

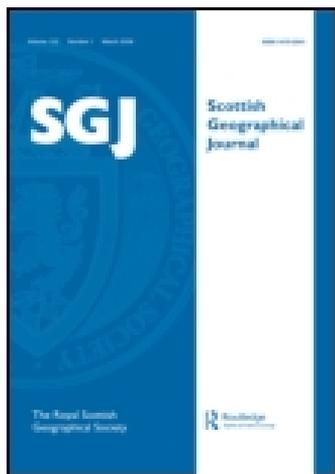
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Publisher: Routledge

Informa Ltd Registered in England and Wales Registered Number: 1072954

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Scottish Geographical Magazine

Publication details, including instructions for authors and subscription information:

<http://www.tandfonline.com/loi/rsgj19>

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Published online: 30 Jan 2008.

To cite this article: A.L. Cross F.R.C.I. (1906) Newfoundland, Scottish Geographical Magazine, 22:3, 147-158, DOI: [10.1080/14702540608555049](https://doi.org/10.1080/14702540608555049)

To link to this article: <http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/14702540608555049>

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level sunlight, seemed to float enchanted. A scene like this I remember well. All around was the silence of the hills, not broken but rather emphasised by the soft complaining of the eider ducks on the fjord beneath, the thrilling, throbbing cry of the whimbrel, and the sorrowful pipe of the golden plover along the slopes. On such an evening there is born into one's heart a real affection for this lonely little land, lost in the grey seas. It is with regret that one at length sails away, and sees melt upon the horizon far astern the misty shapes that might be clouds, but are the last vanishing glimpse of the mountains of Færøe.

To those who are at all familiar with books upon Færøe my indebtedness in the preparation of the above paper to Landt, Geikie, Rønne, and Bruun, will be abundantly evident. My acknowledgment here to these authors is therefore less an act of justice than an expression of gratitude. For the photographs accompanying the paper I have to thank my sister, Miss Elsie M. Currie.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

By A. L. CROSS, F.R.C.I.

(*With Map and Illustrations.*)

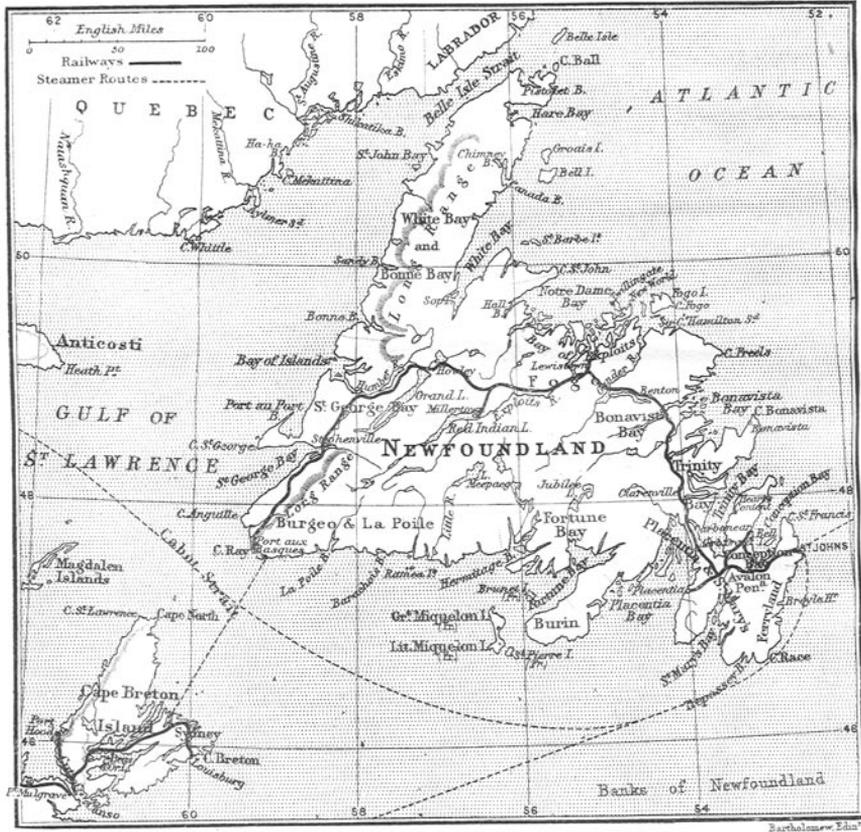
IT seems a surprising thing that one of Britain's oldest colonies should be within seven days' sail of it, and yet be comparatively unknown. Few visitors, either sportsmen or tourists, have gone there, though it lies directly at the door of our greatest colony, viz. Canada. No doubt the trouble with France over the "foreshore" question has kept back immigration, but this is all changed now, and I hope an era of prosperity may open for an island which possesses some of the loveliest scenery in the world, and is a perfect paradise for the fisher and deer-stalker.

