Mrs Married Woman
Would you commit a crime to save your husband's life?
See
"A DOLL'S HOUSE"
at the
Majestic Theatre
To-morrow.

Mr. Married Man
Would you sacrifice your business honor for your wife?
See
"A DOLL'S HOUSE"
at the
Majestic Theatre
To-morrow.

Miss Bachelor Maid
Are you prepared to be a real wife—or a doll-wife?
See
"A DOLL'S HOUSE"
at the
Majestic Theatre
To-morrow.

Mr. Bachelor
Do you seek a woman as your wife—or a toy?
See
"A DOLL'S HOUSE"
at the
Majestic Theatre
To-morrow.

To the Mother
Is your first duty to yourself or your husband and children?
See
"A DOLL'S HOUSE"
at the
Majestic Theatre
To-morrow.

To the Father
Is your wife a doll-mother? Are your children doll-children?
See
"A DOLL'S HOUSE"
at the
Majestic Theatre
To-morrow.

SEE FOR THE LAST TIME
TO-DAY
"DISRAELI"
The play and the star that thousands of admirers have loved to see in a motion picture.

Are Canadian Salmon Doomed.

(By DOROTHY G. BELL in MacLean's Magazine.)

WHAT B.C. SHOULD GET.

From reliable and authentic sources of information in Ottawa, MacLean's is enabled to announce that the Duff commission, appointed to investigate the conditions of the British Columbia salmon fishing industry, will recommend at the forthcoming session of Parliament that drastic measure be taken in 1923 to protect the salmon industry.

The commission recommend a special department of fisheries headed by a minister of practical experience, and that there be a thorough reorganization of staffs at Ottawa and British Columbia. A forty per cent. reduction of licenses issued to Orientals is suggested. During 1923 motor boats will be permissible. In 1923 there will be a reform scale, and license fees; drag and seine nets will be used by whites and Indians.

Another recommendation of the commission is that the weekly closed season for salmon throughout the whole of B.C. be lengthened, and it is suggested that this time be from 6 a. m. Saturday to 6 p.m. Monday. Drastic action against any abuses of this will be taken by the authorities.

The commission further decided that a bounty be set for the capture of dog-fish; that a lifesaving patrol be established and that there should be established a board for practical scientific investigation. Four commissioners recommended a five-year close season for sockeye salmon on the Fraser River if the Americans reciprocate by closing Puget Sound. Two commissioners dissented.

What is wrong with the Canadian salmon fisheries on the coast of British Columbia?

Anxiety among the canners regarding the steady decrease in the salmon pack; a dispute among them as to whether the Fraser River should be closed for a period of four or more years; an agitation for the banishment of the Japanese fisherman and the banning of gasoline boats are vital problems to tens of thousands in British Columbia, and throughout Canada. A Federal Commission under William Duff, M.P., has been probing into the cause of the general unrest, attempting to find remedies for the many grievances of canners and fishermen. This commission has made a preliminary report to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries and a complete report is expected shortly.

Undoubtedly there will be many changes made as a result of the investigations carried on in B.C. in fact, changes that will affect the whole salmon-eating world. For example, when Mr. Duff, who hails from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, visited some west canneries and saw Japanese women at work cleaning fish and filling cans—handicapped by babies strapped on their backs and other children clinging to their skirts or playing nearby in the grease and offal of the salmon—he stated immediately that this practice must stop.

The result was that the day after the order some of the canneries were paralyzed for lack of help, for the women were unable to leave their children. Not being allowed to bring them to the canneries they had no other choice than to stay at home.

The Japanese Fishermen's Association, however, bridged over the difficulty by appointing and paying one of their women to stay at home and look after all the children while the others were at work. Eventually, they declare, there will be well-regulated nurseries where the children may be more or less amuse themselves while their busy mothers are engaged at work.

The main up-to-date dwelling places of the Japanese and white man have replaced the primitive camps of the native Indian on the fishing grounds, and seaworthy but less picturesque gasoline boats now ply the waters of the Georgian Gulf and Fraser River in place of the graceful sail-boat of yore. Hand labor has been supplanted by new and marvelous machinery. But the romance behind this great Canadian industry is there and comparatively few Canadians have the least idea of the struggles, the labor, the tragedies, heartaches and joys of the thousands whose work it is to catch and can the delectable pink salmon. The industry is a world in itself, drawing to it men as do war and the sea, characters from all walks of life.

