

Sanitary
Quick in Action
Reliable in Results

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

EACH cake is wrapped in air-tight wax paper, thus protecting them from all forms of contamination.

MADE IN CANADA

An American Writer at the Seafishery.

What George Allan England Wrote About Our Winter Industry.

HARPS AND HOODS.

It was my very good fortune to get intimately acquainted with the seal herd at point-blank range, though I never did any shooting except with camera and notebook. It gives you a peculiar feeling, up there in those lifeless wastes, all at once to run into a spot of seals, probably the most graceful and beautiful of living creatures. To watch a herd disporting itself in a broad bay, glistening with sunshine; to see the sleek, golden, large-eyed creatures leap, dive, swim on their back, revel in the very poetry of motion, is unforgettable. Little fear they show of man; they seem to regard this strange new biped with a kind of mild curiosity—usually to their undoing. Up and down in their bobbing holes they surge, watching the ship, the men. Often an explosive bullet puts an end, in a bloody lash and smother, to their investigations.

Newfoundlanders have a name for every age of both harps and hoods. Young harps, of course, are whitecoats. Their second year these become rusties, or rusty-jackets. These graduate into bedlamers, which in turn become saddlers or saddlebacks. Freshmen hoods are young hoods; sophomore, bedlamers; juniors, curriers; and seniors, old dogs.

These old dogs, by the way, are not to be trifled with. The hood family is invariably three—dog, female and pup. Many a family I used to see basking on the pans; whereas, among the harps, the dog rarely concerns himself with domestic affairs. Usually the hoods will stand and fight, differently from the harps, which are runaways, or at best passive resistors. It takes two good men to kill a dog hood. He's called a hood because when angry he blows up a big skin bag over his head, which you may hammer with the gaff till you're tired—if he doesn't bite your leg off first—without in any way discomfiting him.

Many a fearsome tale is told of sealers losing hand, arm or leg by dog-hood bites. Even the carcass, so they say, will bite you after the pelt is off. Newfoundlanders prefer not to mix it much with dog hoods. I've seen other animals than these six-hundred to nine-hundred pound monsters that I prefer as playmates. The witch has to puff hard to haul one of these slate-

blue giants aboard. Hoods' always waken lively but respectful enthusiasm.

Harps weigh from one hundred and fifty to three hundred; the young, three or four feet long, run thirty-five to sixty pounds. As playthings, you can't beat whitecoats.

Heaven knows how many of them I fondled, much to the disgust of the hardboiled sealers. For general all-round firmness and softness, fatness, innocence, unsophistication and confiding childlike blandness, I commend the whitecoats to your attention. They're Angora kittens, plus.

I enjoyed trudging out over the ice, finding whitecoats and having a little heart-to-heart with them. They look up at you with a couple of perfectly ravishing brown eyes, continually suffused with tears, and need only a ribbon round their necks to fit them for prize winners in any beauty show. Brutal to kill them? Well, how about lams? I believe even some kind-hearted ladies enjoy a nice little lamb chop. And besides yielding the very finest fat, each whitecoat has a couple of the most appetizing little flippers, as Newfoundlanders call them. Oh, yes, I've eaten flippers; and so would you if you could ever get a chance. You'd pass your plate for more too, no matter how kind-hearted you were.

These entrancing young beggars possess astonishing vitality—enough to make up for an almost total lack of brains. If their fond mamma has nursed them for a week or so they lay up fat at a tremendous rate, so that even when orphaned they survive till they can dip for themselves and go to fishing. Even the hogheads—that is, whitecoats whose mothers are killed when the young are just born—often pling along somehow and make a go of life. They're all head, true; but they live. And in due time they, too, take to the sea. Hardy babes! Life has to be hardy in those frozen deserts.

Incidentally, one of the most charming bits of domesticity in the world is a whitecoat at dinner, in some sheltered ice nook, while its proud mother stretches out on her side with an air of infinite content. The mother often refuses to abandon her child, even when death comes running and yell-

ing with a gaff in hand. How many mothers I have seen sacrifice themselves in a perfectly vain attempt to protect their weeping, mewling infants! Yet, once the nursery days are over, Mrs. Harp incontinently deserts her offspring; and thereafter she will have nothing whatever to do with it. Away she goes, to ride the ice for a while and have a perfectly glorious time of freedom and play, while young Johnny or Susie Harp has to get into the swim for himself and paddle his own flippers.

