

The Passing of Sail.

Gasoline Power Replaces Canvas.

The epic contest staged off Halifax last fall between the Gloucester fishing schooner *Elise* and the Lunenburg schooner *Bluenose* embodied something more than the friendly rivalry for sailing supremacy between the fishing fleets of Canada and the United States. But amid the excitement and the cheers and the admiration of spectators for the white-winged racers of the wind, there were a few who saw in the ocean race the last stand of sail against the encroachments of mechanical power. These few were old sailors—men who loved tall-masted ships and spreading canvas—men whose memories took them back to other days when the square-rigged clipper reached the acme of perfection in speed and beauty in the vain effort to stem the tide of steam. Viewing the racing fishermen, these old-timers sighed, for they felt it was the beginning of the end.

From the days of the Vikings to the era of clipper ships—Lightning, Flying Cloud, Red Jacket, Thermopylae, and Cutty Sark—fastest of canvas-driven hulls—centuries have passed, but steam swept the wind-jammers off the seas in less than eighty years. The advance of steam power in the maritime world was rapid and irresistible; the adoption of motor propulsion in the fishing fleets is just as sure.

A MARINE PICTURE.

Less than twenty years ago we could peep from our window in some fishing port along these coasts and see the fleets slipping quietly out of the harbor for the fishing grounds just before the dawn. With sails billowing in the fresh morning breeze, they glided silently along with but the creak of a straining boom and the rattle of sheet-blocks to tell of their venturing forth. Daily, weather permitting, the white-sailed armada slipped out and in and one was scarce aware of their comings and goings. These were the days when artists revelled in such sights; when the galleries were full of "marines" and the fishing fleets afforded rare material for the play of shadows in calm waters or the lift of white sails against blue, cloud-flecked skies; when writers told of skiffs and smacks plunging home close-reefed or full-sailed with clear-eyed fishing ships, twisting their wheels and squinting to windward, or dilated upon the sudden squalls which called for heroic efforts to prevent being jammed down or cast away on a dreed lee shore. And around the wharves of a summer's afternoon one entered an atmosphere of Norway, of hump and mangle, of canvas, of maritime-epic seamanship, of needles and palms, of blocks and booms, and language full-blooded nautical in "beating to windward," "giving her the sheet" and "snugging her down."

But in these modern days one may sleep in the same old sea-port house and be rudely awakened at an early hour by the roaring of un-muffled exhausts—a drum-fire of thunderous sound magnified by the echoing wharves and harbor buildings. A glance from the window will reveal the fleet plunging out to the grounds in the teeth of a "dead muzzler"—a flotilla of lean rakish craft, mastless and curving out to sea, the talk of the fishermen is mechanically flavored and impregnated with "timers and magnets," "spark plugs and batteries," "revolutions and cup-grease," "lubricants and piston rings." Their very oilskins are stained with grease and oil and in their hands one sees the monkey-wrench and the squirt-gun rather than the maritime-epic and palm of other days. "Good-bye, Romance!" one murmurs regretfully and to an old-timer, lazily smoking his pipe over a spile, we turn for sympathy. "The sailing days," he grumbles between puffs. "They was alright in their way, but these here things—," he indicates the mastless motor boats—"are a dang sight better'n any oil."

This hereby left us speechless. Had our man been one of the modern school his opinion would have been acceptable, but the very appearance of him was trade-marked "raised in sail." Those faded blue eyes encircled by a net-work of wrinkles were of the man who habitually glanced to windward for weather and wind; his calloused hands were more fitted for hauling on halliard and sheet and his fingers for hooking into rebellious canvas. "Ye see, Mister," he vouchsafed kindly, "the motor engine has made work a lot easier for us fishermen. We can make for the grounds in calms and head winds. In the sail-boat we had to pull an oar or wait for a breeze or beat to windward. The engine has done away with all the hard work of a sail boat and we don't have to care a cuss whether it's calm or blowin'—we kin-

git out and back agin without much trouble. Then again we git out to the grounds much quicker than we used to and for tide sets we kin time ourselves to the dot and leave harbor sure of bein' out ready to set out gear when the tide served. Again, Mister, we kin go further away from port with our boats now and we get a bigger fishin' ground thereby. And when we've got out fish aboard we kin get 'em into market in prime shape, which was a thing we couldn't gamble on in the sail-boat. I've bin caught in calms an' head winds with my fish in the old days and see'd 'em only fit for dumpin' by the time I got in.