I was originally attracted to the island by a book written many years ago by the late Rev. M. Harvey of St. John's; but as Mr. Harvey's book was not a tourist's guide, and I could obtain no recent information, in the spring of last year (1905) I determined to go and find out something about it on the spot for myself.

The famous John Cabot, sailing from Bristol in 1497, discovered Newfoundland. According to Judge Prowse of St. John's, who seems recently to have studied the history more than any one, "there are no English records of this famous adventure, beyond an entry in the Privy Purse expenses, 'to hym who found the New Isle, 10 Pounds'; and the second, 'Charter to John Cabot,' in which he is named the discoverer. All our information is derived from Italian and Spanish letters written immediately after his arrival in August 1497." From that day downwards the island has been more or less in the hands of the English, though sadly mismanaged and neglected until very recent times.

The whole island lies south of 51° North latitude, and extends to 47°. Great Britain lies wholly to the north of the 50th parallel, so

Newfoundland is really in the latitude of France. It is larger than Ireland, with a scanty population of barely 225,000 scattered in villages along the coast and in St. John's. People run to Norway and to Switzerland, and spend quite as much money in these countries as would give them an outing in the fine air of Newfoundland, and amongst a very friendly, honest, and entirely English-speaking people. The accommodation is somewhat primitive for the most part; but there is little difficulty in



finding quarters, as most of the small farmers and villagers on the coast are willing enough to entertain respectable strangers. The charges run from \$2 in St. John's, to \$1 and \$1.25 per day in coast or country places. I always found the accommodation thoroughly clean, which is more than can be said sometimes for more pretentious places in Norway. There are many parts of the country, however, where it is impossible to go without camp equipment, though it need not be very elaborate, and guides can generally be had, if arranged for beforehand, to look after the camp, cooking, etc. Provisions are not expensive, and no one wants luxuries, where fine air, rare and abundant fishing and hunting are to be

had. If a tourist merely desires to see the beautiful scenery of the country, the best plan is to take the coasting steamers, or follow the railway route with a "stop-off" ticket from St. John's, stopping at various places marked on the railway guide, which this year (1905) has given a great deal of information, mostly, however, unknown to the officials on the line, who should have the dissemination of it. It is principally as yet on the coast that the people live. Inland, the country generally is a vast wilderness—much of it still unexplored—of forest, barrens (moors), and endless lakes (generally called ponds, as it is said the original Devonshire settlers were ignorant of lakes), big and little, some of them of great size, such as Grand Lake, fifty-six miles in length, Red

