

JUST ARRIVED--NEW GOODS!

Ladies' Tricotine Dresses; Blouses in Crepe de Chenes, Canton Crepes, Tricolettes; Sweaters, Fancy Pull Overs; Sport Hats and Tams. **LOWEST PRICES.**

I. LEVITZ, 252 Water Street, opp. Dicks & Company

An American Writer at the Sealfishery.

What George Allan England Wrote About Our Winter Industry.

FLAGS AND PINNACLES.

Back was had indeed; luck, the one thing of wind, fog, sun, and seals, all of which must be fought for a real clean-up. By the time the labouring Terra Nova had gone round to work back along the coast, no live seals remained. In the Atlantic they had all escaped, leaving away into the mysterious depths to make perhaps fifteen or twenty miles more toward Hudson Bay before reaching the ice again.

Of such vast multitudes, however, had not made their get-away. Always, as twilight deepened with an angry smoulder along the ice horizon, jaggedness, pangs of seals marked the ice. Each was shown by a tiny flag of a flag. Sometimes, when the sun ran short, sealers smear a seal with a pinnales; such bloody pinnales, as they are called, can be seen miles. But there were flags enough that evening.

As the ship slowed to the panned seals, gunners and dogs began to come aboard, each gunner to receive a word of praise or blame, each dog a blood-stained bag drooping beneath the weight of cut-off seals' tails. Cutting tails they keep account of the kill; know how many pelts must be picked up. Many, however, are never recovered. The ice goes abroad what not; the seals are often lost, as they were picked up seventy hours before by another ship and lost by weeks before. There was joy that day.

Up over the rails the gunners and dogs scrambled. Others waited on the easy ropes, shined aboard. Down to the smoky, stove-heated cabin, a white paint long since gory—they jumped, down to interview the waiting men and to deliver unto me their bags of tails. These, as usual, I weighed and counted, while headlined and hand-drawn men watched under the burning oil lamp. Blotched came our oilcloth-covered table, the boys smoked as each counted his tails were cast into its glowing fire; and every summer told his story of daring peril, adventure—all merited companions to them; and a bag of lost tails in the half-comprehensible Newfoundland dialect, troubled me, dim, stifling air. Oh, for some let's brush to slap such scenes on canvas!

The inevitable tea and toast of the stomach, continued mug-up divided attention with news of the hunt. Noddy-swooping, and toast-crunching, sealers crowded the pantry. The Old man, ruddy, white-whiskered and patriarchal, chuckled or approved. And allies scurried, tottered the table. On frigid deck, in a tall of tall count, I beheld far glimmers in the pale from far over jumbled ice. Torch-lights, these flaring smoky on pans, yet picked up. At some, dim flags

ures waited; figures that, as they moved, seemed gnomes of an incredible ice world, unreal, anything but human. Some lights flickered miles away. Farther still winked the gleam of the other ships, laboring to force their way toward us—too late.

NOTHING THE TALLY STICK.

We were stopped close beside a mound of seals that had dyed the ice crimson; a mound to which many a snaky path of scarlet converged. Pelted carcasses sprawled all about. By the wavering glare of torches on the rail, a glare that reddened the steaming breath of gushes of steam from the winches, masses of seals were coming aboard.

"Heave out dem straps!" shouted a hoarse voice from the ice. "Out wid dat whip line!" A black figure standing on the rail waved signals, shouting, "Walk back de winch!"

The sealers on ice stooped, strapping the pelts. Out sprang the whip line through the dim and pallid air. Men caught and hauled it, and the wire with it. They stooped, strove mightily over the black heap of skins, hooked them to the wire.

"Go ahead, de winch!" With a rattling roar, a gush of the ghostly steam, in sagged immense weights of quivering fat; in, over the broken ice, sloshing through lanky water, dripping up the grim side, swinging free above the reek and slush of decks not nice to picture.

A fling of the reverse lever by a half-seen, steam-enveloped figure. Plod! Another mass of wealth slumped and slid upon the mounds already sloping the rail. The mounds steamed and quivered. At the other rail men were dragging chilled seals away, flinging them down black hatches with cries of "Hunder, below!" Down the dim, candlelit depths, someone was tallying—putting a notch in a square stick, for every twenty-one. In a country of few schools, the old time tally sticks serve best for accounts.

Now the last man on the pan scrambled aboard.

"Full speed ahead!" the telegraph jangled.

"Thud-thud-thud," the engines groaned into reluctant life.

Once more the Terra Nova's from prow crashed into the pack. Away she tramped toward the torchlighted pans that still waited, dingy red stars along the level of the arctic world. Half the night or all of it might pass before the pans should be picked up. No matter. It's all in the day's work. A day that often lasts twenty-four hours. An on the morrow it would be northward, ho! again, again, to hit the fleeing herd.