A LIBEL ON SAILING CRAFT. Oh, yes, the sail-boat was very nice to look at, Mister, but they was poor tools to work with. Many a time have I bin bucketin' around all night in the 'ave 'n' breeze o' wind hangin' to a drag and nigh perisbin' with the cold and me old woman thinkin' she was a widder, and many's the hard day I've put in tuggin' a pair of oars to get the boat home in a streak o' calm. A little bit of an engine has changed all that.

Sail has no place in fishin' nowadays—I don't care what kind o' fishin' it is. It's the big vessels, you need power for gettin' in and out of port, for shuttin' around the wharves, for runnin' around the coast lookin' for bait, for pickin' up dories in calms an' fogs, for runnin' down a pod o' mackerel when they're sighted, for sneakin' up on sword-fish. They are the handiest in the long run."

And thus he talked, this convert to modernity. Wind and canvas he denounced as having no place in these enlightened times. Ruthlessly he stripped the false romance from the subjects which artists painted and writers enhaled. It was all a hard drag, in his opinion, the days of sail—hazardous, time-wasting, and calling for strenuous and unnecessary effort. Romance existed only in the eyes and imagination of the lookers-on, according to him. There was none of it to the men who had to go through the mill. "You may talk of the way of a ship in the sea, Mister," he observed finally, "but I call 'tate there's a dang sight more romance to be found in the way of a drop of gasoline or fuel oil inside o' one o' them there iron cylinders." And so saying, he picked up his oil-skins and a can of gasoline and moved off.—New York Fishing Gazette.

Hard Times and Fires.

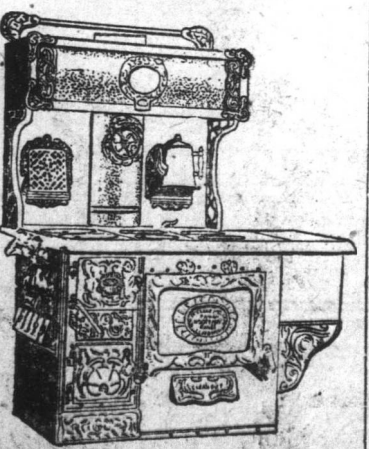
INSURANCE COMPANIES FIND THAT MORAL HAZARD IS SERIOUS.

Would this ever have occurred to you? Fire insurance people know in advance the lines of business in which there are to be an excessive number of failures. How? Their records show that, when things are moving towards disaster in any line of business, the number of fires in that particular line increases inordinately. A Hartford fire insurance official tells me that their records on this score are tremendously interesting. They watch most keenly daily records of fires, classify and tabulate them carefully analyze them thoroughly and learn a lot from them.

Fire losses in New York last year reached \$40,000,000, against \$25,000,000 in 1920 and a good deal less in 1919. The losses are amounting to new maximum figures every day. The records clearly reveal that when prices of all merchandise were advancing, fires were few. Since prices began to fall, fires, like failures, have multiplied.

"We sometimes boast of how far our business morals have been raised above former standards," comments E. C. Forbes in Forbes magazine, "but evidently the millennium is not yet with us."

The Famous McClary's KOOTENAY.



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Agents for Nfld.

Opposes Medical Ethics.

(New York Times.)
Health Commissioner Royal S. Copeland, condemning the "code of ethics" of the medical profession, recently said that publicity, if properly given, "would wipe disease off the face of the earth."

Speaking at the bi-weekly luncheon of the Advertising Club at 46 East Twenty-fifth Street, Dr. Copeland said that sometimes he "thinks God that he is not a member of the Academy of Medicine." Inasmuch as he would then have to remain silent about disease and its cure.

As soon as the public, through the newspapers, had learned of Dr. Lorenz's arrival and the fact that he could cure paralysis, 35,000 persons flocked to him, said Dr. Copeland, to receive his counsel and treatment. There were other surgeons in New York just as capable as the Viennese physician, but they never made known to the public that they could cure paralysis, and so the people remained in ignorance, the Health Commissioner said.

"There is something wrong with the system that makes it impossible for the sick or crippled person to know that he can be healed. And the fault is with the medical profession, which has been unwilling to advertise what it can do."

"Dr. Lorenz did not bring with him any greater ability than at least twenty surgeons in this city possess. It was because our doctors or our methods did not bring home to the people what can be done that we went to the distinguished foreigner to hear what he could tell us."

"Here we come to the problem of advertising," he said. "The medical profession, through the ages, has chosen to make itself a secret thing. The doctor has been looked upon as a sort of a miracle man. He has hidden his wisdom behind a veil of silence. An air of mystery has surrounded the profession and we have developed a code of ethics. This, I believe, is the most antiquated, moss covered and germ laden institution in the world!"