Once the young seal has dipped, unerring instinct bids him turn toward the polar star. He, who seems to know nothing, knows this at all events. Northward he must beat—he's called a beater now—and ever northward still, to join the great north migration of his tribe. Summer finds him with his kin at the mouth of Hudson Bay, and on begin the vast wanderings which are the portion of his race.

INSTINCTIVE STRATEGY.

If you want to study animal instincts in all their wonder, wholly uninfluenced by man, go up into the north and watch the seal herd. There you will see the mother seal instinctively recognizing her own precious among whole acres of moon-eyed white plump cushions, all exactly alike, fondling it and snappily repelling all others that enterprising hump themselves near the maternal fount. Any old seal appears good to a young one; but the rule doesn't work both ways. And there, too, you will learn of the mother seal leaving her baby on the ice, sliding through a bobbing hole and going miles away to fish; then—while that ice pan has drifted ten to twenty miles—instinctively returning to the same bobbing hole, and up it, and so back to her darling. How's that for instinct? It's been proved by leather tickets fastened to mother seals' scutters. How can human reason explain a thing like such sense of location?

Again you will see a herd, close beset by enemies and caught in nipped ice where the bobbing holes and rifts have been closed up, gather in a bunch, fifty or sixty of them. Thus their weight breaks through the ice and they escape.

Who or what taught them the trick? I don't know. Does anybody, or can anybody guess?

The howling of the whitecoats is one of the most eerie strange and compelling sounds you can hear. Out on the sealer's grimed or bloodied or snowy deck at night, I often used to hearken to it—an immense, far, hungry wail, usually of orphaned young; a kind of *nos morturi te salutamus* for on the morrow, they, too, must die. The nearest thing to it is a kitten's cry; and yet it's not that either.

Overhead, perhaps, blazes a full moon, pitilessly cold and clear. The stars are holes burned in a purple dome, letting the glory of heaven gleam through. At the horizon a milky-white gleam extends. Everywhere ice is shimmering like a hard glaze, while here or there the heaped-up pressure ridges glist with jet-black shadows. A world of ink and milk, all frozen. Merciless cold transfixes you, but you forget to feel it. Deep black lanes and bays of water gleam away. In the moonlight spars and rigging glitter, ice-incrusted. Stars shimmer in jetty pools, where sparkles of phosphorescent green flash up, then vanish. No wind; a dead world, save for the ship—and the whitecoats. For the illimitable black-and-whiteness is filled with a continuing cry, far, near; a call of life in death; sentence appealing to implacability of Nature and of man; and to the stars drifts the universal hunger cry of helplessness.

THE NORTHWARD CHASE.

No more of the whitecoats now. They pass. Another phrase of the great killing draws our attention. For now the season is over when the young can be taken. They have gone, either into the fleet's reeking holds or the Atlantic. Gaff work is ended now; the rifleman's turn has come. Wary at last, beating north, and ever northward, the vast herd—decimated but still incredibly numerous—is on the track to the far places where men will not pursue them. Time is growing short. The kill must be made, the ships leg-loaded, that the hungry at home may be fed and life on shore be plentiful.

So the chase is northward now, tracking the migration. Fifteen, twenty miles a day the Terra Nova must win, every day hitting the herd, hoping always for some luck that will bring wind, weather, ice conditions, seals and all into happy accord as will fill her up and bring her richly to port.

The matter of bucking arctic ice is none of the pleasantest, especially if you stand at the wheel. Backing up for a charge at the floes, the rudder is liable to strike a pan—then all will stand clear while the wheel spins. No four men could hold her, if she catches you, you're lucky to get off with only bones broken. Once Peary was caught thus aboard the Kite—one of the sealing fleet—and had his leg smashed. You have to watch yourself every minute aboard a sealer.

In vast slants and tacks the Terra Nova fought northward through the sheets, lakes, pinnacles, fantasies of ice, her mile-long shadow at mooring and night creeping, crinkling over torments of ruin that now seemed fallen Parthenons and Troys, against the wasted surface of the moon. Some times, ghostlike, we moved through a

world of white shadows. Sometimes we coasted along wide seas and rivers of open, gleaming water, where uncountable thousands of seals mockingly disported themselves, for in the open water they were safe.

