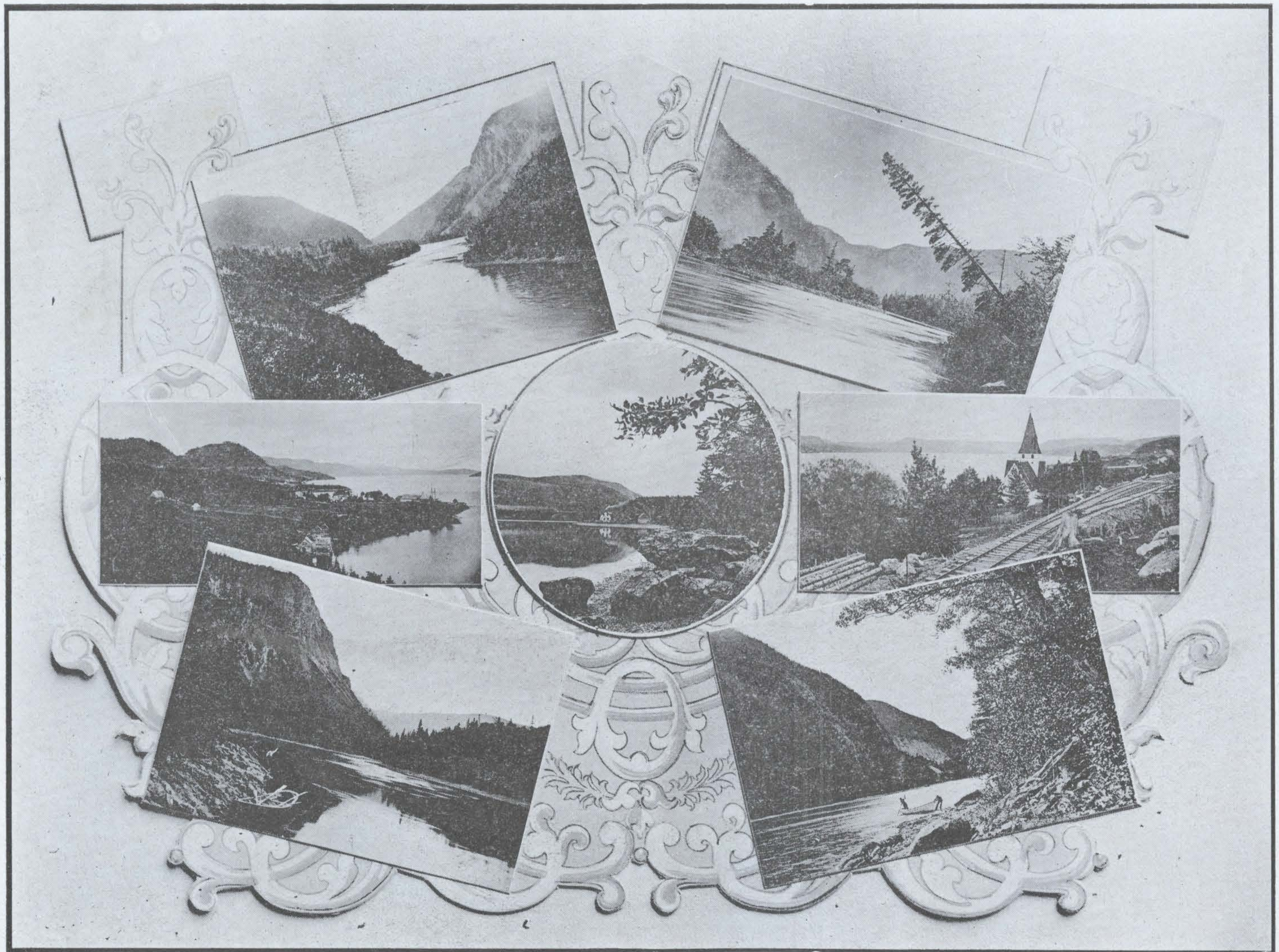
Arch built by Messrs. Reid, on Cochrane Street, in honour of Duke and Duchess.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons.



Frost Work.]

[From Photos by S. H. Parsons.



Scenes on the Humber River,]

[From Photos by S. H. Parsons,



Officers of Methodist Guards.]

[From Photo by S. H. Parsons.



Sporting Pictures.]

[From Photos by S. H. Parsons.

West tempest raged so that it was impossible to put to sea again. On Tuesday morning however, the wind and sea had calmed considerably and the boat was headed for the South side of the Bay, which was reached in good time, a fair wind prevailing all along. The trip will never be forgotten by the boys, for when they told their friends that they were out in the gale of Sunday in an open boat they could scarcely believe them.

CHRISTMAS EVE ON WATER STREET.

Written for Parsons' Annual

BY ISAAC C. MORRIS.

MOST people delight to hear of other cities and to learn of those rare sights which they present. The great thoroughfares of London, or the busy centres of Liverpool, or the crowded streets of boulevard Paris, or the thronged Broadway of New York, present scenes, which, to the observant traveller, are instructive as well as entertaining.