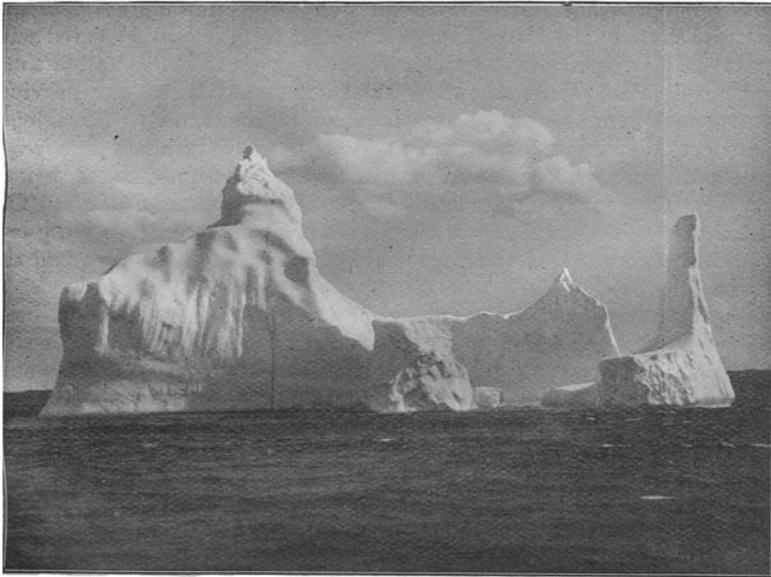


FIG. 1.—Off St. John's in May.

Indian Lake, thirty-four miles, Deer Lake, twenty-five, Twenty Mile Pond, and others, all over the island, too numerous to mention. One-third of the area of the island is said to be covered by water, and I can well believe it, after seeing the numerous lakes.

The quickest way of reaching Newfoundland is by the Allan Line from Glasgow or Liverpool—a matter of not more than seven days to St. John's, the capital. In a Cunarder it could doubtless be done in four, as it is only some 1640 miles from the Irish coast. The railway runs from St. John's on the south-east coast of the island, to Port Aux Basques, the terminus, in the extreme south-west. It is about 530 miles in length, and has been so arranged as to serve as nearly as possible the principal villages on the east coast as far as 49° North latitude; and then near Lewisport, an important lumber port, to which there is

a branch line, it turns west across the island to the large village of "Bay of Islands," facing the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The line then turns south-west, and runs through the hills till it reaches Bay St. George on the coast, thence along the coast to Port Aux Basques, facing Cape Breton Island, on the opposite side of the gulf, from which it is separated by eighty or ninety miles of sea. I visited the island, the reverse way, coming by railway north from New York, through Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton Island, and crossing from North Sydney in the latter by the mail steamer of the Reid Newfoundland Railway Company, the ss. *Bruce*, to Port Aux Basques. The voyage is always made at night, and occupies about six hours, comfortable cabins being provided in the steamer for passengers.

As we approached Port Aux Basques on a fine June morning, we had a splendid view of the Long Range Mountains, partly still covered with snow, mostly lying in the deep narrow ravines, where it had fallen to an enormous depth. We were informed that the snowfall of the previous February had been especially heavy; in some places snow fell to a depth of ten feet, blocking up the railway line. It is only about five years since the railway was finished right to Port Aux Basques, and now it is becoming a favourite summer route from the States and Canada. The mail-trains are well supplied with sleeping accommodation, dining-car, etc., and are built to give passage right through, as in Canada and the States.

As there never was a trunk road across the island, the railway answers all purposes. A new line connecting with the south-east coast, and running along the south of the island at its broadest part, would greatly shorten the route to Port Aux Basques, and open up the country there; but the poverty of the Newfoundland Government will, I am afraid, prevent this being carried out for many years to come, unless they agree to join Canada, and of that there is no sign or desire.

Port Aux Basques lies at the side of a small inlet of the sea, and is visible a long way off in fine weather. It is yet a place in embryo, and consists of a lighthouse, a few wooden houses, a railway station, and goods sheds. It may yet become a place of importance, as it is only thirty miles or so from the much talked of coalfields of the Grand Codroy Valley, and in summer Americans escaping from the hot cities of the States might find it a delightful place for sea-bathing, boating, and "ituna" fishing. At present it scarcely boasts of a hotel.

