

Newfoundland and the Maritimes

Interesting Paper Descriptive of Trip of Rev. and Mrs. Peters to Old Home in Newfoundland.

(By Mrs. Peters)

Leaving by C. P. R. on the afternoon of Monday, June 30th, nothing particularly interesting happened before arriving in Toronto at the C. P. R. station. At that time, I slipped a heavy weight of responsibility from my respective shoulders, clerical and domestic, feeling much like the children commencing their summer holidays, that this first day was the best of them all going to last for a day, but for many days. At the C. P. R. station, we secured our pullman or sleeper into which we hurried, for it had been a long day and a cruelly busy one for a housekeeper leaving home for so long. We were bound for Montreal, so would pass through that part of the country in blissful unconsciousness, provided the noise and motion with the somewhat cramped quarters of our bed would permit. The present sleepers on our Canadian and American trains are very comfortable, however, and should sleep for a week, we can light our individual electric lamps and work in the drowsy god by taking up our book. However, there was no need; sleep did not forsake us, and our books were left to fill a dull period of daylight, so when we awoke, we were in the suburbs of the largest city in Canada. Montreal, is named from Mount Royal, the high mountain on the Island which so charmed the French discoverers away back in 1611. This happened to be a holiday, the 1st of July, and we saw the city under conditions of pleasure and merry-making. There was little or no business going on; the day was beautiful and warm.

Especially out around the lakes surrounding the city, were simply packed with people, who in every conceivable kind of carry-all had brought families to enjoy nature and its beauties of woods, trees and water. The population of Montreal is about 850,000. Its streets in the residential sections are wide and well shaded. The residences are very beautiful, the architecture being of a more imposing type than that of Toronto or Western cities. Montreal is the seat of McGill University whither so many of our young men resort for their higher degrees in medicine and arts. Here also are the Royal Victoria and the General Hospital which rank amongst the most richly endowed hospitals in Canada. The French population being so large in this city, visitors are naturally interested in what belongs especially to them, and so St. James Cathedral with its dome, built after the same plan of St. Peter's in Rome, Notre Dame Church, with its wonderful paintings, mingled with other churches, schools, hotels and residences to make a pleasing and intensely beautiful city. One other place of interest is the Crematorium. (The entrance to which is through a wonderfully beautiful glass house filled with all kinds of tropical plants) where the bodies of those whose friends object to burying in the ground prefer to have them cremated. The caskets are placed in ovens after the funeral service, and burned. The ashes are then sometimes taken up and kept in urns, and sometimes the urns are marked like other graves by a stone or monument. I could not but think while driving around the city that day of those brave French martyrs who fell under the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the Indians so many years ago. Montreal was so dangerously situated, the little colony was an easy prey to the fierce tribes who paddled round the lakes and down the river in their canoes, ready at the easiest provocation to show these strange new comers or captives them off to torture them at their leisure. Many wealthy women of high birth and culture came out to this new colony between 1635 and 1642 hoping to gather the young people into schools and teach them the Roman Catholic faith, but they had little success.

Our next stopping place was St. John, N.B. Leaving Montreal at 8:30 p.m. we arrived in St. John at 11 next morning, passing through a rather uninteresting country during our waking hours, being chiefly woods, betokening very often by the mills the lumbering business as the chief industry in that part of the province.

Some years ago, 1877 I think, St. John was laid waste by a destructive fire, and from its ashes has arisen a city almost entirely of brick and stone. It is situated at the mouth of the St. John River which, for its beauty, is now known as the St. Lawrence of the Maritime Provinces. The harbor, into which the river flows, is the winter port for navigation for steamers coming across the Atlantic with passengers and freight for Canada. During the war, it was blocked with shipping most of the time. St. John was born out of wars between France and England which waged intermittently from 1605 to 1713. France always fought for her rights because of having formed the first colony there, but always handed back by treaty to the English until the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

refused, knowing, however, her store of food was very scanty, but she hoped that at any hour, her husband and his band of men who had accompanied him, would return. He did not return, however, and after three days of brave defense, the walls were broken down, and the enemy entered. The English commander was so enraged when he saw the puny strength of men and food with which Madame de la Tour carried on the siege they took her and put her to death. The husband returned that night to find his wife dead and the fort in the hands of the English.

