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Young Fishermen Exiled in Big Cities are Disillusioned.

Golden Goose But Brazen Egg—Bustle, Brick And Brobdingnagian Buildings Not Tailor-Made—Nothing in Lane to Trip Over—Nasal Homesickness—Capable Mr. Contrast Constant Companion.

(By R. I. POLLETT)

During the past two years hundreds of young fishermen from Newfoundland have left their time-worn inheritance of the sea and drifted to the cities of Canada and the United States to begin life all over under totally different conditions of employment and surroundings. Some of them no doubt have some idea of what they were going to do when they left; and while they by no means shuddered at the thought of the life before them, they could not but depart the homes of their fathers so consistently happy and content as have the hundreds of young fellows who have only wanted to be away from the old place and into the big world to be living in the big cities. It is better, the big majority perhaps, to see having the toughest fight to themselves to the new life; it is the many who ran all the way to the first boat from home, whose adjustment has been in some overwhelming complete.

GOOD-BYE, EVERYBODY.

Of course, no healthy young fellow is blamed for wanting to look at the back-yard fence, especially on days when he hears so much of the world so much about the wonderful conditions that exist there. In the Newfoundlander, Canada and the United States are preconceived as beautiful and alluring pictures bearing the names of these countries, particularly that of the latter, have become synonyms for "Promised Land" ever since they can remember. They have always heard the United States spoken favorably of;

Abandon—his "homelike" propaganda bunkum, as it sometimes is. They have developed imagination and are ambitious; and ambition is not for fishermen. So they, too, turn their faces from the sea; and they, too, see a barren land. Eventually they leave. But for them the Kyle is perhaps much of an Argosy, with a Golden Fleece, figuratively, very, very woolly indeed.

SO, THIS IS IT.

Whatever idea a person who has never been to a city can have of a city is, more often than not, illusory. That is certain. So the immigrant from an outpost in Newfoundland arrives at his destination at one of the centres of the world, usually in a wonderful tumbling down of things. That in itself is disturbing, since the realities are beyond his wildest imaginings. Possibly he has had some preconception of big buildings here and there, but hardly of Towers of Babel in everyone's back garden; and if it is night when he arrives, illuminated letters written apparently across the sky and the less obstructive glitter of a thousand and two other electric signs and signals are bound to cause drop-jaw and altogether dangerous preoccupation—and all around him is the bustle and "God for us all" abandon of a giant railway terminus. The immigrant is in another land; in fact, seemingly, he is another person. He has little trouble, however, in recovering, but when that is accomplished, he is inevitably within the confines of the four walls of a house with all modern inconveniences and soon will have buried excitement in a deep sleep.

If Mr. Fisherman has come to the city alone and is cast upon his own resources, his position is not an enviable one, even if he have the friendship with bells on, such as unfortunately is too often, at this time, at the sugar-leaf stage of growth. If, however, there is an uncle or a thirty-first cousin in the hectic metropolitan in short, there is no job in the city the hazards are less great. For there are hazards, plenty of them. Impressions upon going out into the bazaar with the rest of the fish are non-existent. The background is not big enough to hold all the variety of wonderful things to be met with in "Main Street"; so it admits nothing that can be assimilated. This bewilderment of the mind is one of the hazards of a stranger in a city. He doesn't know what to think and he doesn't think. It's awful. In fact, there is hardly any way to describe the mental disposition of a person who suddenly finds himself for the first time on, say, Broadway, New York, having come from one of the isolated and consequent old-fashioned spots on the coast of Newfoundland—not even if it's a personal experience.

ONLY SUPERFICIAL.

But Mr. Fisherman is being fooled. His innate nature has not thus easily accepted the restrictions of city people's and it is only a matter of time before that nature rebels. The change is inexplicable, other than it seems to be a vagary of Nature that she should penalize those who desert her. It is not homesickness; it is something worse. It creeps over him slowly and miserably as liquid glue, until life is anything but a pleasure under the routine that is just now being felt. There is no matter to whatever extent he is being cast upon his own resources in the institutions of young life in a city, interest in everything is somehow impaired; also, whether the young fellow is naturally broody or devil-may-care, the feeling gets him just the same. Childish songs and rhymes once warbled by the gang around the beach-rocks have an egotistical sentiment coming over brick walls in another land years afterwards; even a baking powder can, if it's the kind he has seen mother using in a corner of comfort to the present mood; and as for a Newfoundland coin, newspaper, picture or any other tangible suggestion of home—well, it may be homesickness after all. Anyhow, instinctively, it seems, threads of the old life are picked up and interwoven, so to speak, through the new, precluding early and permanent settlement into the atmosphere of the city.

REASONS FOR DISCONTENT.

The practical side of the deal is not without its flaws, either, and that's the hardest part of it. It is mighty interesting to turn a handle and watch the world go round in a case of pig at one end and sausages at the other; it is extremely comforting, too, to get a pay envelope every week. It is—until the stranger becomes sufficiently accustomed to notice his real position. The facts are disheartening as they are no doubt inevitable. Here he is, a strapping, full-grown man doing apparently twice as much work for half as much pay as the comparatively effeminate city boy who, in no uncertain way, orders him about the place. Now, to be bossed at all is not exactly heartening to the man from the outpost where Jack is always Jack, and Bill is just Bill, alone having his wages computed at half a man's salary! For it is not always easy to remember that he is now a boy just starting in. Besides, it is more than a factory job can do to offer the variety of freedom; and above all, the gamble when his spirit craves. So before even if he is educated, he has no experience which often is required of long the fortune-seeker gets tired of rowing back and forth in the calm, with not a hope of even getting hold of a big one, or the satisfaction of having what he believes to be his rightful share. Altogether, it seems as though he is getting everything but what he wanted his look for, and although he will in time become reconciled to seeming injustices, impatience is a formidable enemy to the fellow who has started out that he had stepped to make his way in the city.

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breath of air, even though it comes pervaded with the manifold odors of a fishing village, and filled with the subdued hum of a million fish flies. And they feel it; for there would be no "home, sweet home" if everybody stayed there. Of course there is, and always will be, a potpourri of bedeviled novelties whose very artificiality, however, seems to insult the man with sea in his blood. In all, the moral struggle is a prolonged one and certainly was not anticipated by the average fellow who thought going to the States to settle down was like jumping into a load of hay.

POSSIBILITIES FOR FUTURE.

Settle down! When will they settle down as they might have settled at home, even in the present state of Newfoundland's industries? Not soon. First of all, those young fellows have to spend years in learning a respective trade before they can think of marrying and paying housekeeping rents, and even then, the chances are they will not be as independent as the fellows who stuck to the country in a hard fight. What the latter will have

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