We were rather early for the salmon fishing in the east coast rivers, where the salmon and sea-trout don't begin to run up till the middle of July, but on the west they begin to run in June. We stopped at a farmhouse about two hours' run from Port Aux Basques, at the first good salmon river on the west coast, the Little Codroy River—a river running through a most beautifully wooded and picturesque country, at the base of the Long Range Mountains, where it takes its rise. When at Port Aux Basques, I asked the conductor of the train how far Little River Station was from Afton farm, where we were going. He said "three miles," but he added, "that is of no consequence, we can stop you opposite the house," so we and our luggage were dumped down

there accordingly, the whole of the inmates of the farm, male and female, being there to welcome us and carry our belongings. This seems to be a good deal the custom, and is very convenient. When we left we got our luggage down to the side of the line, and when we saw the train coming along, held up our hands, and were taken in, bag and baggage. The bell of the engine can be heard clanging a long way off, and so makes it easy for intending passengers to find out when it is coming. Passengers have even been known to chase a train, and be taken in when they were seen!

The Little Codroy River, besides being a lovely river for scenery, is a capital river for salmon and sea-trout, and fishes well from June to September. It is much frequented by Americans in the autumn season. We were only there for a few days, but got enough salmon and sea-trout to show how good it was. From the Little Codroy, we went over for a day to the valley of the Grand Codroy River, fifteen miles off. This is a noble river, with a great volume of water, and on its banks we found one Scotsman and several Englishmen encamped, salmon-fishing. The sport had not been so good as at Little River, and their catches had only averaged about fifteen salmon each in three weeks. I think the low state of the water kept the fish from running up. The river divides into two forks near the South Branch railway station. The lower parts of the Little and Grand Codroy near the sea are well settled, and the country more or less in cultivation of a sort. There seemed, however, great stretches of country on either side of these rivers capable of cultivation, but all at present under dense forest. It is in these valleys coal is said to have been discovered, but no one thinks of working it apparently, though there ought to be a fortune in it, if the seams are thick and of good quality. Following the line north, at not very long intervals there are three good salmon rivers running into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, viz., Crabb's, Robinson's, and Fischel's brooks (good large rivers are called brooks: another Devonshire derivation, I suppose), but as there is little or no accommodation to be had, it would be necessary for any one wishing to fish them to take a guide, camp equipment, and provisions. Away from the sea, the land alongside these rivers is covered with dense forest, and entirely unoccupied. I was told they were very seldom fished. Travelling on north, the railway took us to Bay St. George, where two fine salmon rivers run in, viz. the St. George River, and Harry's Brook. There are two small hotels here, as these rivers are much frequented by Americans in July and August, and also by people from St. John's. These are both splendid rivers, carrying a great body of water to the sea. We were rather early for the salmon fishing in June, as few fish had yet begun to run up. From Bay St. George a splendid excursion can be made right through to the east coast by those who are not afraid to rough it and camp out. East of St. George River they would strike the source of the great Exploits River, the largest river in the island, at the foot of the Anniespoquotch Mountains, over 2000 feet in height, whence a passage of eighty miles can be made by canoe, to the sea at Norris Arm (a railway station) on the east coast. From Bay St. George's we went on by train to Spruce Brook, and put up at "The Log Cabin,"

a sort of a hotel run by a Mr. Dodd, who is trying to open out a farm there in the wilderness, and meantime takes in salmon fishers, and caribou hunters, till he sees how his venture will turn out. It is beautifully situated, facing St. George's Pond, a lake nine miles long, and within a few yards of the railway, where all trains stop. Harry's Brook runs out of St. George's Pond, only a couple of miles from the house, the exit being a fine pool for salmon in the season. The scenery of St. George's Pond is lovely, the forest growing down to the water's edge, and the hills all round, except where Mr. Dodds' clearing operations have taken place, covered with forest to their summits. We rowed across the "pond" and walked by a trail to "Beaver Pond," where we caught a large number of the speckled trout of the country, and saw the haunts of the few beaver that still exist there; but Beaver was not at home, though we saw some freshly peeled branches which the guide said had been eaten by the beaver that morning. This pond lies on the way to the top of Grand Lake, fifty-six miles long, which can be reached by the forest trail in a few hours' walking. Our fishing on Beaver Pond had all to be done from a most substantial raft which the guide, Dennis Benoit, constructed that morning early, as there was no fishing-boat, and fishing from the sides of these small lakes is impossible, as there is no shore, the dense forest growing right down to the water's edge. I was very much struck everywhere in the island with the impenetrable nature of the forest. To go off a trail even for a few yards is risky, as in spite of the aid of a compass one might take a long time to get out. I was told the natives themselves lose their way occasionally. When one thinks that from St. George's Pond for more than a hundred miles as the crow flies to the south coast, there isn't a road or a dwelling of any sort, only lakes, rivers, and barrens, one can understand what an unoccupied country it is. No one should venture into a country of this sort without a guide, a good axe, plenty of matches, and some provisions. It is always easy to get up a fire, and thatch oneself from the cold at night with the branches of trees.

