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HIGHWAY NOTICE

Closing of Roads

The attention of the public is respectfully called to an Act to amend Chapter 77 of the Revised Statutes of 1923 of "The Load of Vehicles Act", passed the 9th day of April, 1924, A. D.

Be it enacted by the Governor, Council and Assembly as follows:

1. Section 7 of Chapter 77 of the Revised Statutes, 1923, the "Load of Vehicles Act", is repealed and the following substituted therefor:

7. (1) No person shall operate a motor vehicle that is subject to the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Act on any highway in any municipality after the first day of March and before the first day of June following without the permission of the Superintendent of Highways or of such other officer as may be appointed by the Provincial Highways Board for that purpose first had and obtained.

(2) The Provincial Highways Board from time to time in each year may, and is hereby authorized and empowered with the approval of the Ministers of Highways, to exempt from the provisions of Sub-section 1 of this section, for the whole or any part of the period between the first day of March and the first day of June following in the year and for which the exemption is granted, every person operating any motor vehicle or a motor vehicle of any particular class that is subject to the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Act, on all highways within any municipality or municipalities which highways in the opinion of the Provincial Highways Board will not be unreasonably damaged by reason of the granting of such exemption.

Printing

Wedding Stationery,
Commercial Work,
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The Outlook

Everybody a Printer
MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA

Eyes of Capitalists Turning to Possibilities of Deep-Sea Fisheries IN NOVA SCOTIA

Schooner Races Help to Speed up Ancient Business.
Lunenburg Has North Atlantic Coast's Most
Picturesque Fleet of Schooners

(By Perry J. Giffen)

"Hello, you Blue Nose Herring choker."

It was in Montreal that I heard the greeting. I turned to see the effect. The man addressed surprised me by grasping the hand of the speaker and extending a friendly reply. I learned later that he prided himself on his connection with Nova Scotia's fishing industry. Although a young man he heads a fishing company which last year supplied one-sixteenth of the entire fresh fish consumed in the Dominion.

I can readily recall when such a form of address would have started

a free fight, but it seems that the Maritimes, especially Nova Scotia, has undergone a change of heart and revival of their most lucrative industry is well under way. Fishing is no longer in a place of minor importance, but is rapidly assuming the high position which its natural location and aptitude warrant.

If Nova Scotia can produce an average revenue of over eleven million dollars with the comparatively investment that is in evidence at present, amount could be doubled in the due course of a few years by intensive effort.

Old men with scarred and weather-

"Eczema All Over Arms Suffered for 12 Years"

Mrs. Murray Hough, Warton, Ont., writes:

"I had eczema for twelve years. Every once in a while it would break out and spread all over my arms. I tried all kinds of treatments to relieve it, but without success. One Spring it broke out and nothing gave me relief, even the salve I got from the doctor did no good. At last I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment and it healed the eczema in a short time. That is over a year ago and I have had no return of the trouble."



Dr. Chase's Ointment

60 cts. a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ed faces, whose eyes have grown pale from the glare of sun on dancing water and the fogs of the Grand Banks, may be found on the wharves of Halifax gazing out to sea. These tell of the good old days of the 60's, 70's and 80's, when the Halifax waterfront was a forest of masts, when saucy schooners by the score brought their catches to the Nova Scotia capital. They speak of the huge export of dried fish to the United States and wonder if such times will come again.

If the present revival continues, as there is every reason to believe it will, much greater catches will be brought to the Nova Scotia capital. Only a short time ago a group of Halifax men invested money in a new fishing venture, and this is but the beginning.

While the three Maritime provinces may all be considered fish producers yet deep sea fishing is practically controlled in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick confine their activities to shore fishing, herring, mackerel, smelts, lobsters—and sometimes being the catchers.

For centuries, however, Bluenose skippers and Bluenose crews have driven their trim schooners with the wind in their sails, and have returned with laden holds to replenish the world's larder. And in the winter these same schooners have taken their dried and salt fish to market so that the fame of these frozen Vikings became known from Spain to Spain, from Panama to the frozen Labrador. And their fame has not decreased but rather been enhanced through the last few seasons.

