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WEEK-END NOTES.

(I. C. M.)

COLD STORAGE.

(Continued.)
It will be readily agreed by all sides that we have traded in too narrow a channel, and that because of this our industrial life has been cramped and restricted. For the length of time that Newfoundland has been doing business she should now have a population well beyond the million mark, and instead of the volume of her annual trade amounting to some twenty million dollars it should long ago have passed a hundred million dollars.

This statement may seem exaggerated and may be looked upon as visionary and extreme, but it is quite within the scope of possibility, and had the true conditions of the times been known and the opportunities of the last centuries been studied the fisheries of our land would have filled a much wider market than they did. This they did not do. The opportune moment was not seen, nor was the beaten track of our pioneers deviated from in the least degree.

The country had its regular and long-standing markets, and while these were good all was well, but when they were but all was wrong. Brazil and Portugal, and Spain, and Italy, and Greece and sometimes England have long been our best customers and for a while we held undisputed claim to their patronage. Even the Norwegian catch of codfish did not intrude upon us until some thirty years ago; but once that competition entered our domain we began to feel the effects of its intrusion; and the result has been that on different occasions congestion started us in the face.

This congestion is the real danger spot of our markets, and if it could

be avoided it would relieve many an anxious fear, and lift many a burden from the shoulders of our fish exporters. This, then, brings us to the problem of congestion. I do not know who may be competent to solve this problem, nor do I know what the solution of it would really imply; but I will give two statements from two opposite sources, and will leave it to the judgment of the readers to decide for themselves as to the seriousness of congested markets, and the possibility of its periodical recurrence.

At the inception of the present Board of Trade the Premier, Sir Edward Morris, presided, and he had many of the most influential and representative men of the trade among his audience. The meeting was held in the Council Chamber of the Executive, in the Court House Building. The Premier reviewed the situation and displayed a very good grasp of the conditions of that time—about nine years ago. In all that he said he was sustained by the different gentlemen who spoke after him. But he made one statement which within itself was sufficient to create alarm. The statement is as follows:

"Paradoxical as it may seem, one of the worst things that could happen to Newfoundland, would be a good fishery. Our markets are so limited that it would be a death-blow to our trade if every year a large voyage were killed."

Such a statement, coming from such a source, must surely have had behind it sufficient evidence to prove its truth. Sir Edward, like many others, had seen low prices, and he knew that they sometimes were low not for the want of a market but because we catered to only one class of market. But this could not have been

otherwise, for we had salt-cured our whole catch of codfish, and whether it were large or not, the one groove was continued. That was the cause of our loss, and when Sir Edward stated what I have above quoted he stated a hard but undeniable fact.

The second opinion is my own, and it is based upon the close observation of fifty years—not fifty years of theory, but fifty years of practical daily intercourse with the water front. During that period I have transacted business with two generations of merchants, and have had ample opportunity of studying the ins and outs and fluctuations of our trade and commerce. I have seen good voyages and bad ones, and big prices and small prices, and have seen fishermen at their wits' end to sell their catch. But in all the drawbacks which confronted our trade, and all the reverses which have beset it, the most serious of them all was congestion. Bad cure has played its part; and that no small part, but the overstocking of the foreign market has been the cause of many of our troubles, and the source of much of our loss. In this feature of our trade we have simply defeated our own interests, and suffered and sustained our greatest losses.

Therefore, with the evidence and conditions, the fluctuations and reverses of fifty years to work upon there is but one total to the sum, one solution of the problem, and one impartial conclusion to arrive at, and it is this: The demand for fish foods will be greater than ever before and Newfoundland should lead in the supply. The mistakes of the past should enable us to avoid their repetition, hence the possibility of congestion should be prevented, but to accomplish this it will be necessary to adopt additional methods in the cure and preparation of our products, and one of these methods will surely be that of Cold Storage for a portion of our codfish. (To be continued.)

KING EDWARD'S OBJECT.

King Edward was a shrewd judge of men, and he had a long and intimate knowledge of continental politics. His acquaintance with the German mind, and particularly with the ambitions of the Kaiser and the military caste, convinced him that Germany intended war and was preparing for war. He saw through the sham peace protestation and the German authorities always had the unpleasant feeling that he at least was not to be deluded.