One of the remarkable sights in St. John is the dry dock, the largest, they say, on the American continent, capable of floating the largest steamer that sails into St. John harbor. Here, when the steamer is docked for repairs, the water is pumped out, and all is ready for the workmen to look over the steamer and commence their work of repairing.

Along the Bay of Fundy, a little further up toward Nova Scotia, the waters of the Atlantic twice a day form a very remarkable sight, as the tides crowd the waters up this long, narrow bay. At Moncton on the Petitcodiac River, the rushing water often rises from 40 to 50 feet and causes tremendous commotion known as the Bow. Passing through Nova Brunswick, we cross into Nova Scotia; and unless we are well informed as to our Nova Scotia history, we scarcely know when we are across the border line of these two provinces. In old French times, there was a fort built on one side of a small river, and a few miles away on the other side, the English had their fort. The river is still there, but we saw no trace of the forts. We pass through Sackville, N. B., the seat of the celebrated Mount Allison institutions of learning, comprising a boys' academy, a young ladies' college with its conservatory of music and fine art gallery, and the University of Mount Allison. This group of buildings, well situated on rising ground about one-half mile from the station, forms a very imposing sight. This college for young ladies is the largest in Canada, and with the university, forms one of the most largely attended institutions of higher education in the Maritime Provinces. At Sackville, a branch line runs out to Cape Tormentine with passengers and freight for Prince Edward Island. Here the train is broken up and carried across the Northumberland Strait on a steamer to Borden, P. E. I. In winter, these steamers are supposed to break any thickness of ice which may interfere with navigation.

Our journey then took us to Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, a regular English born city with English habits and customs. Its harbor is one of the finest in the world, much larger than St. John, with several well fortified islands in it which, with a strong fort at the entrance of the harbor and another on what is known as Citadel Hill in the middle of the city, gave a feeling of safety to the citizens during the war. Halifax is the seat of the administration of Government of the province of Nova Scotia. Its Government house and Provincial Building containing the offices of the many public officials for the city and province, are built of stone and take one back to a very early date of English history in Canada. The old Dutch church now opened for public worship once a year is the oldest German church in Canada. Halifax is the seat of Dalhousie University and Ladies' college belonging to the Presbyterian Church which has quite a high reputation throughout the Eastern part of Canada. Affiliated with this is the Pine Hill Theological College over which Dr. MacKinnon, present moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, presides. Dr. MacKinnon preached in Durham Presbyterian Church during the past winter. The Roman Catholics have a very fine cathedral and two large nunneries which serve their denomination.

From Halifax we entrained en route for Newfoundland, passing through Truro, the seat of the provincial Normal school, and Antigonish, the seat of the Roman Catholic college of St. Francis Xavier. At Port Mulgrave, the train had to be divided into two sections and put on a ferry to cross the Strait of Canso which lies between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, here only a few miles broad. This part of Nova Scotia is the home of the early Scotch settlers who certainly must have had many of the same difficulties to contend with in their new home as they cultivated the soil, as they had in the land across the sea, for it is rugged and not suitable for farming. There are many living in the out of way places in Cape Breton who yet speak their loved Gaelic tongue. Cape Breton is of interest to the world on account of the strike going on between the workmen and the heads of The British Empire Steel Company, for this is one of the famous places where soft coal is mined in quantities which may well last a thousand years or more.

At North Sydney, for there are two towns, North and South, at 8 a.m. Thursday, we transferred to another steamer to cross Cabot Strait, 85 miles broad, which lies between Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Had it not been for some ten or twelve horses, which composed part of our cargo, we could have had a good night's sleep, for the night was beautiful and the water calm.