The next place we stopped at was the Bay of Islands, facing the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the west coast, and within a day's sail by steamer of the Straits of Belle Isle and Labrador. This is a beautiful scattered hamlet on an inlet running up for fifteen miles or so from the sea to the mouth of the Humber River. It is a very rising place, possessing a branch of the Bank of Montreal, a fine copper mine a few miles off, slate quarries, and fishing establishments for curing the ubiquitous cod. The village extends along the bay for several miles. There are churches here of all denominations, Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Wesleyan. As the local steamer for Port Aux Basques to Labrador calls here, one was strongly tempted to go in her to that wonderful country of high mountains, great rivers, waterfalls, and long arms of the sea, not to speak of the excellent salmon fishing to be had, but time would not permit. I may mention here what is probably not generally known, that the whole of the west coast of Labrador as far up as the Moravian settlement of Nain, and near the entrance to Hudson's Bay, belongs to the Government of Newfoundland, though of

course the exact boundary in the interior betwixt the province of Quebec and Labrador—Newfoundland, has never been clearly defined, or even explored. The Humber River, which runs in at the Bay of Islands, is probably the third largest river in the island. It pours an enormous volume of dark black water through a gorge in the hills under Mount Musgrave, along which the railway runs. As viewed from the line, it reminds one of the Pass of Killiecrankie, only the gorge is deeper and the river larger. Unfortunately, sparks from the engine had set fire to the dense forest, and for miles on either side of the gorge, and far inland, even on the north shores of Deer Lake, the forest was a scene of desolation. The destruction of forest by sparks from the

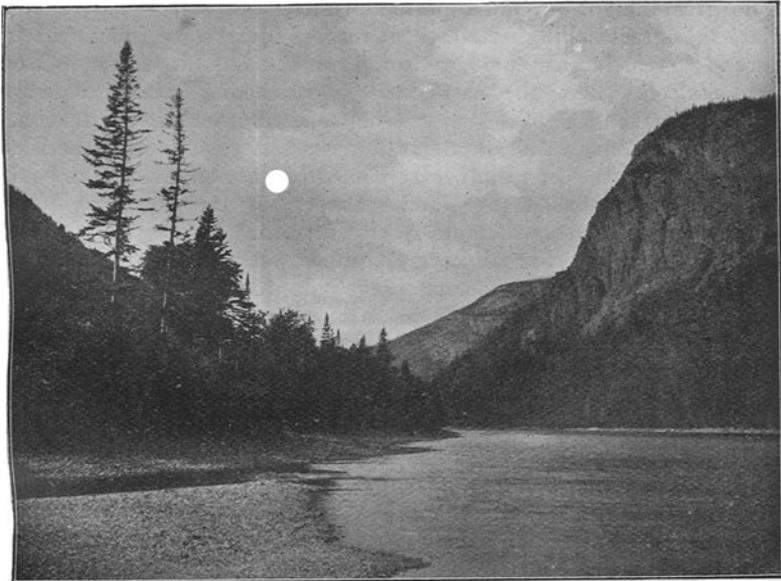


FIG. 2.—Scene on the Humber River.

engine has not been confined to this part only, for large tracts on the east coast have likewise been burned out, giving a most desolate appearance to the country, and it will be years before it clothes itself with a new growth. The railway, after it leaves the Humber gorge, runs along the south side of the magnificent Deer Lake for twenty-five miles. At the end of the lake, and on the opposite side from Deer Lake Station, the upper Humber River runs into it by two channels, both navigable for sailing boats for a mile or two from the lake, as far up as Nichol's farm. The river is here very wide, and so densely wooded that it reminds one of a large Ceylon or West African river, rather than a river in northern parts. Ingress or egress through the dense growth of alders is impossible even for a dog, except at places where boats are kept. These thickets are the home of dense clouds of mosquitoes and sand-flies.