But we shall not ask our readers to wander to these places just now; it being Christmas we will stay at home, and shall endeavor to interest them with the novelties of our own city. At any time during the busy season there is much to be seen; but especially is this the case on Christmas Eve. At this season, business men are usually at their best; and combine trade with art in the decorations of their stores. In almost every department they make some representation of Santa Claus; and present him as being the donor of all the toys which Christmas brings. To children this is the all-important feature of the season. They hear so much about their hoary friend, and have such implicit confidence in his existence, that they are delighted to get a peep at the shops on the eve of his approach. It was while fulfilling my promise in this relation that I was impressed with the contents of this article.

Christmas Eve, 1899, was an ideal one. Even in the absence of King Winter's mantle, it was ideal. And yet it was not the real Eve, but that preceding it—it was Saturday evening. The weather being thus fine, the tour was the more enjoyable; and the pleasure was considerably enhanced by the completion of the concrete side-walks. Men, women and children were hurrying by; and from every face there seemed to radiate the word CHRISTMAS.

Just as we were well started a friend happened along, and hailing us with smiles and kind words, he slipped in each little one's hand a ten cent piece. This was such an agreeable surprise to them, that for a moment or two, the shops were forgotten, and "that nice man" was admired instead. The act was a small one, done in a moment; but remembered long after. By his kindness the donor had increased the enjoyment of the children's visit to see the shops; and in all they afterwards saw, they would every now and then look, to make sure of having kept in safety, the gift of his generosity. He was soon lost in the crowd; but his kind act lived, amid and after the excitement of it all.

Before we commenced our tour, the news of the Indian Chief having opened a store, had reached us: hence, when that particular place was approached, a sort of double curiosity seemed to be aroused. The smaller children were restless to see him, and there not being any sycamore tree, up which they might climb, we were obliged to lift them up above the heads of those who were looking in. To the most of us, the sight was a unique one; for who of us had ever seen a real Indian Chief dressed in the pomp of his office? But there he was,

transacting business with our people; and thus revealing to these pale-faced children of civilization, the strange customs of the wigwam.

Under such circumstances, the questions which the little ones put, were simply such as belonged to them. They wished to see the "Ingee man." Then they wanted to know "was he a good man?" and "what he had those feathers stuck in his head for?" and "if his face was painted?" and "if he was the man that took bad boys away?" and "if I would let him hurt them?" Beyond these childish questions there were other, and deeper problems, suggesting themselves to the writer. This Indian Chief, who was he? and what part had his tribe played in the early history of the American continent? At one time his predecessors were the monarchs of its forests, and the buccaneers of its ocean lakes. The yell of their war whoop had often struck terror into the breasts of their subordinate neighbours. For centuries untold they had roamed over the vast solitudes of the continent; and in turn had dealt death and horror to opposing tribes. They were the children of the forest, whose benighted condition was further intensified by their nomadic habits. They were the people whom Columbus saw when his weary heart was gladdened by the discovery of the New World—and whose first glimpse of Christianity was gained, when they beheld his chaplain erect a cross and engage in worship. In their benighted condition they had ruled the continent; but now a new dawn had burst upon them, by which their right was to be disputed and their condition changed, if not elevated. The pale-face had come: come, with the dual purpose of increasing his own wealth by extending his territory; and of subduing, either by force or treaty, the aborigines of the land.

In the person of this Chief, and also of his companion, we saw the links of American Indian history, which for four centuries have perpetuated the traditions and customs of their ancestors. What real name they were known by we may not know; but Columbus being under the impression that he had reached India by a western route, he very naturally designated the inhabitants by an appellation of that country—hence, Indians. For civilization this name is just as suitable as any other, and perhaps more euphonious than some of the scientific terms of the present age. The study of the early races of American Indians may not be much indulged in; but while Longfellow's "Hiawatha" lives, neither their history nor their traditions can ever be lost.

But we must not wander too far in our dusky reveries. Turning from the window of the bead-workers we continued our journey. In passing, we heard in different directions, the sound of bells. Not the familiar and enlivening jingle of sleigh bells; but the husky sound of cow bells, or cracked dinner bells: which in their palmier days were either dangling from some gentle cow's neck, or used in some minor hotel. Accompanying the sound of these bells, or during the interval of their peals—if peals they dare be called—we heard the sound of men's voices; which in some instances were as husky as the bells they were ringing. The words were very hacknied; but are customary at the Christmas season. Ding! Ding!! Ding!!! Rattle! Rattle!! Rattle!!! "Only one more left." "Who'll buy the last one?" "Only five cents a ticket." "Come along gentlemen, two chances for your money." The orator of the occasion was the proprietor, who was running the game for all it was worth; while the bell-ringer was some uncouth urchin, who, in the vagueness of his experience, evidently considered his position quite an exalted one.

This bell-ringing had also attracted the ear of the children;

SKATES! SKATES!

Acme, Star Hockey, Chebucto Hockey,
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Figure and Racing Skates.

Hockey Sticks and Pucks.