As we struck the heavy pack at full speed pans flew, ground and then whirled, while torrents of water dashed aloft. The ship shook as if riven. Thunders boomed. But her stout ribs held. Swift cracks ran lightning swift ahead. The Terra Nova's bluff shoulders thrust aside all the north had to give. And, guided by the sealer's musical cries from the barrel, she fought her way.

Betimes, though, she jammed fast. Then it was "bombs out!" and stern work with blasting powder. Bombs were nailed to long staves, while the house ordered, "Hot der poker der de blasts!" With long stabber poles a gang swarmed on the ice. The red-hot poker was rushed overside. One touch of it to the fuse; then the bomb was thrust far under the ice, clumpers piled on and all hands scuttled away.

Boom! The ship quivered. Ice flew almost to the masthead. Last year a huge mass fell on Capt. Kean, up on the bridge, and crippled him for a fortnight. Sulphurous fumes mingled with the smell of blood and oil that surrounded the ship like an aura. Then, yelling, the stabber-pole crew fell to work. If she loosened, well and good. If not, more blasts rent the ice. Thus she worked free; and away she churned, butted, groaned and indomitably fought along once more. Sometimes it seemed all in vain. No seals appeared. Again, luck favoring, incredible multitudes were sighted. Exultation, tense excitement gripped the crew.

Late one afternoon, as sunset was painting the ice world an entrancing old rose, the barrel master sighted a vast string of seals that swept from horizon to horizon, dead ahead. Three hundred thousand strong, they lay there, the cap'n said, as he swept 'em into view with his long gun. Never have I witnessed a stranger, a more thrilling sight than that incredible multitude of living things out in that frozen desolation. There they lay, lazy, fat, sleek, like cattle upon snowy plains, resting in a sunset glow was itself a miracle not to be written in words.

"Scun'er up to 'em, Jacob!" the Old Man cried to the man in the forward barrel—he who spies out the leads and bays, and with lusty shouts of "Starbird! Steade-e! Port!" directs the brigadierman, who in turn hawks to the four helmsmen that right noisily yell back at him.

So we crunched and quivered nigh and it was "Gunnners and dogs get ready!"

Dogs by the way, are the rifleman's attendants, who carry cartridges in a canvas bag not slung over the shoulder. No, indeed! The cartridges are borne carefully in the hand, and there's a very good reason for that. You fall between two pans of ice with a bag of ammunition over your shoulder, and first thing you know you're about a mile deep, on the Atlantic floor. But with the bag in your hand, you can let go of it, and so you can scramble out of the pan with nothing worse than a sea bath with a temperature of zero—which no Newfoundlanders think worth bothering about.

"Once de outside clothes freezes, you'm all warm inside!" You understand. This, however, is a mere digression.

Now the gunners and the dogs were getting ready. Out came the rifleman from their nooks and corners, each with the rifle he knew and loved. Out came the batmen, they of gaff and sculping knife, who must attend to skinning and panning the seals. Out came the dogs, eager to be away. For a great kill promised; better far than the scattered slaughter of small spots of fat.

The decks filled with black-grimed men. Rifles bristled. Torchlights were dealt round. Flags and torchlights alike are used to mark the pans. Tremendous enthusiasm burst out from their nooks and corners, each with the rifle he knew and loved. Out came the batmen, they of gaff and sculping knife, who must attend to skinning and panning the seals. Out came the dogs, eager to be away. For a great kill promised; better far than the scattered slaughter of small spots of fat.

Such a swarming of sealers as filled the decks, all trodden to a slush of red and black! Poke a hornet's nest and you know what happens when the cry of "Big patch a'ed!" rings out into the frozen air.

Now, cartridge boxes were being broken open in the cabin-companion alley. Quickly the dogs loaded up. They thrust hard bread into the bags, too, for in case of having to spend the night on the ice such fare helps a meal of supper cooked over a fire of gaff-stick shavings and strips of seal fat.