He said that if the public were given more information about cancer the disease would never reach the cancerous stage. A woman who has a tumor, he said, usually keeps her fact hidden until it develops into a cancer, when it is too late. Any cancer, said Commissioner Copeland, is curable in the beginning. The public must be taught that, he said.

Commissioner Copeland in referring to accident and health hazards in industry asserted that "a man who works with his hands should have just as much chance for long life as John D. Rockefeller."

An Analogy.

The Ontario Temperance Act from a practical point of view is not worth the paper it is printed on. At least that has been the effect in our largest centres of population, no matter what can be said of results in the country districts. Let us look around and size up the situation. Crime is rampant, and so is drunkenness. Our court records prove that. Drug "hounds" are everywhere, and so are bootleggers. Private stills and home breweries have sprung up on every side. A little experimenting has proved that just as good beer can be made at home as ever came out of a brewery, and it has this in its favor, it is far cheaper. Bootleg whisky, largely the product of the private still, and a good deal of it raw deadly stuff, can be had for the asking.

But there is worse to tell. Our younger element, both girls and boys, young men and young women in what we call the higher walks of life are fast becoming debauched. "Something on the hip," of which both sexes partake has become the regular thing at both public and private social functions. And girls, whose mothers never dreamed of partaking of liquor or of high alcoholic content, now carry their own silver flasks and drink their whiskey "neat."

The administration of the Act so far as the Board of License Commissioners and the physicians' prescriptions go is a public scandal. The Board has latterly ruled that the right to issue prescriptions by doctors be limited to fifty per month. Which means that the raw young doctor with no practice to speak of is placed in the same category as the physician of large practice. Latterly the Board of License Commissioners has placed some scores of Ontario physicians on the "Indian List." That is to say given orders that the prescriptions given their patients shall not be filled from Government stores. Among these "suspended" doctors are many who are absolutely above suspicion. They have overrun the limits of their fifty prescriptions per month by reason of the size of their practices and for various other causes, such, for instance, as the character of the practice, the poor usually being without and the rich, with a cellar full, and not in need of relying on Government vendors.

"There may be," says Attorney Raney, "a better way of regulating the prescribing of liquor," and suggests that the doctors themselves take over the administration. There is a better way, but not that way, for the doctors of Ontario have no thought of becoming responsible for the absurdities of the Ontario Temperance Act. And

Wonders of the Deepest Seas.

Over a hundred million miles in extent, or more than half of the earth's surface, the deep-sea bed is one of the places in the world which human life has never reached, for away down there it would be crushed out of existence.

The average depth of the ocean is two and a half miles. In places there are "deepes" which are over six miles below the surface, and would completely swallow Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain.

There is an enormous pressure from the weight of water at these depths. The deeper one goes the greater is the pressure. At 2,500 fathoms it is two and a half tons on the square inch, or twenty-five times greater than the pressure exerted by the steam on the piston of our best railway locomotives.

Six Miles Down.

How great this pressure is may be judged better by the fact that if a ship's hawser is sunk to a considerable length it is squeezed to less than the diameter of one's wrist, while if a piece of wood is weighted and sunk to the same depth it is so much compressed that it will no longer float when brought to the surface again.

Up to the nineteenth century comparatively nothing was known about the ocean-bed. In 1850 Edward Forbes, a great British naturalist, declared his belief that there were no living animals below 300 fathoms—that is, 600 yards.

Since then it has been discovered that there is life far deeper—life has been found over three miles down! The general reason why the pressure is not felt by deep-sea creatures is that the bodies and tissues are permeated by the water.

The discovery that there was life was made as the result of an accident. A submarine cable broke, and when the ends were brought up they were found encrusted with several different kinds of creatures.

The sequel to this was that an expedition was sent out on the Challenger to investigate. This was done during the years 1872 and 1876, and it was by the records of that work that many of the mysteries of the deepest seas were solved.

Science now declares that there are no depth-limits to life. There are more animals in the more moderate depths, but wherever the dredge has reached it has brought up living creatures.

But what is the sea-bed like? It is probably the most monstrous place imaginable. There is no scenery, but a succession of dreary undulations like sand-dunes. There are no plants; what the animals live on may be dead vegetable matter washed from the coast belts, or dead animal matter that has sunk from the surface.

Falling Upwards. As well as being most monotonous, the sea-bed is very cold, absolutely soundless and dark—eternal winter, eternal night, and eternal silence. It is cold because the sun's heat is practically lost at about 150 fathoms, and there is always cold water coming from the Poles. Rays of light reach a depth of 500 fathoms, but it is really dark at 250 fathoms. There are faint gleams of phosphorescent light, but these are negligible, and only accentuate the gloom. It is said there is a deep-sea fish which has luminous plates just under its eyes, one red and one green, and by turning these on it is aided in its search for prey!