All selling cheap at the **Leading Sport-
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LICENSED AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION
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SURANCE CO., LIMITED,
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DEALERS IN
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BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

INCORPORATED 1832.

Capital, paid up \$2,000,000
Reserve Fund \$2,600,000

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H. C. MCLEOD General Manager.

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HARBOR GRAGE: G. R. Viets, Manager.

Highest current rates allowed on deposits. **Savings Bank De-
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allowed. Collections made in all parts of the Island.

Smokers XMAS Presents.

Briar Pipes, Cigar Cases, Cigarette Cases,
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Pouches, Tobacco Jars, etc. Everything
a smoker requires.

M. DAVIDSON, Tobacconist

for not alone do children notice the unusual in appearance, but they are quick to catch what they hear. At once they asked "what that boy was ringing the bell for?" and when we had halted to look at him for a moment, they said: "Papa, what is that man calling out for? and what is he saying only the last one for? The last what, papa?" He is selling tickets, my dear. "Selling tickets for what?" For his raffle. "His raffle? What sort of a thing is that?" I never saw one of these things." No my dear—a raffle is a sort of a sale where a lot of men pay for a thing, which only one of the number can get. "O! is that the way? And do they sell like that always?" No, no, only in the Christmas season. "And why don't they sell like that always?" Because they wouldn't be let my dear. "Wouldn't be let! Why? Who wouldn't let them?" O, the magistrate. "Why? Did he have to let them?" O, yes, they had to get his permission before they would commence. "Why papa, ain't it right? Isn't that the same as tickets for the bazaars and fancy sales in the churches?" O, yes, 'tis much the same; but then it is different.

How much further the dialogue would have continued had we not moved on, is not easy to say; but as a "corner" was approaching in it, it was a relief to find one's self again mingling with the throng; and to hear the children once more talking about "the nice man" who gave them the ten cents. It proved very opportune that we attracted the attention of that gentleman; for his gift provided quite a pleasing theme of debate, between the scenes. In all the crowd he was their ideal man; and if anybody could possibly have supplanted their friend Santa Claus in their affections, I really think that he would have done it; for the conversation about his gift, outlived even the packed stockings, which old Santa so liberally filled on Christmas morning.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE—ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

BY THE "COLONEL."

ON a dull, raw, misty April morning in 188—, I started to do some prospecting upon two claims about seven miles from the settlement at which I was then located.

The road led through wild country, devoid (as I thought at the time) of population, settler, or cultivation, and, excepting the road, was to all appearances in its original primeval condition.

On this particular morning there was not a living thing to be seen, insect, bird, or animal, except the solitary biped (figuring in this story) trudging along the lonely road.

I could not get any conveyance in the settlement, and as seven or eight miles (to a prospector) is not considered much of a walk, I took "shanks mare" for it. The morning was particularly gloomy and oppressive, and was not calculated to inspire one with that elated feeling that the student of nature is usually conscious of. Whatever tendency there was to indulging in "blues" was quickly shaken off, and whistling a lively quickstep, I was soon making a brisk pace down the valley towards the base of the hill.

Any of my readers who have travelled from Hr. Grace to Carbonear, will get an idea of the first few miles of this road if they can imagine a piece of country of the general outline and appearance of Mosquito Valley and Saddle Hill, but six times the extent, the valley covered with wild marsh and bog-land, with isolated clumps of "scrub" dotted about here and there, and the whole side of the distant hill covered with tall fir and spruce.

Through the tall trees and up the ascent of the hill the road narrowed, so that two waggons could not pass abreast. On top of the hill the narrow road widened out into a triangular grassy plot or glade, some fifteen yards in extent; and right across this opening was erected a strong picket fence which completely blocked and obstructed the free passage of the road. Right here the tall timber ended, and over the top of the hill, as far as the eye could see, was the same marshed and wooded country similar to the valley I had already passed over. Some two hundred yards away was another fence, the whole enclosing quite a large piece of cultivated land. When I came upon this obstructive fence I noticed that in one spot several pickets were broken off where the nails had entered the rail, and this had evidently been used as a place to climb over by others who had occasion to pass that way. Up to this time I had been looking straight ahead trying to locate the road at the outside of the distant fence, but there was nothing visible to lead one to believe that such road existed in that quarter. Turning to my left, to survey the situation, I saw a lady, clad in a neat dark travelling costume, in the act of trying to ascend a rickety set of steps leading over the fence and close up to the tall timber some thirty paces from where I was standing. As she turned her face toward me, I immediately recognized her as one of a family I had previously been acquainted with. On expressing my surprise at meeting her here, and alone, she said that it was not unusual in the outharbors for a lady to walk three or four miles unattended. She was a good pedestrian, nerves in good condition, did not feel lonely or mind the distance one bit, had been over the road some years ago, and was now going to visit some friends some two miles farther on, but meeting this fence obstruction, and especially the apparent ending of the road, was getting perplexed, was about to abandon the journey and retrace her steps, just as I put in an appearance. After a few moments conversation, we decided to prospect around. Getting on the other side of the fence, I soon helped my fair companion over the rickety steps. On this side was a strip of grass land some five feet wide running, apparently, the whole length of the field and parallel to the fence. At right angle to this was potatoe trenches covering the remainder of the field, with the half dried and decayed stalks from last season's crop laying around in profusion. We followed this grassy strip to a declivity ending in a hollow, which completely shut out the landscape from either side. Some distance out upon the trenches was an elderly woman, to all appearances engaged in clearing away the decayed stalks preparatory to sowing in the next season's crop of potatoes. I enquired of her as to what direction we were to take to find the road. She pointed to an opening or gap in the fence, and said, in a vague kind of a way, that "we would find the road out there." Outside the fence, the grass land, with an occasional clump of brush, extended up a slight incline. In a few moments we were at the top. Just to our right and graded through this incline was a new and fairly good road leading down the hill into the valley. The sloping bank at either side of this road was of red clay and about seven or eight feet high, on top of which was the usual picket fence extending down the hill some three hundred yards and ending abruptly against a growth of tall firs, the undergrowth so thick as to be almost impenetrable. To our left, in a small clearing and almost hid among the tall trees, was a farm house, of the same class as those usually seen in the country, one and a half storey with gabled roof extending over the back down to about six feet of the ground. The end of