Lunenburg's Gleaming Fleet

For years Lunenburg has been the centre of the deep-sea fishing industry of the province. Generation after generation of the same family have followed on the quarter deck and in the forecastle of the boats of the Lunenburg fleet. Thus today the Silvers, the Zwickers, the Eisenhausers and the Himmelmans may be found, as were their forefathers and namesakes, "handlining" from dories on the Grand Banks.

I shall not soon forget my first visit to Lunenburg. We arrived at night from Halifax. My first view of the town and the fleet was on a damp morning. From my bedroom window I could see a veritable forest of alms, graceful masts rising spectrally from a bank of fog which entirely hid from view the hulls of the schooners.

The gentle roll of the shore-wash caused these masts to sway rhythmically from side to side, as if they, too, were but arming themselves from slumber. But presently the whirly sun dispelled the fog, and the whole beauty of the scene presented itself. One cannot wonder that these Lunenburgers love their craft. Their low lying, gleaming hulls reflecting the sun as a mirror, their tall, slim masts shining golden, their deck-houses as white as milk, their decks as immaculate as a ballroom floor; with two plies of orange or red dories adding a touch of color amidships, they give even the disinterested spectator a thrill and a feeling of pride in their craft, flying the British flag, form an integral part of our Dominion.

What impresses one on visiting the schooners at close range is the fact that on the stern of almost every one appears a fraternal emblem, carved and painted. The square of the mast pass of the Masonic order seems to predominate, but the three links of the Oddfellows run it a close second.

No one knows where this custom originated, but today it is the almost universal practice of the fleet. But, while Lunenburg is the accepted centre of the hand-liners of the province, Riverport, Shelburne, Mahone, Canso, Digby and Yarmouth have their quotas. None of these other towns are so essentially fishing towns, however, as the Dutchman's. Lunenburg founded in 1751 by a group of German protestants still retains a flavor of the old times, and "dat" is rapidly disappearing in the younger generation.

A Co-Operative Industry

While a few schooners of the Banks fleet are owned by corporations, the vast majority of them are owned on a co-operative basis by the captain and members of his crew. In many cases the only paid member of the crew is the cook, and he is usually well paid—between \$300 and \$350 a month and "found."

Equipped with auxiliary gas engines as most of the Nova Scotia fleet are now, much faster time is made under adverse circumstances than was possible a few years ago. Of course, when the wind is on the quarter, no other means of propulsion than the sails are used. It is at such times that the beauty and symmetry of the fishing schooner shows to her best advantage. Poring ahead under top-sails, staysails and a full suit of lower sails, the lee rail awash and deck sloping at an apparently dangerous angle, red-copper below the waistline showing on the windward quarter—nothing so gladdens the heart of the fisherman. In the forecastle tales of old time days, and laughter, or music of a phonograph is heard, while the steersman, braced on the cantling deck, grasps the spokes of the wheel and answers the message of a fair breeze with laughter.

Presently soundings show that the Grand Banks are reached. Then the relaxation of the short passage is changed to a period of intense activity which has Sunday only as an interlude. Sails are lowered and the ships anchored. The dories are un-lashed and swung over the side and dory-mates find themselves together automatically as they have done for season on season.

Each dory is manned by two men and no more outstanding example of the steadfastness of friendship and fidelity exists than that of these two. And here is need of it all. Year after year, Bill Eisenhauser and Maurice Zinck find themselves in the same dory. Each one of these small boats is equipped with a beaker of water and a supply of biscuit. They are not for use during the fishing, but are placed there in case of mishap and during the course of a season are often called upon to preserve the lives of the mates. Tubs of line with baited hooks fastened at short intervals, also form part of the equipment of each dory.

So, after a short time, the mother ship is life tenanted by but a few members of the crew, the cook and cookee, while over the surface of the sea for miles, bobbing about like cork on a boiling cauldron are the dories, small oil-laid figures rearing out or hauling in line, being the

only living creatures visible from the schooner's deck.