Though it was only three o'clock in an early July morning when we sailed across to Nichol's farm from the railway station, the attacks of these pests were unanimous and combined. Not even in the jungles of Ceylon or India have I seen anything to equal them. The Nichols' is the only house of entertainment in these parts, the country for 150 miles north being still a wilderness of forests and lakes, and without a road of any sort. Nichol is the descendant of a Highland family that came from Inverness-shire. He farms his own land, and his sons act as guides in summer to the salmon-fishers who encamp at the Humber Falls, nine miles up from the lake. From Deer Lake the railway turns well inland towards the east, passing the corner of Grand Lake (fifty-six miles long) and on through a high country, passing two singular-looking mountains of no great height—"Gaff topsail, and Mizzen topsail"—names appropriate to a great fishing island, till it reaches Millertown junction, where there is a great lumber camp, and on down the Exploits River to Norris Arm Station, where the east coast is reached. Turning somewhat inland again, the line passes on to Glenwood, another lumber station, on a fine salmon river, the Gander, the second largest river in the island. Then following the line south-east come the salmon rivers Gambo and Terra Nova.¹ I fished the Gambo River, but was too early for the salmon, and only got baskets of speckled trout. I say *speckled*, because we have no trout in this country so peculiarly marked. The Americans give them the inappropriate name of "mud" trout. I visited the lake the Gambo runs out of, where on a tributary stream there is a great lumber mill, giving employment to a large number of men, but I was sorry to see that though they burn the sawdust and bits of sawn logs, large quantities of sawdust escape the fires and fall into this fine spawning river. Of course there is Triton Brook, another large river running into the head of Gambo Lake, where probably it is thought sufficient spawning ground is left.

In time the island will doubtless become a great pulp-producing country. The principal woods are spruce pines, birch, aspen, and white maple. On the barrens there are mosses and lichens, but, strange to say, no heather of any sort. Rhododendron rhodora and Linnea grow on the barrens in great abundance, and in swampy hollows great numbers of the singular pitcher plant.

Coming to within sixty miles of St. John's, we diverged at Placentia junction in order to visit the old French capital of the western district, Placentia. This is a place with a history. Judge Prowse says Charles II. sold Placentia and the western part of Newfoundland to Louis XIV., and it was from this time onwards "the French Shore question" arose, which has given so much trouble since, but, thanks to the late Government, has now been settled. From Placentia junction the railway runs through a densely wooded, and, though so near St. John's, still unoccupied country. The engineers seem to have skilfully availed

¹ Gambo, the village, lies at the head of a long arm of the sea, one of several forming Bonavista Bay, which claims the distinction of being the first land sighted by John Cabot in his discovery of the American continent in 1497.

themselves of a range of wooded hills, and ran along them till they reached the top of the north-east arm (a sea inlet), and then along it still following the range, till they arrived at Placentia Railway Station, overlooking the town. Coming out of the station on a fine July afternoon, Placentia presents one of the most charming scenes in the world, with its red roofs and huge Roman Catholic Church, more like an Italian than a colonial town. The town is partly built on the "north-east arm," and partly on the "south-east arm," as these two inlets of the sea are called. Two ferry-boats for the convenience of the public convey passengers back and forward betwixt the two sides of the town, free of expense, though some day a suspension bridge might obviate all



FIG. 3.—St. John's.

this. On the end of the ridge down which the railway has been taken to the steamboat pier, but high above the town, there are the remains of the old French fort which protected the town, the guns of which have long since disappeared. It is a pity the city had not been built of stone, as the original wooden houses will all disappear. The only stone building in the place is a convent, and that is of recent construction. The English church is crumbling to pieces, and the graveyard attached quite neglected. As there are only two Protestant families in the place, this is not surprising. Mr. Bradshaw, formerly Member of the Legislative Council for Labrador in the Newfoundland Parliament, and one of the two Protestant families, is the custodian of a splendid copy of the Scriptures and Psalms printed in 1783, and a Communion service presented to the church by William IV. in 1787 after a visit to the island.