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their Xmas Stock of

Perfumes, Perfume Sprays, &c.

These Perfumes are the very choicest obtainable, and are elegantly put up, making ideal Xmas presents.

T. McMURDO & CO.,
CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS, Water St.

Put not your trust in money,
But put your money in trust.

THE **Confederation Life Associ'n**

will show you how to save money out
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C. O'N. CONROY, Gen. Agent,
Law Chambers, St. John's.

FOR BARGAINS
GO TO SUMMERS'
Dry Goods and Millinery Store,
131, 133 NEW GOWER ST.

**Ladies' Felt Hats, Mantles,
Furs, Underclothing,**

All selling at a small profit to clear before the New Year.

THE **Nfld. Consolidated Foundry Co.,** Limited.

Manufacturers of Cooking, Parlour,
Hall and Church STOVES, Gothic
Grates, Mantelpieces, &c., Windlasses,
Rouse Chocks, Hawser Pipes, and
every variety of Ship and General
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Insurance Policies against Loss or Damage by
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on the most liberal terms.

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The **West End Pharmacy**

SOLICITS

Your Prescription Trade;
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Your Drug, Sundries, and
Perfumery Trade;

all of which will receive careful and prompt attention.

H. COURTENAY,
423 Water Street West. Chemist and Druggist.

this linny, or shed, was left open, through which could be seen the brick and stone ruins of what had at one time been a chimney or lime kiln. On top of this brick work, and well in under the roof, was a man engaged at some work, the nature of which I did not observe at the time. I thought that these people had fixed the roads pretty well to suit themselves, and in a tone more decisive than amiable expressed myself accordingly. I shouted to the man that we were considerably "mixed" in the matter of roads and that we wanted to get put right. He came out, and in a surly and gruff manner said, "he would soon put *us* all right." I took a quick survey of our new guide, and mentally concluded that if there was a dirty or murderous job on hand, this was just the man to do it without any scruples of conscience, and the suspicion struck me that we were not the first that the peculiar construction of those roads had decoyed into this place. As our guide was moving to show us the way out, we followed, and turning round the corner of the building were brought in front of a small gothic roofed porch. Here he halted, and from behind the door took a stone mason's hammer, probably weighing six pounds. This hammer was tangled up with a loose coil of rope, and it took him a few moments to extricate it. In the meantime I was trying to locate the spot where the road would again commence. In front of us was the usual picket fence, with a rough gate fastened up by a piece of chain with a staple driven into the fence post. Past the gate, a narrow path was seen winding its zig-zag way through some very uneven grass land and at a distant point entering the forest. This was evidently the only visible way out of the maze or dilemma we were in. Our guide was busy extracting the staple, my companion and I quite near, ready and anxious to pass through, when suddenly, quick as a flash, the villian raised his heavy hammer and dealt my lady friend a crushing blow square upon the forehead. I saw her sink in a heap upon the ground, but was so occupied in my own defence that I had no time to see if she was killed outright or not, for our villianous assailant immediately and quickly raised his hammer to deal a like blow to me. In a moment it flashed through my mind that murder and robbery was the sequel to the peculiar construction of these roads. Behind us, and about three yards away, was a single fence rail nailed to a post some five feet from the ground, the off end resting or nailed to a cross fence running in a different direction. I had no weapon upon me but the two "bunches of bones" attached to the extremities of a pair of rather long muscular arms, the owner of which at this particular juncture was no mean opponent in a close scrimmage; beside that, "my blood was up," and just as the villian was about to bring his hammer down, I made a quick upward cut with my left which landed right under the veins and muscles of his wrist, sending the hammer harmlessly into space and paralyzing his arm for a second or so. In a moment I slipped my hand over his wrist, and with a grip of iron and a quick upward movement sent my antagonist toppling backward, his neck coming between the junction of the rail with the post, his head laying over on the rail. With all the good-will and strength the Great Creator had endowed me with, I was about to deliver a blow in the vicinity of that villian's "jugular" that would have felled an ox, when a feminine voice, in the highest pitch of excitement and consternation shouted in my ear, "Great heavens! What *is* the matter?" I sat bolt upright in bed to find my wife in a fainting condition. I had dreamt the whole exciting affair, and was only awakened in the nick of time to avoid serious consequences.