Hours pass, and presently a dory laden with cod and haddock moves toward the mother ship. The fish is transferred to the schooner and the dory starts away again to repeat the process.

Means are announced by means of fog-horn either hand or motor driven. It is then that the elect of the salt air and healthful occupation shows itself. Hot, steaming, savory stew followed by brown crusted apple pie and many cups of coffee, are foods to be appreciated.

Victims of Monster Wraiths

When bait runs short there is nothing but to make for the handiest Newfoundland port and replenish the supply. On these occasions the villagers invariably hold a dance or jam-boree in honor of the ship's company and many a young Bluenose may be seen dancing in close proximity to a Newfoundland belle. Very little of the modern spirit has permeated these old-fashioned dances of the Newfoundland coast. The announcer still holds sway with his stentorian voice—"Swing your partner, 'First lady and opposite gent.'"

These are the looked for events of the fishermen's life, but always at the heels of the dancing is a very few—those who enter the cold grey maw. Last year the dull dawn of a cold day revealed to the people of White-Nose a small fishing village of the Nova Scotia coast, a dory on the beach. In the dory were found two grey dories, but even then there was an open boat—six hundred miles in a dory—through icy waters, without food after the first day, sleepless, nerve-racked, exhausted, they had at last found a friendly haven and true hospitality. But there are but two of those who were claimed by the demon fog—the others did not win through.

The dories are separated from the mother ship by miles of waste water and from the north comes the grey impenetrable blanket, then do the hearts of the fishermen quail. When its approach is seen the fog horns of the schooner send out their appeals for the return. Then a wild scramble ensues. Haste means life in most cases. Lines—which are over-roped—are cut and left. Then time that would be taken to haul them in is too precious for such occupation. These dories hand the schooner usually make it.

The ones farthest away may find themselves enveloped in the damp, grey drizzle, but even then there is hope—for the entreating hoarse voice of the mother ship sends appeal after appeal through the blanket of fog. The last trip of the year is usually concluded in September or early in October. Then is the home-coming and the reckoning. With bunting and signal flags flapping in the breeze the "Bluenose," the "Independence," which are over-roped—are cut and left. Then time that would be taken to haul them in is too precious for such occupation. These dories hand the schooner usually make it.

Each year the annual revel of the returned fleet is held at Lunenburg. This is known as the "Fisherman's Picnic" and for clear enjoyment and individual participation no event of the length and breadth of the Dominion can surpass it. All care and individual ambition are left behind in these hardy men as well as from their jolly wives and happy families. Everybody is out for a good time and everybody seems to get it.

Influence of Schooner Racing During the last three years an added event of wide-spread interest has been the International schooner race which has been held each November when the fastest schooner of the Gloucester fleet has contended with the pick of the Nova Scotia fleet for a trophy emblematic of the championship of the North Atlantic.

On the first year of the series the old "Delawank" held the trophy for the Bluenose fleet. But the following year the Gloucester craft, "Deperanto" carried it home to the U. S. Serious efforts were put forward by Nova Scotia contestants with the result that in 1922 and 1923 the newly built Lunenburg, "Bluenose" captured the trophy. This series of races has done a great deal for the Nova Scotia fishing industry in that it has centered the eyes of the financial men of the province on the sea—their natural source of income—and has tended toward more swifter and efficient vessels.

A friendly rivalry has sprung up which has meant larger catches—and more swift runs to port. There can be no doubt that the recent formation of a company in Halifax and the purchase of a schooner is directly attributable to the schooner races and the interest they evoked in the public mind.

The fish caught by these handliners are principally cod and haddock with occasional halibut. These reach the market and the consumer usually as dried or flaked haddies. The drying of the catch is an interesting study.

