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Trinidad Asphalt Lake



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ROYAL WARRANT

DENTONIA PARK FARM,
East Toronto,
Nov. 13th, 1912

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Yours very truly, (Signed) C. A. MORRISON,
City Dairy Farm, Ltd., East Toronto, Ont.

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the snow-capped mountains our train hurries and we have the experience all over again of drinking in with eyes and ears the glories of the trip. From Edmonton and return a day and a night are consumed but embarked upon such a journey time seems no object and one

longs to linger along the way, crawl through the mountain gorges and stop where one pleases, absorbing all the beauty and the freshness, the "tang" of the wild free air and the spirit of the forests and mountains, which act as a tonic alike on body, mind and soul.

Pearl Fishing in Australia

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by W. R. Gilbert

IN the top left hand corner of Australia, ignored by all but the most conscientious of maps, more remote from the centre of the British Empire than any other part of it, lies the little township of Broome, the metropolis of modern pearl fishing. A tiny segregation of iron and wooden one-storeyed houses dotted in the sand at irregular intervals, like currants in a cake, the place itself has no pretension to distinction except in a good deal more than its fair share of heat records. Its sole excuse for sweltering existence is, that it is the supply station for the pearlers, and their only means of communication with the dis-

her chickens. Work commences a little before daybreak and when the diver is being accoutred the crew are busy hauling up. Tides are strong on this part of the coast and the diver below must walk with or across them! The boat must drift as well, and in order to prevent her drifting too fast, a stockless anchor is lowered to act as a drag, and the sails are hoisted as occasion requires. A good deal of skill is required to give the diver the best chance of finding the shell unhampered by a strain upon his life line or air pipe, but aided by an intricate arrangement of signals, the tender is generally more than equal to the task.



Ready for Thanksgiving

tant civilized world whose nearest railway is a thousand miles away, and whose nearest port means 10 days' steady steaming.

Though by no means unhealthy the climate is so hot that white crews are unobtainable to work the 300 fishing boats, and it is significant of the importance of the industry that the Australian government permits in this part alone of the great continent, the importation of indentured colored labor. Some 1,500 colored men are constantly employed, shipped at Singapore, and for each man the pearler must enter into a bond of \$500 to guarantee that he does not escape to any other part of the state. A curious medley of races is the result. On my one and only visit I recognized Japanese, Chinese, Malays, Arab, South Sea Islanders, and a few even of the native aborigines working together more or less—less as a rule—harmoniously. The older method of raising the pearl oysters, as I have seen still followed in Ceylon and the Persian Gulf, is simply the so-called "naked diving," the diver sinking to the bottom with the aid of a heavy stone and remaining below so long as his breath will hold out: in some instances in Ceylon, I have seen men stay down over two minutes. When the shell lies in shallow water, and native labor is abundant, and cheap, this system answers well. But out in Northwest Australia neither of these conditions prevail.

The typical fishing boat is a 10 or 12 ton two-masted, schooner-rigged "lugger," carrying a crew of four as well as the diver and his tender; and where a number of these boats are of the same ownership a schooner of 100 or 150 tons is provided as a floating station and base of supplies for them.

And a very pretty sight it is to see 20 or 30 boats working a patch of shell around the schooner, lying at anchor in the midst of them, like a hen among

In fact, the divers themselves take very good care to choose the best man for the purpose. Where the depth is not too great, the diver generally stays on the sea bottom for something over half an hour while two of the crew toil at the handles of the air pump amidships and the tender balances himself on the rail astern. When the diver wishes to come up, he closes the escape valve in his helmet and his dress fills with air, causing a speedy return to the surface, the tender hauling him alongside by means of the life line. A ten minutes' rest, with the— to the Japanese—indispensable cigarette, and he goes down again, leaving on the deck his catch of shell. It must not be imagined that it is an easy matter for him to find the shell. Of a neutral color it is not at all conspicuous as it lies on its grey coral bed, itself covered with coral or sponge or hidden in dense swaying masses of gorgeous seaweed. Still less visible is the shell on a muddy bottom, for it embeds itself in the dark brown ooze, up to the "lip" or outer fringe, and an expert might miss the half inch or so open to catch the minute animalculae which form its food.

The diver has many dangers to avoid—sharks are numerous in these clear tropical waters, but as a rule, though accidents occasionally happen, they are exceedingly timid—a stream of air-bubbles from the sleeve of the dress will send them flying in terror. More to be feared is the diamond fish, a huge flat monster the size and shape of a blanket, whose method of demolishing his prey is to wrap the side fins around him and crush him, after the manner of a python. The prudent diver does not wait for a closer view, but uses his emergency signal. Then again there is the rock cod who lurks in sea caverns, with head protruding and toothless jaws wide open. He attains immense size and tradition has it that the exploring novice has walked unheeding into his gaping mouth with direful consequences.