IN THE OLD TIMES.

BY H. F. SHORTIS.

THE *Harp* that once to Ridley's wharf,
Shall plow the deep no more,—
For now she's gone—so let her rest—
Her sealing days are o'er.

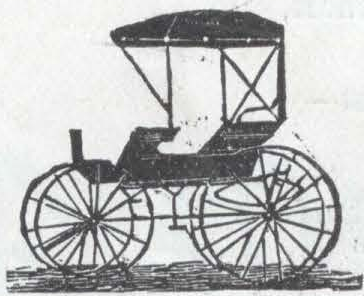
The *Harp* that once to Ridley's wharf
Brought in a "surge" of "cats,"
For now she lies in Walker and Ross's dock,
Receptical for—rats.—*Old Song.*

CHRISTMAS season has again come round, and it has again fallen to my lot to revive old memories of by-gone days. It has been my pleasure, in my spare moments all through life, to dive into the musty past, and to preserve whatever was worth preserving of the deeds of my fellow-countrymen whilst in pursuit of their dangerous avocations either on the ice-floe or on the storm-tossed coast of Labrador. The deeds of the warriors are emblazoned in fame and handed down as heir-looms to posterity, whilst the risks and dangers encountered by Newfoundlanders in the pursuit of their every-day calling are allowed to rest in oblivion and be entirely forgotten. I fearlessly say, that my fellow-countrymen are of a race as courageous as to be found in any part of the world. They are nurtured in a familiarity with dangers so great as to make them rather court, than to avoid them. Yet nothing is said in contemporary history of their risks and prowess. It has been my endeavor all through life, in a very small way, to counteract this silence on the part of those who have written of Newfoundland. While they have written in glowing terms of the national and social advantages of the Island, very little has been said of the hardy native by whom it is peopled. If I have done anything to make known to the outside world the physical, mental, courage and endurance of the fishermen of Newfoundland, it has only been a labor of love; and, if I have contributed to make their names known outside of our own circumscribed sphere, I have more than been amply repaid for the time that I have devoted in hunting up data wherewith to fill those little sketches. With these preliminary observations, I beg to submit the following little episode to the readers of PARSONS' ANNUAL.

I do this because those who have gone before me forget all the queer affairs that happened in the days long past and gone. They have departed; but, I sit down under a farthin' dip, without glasses, and pen those lines, even as my grandmother did before me. If I remember rightly, she was eighty-nine, or, begob, rather ninety-three years old about the time that I was born. She was a most peculiar old woman, was grandmother! She had a novel idea of keeping young people in their proper places, and whilst they listened to all information, she always, with a wave of the needle, taught them to look after themselves. She was one of the ninety-eight boys or girls, and, as I have been told, could make a shirt, put on frills, work button-holes, without the assistance of foreign emissaries such as Sam Lee, Ching Wung, and all those unpronounceable names such as—Cahill's Rock or Quidi Vidi. She was a good woman, and would always go to prayers, at least, once a week. But then—all that class have departed, and we now come down to the intermediate ones, that is, the ones above us. If they cannot do what old grandmother did, then they are not, or rather some of us are not, of the same "old stock." And why is this?

The people will say that I am striking off at a tangent, and

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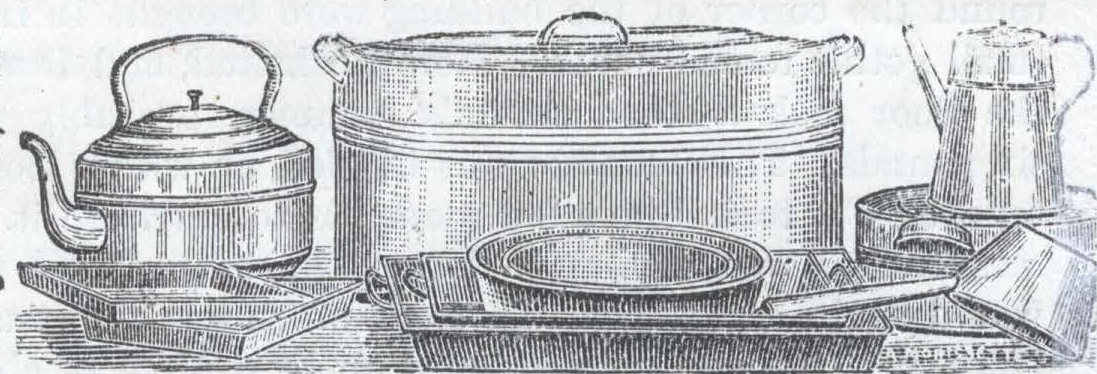
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that I do not know whereof I am speaking. That is for me to say; because, although I have not had all those facilities which are now placed at the disposal of the writers of the Twentieth Century, yet I am sure I can tell something that will interest those who may come after me. And it is for them to do the rest. Now I shall go back to the "old times."

