

- (1) War Scene in German East Africa.
- (2) Mine Sweepers Come Back With Explosion-ized Codfish.
- (3) British Recruits Answer the Million-More Call.

loading fish "outward bound" to distant West India, South American and Mediterranean ports. With men running hither and thither, some definite object in view, for furthering the dispatch of fish.

Piles of barrels stacked high against buildings. Carts coming and going. Codfish in handbills flying through the air from the hands of men on decks to expert "catchers" on the wharf where there is a weighing machine. Fish is everywhere! In schooners' cavernous holds, on slippery decks, in the air, in barrels, in transit to houses, in salted piles, in "drying trays" in huge steam-drying houses, in boxes, in drums, and half and quarter-drums, in pails, in carts, on the housetops, on stages, skinned and unskinned, unboned and boneless, dry and in pickle.

Here are the packers, busily laying each mackerel in place in the barrel. There are the pickle-mixers, stirring brine in hogsheads. There the coopers, with interesting hand-made tools, hammering down hoops and mending leaks. There the boys, pouring pickle into the bung-hole till the barrel will hold no more and then putting in the cork with a bit of coarse sack- ing to catch any possible leak.

Action everywhere, bespeaking an awakening and growth in trade that cannot fail to strike a deep note of pleasure into the hearts of all Canadians.

Over there at the next wharf are schooners of a larger tonnage. They are the deep-sea, foreign-carrying fleet of the fish-trade.

Outward bound with dried and pickled fish they find their way across pathless seas to the markets of countries tropical and quaint and different.

In such countries codfish and mackerel from Halifax is a welcome change to the largely fruit diet, and the natives actually have far more tempting and appetizing ways of serving "a dish of fish" than are known in the home of fish. This is not a reflection, but arises from the fact that the appetite of the South on account of climatic conditions is more capricious—it requires of their cooks dainty and varied presentations of the commonest dishes. Not much red-meat is eaten in such countries, and so it falls out that Nova Scotia fish appears on table three or four times a week, and every time it is served in a different way.

Playing their parts in the subtle law of exchange the fish-schooners homeward bound come laden with the produce of these more southern climes.

If the life-history of one of these busy deep-sea schooners could be written it would be as romantic as "Robinson Crusoe" and as helpful as history. Here is one discharging sugar and molasses from Barbadoes. Products of a British colony arriving at the water-front of a sister colony. Carrying this exchange even further among each other, the colonies of the Empire could in fact supply all of each other's needs. In this direction doubtless much of the trade of Halifax in years to come will be engaged.

At yet another dock is a returned Mediterranean schooner with salt from Cadiz. Here is trade with a friendly foreign country. Exchange is good.

Up the stream at the Richmond docks are seen the "square-rigged" vessels lying two and three deep. These vessels are loading lumber for "across," as sailors so appropriately say.

The war has given these old wind-jammers, "the matrons of the fleet," a new lease of life.

Before the war it certainly looked as if the sailing-vessel's day for deep sea voyages was over.

Not only did the war bring them back to life, in the opinion of more than one master-mariner, but the "wind-jammers" have come to stay.

We sincerely hope so, for their great timbers, rounded-bows and royal-yarded masts seem to cradle all the romance of our national past. They are not only woven into the history of the past; in their capacity of wood-carriers, they are taking a hand in history-making at the present time.

British-built vessels now sailing under the Norwegian flag and manned by hardy Norsemen, worthy descendants of viking forefathers, while the ships themselves were turned out from British yards by British ship-builders whose ancestors built the "Victory."

Halifax falls heir to a noble heritage, of which she should be very proud, when she realizes all that these stately square-riggers in her harbour stand for.

Out in the stream "tramps" inward bound with sugar passing others on the way outward bound laden to capacity with apples and potatoes, Province products, or western wheat—the food-supplies for "across."

And scattered in and out, keeping open the port of Halifax, with its marvellous growth and unlimited opportunities, are the warship-guardians of Britain's far-flung battle-line.