The sides of the north-east and south-east arms are partly cleared and cultivated. I walked some way up the south-east river, seven miles from Placentia. It is a very pretty little salmon river, but at that time, 7th July, the water was too low, and the sea-trout and salmon were waiting for a flood before ascending. Accommodation can be had at Folford's, a small farm. It is a lovely place to stay and make excursions from, as it is on one of the few carriage roads leading to St. Mary's Bay, and the rivers Branch, Colinet and Salmonier, all in the peninsula of Avalon. These are three of the best sea-trout and salmon rivers on the island, especially the last. The famous Cape Race is also situated on this peninsula sixty-four miles south of St. John's. Why all the country south of the railway leading to Placentia has not long ago been occupied is most surprising. The hills are not high, and except on the eastern side, near the coast, are completely clothed with forest. The proximity of the capital, St. John's, would afford a ready market for any produce the people had to send, dairy or otherwise. If Siberia can produce and send to this country enormous quantities of butter, much more Newfoundland, if she could only get more land into cultivation. Returning back by the line from Placentia, we stopped a short time at a very pretty village close to some good trout lakes called Whitbourne, where there is a nice hotel, and then on to Holyrood, another pretty village at the head of an arm of the sea on the east coast, thirty miles from St. John's. From there we drove twenty-one miles to the mouth of the Salmonier River (pronounced Salmooner by the natives), where it runs into the sea on the south-east coast. Here again, except at and for two miles or so out of Holyrood, with the exception of two small farms, Walsh's and Murphy's, the narrow road runs through an undulating country of dense forest, with lovely small lakes every here and there close to the road, all said to be full of trout. There are two famous salmon falls, Murphy's and Pinsent's, on this river. Our destination was Pinsent's, where we meant to fish for salmon, as we heard they were running up in great number. We procured a guide at a house near the sea, and then retraced our steps for four miles to the turn-off to Pinsent's falls. There was no road, only a frightful trail, through dense forest. Fortunately it was only a distance of two miles, but owing to the very swampy nature of the ground, and the fallen trees, it took us more than two hours to accomplish what could easily have been done in three-quarters of an hour. We put up in a small wooden shanty, roofed with bark, close beside the falls. Two young men from St. John's, who were fishing there, kindly invited us into their hut for supper till our guide got things fixed up in our hut. They had been there for less than a week, and had caught over seventy salmon in that time! The next morning we were up at 3 o'clock A.M., and down beside the falls. When daylight was fairly in we could see the salmon rising in the pool below the falls everywhere. The salmon there are unsophisticated, and have no such bashful feelings as are attributed to them by Mr. Philip Geen in his recent book, when he warns fishers to keep well out of sight in the River Lyon. Three rods fishing at short intervals in the same pool would often have each a fish on at the same time. With a very short line I hooked with fly,

on several occasions, and landed it, a fish rising not more than five yards from where I was standing. The salmon on this river during the time the run was on, a matter of about three weeks, from 15th July, were literally passing up in thousands. The Salmonier is only a sample of the splendid salmon rivers that abound all round the island. There are many rivers in the south and north that are never visited, except it may be by the natives or by those willing to camp out, as there are no roads, and the only means of communication are steamers calling at certain