"There once sailed from the Beach a poor exile of Island Cove,
The snow on his buskins was heavy with chill,
He sighed as he donned his jumper and pantaloons
And thought of the "times" on Piper Stock Hill."

Many people will forget these "old times," but it is for me to bring them to their remembrances. If there be a good point in my nature, that one is old remembrances, and as I sit here to-day with one of them before me, I murmur one that I heard so long ago:

"And Billy Kean is the devil for fat,
Hang to 'er, boys—hang on to 'er;
With his 'ammer tail coat and baver 'at,
Hang on to 'er, boys—hang to 'er."

These were really good "old times," and in proof of which I may only say that one need only go down to the wharves of Messrs. Bishop & Monroe, Baine, Johnston & Co., Baird & Gordon, Bowring Bros., or any of our independent merchants, and as their ships weigh anchor just listen to the good old songs when I was a boy, and see if all do not rally around them when they rattle out, to the music of the windlass,

"And Johnnie has gone and I'll go too,
Johnnie was a high-lo;
For Johnnie has gone and I'll go too,
Johnnie was a high-lo."

Poor old Capt. Palfrey—how often his sailors sang that song—and how often he sang it himself—in years gone by, and how often Job Brothers & Co. will remember old Palfrey, when they read this little article—in years to come. How Captain Tucker (Billy) will hand it down for future generations! I am aware that my space is creeping upon me, and that I must put the helm hard a port, and bring this article well up in the wind, so that I must weather the "old boy" which so many of us have been endeavouring to do without success, during the past TWENTY CENTURIES.

But such a change from the good "Old Times!" Then the best man or girl was always recognized by the care and attention that was paid to each other in the shape of comfort. For instance, Bill Smith would go to the ice, provided with all the necessary garments to fight the Arctic regions; and those garments were always bought from the butcher, woven by the females, and manufactured by the wives and daughters of the hardy ones, who ventured their lives on the frozen pans to bring comfort and happiness to the homesteads. The man who made the greatest haul on the ice-floes, either in the neighborhood of Battle Harbor (North), or Cape Spear (South), was always the cynosure of all, irrespective of age or class. That man held a higher position in the eyes of the people, as he arrived home to his family or friends, than, even does a village school-marm of the present day, as she sails into Church, ten minutes too late, decorated with the newest fashions, in the shape of feathers, flowers and all those other concomitants, which now go to make up the deficiency of those of the "old times," and which have been the means of bringing us to the present state of perfection—the delight of the doctors, namely, consumption, and all those other modern improvements, which have given such vast employment and pecuniary assistance to those indispensable members of God's creatures—the grave-diggers.

What I want to get at is the subject of this article, and as I am somewhat cramped for space, or, as Capt. Collins would say when getting near the trade winds, "I'm bound to get there all the same." And now for my story.

Capt. Michael Collins was a man brought up amongst the old sailor-men in years gone by, and, it is rather remarkable, that he has the same love for those of his younger days, as he has for those who may not know him now, but, at the same time, can appreciate his worth. I say this, because I was reared and brought up in the "Old School." But if I go on at this length how shall I wind up this article? I knew Arthur Jackman when he was in the *Fanny Bloomer*. I knew him when he was in the old steamship at Sydney Dock in years gone by. I knew him when he took command of the *Resolute*, and brought her out here with a wooden funnel. But *that* is history. Everything is history, so long as it is history and truth. I have an idea that I will write the history of Arthur Jackman, and yet, I know that there is a *something* which he would not like for me to do.

But one bear will not attack or bite another, and it is this fact which impels me to say that I will do as I have said above.

Jackman is fit to class with the late Murphy, Capt. Dick Pike (my old friend), White, Cummings, Green, Thomey, Nolan, Hayden and the rest of them. I say this advisably, because I know the worth of the Jackmans, as well as I do of the Pikes, for this reason, they were always honest men, and worked their way to their respective positions without a blemish upon their characters as sea-faring men. I, myself, when amongst men have often heard the old song sung even in the fore-castle, and very often about the main-hatch:

"The *Eagle* is bound to the Northward
Commanded by Captain Bill Knee,
Arthur Jackman is out in the *Falcon*
And he is the king of the sea."

