

Boys' Suits & Pants

We are
Headquarters for
Boys'
School Suits and
Single Pants,
Lined and
Unlined.

W. H. JACKMAN,
39 Water St., West.

Our Harvest From the Sea.

By ROGER POOCK, in Answers.)
"Will my caller herring
be brought here without
brave darin."

"From and mither, maist despairin'.
Ca' them lives o' men."
That greatest of our British folk-
always recalls for me an east-
gale on the Tyne-side at four
below zero.

"I can't know how many lives were
lost, but I do remember
Billie's fish-wife who came to
door with a heavy creel of her-
and my mother made her sit
by the kitchen fire because her
feet were frozen white as mar-
ble."

"The women of that breed have been
to man the lifeboats when
men were away, and the land
mothers such heroic blood in
country to love and be proud of."

Our Gallant Little Ships.
The herring fishers work in steam-
ships now, so that their villages are
not peopled with widows and or-
phanes, as in the terrible days of the
sailing craft. But the men are like
their fathers, those "cowardly British
seamen," as the Germans called
them, who during the Great War
manned their little wooden steamers,
armed each with a three-pounder
gun, and invented a new sport,
namely, and even sinking, the "poor
little harmless" German submarines.

But for the drifters and trawlers,
the Grand Beatty says that the Grand
Beatty could not have kept the sea, and
all of us know what that means—the
loss of Britain. So we are very
proud in debt to the deep sea fisher-
men. We owe them more than we
ever pay.

And the herring fishers are in dan-
ger of being starved out, driven to
migrate, unless you and I and all
the rest of us give them a helping
hand in their day of trouble. It is
not by hazards of the sea, the King's
commissaries, or the act of God that these
fishers are threatened now. Yet
more than ever in times past the her-
ring is what we buy are lives of men.

Eggs by the Thousand.
But to show the nature of the perils
they speak first about the fishery.
Each year the herrings come up
from deep water into the shallows to
spawn their eggs. Herring lays
thirty to seventy thousand eggs
in a "shot"—the hard roe, dropped on
shallow sand in very shallow water.
It comes Mr. Herring, who covers
the hard roe with milt, or soft roe,
which makes the eggs fertile, so that
they hatch into fishes.

Each variety of herring forms a
school, or army, each of which has its
special month for spawning, and
its private spawning-ground.
One army or another is on the
coast almost every month of the
year, as, for example, the Lofoten
army reaching the Norway coast in
January and February, the Shetland
army of the spring, the East Anglian
army of the autumn. How large are
these armies? Nobody knows, but
the East Anglian catch last autumn
numbered, roughly, six hundred mil-
lion herrings.

"In the Name of the Lord!"
As to whether the army will miss
its mark or not it is hard to say. The
herring is used to last until Christmas,
now ends about mid-November.
As for the fishing fleet which carries
the spawning power of the her-
ring schools, but 8,571 pairs of her-
ring boats can lay enough eggs to re-
place this season's catch.
The herring fleet which attends the
moving armies is international—
ships of all the northern na-

them that these herrings would be
welcomed as a luxury in the form of
rations for breakfast in the Navy, the
Army, and the Air Force. Anyway,
the Government cannot afford to
guarantee this year's catch, so that
17,000 men, the pick of the nation,
must emigrate or starve.

The trade is trying to set up agen-
cies in Europe to offer herrings in
exchange for other merchandise. Mr.
Bloomfield, one of the great mer-
chants, has discovered a way of pre-
serving herrings fresh for weeks or
even months, and that will help bet-
ter even that barter.

But you and I can do our little part
in saving the men who saved us.
Fresh or cured herrings are the best
bargain we get in the way of food,
delicious, easily cooked, more nour-
ishing than beef. Let us buy and eat
the herrings, which are the lives not
only of men, but of the finest seamen
in the world, on whose valour in the
last resort we depend for our exist-
ence as a nation.

Wireless Wonders.

How many people realize the won-
derful fact that it is now possible to
print by wireless telegraphy? And
how many are aware that rain can be
made by wireless; that the world
can be surveyed by wireless; that
photographs, and human speech, and
the music of a full brass band can be
sent radiating through space by means
of the invention made practical by
that modern wizard, Marconi?
On paper it must look well-nigh
incredible to the layman, but to the
wireless expert it merely convinces
that there are practically no limits to
the possibilities of wireless develop-
ment.

Instruments have been designed by
which it is possible to send messages
which have been "punched" on tapes
in the Morse code by wireless, so that
the receiving station automatically
transcribes the Morse signals and deli-
vers them printed in Roman charac-
ters to the waiting operator.

This result has been achieved by
Mr. F. G. Creed, of the firm of Creed
& Co., Croydon. In tests carried out
a little while ago messages were re-
ceived at a rate of 100 words a minute
from a station as far away as Cologne.
What possibilities lie here! Per-
haps newspapers will print their con-
tential and country editions by wire-
less in the future. Perhaps the
Hottentot in Africa will one day get
his answers on a Monday morning
direct by wireless from The Fleetway
House.