That was the reason why Berlin never lost the opportunity of maligning and crudely misrepresenting the British sovereign. The Germans are fond of accusing King Edward of plotting to isolate the German Empire. His real ambition was to resist German aggression. It is largely due to him that such a league sprang into being in the autumn of 1914. Civilization owes the king a heavy debt. If the European people had remained separated by jealousy and mutual ignorance, the Kaiser might have succeeded in conquering Europe without ever drawing sword, the sword which had for years rattled so successfully in its scabbard. It was Germany's pre-war policy to terrorize her neighbors with threats of what she might do. King Edward was not afraid of either the Empire or its ruler.—London Daily Express.

Household Notes.

Every child should be trained to clean the tub after bathing. This makes the work lighter for the house-keeper.

If the kitchen seems not to allow for a corner in which to sit, out of the way, the addition of a small alcove will solve the problem.

Be sure that the kitchen table is high enough to allow you to stand erect before it while working. This will save many a backache.

The Woman's Part.

The boys in their khaki go out to the front! What are the women to do?

They say, "Men must work, and the women must weep." Is that all that's left for you? Don't believe it! The hardest part to play is the part of the mothers and wives;

To give your own life is a little thing! We give our men-folk's lives.

The baby you've borne and suckled and put in his shortened frocks.

The boy that you've often scolded when you washed him and darned his socks.

We've bred them, and reared them, and loved them—and now it's the woman's part.

To send them to die for England—with a smile and a breaking heart.

And we'll do it! Oh, girls might trifle, in the careless days of peace.

With the boys on the seaside bandstand, his flannels without a crease.

We might flirt, and kiss, and flutter—but the day of the war began.

We women have done with the loofer—what we want to-day is a man!

The man that will shoulder a rifle, and go out where the bullets fly.

With his head held high, and a song on his lips, and a smile as he says "Good-bye."

We'll bid him God-speed and wish him good luck, and tell him he's one of the best.

And he'll soon come back, with his duty done, and the hero's cross on his breast.

There's no place for a girl in the fighting line—but let this be your woman's plan—

If we can't enlist for service, we can each of us send a man.

If he lags, wake him up with a scornful word! Let him feel the lash of shame!

Till you fire his soul to ardour, and kindle his blood to flame.

Let it be "Hands off!" for the sluggard! For the nut and the flapper's joy.

No smile and no kiss for the shirker! Keep your lips for the soldier boy.

Send your boy to the Colours, mother! Hand him his belt and gun—

It's better to lose him nobly than be ashamed of your son.

When the work of the day is over, you can let yourself go, and cry, In the gloom of the desolate fireside

In the dark, when there's nobody by.

There isn't a sock wants darning; there isn't a boy to scold

For the cigarette ash on the carpet for the dinner they've let grow cold.

Their hats still hang on the hatstand but there isn't a step on the stair;

There's no gay young voice calling "Mother!" No sound—for the boys aren't there.

That's the time you know the anguish of the waiting woman's part:

In the hush of the lonesome it's the silence that tears your heart.

Night passes! We'll welcome the morning with a smile and a steadfast will;

If we haven't our boys to work for, we'll work for our country still.

Be glad that your men are fighters—for the shame that surely hurts

Is to have a coward man-child, who hides behind women's skirts.

Just clutch your breath when you read the lists of the wounded and the dead.

And if the names you love are there be proud and hold up your head.

Don't cry! For they've climbed the pathway that heroes and martyrs trod:

They sleep in the Rest of Heaven! They stand in the Glory of God.

Let 'Er Rain.

Clon A. Parker-Fuller.

Let 'er rain! And I don't care a button if it snow's For it never hurt me yet.

Inside 'er out— An' I'm in doubt.

If I'd ever melt away, For I think I'm here to stay.

I'm not salt, nor yet sugar, though I s'pose

Someone's honey I must be, But I still refuse to see.

Why I should fret Because it's wet,

For I love a snappy breeze, Glaring ice, or zippy freeze,

Or the sunshine that brings the fragrant rose.

Let 'er rain! MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPH- THERIA.

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Rennie's Market Garden Table Carrot Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 75c.

Best Snowball Cauliflower (Gilt Edge) Pkgs. 15c, 25c, 1/2 oz. 85c. Citron for Preserving (red seeded) Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.

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