All those old remembrances bring up what we should do. This song tells us that good, honest, successful Billy Knee will remember at Xmas, that I, at least, do not forget him, nor does Arthur Jackman. And, yet Captain A. Jackman has a somewhat suspicious look in his eyes when he views the young reporter of former days, who told him that he would one day live to write his history, and the history of the *Fanny Bloomer*. Captains Knee and Arthur Jackman are somewhat contemporaneous, and when *they* see this, they will see what the "young reporter" means. I hope I have explained my ideas clearly enough, if Arthur does not—Billy does. And now to come back whence we started,—

About twenty-five years ago there started from the beach in the second city of this colony a jackass brig named the *Creole*. She was commanded by Capt. Robert Gosse, of Spaniard's Bay, surnamed Anti-Bob. She left Harbor Grace for the ice-fields at the usual time in those days, and sighted the Funks on the 5th March. She then met a gale from the N.N.E. and drove South, and as a natural consequence got jammed in the running ice. All prospects of getting the young seals were now gone, until Easter Sunday they secured seven white-coats, which were in their prime. At this time the *Creole* was in company with the brig *Ravenwood*—William Whelan—Brigus. On Easter Sunday Capt. Gosse called all hands on deck saying: "Any man wishing to go on the ice can do so"; but there was no compulsion.

Tom Benson, Steve Williams, Bill Vokey, a man named Dwyer, Adams, the "coiner," and a few others volunteered. The orders given by Capt. Gosse were: "Be sure and be back

before sunset, as we would be sure to have dirty (stormy) weather." This order proved to be correct, as the wind shifted to the South and Eastward, accompanied by a snow storm. The captain, ever ready as to the care of his crew said: "Be careful now that all are on board," which word was passed along the ship. The answer was, "ALL ON BOARD, SIR."

Being on the track of seals, orders were given, "Square up the main yards"; and the ship was run for three quarters of an hour to the Northward, when it was discovered that a man named Noseworthy was missing. The order was immediately given to tack ship, the captain being in a terrible state of anxiety over the possibility of the loss of one of his crew. Captain Gosse was equal to the emergency, and calming down his own thoughts said, "Boys, we'll go back whence we came;" and the yards were hove aback.

"Now," said Anti-Bob, "a crowd for the quarter boat to go to the lee ice."

It was quickly responded to. Tom Benson, Baily, Williams, Bat Gosse, Dwyer and Adams the "coiner," volunteered and they left in the little boat to look for their comrade.

They rowed to lee-ward through slob ice and in a blinding snow storm. They arrived at the edge of the ice and shouted, and after a time, from the distance a sound was heard and with the greatest exertions by oars and strong pulling, the punt was brought to the edge of the ice, Tom Benson beating the track from the bow of the punt with his feet over either side of the frail little cockle-shell.

Upon the arrival at the edge of the ice Noseworthy was found with his tow of seals, and did not apparently know the danger in which he found himself. He held on to his tow and becoming dazed, he was providentially rescued by the brave fellows who risked their lives to go after him. Noseworthy thought he was going to the ship all the time, and yet the *Creole* was miles and miles away.

After having secured their comrade the boat's crew steered in the direction which they thought the *Creole* would steer, and they were not mistaken. Tom Benson still kept in the bow of the punt, breaking a track with his feet, the "sish" or frozen waters of the Atlantic, and after several hours of real hardship they arrived on board the *Creole* at mid-night, and were received with right royal cheers from the sixty stalwart brethren of the good ship *Creole*, who never expected to see or hear from their shipmates again. And what a time they had on that Easter Monday morning! The best man amongst them was lotted out to give them a "shanty," and by popular acclamation it fell to a youngster from St. John's proudly sporting a foxy-grey whisker.

"Well, boys," said Anti-Bob, "'tis now Monday morning, and let us have one good old song. Ye know I was never slack on a hard pan."

Three cheers went up for Anti-Bob, and many of the crew knew when himself and Jim Ryan bazzed marbles together in Spaniard's Bay.

But the whole difficulty was, "Who would sing?" Suddenly a stow-away, from Kickham's Lane, broke forth:—

"Din Mealy he lay on our weather,
(Along to his men out he calls),
'Be handy, me boys, port your helm,
Or we will be cast on Wash Balls.'
Din Mealy he flew in a passion,
I'm sure now his men were half mad—
The *Virgin* she luffed to the wind, boys,
And carried away his quarter punt.
Some they skulping and hauling,
(And more on board they did go,)
All hands coming board of the vessel,
But Daley, Doyle, Loyde and Glasgo."

And then the old-time amusements were kept up until early the next day about noon, and the good ship *Creole* managed to secure 950 seals, notwithstanding all the difficulties she had to encounter; because Capt. Robert Gosse of Spaniard's Bay would sooner lose 5,000 seals than one man, and in that he kept up the record of the "old times" as did the Thomeys, Greens, Pikes and the rest of them—now gone.

It will thus be seen that our old skippers and old times are slowly but surely passing away. There are very few of them now left; but, let them not forget, and more especially my old bed-fellow, Capt. Billy Knee, that if I am spared, I shall always wield my pen in chronicling their services to our country—the country we love so well—and for which *they* have done so much to bring into prominence, whilst I, and such as I, have been drawing fat salaries.

It may be said that I am swayed by a natural course of events towards my own home—Harbor Grace—and I know that people have said that I know not how to write for a Christmas Number upon any other subject. Perhaps they are right. At this time of the year one naturally turns his mind to home, as a Jackman to Ferryland, a Knee to Greenspond, a Bartlett to Brigus, a Daw to Bay Roberts, a Fitzgerald to Carbonear, a Lewis to Holyrood, a Hopkins to Heart's Content, etc., etc.