When we awoke in the morning, we heard the fog horn of Channel Head and knew we were outside of Canada and within close proximity to Newfoundland. The hard, bleak, precipitous coast of this old colony of Britain loomed up before us, and we could not but think of the reference in Scripture, "The strength of the hills is His also." The journey from this landing to St. John's took us two days and a night, and we were not sorry when our 2,500 miles of continuous travel were over and we were once more amongst our friends of former days.

St. John's is, perhaps, the most unique city, in some ways, you have ever been in. The city is built on a hill which goes straight up from the harbor. This city, as its name indicates, breathes of French origin; and the harbor, the entrance of which is known as the narrows, was once a scene of hide and go seek between the French and English. They each tried to get possession of what they thought would be an admirable site for a settlement.

By the Treaty of Paris, 1763, Newfoundland finally passed into the hands of the English, and with great pride, the natives always speak of themselves as belonging to the oldest colony and the largest island of Great Britain, Australia excepted. Here again we have a people loyal to the core to Great Britain, and the bulk of the trade is carried on between England and Newfoundland, across the Atlantic—spoken of facetiously as the Mill Pond.

The Roman Catholic is the largest denomination in St. John's and contains the largest churches, of which the cathedral situated on an eminence overlooking the harbor is the very handsome building with its chimneys and towers, and its chimes of bells and beautiful paintings. Around it are clustered St. Bonaventure College, a college of the Sacred Heart and other schools. A peculiar system prevails in the working out of the educational life of the colony. Each denomination has its own college, but the examinations are conducted by a general board from papers made out in Cambridge, England, and afterward sent back to be examined in England.

The wonderful memorial, erected last summer and unveiled by General Haig, testifies to the great esteem and undying memory with which the citizens of the island remember their heroic dead who sleep so far from their island home. The base of the monument is of granite, built in semi-circular form, flanked at the four corners with a life-size figure of bronze, dressed in the representative garb of the four branches of the service in which Newfoundland citizens were engaged. First is the member of the Royal Navy clad in seaman's outfit, second the woodsman with his axe, who engaged in construction work building railroads; 3rd, the sailor, who represented the band of men, who were mine sweepers; fourth, the private soldier in his khaki outfit, surmounting the memorial in a band of figure of Victory, sword in hand and wreath crowned.

The site on which this memorial stands is supposed to be the very place on which Sir Humphrey Gilbert planted the flag of England in 1853, taking possession of the island in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

The Government House, built of grey stone, is a very fine old English mansion, as is also the provincial building erected in colonial style. The Governor of Newfoundland is appointed by the Crown. There are many beautiful drives through and around the city. The roads are as hard as adamant, and the views to one coming from an inland country, are entrancing beyond measure. Water, great sheets of it everywhere; you are never far away from some delightful scene of hill, wood and water, but not the woods of maple, beech and ash as we are accustomed to in Canada; but pine, birch, fir and spruce.

After spending a very brief two weeks in Newfoundland, we returned over much the same route as traversed before. Another route more pleasant, if a good sailor, would have been to take the steamer at St. John's for Halifax and the remainder of the trip home by rail. However, we had more friends to visit on the return, but an accident to the train coming into St. John's prevented our outgoing, so that we missed the boat at Cabot Strait which we hoped to catch, and we made a night journey instead of stopping over with friends at night at intervals, much to our own disappointment, and the disappointment of our friends.

er to pursue his research. There are some fine pieces of life-size statuary on the terraces outside, while from the numerous seats, you can both rest and enjoy the view down the Ottawa River which flows close to the terraced walls of the embankment.

The Mint is one of the favorite places in which visitors are likely to be interested. We saw the manufacture of the copper cent while there. A piece of copper was taken out by melting and rolling and prepared by melting and rolling and put into pieces convenient for putting into an electric coin machine through another machine which stamps them and turns them out in hundreds as the finished product.

The Victoria Museum is well worth visiting. The statuary is in the form of plaster casts but a very good imitation of the old Greek sculptors. If painting pleases your taste better, you will find room after room filled with the fine arts and zoological specimens and all curiosa and antiques which can be found in a high-class museum.