"Run down the steam!" ordered the cap'n. The funnel must not smoke now; that might scare the herd. Master watches, get all your men on the ice! Have every man take two flags! All the crowd with their master watches now! Get on, me darlin' boys! The ship swung parallel to the skin of seals, perhaps a half mile from it, worked westward. By name, Skipper Joe or Skipper John, for everyone is skipper here—the Old Man ordered the gunners out. One by one,

Oct. 21, w.t.

the gangs shinned over the rail, slid down, watched their chance and leaped to the rolling, grinding pans over which the sea was boiling. Fall in! Who cares? For the most part, the sparables, or corks in the Eskimo skin boots did good service. The men gained safer pans, and away they went, copying—jumping—from cake to cake over the slow heaving ice, out toward the kill.

Making way over the ice is in itself no holiday sport. I've tried it; I know. Usually a vast swell is running. Up, up, up heaves the ice plain; then down, down, down, with a swing of maybe forty feet. You find yourself looking down an icy hillside, immensely long; then all at once you're looking up at one. It disconcerts you, this breathing of the world, as if it were some, unthinkably vast animal. Then, too, the ice is always unexpectedly opening, closing, wheeling, shifting. You have to watch your chance for the floes to pendulum together, so that you can jump. Sometimes you mistake slush for solid ice. That's bad. The ice too, creaks and bends, with the labor of insupportable pressures; the sound is of titanic wheels creaking over frozen snow. At any time you may find yourself out in the blue drop—open water—there to rock and drift till your pan grounds on solid floes. Entertaining! And for rifleman, who at long range, must put their dum dum bullets plunk through seals' heads—for a body shot damages the pelt—it introduces some rare problems of ballistics. Rifleman moving, seals moving—well, you have to be an incredibly good shot to qualify.

One by one the gunners went away, each with his dog and his batman. "Get away on the ice bow!" shouted the cap'n from the bridge, massive in fur cap and coat. "Away! Get along an' God bless you!" Hastily they strode, ran, leaped. Flags, gaffs, torchlights followed. Gemaboks are clumsy beside these supermen of the ice. Such agility! A dozen bands went out, at quarter-



ANCHOR

Is the **BIGGEST** seller
also the **BEST** value
for the **LEAST** money

THEREFORE

'Anchor your pipe to a good smoke'

Imperial Tobacco Co.
(Newfoundland) Ltd.

ECON-O-LEUM FLOOR COVERING 37 CENTS PER SQUARE YARD.

Econ-o-leum is more economical than Linoleum, does not require to be tacked down, it will lie flat, is waterproof and very good value.

Econ-o-leum may be had in lengths of 1, 2, 3 or more yards to run the full length of your hall-way.

Motorists and Cabmen will find Econ-o-leum just right for the floor of their vehicles. Econ-o-leum is waterproof.

SEE ECON-O-LEUM and BUY FROM

BLAIR, BOWRING or BINDON.

The Majestic Theatre passage ways and the Evening Telegram office floors are covered with Econ-o-leum Waterproof Floor Covering.

Cameras, Roll films & Equipment.

Everything either Amateurs or advanced Photographers can possibly require may be immediately purchased at the Kodak Store.

Cameras of all grades, Roll Films of all sizes and all the equipment for perfect "snapshot" work are always in stock.

Don't let summer pass without some Camera records of the happy days as they go by, and get your requirements from us.

TOOTON'S,

The Kodak Store, : Water Street
'Phone 131



"You may dress as well as she," says our Dainty Dorothy.

DON'T envy the clothes of the well-dressed woman whose wardrobe seems inexhaustible. Have some of your own garments dry cleaned and dyed. For that is the secret of many a woman's smartly garbed appearance.

And here you know that your clothes will be properly treated and that our business courtesy will make you feel that this is truth in the cleaning and dyeing house De Luxe.

PHONE 1488.

J.J. Dooley
WE KNOW HOW
PHONE CONNECTION
OPENING & LINENING

TO LET!

That centrally situated Water Side Premises, west side McBride's Cove, at present occupied by Harris & Elliott, Ltd., comprising large Store, 90' x 40', and 2 Wharves. Occupancy from September 1st. Apply to ALEX. McDUGALL, McBride's Cove.

The Secret of Good Health

When Nature requires assistance, she will not be slow in conveying to you an intimation of the fact. Decline of energy, inability to sleep well, headache, biliousness, constipation, a general sluggishness of mind and body and any sign of digestive "unrest" should impel you to seek the aid of a reliable medicine without delay. There is no better—no surer—no safer—than this proven remedy.

Beecham's Pills

Sold everywhere in boxes
25c—40 pills
50c—90 pills