SOME OLD CHARACTERS.

The fishing fleets of the big canneries that line the banks of the Lower Fraser River and Puget Sound shores are manned frequently by the flotsam and jetsam of the world, waging fierce battles with the sea, forcing the ocean to give up to them a living.

Thus: "Hi there, Frenchy! Wake up! Skin aloft there and clear that boom before we swamp!" A Pukkah French count, oblivious of the shouts of the man at the helm, sleeps peacefully on in the bottom of an evil-smelling fishing boat, his feet wedged between a heap of wet web and a ballast rock, his head but a few inches from a pile of silvery sockeye salmon, yielded from the net that night.

The rigging of the little sloop has fouled in the storm and the old sailor at the tiller is trying in vain to waken his comrade. And the Count—perhaps court-like—opens his eyes, muttering endearing terms intended for a lady fair, working for the same cannery.

College boys, after a year of strenuous study and nerve-racking session of examinations, are often found "pulling boat" for some fisherman, during their summer vacation. Usually they enjoy the hard physical labor, keen sports and open air life after so many months of brain work indoors, although this life offers many hardships. According to those who engage these young men, however, they are seldom found wanting in courage and staying power. Their love of a hard game, the never-say-die spirit and that sense of pride so often evidenced by college men, bids them stick to the oars even though bleeding hands and aching muscles are crying out for rest.

"The lad who fished with me this summer," Long Tom, a well-known character along the fishing coast, told me, "had more grit than any kid I ever did see. He never could get more'n a hundred fathom away from the dock before he'd git green with sea-sickness. Like that every day and all day, but he'd stick and work all the time. It used to make him mad. 'Silly habit I just gotta git outa,' he says to me, and then he up and asks me will I take 'im on agin next year.

"'I'd rather be sick all year'n give in to the darn thing,' he says. How's that for gumption? Sure! I'll take 'im on agin."

Overwrought and tired business men frequently spend a season at the oars of some fishing sloop in search of health and steady nerves. Those who stay with it, more often than not, find what they are seeking, but they have been found by old-timers not as dependable in an emergency, nor as keen on the game, as well able to rough it and put up with the inconveniences that are a part of the life of a fisherman as are the young college men. The experiment is often abandoned before they have had a chance to receive any benefits from it.

Noblemen from overseas, stranded on the shores of a strange country, down on their luck, empty of pocket, but debonair and still keen for the conventionalities of civilized life, despite their primitive surroundings, often turn to the fishing industry as the happy means of earning a clean, honest living and getting a new start in life. Innumerable instances of such a character are to be found up and down the coast.

EXCESS LUGGAGE, BAH JOVE!

An English lord arrived at a Fraser River cannery a few years ago with nothing in its possession besides a pair of overalls, and a rough sea-shirt, except twenty-four white starched shirts! His "beastly bad luck," as he was wont to put it, so decreed that this one "appropriate" shirt should catch fire and burn up while it was drying over his camp stove. In this predicament, he was forced to wear, one by one, several of the twenty-four starched shirts until he could afford tobuy one more suited to his needs several weeks later.

Cut off entirely from his source of revenue and having never done a stroke of work before he came to B. C. "The Duke,' as he was dubbed by his companions of the fishing camp, had pawned everything contained in the eight "boxes' with which he set out from England,—that is, everything except the twenty-four white shirts. The pawn-shops would have nothing to do with these.

A fishing boat, too, is the frequent haunt of the remittance man, for there he finds little on which to waste his small holdings, and he is able even to increase his wealth slowly with little worry and no responsibility.

A remittance man known on the river as "Loaf"—merely an abbreviation of the word "loafer"—was put to work for the first time in his life by a burly fisherman who went by the name of "Bluff Butchell."

Butchell was without a "boat-puller' one stormy night, when there was a big run of fish on, and spying "Loaf" lying asleep in a business place not frequented by members of the W.C.T.U., he picked him up, tossed him over his shoulder and carried him down to his boat.

As he was casting off a comrade inquired why he had chosen to take "Loaf" out with him., "He won't work," he was advised.

"He'll work or drown when he sobers up," returned the other, eyeing the weather. "By the time we make the outside it will take both of us to handle this skiff."