We visited Rideau Hall, the home of the Governor-General. It is a large, stone, English looking building situated in a large well-wooded park, well guarded by policemen. At 10:30 a.m. we again entrained for Toronto, where we arrived in time for breakfast next morning. There is no need for me to enlarge on the beauties of this city, or to discuss the program of the day we spent there, for it was spent largely with our friends except for a cursory look through some of the stores. At 5 o'clock, we were among the crowd at the Union Station, for it was the eve of some public holiday, and it seemed as though half of the population of the city was going to take advantage of it.

This was the last lap of our journey of 5,000 miles, and it was with a small feeling of gratitude that we looked back over the distance travelled by sea and land, failing to recount any difficulty or mishap to person or property and but once having to make any change in our route of travel as marked out in our prearranged plan. Dangers, seen and unseen, may sometimes have been very near, but a kindly hand intervened and enables us to reach Durham in safety.

So ended the vacation trip of July, 1924, having visited five provinces with their five capital cities and the capital city of the Dominion of Canada, and, best of all, renewing friendships which for the last eleven years had to be confined to the somewhat unsatisfactory written page.

SUCCESSOR TO "HOME SWEET HOME"

Perhaps the most popular song the world has ever known is "Home Sweet Home." The latest song to jump into popularity is another dealing with the age-old themes, "Home" and "Mother." This song is called "Bring Back Those Rock-A-Bye Baby Days." Everyone now and then thinks back to the happy day of childhood. When worries and cares harass, then the picture of mother with her kiss-it-all away remedy is particularly appealing.

Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots" in New York is making a great hit with his rendering of "Rock-A-Bye Baby Days." He is called back again and again by the storms of applause. Hundreds of other singers are featuring "Rock-A-Bye Baby Days" over the footlights and the carphones. Ben Allan is featuring this song in the new "Dumbell" review. "Oh, Yes." The melody is of the fox trot type and is splendid for singing or dancing or as an instrumental solo.

IN OUR GARAGE

A boiler and a kettle lid.
Some plates that father broke and hid.
A chopping block, a knuckle bone,
A photograph that doesn't phone,
A mattress with the mat all one,
A bustle out of grandma's trunk,
A rat trap and some other junk.
(Sweet hundred-fold of yesterday)
The sticks and tail of Johnnie's kite,
A fable lamp I dropped one night,
Tomato cans of Auld Lang Syne,
A hundred feet of washing line,
One pair of pants (demobilized),
Some rubber hose (demobilized);
Some pipes from a former age,
A one rocker, one canary cage,
A niblick and a baseball bat,
A bedstead and a broken slat.
The box in which the rabbit died,
A bike that mother used to ride,
Of many things a sundry crop—
All but the car—it's in the shop!

A Pert Question

The wife of a southern archdeacon sent his vestments to be washed. The next morning she answered the telephone. "Miss Mary, do de archangel want his shroud starched?"

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To dress any Cut, Bruise, Burn, Scald, or Scratch with Zam-Buk means that pain is soothed away—that injured skin is instantly protected against poisonous germs—that natural healing is hastened.

Even wounds that have taken "bad ways," and obstinate cases of Eczema, Psoriasis, Ulcers, Ringworm and Piles, are all successfully treated by this wonderful herbal balm.

50c box, 5 for \$1.25 all dealers.

Splendid For SKIN TROUBLES

Horticultural Lecture

Mr. H. J. Moore of Toronto, noted lecturer on horticulture, who gave an address here last December under the auspices of the Horticultural Society, will speak here again in the

VETERANS' STAR THEATRE

Tuesday, April 14, 1925

at 8 o'clock

Subject: "Outdoor Culture of Roses."

All who heard Mr. Moore before will want to hear him again. Come and bring your friends.

THE ADDRESS WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WITH SLIDES

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TUESDAY, APRIL 14, at 8 p.m.

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Display of

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Thursday, April 9, 1925.

RIES—No. 2

n Today

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DA"

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Durham, Ontario