A Rain-Making Wizard.
The making of rain has long been
the ambition of Mr. J. G. Bellisle,
the Australian wireless expert. Mr.
Bellisle recently stated that he caus-
ed rain to fall when the sky had been
for days past, innocent of clouds.
For the purpose of the experiment
box-kites were sent up in the air to a
height of about 6,000ft. Attached to
each kite was a specially-invented
terminal which made contact with the
atmosphere. This terminal was also
electrically connected to a flexible
wire, which was attached to the
ground apparatus. Exactly how the
result was obtained is Mr. Bellisle's
secret, but it is a fact that after six
hours cloud formation began, and rain
finally descended.

In a country like Australia or
Egypt, where rain is very scarce, this
great invention should prove a boon
of immeasurable value.
Professor Bedlin, a distinguished
radio scientist, recently transmitted,
by wireless, pictures of the Olympic
Games from Antwerp to Paris. The
apparatus used was designed by him-
self.

Photographs are often sent over
the ordinary land telegraph line, and
the transmission of wireless photos
presents no special difficulties. Quite
recently Professor Bedlin's apparatus
for sending photographs by the land
line was adopted by the Surete de
Paris—the Scotland Yard of France.
The instrument will be used for the
transmission of finger-prints of sus-
pected persons. So if a man is ar-
rested in Paris it will be possible to
send his finger-prints to London and
home for identification.

Wireless concerts are, of course,
every day affairs.
By the aid of valve-detectors it has
been possible for wireless engineers
to construct apparatus capable of
sending and receiving the sound of the
human voice, and, in fact, any sound
whatever, from the barking of a dog
to the squalling of a baby in its bath.
And where will it all end? We are
progressing by leaps and bounds in
wireless research. The day when
wireless will be as common as the or-
dinary telephone is well within sight.
Just the removal of one or two more
little problems, and the human voice
will be sent all over the world.
"Will it ever be sent to Mars?" is a
common question.
Scientists disagree on this, but the
majority say "No," and give excellent
reasons, the chief one being that wire-
less waves always follow the curva-
ture of the earth's surface, and there-
fore cannot be sent, however powerful
the transmitter, perpendicular from
the world to such a distant planet as
Mars.—Answers.

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you. We have a style for every figure at a price for
every purse. You'll get style, service, comfort and satisfaction
if you buy your new Hat here. Suppose you drop in to-day
and try on a few.



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STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT

The exact position of the bound-
ary between South and West Aus-
tralia will be fixed by wireless—if it
has not been done already.

The position of the longitude is ob-
tained by the use of time-signals sent
out by a heliograph station.

Many of the great observatories are
engaged in a re-determination of the
longitudinal divisions of the earth's
surface by means of time-signals.

Guiding Ships Through Fog.
The huge station at the Eiffel Tower,
Paris, plays an important part in this
work.
To ships at sea these time-signals
are invaluable. Chronometers can be
checked to a great degree of accuracy,
and a captain with a faulty chrono-
meter is like a bicyclist without a han-
dle-bar.
A ship lost in a fog can find her
exact position by wireless. A series of
direction-finding stations are now in
use along our coast, and a ship by
sending out signals, enables cross-
bearings to be taken by the shore sta-
tions, who determine the direction
from which they are sent by means of
a movable aerial. When the aerial is
in one position signals are strong,
when in another they are weak, so in
the end the aerial can be pointed in
the direction of the ship.
Wireless concerts are, of course,

Additional Passengers.

The following additional passengers
left by the Rosalind on Saturday:
Mrs. G. F. Arthur, Mrs. A. Harris, Miss
H. Harris, Miss S. Abbott, A. Harris,
James Harris, R. Little, Mrs. P. Oxner,
Mrs. J. W. Erickson and child and W.
Costello.

WHAT ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN TRAVELLERS IN CANADA SAYS.

"Now I am going to give you an
unsolicited testimonial as they say
in the patent medicine advertising.
Heretofore I have had a profound
contempt for patent medicines, par-
ticularly so-called liniments. Perhaps
this is due to the reason that I have
been blessed with a sturdy constitu-
tion, and never have been ill a day in
my life. One day last fall after a
hard day's tramp in the slush of Mon-
treal, I developed a severe pain in my
legs and of course like a man who
has never had anything wrong with
him physically, I complained rather
boisterously. The good little wife
says: "I will rub them with some
liniment I have." "Go ahead," I said
just to humor her. "Well, in a mo-
ment with a bottle of Minard's Lin-
iment and gasp! Believe me the
pain disappeared a few minutes af-
ter, and you can tell the world I said
so."
(Signed) FRANK E. JOHN'S,
Montreal.

MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT FIGURES THE ESKIMOS ARE TO BE ENVIED.

—By Bud Fisher