Far as the white wilderness is from the world that Americans know, progress has invaded it. This last spring an air service was organized

to spy on the herds. An Australian aviator, Major F. Sydney Cotton, R. F. C., has started the Aerial Survey Company. It has a flying base at Botwood, whence it sends out planes to scout the ice fields and report on the sealing conditions. Hardy men those who fly over the perils of the frozen ocean where any mishap may mean death.

One day a great outcry on our ship, supplemented by shrieks from the shore, announced the sighting of a plane. You never saw people more excited than those sealers, most of whom had never beheld a plane before. Skimming over the ice like a midge, looming nearer in the blinding glare, the plane drew swiftly near. To her yells and cheers ascended as she swooped twice about our barrels, her ice skids—in place of wheels—almost grazing our spars.

Down fluttered a tricolored bunting, weighed with an iron bar. Old Absalom Gaulton, our gentle-spoken pantry steward, was first over the side and away to pick up that the first message ever dropped by a plane to a sealer. Proudly, as the plane dwindled in the dazzle, he brought the message "ashore," which in Newfoundland parlance means aboard. Ceremoniously the Old Man received it, read it out: Large quantities of seals about three to five miles ahead of you, about one point to port.

Roughly pencilled that message was but an imperial rescript, embossed on vellum, could not have produced a more profound impression.

That was a seven day's wonder right enough. I thought the men would never have done talking about the "hairplane."

"Not 'irty yard above the ice she come!"

Dat's de rig-out she dropped de message in!"

"Went roun' us like a corkscrew, turned aft, to de loo'ard!"

"She say 'tousands of 'em, nearest be east!' And so further, ad lib."

Never was there a livelier discussion than Major Cotton's plane produced. It ended our trying to reach the seals indicated. Alas, impenetrable ice barriers reared themselves in our path. We got no good of the message. Later, Major Cotton reports the main patch, Mecca of all sealers, and which none, this year, ever reached. This came to be known as the Cotton Patch, and caused oceans of talk. The Cotton Patch was there, right enough; but it happened to lie in a difficult knot of ice, and none of the ships would seriously try for it. Thus the main herd escaped one year at least. Ice masters are conservative. Where seals have always been, they must always be. Another year, perhaps, better success may attend Major Cotton's efforts. He and his men deserve all they can get. Hardy? No name for it!

There's no more dangerous trade than sealing. That's fact. Personally, I'd rather be a parachute jumper or an oil-well shooter or any old thing than follow sealing. The sealers of Newfoundland are the hardest, bravest, strongest bunch of men I've ever run into, and I've seen many kinds of men in an all-too-distant land. All the conditions of sealing are such as to make this not only the greatest, but also the most perilous hunt in the world. Your African big-game hunter, true, faces fever and natives and wild beasts. Your whaler confronts whales and storms. But, by the Lord Harry, your sealer has them all beaten forty-seven different ways!

I'm not going into his living conditions, here. Later, I shall have something to say about those. For the present, just consider the active dangers. In the first place, drowning is always a very present risk. Jumping around on loose ice, hundreds of miles from land, doesn't make a man a good life-insurance risk. The dog hood, too, is an agile and fearsome foe. Ice blindness always threatens. If you aren't mighty careful, I'll bet you sure. And the ships are nothing but floating oil tanks, with lots of powder aboard and no fire-preventive apparatus that's worth a hoot. If one ever caught fire—good night!

The ships are usually undermanned, often with defective machinery and boilers. Staunch though they be, they cannot always cope with the cruel might of the north, especially as no effective regulations govern their loading. The idea is to grab all the fat possible and trust in God to reach St. John's. Sometimes the result is a shocking disaster—witness the Southern Cross. In 1914 she was coming in from the Gulf with a full load and one hundred and seventy-five men. The Portia spoke to her off St. Pierre, Miquelon; and after that she vanished. Maybe she was overloaded; maybe her fat shifted below—who knows? She may have burned up or exploded. Mystery. I was told that one of her life belts

came ashore in Ireland. That was the end of her, and bitter mourning filled the land.

Still, the overloading goes on, if the sealers can be had. "Take a chance" never had more devoted advocates in the States than up there. One of the Terra Nova's officers jovially remarked to me last spring:

"Full 'er up, b'y! The more, the better. Pima'll mark? If I had my way, I'd paint the Pima'll mark on her funnel!"

Ice-coated rig and ratlines are by no means the safest kind to clamber over. The pack ice always hangs to try conclusions with hulls, rip off propellers, disable rudders and otherwise jest grimly with the fleet. No hull fashioned by human hands will endure all the pack has to give. Crashing through the fies is always liable to open a seam, burst an intake pipe or work some fatal damage. Berge and growlers continually menace. A nip may crush a vessel like the proverbial eggshell. More than one ship has been flattened and its crew unceremoniously dumped out on the ice. Joe Sturge, one of our crack gunners and a rare good man, told me, one ice-jammed and pitch-black night, the most encouraging possible story about how he was in the Wolf when she got nipped.