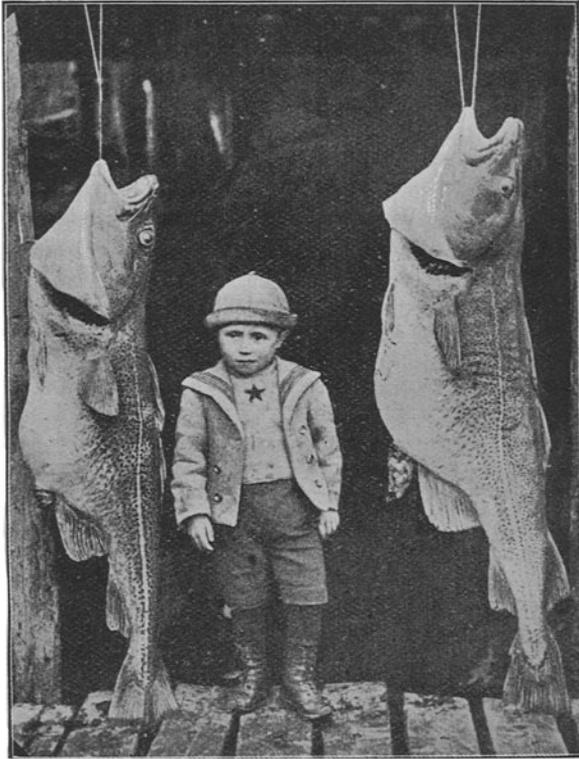


FIG. 4.—Products of Newfoundland.

particular points on the coast, and even then, from these it would be necessary to have guides and a row-boat to reach them properly.

Besides the fishing there is splendid caribou shooting in the autumn to be had in the neighbourhood of Grand Lake, and many other parts of the island. Many sportsmen from the States, and a few Englishmen, are finding their way there for that purpose. Mr. Dodd of the "Log Cabin" can procure guides and fit out expeditions. The caribou shooting, unlike the fishing, is not free to strangers, who must pay a licence fee of \$50, and for that they cannot kill more than three stag caribou, but as

they are such splendid animals, most people would be content with three heads.

The island will now, I think, waken up. The great want is population. If emigrants of the right sort, with some capital, could be induced to take up land and open it systematically, something might be made of it. The inhabitants along the coast are principally engaged in the fisheries, and they only seem to scrape the soil in little patches: there is no attempt to farm on a large scale, except in the neighbourhood of St. John's, where the country is well cleared. In the neighbourhood of the Little and Grand Codroy rivers and in the neighbourhood of St. John's we saw grass of the richest description, also fine fields of potatoes and cabbage, the latter, it is said, being the national dish. The difficulty with agricultural immigrants is the expense of clearing the forest. All through the Eastern States of America, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia there seemed to me to be vast tracts of unoccupied land, but so long as there is abundance of prairie land in Western Canada requiring no clearing, the forest lands will not be much sought after.

I have merely written this article to draw attention to a very interesting country and one that, with good government and liberal land laws, should very shortly come to the front. The colony has at the present time a Governor, in Sir William Macgregor, of the right stamp, and there are many able men who were, in past governments as well as in the present, well able to advance its interests.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MEETINGS IN FEBRUARY.

ON the 13th February, in the Free Assembly Hall, Dr. Charles Sarolea, D.Ph., D.Litt., addressed the Society on his travels through "Russia and the Caucasus," Dr. John Horne presiding. On the motion of Mr. Ralph Richardson, the Lecturer was awarded a vote of thanks for his Address. Dr. Sarolea repeated his Address on the 14th February before the Glasgow Centre, Professor A. E. Maylard occupying the Chair.

On the 15th February, before the Dundee Centre, Mr. Thomas Murdoch, F.G.S., delivered a Lecture entitled "Ceylon, the Pearl of the East," Sir John Leng, LL.D., D.L., J.P., presiding.

At Aberdeen on the 16th February, Mr. Charles J. Wilson, F.R.S.G.S., lectured on "The South African Colonies as seen by the British Association in 1905," Ex-Lord Provost Fleming, LL.D., of Dalmuinzie occupying the Chair.

On the 22nd February, Major Ronald Ross, C.B., F.R.S., D.Sc., F.R.C.S., delivered a Lecture entitled "Science and the Public," Brigade-Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel James Arnott, M.D., President of the Society, presiding.

Major Ross repeated his Address before the Glasgow Centre the following evening.