"Loaf" apparently chose to work rather than drown. Butchell made a record catch and he generously split the proceeds with his helper, who agreed to stay on and work with him.

A DISAPPEARING RACE.

These characters come and go, but there is one on the river who is loath to go and his departure, though it is not entirely effected, is little short of tragedy. This is the bona-fide fisherman, who has made fishing on the coast his life work and who lives with his family on the banks of the Fraser in a tiny shack or scow house that he himself very often has built during the long winter months when the canneries are supplying no work.

These men are gradually being eliminated from the industry by the Japanese, who have during the past few years practically monopolized the fishing grounds, and against whom, in spite of long experience, the white man seems unable to compete successfully. Each season sees more of the vine-covered shacks deserted, while the owners and their families have taken themselves off to the city where they can find jobs that will net them better wages and in which there is less stern competition.

Until the coming of the Japanese in great numbers to the fishing grounds, the British Columbia Indian had always been an indispensable part of the canneries' operative power and of vast importance to their interests.

When the salmon in the Gulf and river were plentiful and there was no opposition from other fishermen, the care-free, easy life of the fishing camps appealed to the lazy, indolent nature of the "Siwash," and he was content for a long time to make his living that way, returning each year from the fishing grounds to his hut or wigwam on the shore of some remote lake, where he would hunt and trap, eking out an existence until the next Spring, when he would return again to the canneries as regularly as the fish he came to catch.

Each year he took with him to the canneries his wife and daughters, who spent their time cleaning the fish and packing them into cans. For many years these dusky women proved that none was quite so deft and quick as they at this work, for which it was so necessary to obtain expert labor. During the rush season these women would stand all day in their bare feet, often with babies strapped to their backs, scrubbing, cleaning and packing the fish that was to be canned. After a hasty meal, they were always ready and willing to begin their monotonious labor again and would often toil far into the night without a thought of complaint.

Since the departure of the Indian, the canneries and fishing camps have lost much of the picturesqueness connected with their primitive and quaint modes of living.

Always preferring the open to a house of any kind, the Indian camps were pitched just anywhere close to the country. Sometimes his shelter was nothing more than a few reed mats, woven by the women and held into place by sticks, as a sort of protection against the rain and wind. Sometimes an old sail would hang so that it provided one wall and a roof, or rude huts were knocked together out of anything that could be found in the vicinity.

Before the queer, makeshift lodging places, the squaws, with babies playing around them, would, over a small fire, cook the salmon heads, flounders, sea-urchins, crabs, or anything else which their nets had to offer and the cannery could not use. On slack days in the cannery the women and children would sit in front of their improvised wigwams, making baskets, weaving mats or knitting sweaters and socks for their men. The wool for these garments was usually in its raw state, just as it came from the back of the sheep and they knit as they spun, rolling the greasy wool into a long thread on their knees.

(to be continued.)

Star Movie TO-DAY.

THAT TALENTED STAR MONTE BLUE, IN A SUPER SPECIAL

'THE JUCKLINS'

WITH AN ALL STAR CASTE INCLUDING CHARLES OGLE AND MABEL JULIENNE SCOTT.

CARMEL MYERS and WALLACE MACDONALD in "BREAKING THROUGH"

MISS NICKELLS SINGS: (A) PIERROT AND PIERETTE. (B) BUDDY.

FRIDAY—WILLIAM DUNCAN in "THE FIGHTING GUIDE."

Jackie Coogan Plays to Crowded Houses.

"MY BOY" IS YOUTHFUL STAR'S GREATEST TRIUMPH.

In Jackie Coogan's latest picture, "My Boy," which is now running at the Nickel, he scores the greatest triumph of his career. During the last two days, immense audiences greeted the youthful star. The story has a most beautiful plot, being the story of the adventure of a little boy in a strange city, his adoption by an old cranky sea captain and his final triumph by meeting his grandmother. The plot abounds in pathos, thrills and comedy.

Clinton and McNamara are delighting audiences nightly with their funny act of skits and jokes. Mr. Clinton is a born comedian and is always ready with a great supply of humor. Miss McNamara is a singer of rare quality. Her numbers last night were warmly applauded. Jackie Coogan will be at this theatre again to-night—do not miss seeing him in his greatest picture—"My Boy."