But while admitting this charge I cannot forget the "old times," when in my own home, long before I was born, we had our own square-rigged vessels planted on the dock, built from the timber cut in our own place, launched by competent mechanics and master builders, and sailed o'er ever part of the known world. It is no very difficult task for me to go back to the days of Thorne & Hooper, a matter of sixty or seventy years ago, and there see flying the red and white flag which was sported at the foremast head of our brigs, brigantines and schooners. And further, I know that the material for those vessels was cut and shaped and placed into position by mechanics of Harbor Grace, as far back, and further than the days that I have mentioned. I know that the material for the erection of the *Hit-or-Miss*, 75 tons, Capt. John Archer; the *Good Intent*, Capt. Tom Davis, father of the great Capt. Nat Davis, and progenitor of the Scanlans of to-day; the *Goose*, Captain Andrews, all was cut and built from material which was found on the South side of Lady Pond, Harbor Grace, so famed in sport, poetry and history.

I know how the wood-paths still hold their name, and it was done by the poor English and Irish youngsters making their tilts to keep them comfortable, whilst they were cutting the timber to build such recesses as above named. Old Harbor Gracians in particular are well acquainted with the names of Bows' Path, Knights' Path, etc., etc., but did they with the increased facilities of the glorious prerogative of Higher Education ever endeavor to investigate the "reason why" such time-honored land-marks have been thus named? And yet, it was there our floating crafts were built in former days, or, I mean the material for them was cut. It was there, where twenty-five years ago St. John's, the capital of this country, sent forth their best amateur oarsmen to compete with the Athens of Newfoundland—and they got—left. Poor Capt. John Barry, as Peter Saunders would say, he could handle a tiller; aye, even as well as friend Peter can repair a ship. But we are all now getting old, and the best thing we can do is to amuse ourselves in a quiet and innocent way; because even Blandford, Jackman, Saunders, not excluding myself, can not be with your readers always.

And now one more remark. To repeat would be tautology, and with a wave of my old dudgeon, I wish one and all of the readers of PARSONS' ANNUAL "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR."

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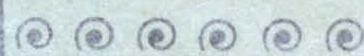
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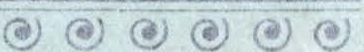


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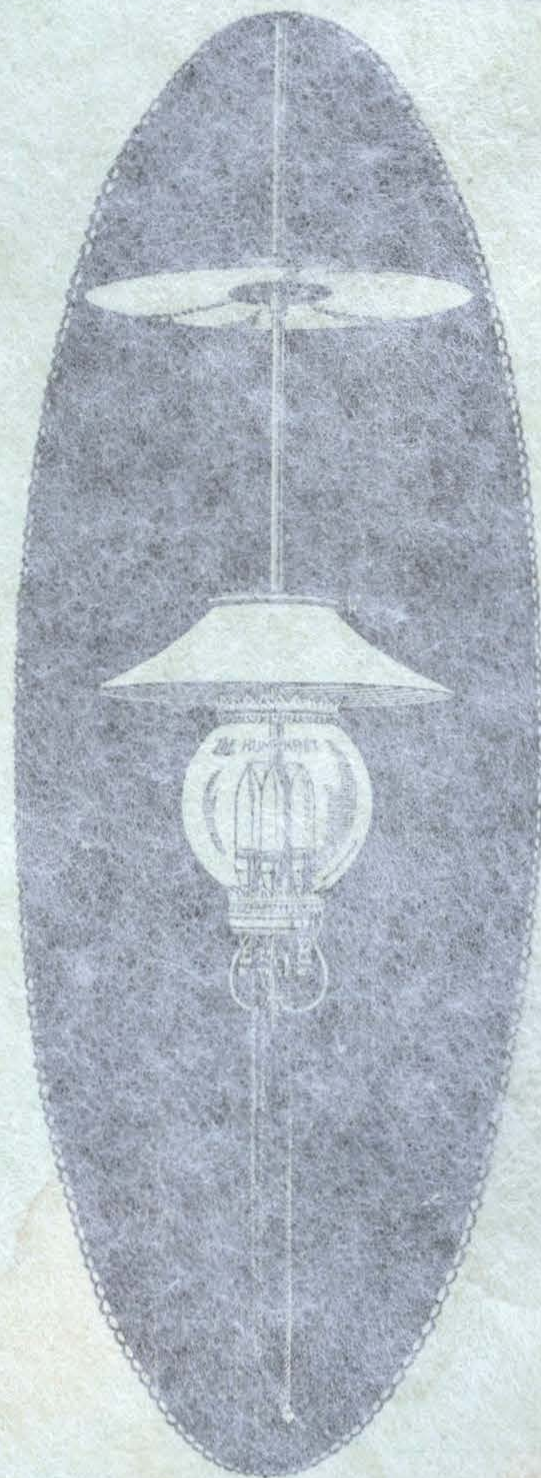
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