Perhaps the greatest puzzle of the deeps is that, because of the pressure, deep-sea creatures are liable to an accident to which no other animal in the world is liable—that of tumbling up! Most fishes, writes Professor J. Arthur Thomson in "The Haunts of Life" (Melrose), have a bladder containing gas which enables the fish to accommodate itself to various depths. But if the change takes place too quickly the fish is liable to come to the surface, usually dead, with its body greatly distended and sometimes split open.

Women on 'Change.

Women by an act of the Reichstag just passed are given the same rights and privileges as men in respect to membership on the Berlin "Bourse." This is the first time that women have been granted the right of membership in any of the principal continental exchanges, most of which are under government supervision.

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2. That I will protect myself against old age, sickness, hard times.
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Rushing to Invest.

Money is cheap in England, writes the Financial Editor of the Montreal Standard, and people are rushing to invest in sound stocks, says a London report. The Lanarkshire County Council tried to borrow £2,500,000 at 5 1/2 per cent., and in two hours it was offered £40,000,000. Bristol needed £1,000,000, and was offered £14,000,000. Since the New Year opened there have been new issues of capital totalling nearly £12,000,000 in nominal value. Every issue was oversubscribed, and it is estimated that at least £80,000,000 altogether was offered to the would-be borrowers. All the fortunate members of the Stock Exchange who shared in the underwriting of these issues are walking about with pleased smiles on their faces, for between them they have shared more than £150,000 for doing nothing but take the risk of having to subscribe for the stock they underwrote. The report says that the main cause of the heavy subscriptions is the fact that money is cheap. Trade and industry are not using their

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60 x 80—Regular Price \$18.00.	Sale Price	\$ 9.15
64 x 84—Regular Price \$21.00.	Sale Price	\$12.35
68 x 86—Regular Price \$23.00.	Sale Price	\$13.00
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72 x 78—Regular Price \$8.00.	Sale Price	\$4.35
60 x 72—Regular Price \$8.50.	Sale Price	\$4.45
66 x 72—Regular Price \$8.50.	Sale Price	\$4.60
72 x 78—Regular Price \$9.00.	Sale Price	\$4.75
66 x 72—Regular Price \$8.50.	Sale Price	\$4.60
72 x 78—Regular Price \$8.50.	Sale Price	\$4.90
60 x 72—Regular Price \$8.00.	Sale Price	\$4.30
66 x 72—Regular Price 15.00.	Sale Price	\$8.95
72 x 78—Regular Price 16.00.	Sale Price	\$9.55
72 x 72—Regular Price 12.00.	Sale Price	\$7.05

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Fox Farming Now Depends on Quality.

Charlottetown.—The fox ranches of Prince Edward Island during 1921 sold live animals for breeding purposes to the value of over \$500,000 while the pelts produced during the year were worth \$150,000, according to the estimate of W. C. S. McLure, one of the leaders in the industry. An interesting statement made by Mr. McLure is that the quantity production of fox furs on the island last year would have been worth \$5,000,000, if the quality had been what it ought to have been. In order to improve the quality of the fur production of the island, Mr. McLure says that fox farming should be brought under the Department of Agriculture, instead of under the Tax Department. The Dominion Government has employed Dr. J. A. Allen to study fox

No Synthetic Gold.

Production Expense Would Make Commercial Use Impossible. In answer to press reports that synthetic gold has been discovered, the States Geological Survey has issued a statement to the effect that there is no such thing as synthetic gold, and that the utility of gold as a measure of value and a basis of currency. While modern chemistry has shown that some of the supposed elements are really compounds that might be divided into simpler substances, special chemical processes, thus making it unsafe to state positively that this is not possible, yet if any process could be found it will very probably be expensive and difficult to obtain that product will be more expensive than the natural metal.

Would Get Down Price.

Halifax city council has voted against the city's taking over the St. Margaret's Bay hydro power by the latest contract offered by the Hydro Commission. A resolution was passed to offer the power commission to buy from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 k.w.h. of power per year at not more than one cent per k.w.h.

In Rome a convention is to be held shortly to reform the calendar. Quite right, and above all things let something be devised to stop the speed limit of the darned thing when a note is in the offing.

The Average Jack Tar Is Not

boast that his heart is on the deep. As for a lot of landlubbers hereabouts, their eyes seem to be chiefly concerned with a rolling sea in the offing.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR GAIN IN COWS.