"The Hope Diamond Mystery," a new thing in serials, will commence at this theatre to-morrow. It is something entirely different from the usual "blood and thunder" chapter story—something that Nickel patrons will follow with keen interest. See the first chapter of this entrancing story.

N.B.S. Annual Meeting.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

At the annual meeting of the Nfld. British Society held on Monday night the following officers were elected:—

President—Chas. W. Bowden, re-elected.

Vice-President—Henry Cowan, re-elected.

Secretary—Wm. R. Boone, re-elected.

Treasurer—George H. Cook, re-elected.

Committee—Henry R. Cook, Thos. Voisey, Moses Spurrell, Wm. Butler, Wm. J. Frampton, Orlando Peckham, Jas. Auckinleck, Robt. Hammond, Arthur Miller, Wm. Benson.

Club Committee—Thos. Dowden, Henry Butler, Wm. Benson.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Past President J. M. Carberry and Past Vice President Jas. M. Lawrence, and H. Hammond for conducting the election of officers. The installation of officers takes place on Monday, Jan. 22nd.

Ladies Let Cuticura Keep Your Skin Fresh and Young
Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. each. Sold everywhere. Can. Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

Eat Mrs. Stewart's Home-made Bread.—oct4,6mos

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Hot Minard's Liniment on cotton wool brings quick relief for Minard's is King of Pain.
Minard's Liniment
The Family Medicine Chest.

Heinz Condiments!
New shipment consisting of following:
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Tomato Catsup.
White Table Vinegar.
Pure Malt Vinegar.
Sour Mixed Pickles.
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Peanut Butter.
also
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The newest Pickle Relish.
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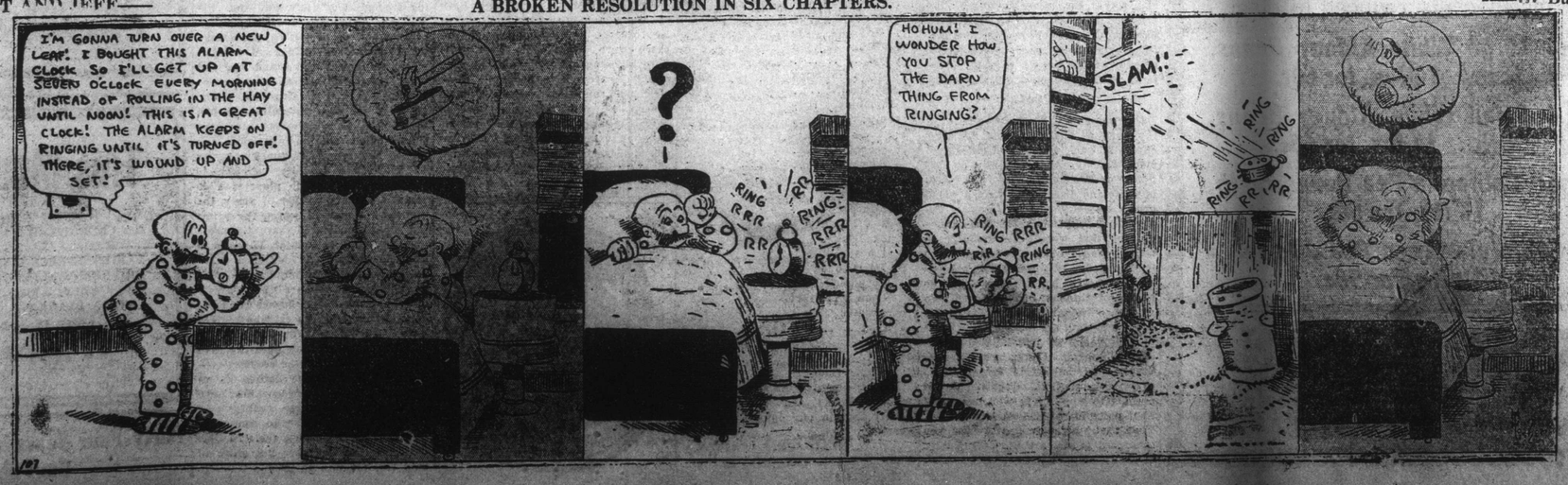
AT THE BALSAM.—The following are guests at Balsam Place:—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hopkins, Heart's Content; A. Maddock, Carbonear.

MUTT AND JEFF— A BROKEN RESOLUTION IN SIX CHAPTERS. —By Bud Fisher