The fish landed at the wharf are taken to the fish houses, salted and spread on long trellis tables in the sun. These tables are known as fish flakes. The only agent used in the curing the fish is sunlight. Once or twice during the day the fish are turned—otherwise they would become sun burned and unpalatable. This process is repeated day after day until practically all moisture has evaporated and the fish are dry. Up until a few years ago this completed the process and the cod was taken to market without further attention. The fastidious taste of the modern Canadian housewife, however, has demanded a more convenient food with the result that a large part of the fish is presented in the store as boneless, cod or shredded cod or smoked fillets.

Fishermen and Traders

It is estimated that over 120,000 people in Nova Scotia are supported directly by the fishing industry. True, not half of this number personally brave the Atlantic or the schooner themselves, but the number includes the families and dependents of the fishermen, the employees of

the fish houses, the riggers and shipwrights and others who are directly dependent on it for a livelihood.

In the winter the schooners either go out on a mackerel trip or load their holds with the dried product of their season's work and start for the Indies.

In the port of Bridgetown, in the Barbadoes, last March I saw at one time three Lunenburgs and one Riverport schooner. They unload their fish and load usually with molasses for the home market. In some cases they go to Trinidad where cocoa and spices form the return cargo. So these are not only fishermen but traders. Wherever one goes in the Indies one hears tales of some shrewd Bluenose captain.

But while the handliner is still, and may remain, the most prominent feature of the fishing industry in Nova Scotia, the steam trawler is assuming a prominent position. True, the fields of work covered by these two classes of vessels are entirely different. As intimated the product of the Banks schooner reaches the consumer in the form of salt or dried fish. The trawler on the other hand is equipped with every modern device and reaches port with a vast variety of fresh fish packed in ice. This first reaches the consumer in Toronto, Montreal, and as far west as Vancouver in the Pacific form that leaves the boat. The sturdy steel craft are in most cases equipped with wireless and are continuously in touch with their owners. At any time that the market demands a fresh supply a wireless message means a cessation of fishing operations and a quick run to port.

These boats trail a huge porus-like seine behind them and into the maw of this huge net are gathered a heterogeneous collection of many varieties of fish—edible and otherwise. Halibut, cod, haddock, skate, flounders and every denizen of the North Atlantic find themselves in the net. This a few years trailing behind this net is hauled in and the contents emptied on deck where every edict "ribbers" and steams clean the fish and pack it in ice while it is still kicking.

If the haul happened to be mostly halibut and the market at the moment is short of this sea delicacy a message from the shore will rush the trawler to port and within the course of two days the fish is being consumed in Montreal or Toronto. Much of the work on a trawler is done by machinery. The lowering and raising of the seine and many other operations are performed in the shortest possible time.

New Source of Insulin

Recently a progressive fish organization discovered that one-fifth of the area of fish caught inland was occupied by ice; in other words they were paying each year freight on an enormous quantity of ice. This seemed to be a waste of money and the head of the organization (he who delights in the name of "herring choker") looked abroad for a substitute for ice and, as is usual in such cases he found it. The result was that last April the first fresh fish shipment ever made without ice in the world took place when a carload of fresh sea food left Halifax in a car which two tin blocks of CO₂ or carbon dioxide were the only refrigerants. The marvellous experiment proved highly successful. The car in question was placed on a siding in Montreal for five days before being unsalted and yet when opened up the fish were in perfect condition—not even a fishy smell being in evidence.

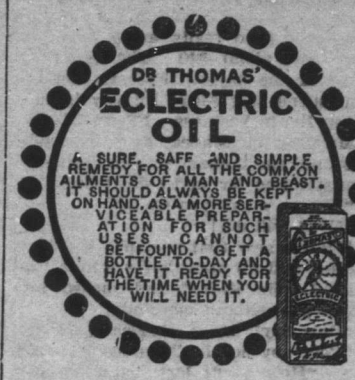
So today more fresh fish can be taken to the interior at less cost, freight and less cost to the consumer. And now the medical world has turned to the lowly Nova Scotia trawler for assistance. Last winter the trawler "Venosta" sailed into Halifax with her holds full of fresh fish, but in her cabin was something infinitely more precious than these. For in rows on the shelves there were quart bottles filled with the magic fluid of the decade—insulin. Formerly, this

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