"De h'ice bust her like a paper bag," said Joe. "Her deck bent up like a bowl, an' she went down starn first, wid her bowsprit straight up. Us all had to walk to land, but anyhow we saved our guns, so it didn't matter none!" Certainly not!

"Dat'm why us kip de lamp burnin' in de cabin all night," chipped in another case-hardened son of the north. "Come a nip, sir, an' ain't no time to be lookin' for matches nor lightin' lamps. When does uns goes in a jam, dem goes sudden!"

How I enjoyed that thought in the endless, lark nights when furious gales went shrieking through the frozen rigging driven snow shrouded the decks, bergs ripped the fies, ice sledges thundered against our sides and every plank and beam groaned, quivering!

Sudden blizzards, that catch the men far from the ships—for often the hunters are miles and miles away—wipe out many a life. At first sign of fog or snow up goes the signal flag and out shrieks the siren; but sometimes, too late. Newfoundland still remembers the Greenland disaster of '88, when all four watches went out, and all in different directions. At six of the evening darkness fell, with high wind and a blinding snowstorm—"a living storm," as those folk say. Only one watch could get aboard. Forty-eight men perished miserably, and Newfoundland wept.

TRAGEDIES OF THE ARCTIC.

In 1914, same year in which the Southern Cross went down with all hands, the Newfoundland's men—one hundred and nineteen of them—were caught on the ice by a blizzard. The storm lasted two days. It cost seventy-seven lives. Sixty-nine men were found frozen on the ice, and 8 were so severely frostbitten that, though alive when picked up, they later died. Forty-two more lived, but mutilated and crippled by frost.

Dramatic, terrible stories lie in the finding of those bodies. Men were discovered huddled in groups, frozen solidly together as they had tried in vain to warm each other. Some were found kneeling as if in prayer, others in attitudes as if crawling; some crouching behind clumps of ice, others under rude shelters of ice they had tried to build. One father and his son were brought in, the stiffened arms of the father still clinging to his boy, trying till the very end to shield him. A few escaped—oddly enough, so I was told, some of the weakest and most thinly clad. Who can explain this? Some of the survivors told terrific tales of suffering and of delirium of men, gone stark crazy, mistaking open water for houses and rushing to death in the sunset world.

Mrs. Trevelyan Testimonial. Toronto, Ontario. "My son was running along the street with a stick between his teeth when he tripped and fell; the stick was thrust into his mouth and out at the back of his jaw. It left a dreadful gash, but fortunately I had a tin of Mecca in the house, and after cleaning the wound I filled it with Mecca, and continually poulticed it until healed, and there was not a trace of a scar." Mrs. C. N. Trevelyan.

It was a hard day for the Dominion when those stark bodies were brought in on the hatches of the Bellaventure, under tarpaulins, unloaded at the wharf and carried up to Doctor Greenfell's King George V Institute. There they were thawed out in bathtubs and in the swimming pool, then laid out for burial. The double tragedy of the Newfoundland and the Southern Cross profoundly shook the country. But next spring the feet put out again to the ice, fully manned. Nothing, short of complete annihilation, will ever quench the indomitable spirit of these heroic men.

From terrors such as these I prefer to turn, in thinking of my long stay among the sealers, to picture of ice and sea and sky, of sun and stars, bergs, fies and wild horizons that not even the brush of a master could adequately paint. What lingers with me is the recollection of a kind of ecstatic torment which in those far places possessed my soul. The shouting and the slaughter vanish, the redness and the terror of it; and in their place sometimes I see again the solemn aspiration of the fies, the life and heaven of the Atlantic's immeasurable frozen breast, the sparkle of blue lakes purer than any turquoise. I see the milk and abstinence of the downthrust pans; the emerald surge of swirling waters; the fading rose pink on ice pinnacles, millions and millions of them, flung all across a sunless world.

THE COLORFUL NORTH.

I see the great Atlantic herds, here playing in frigid waters with a supremely graceful abandon, there lying at rest along Saharas of carved ivory. I see the motionless silhouette of a swatcher, a solitary rifleman, waiting beside an artful pool of lapis lazuli, ringed round by ice crags, dazzling white, with heart-arresting blues and greens splashed into their shadows. I see pictures which would make any painter famous, yet which can never be painted, because men of the brush and palette would not live, as I lived, on board a sealer to behold these marvels. I see a falling star that shoots down through the northern fies, miraculously, trailing fires of heat through fires of mystic cold—fires that melt, fade, blaze up and wave in curtains and coal-shaking spears, swift from the pole. I see black waters imaging the quaver of the crescent, of Aldebaran and Cassiopeia's Chair, while infinitely all about and to world's end the ice loom stretches to ghost horizons. Or it may be I see pearls and fading grays behind which a furnace of molten gold peeps out; and from that furnace shoots up a crimson band to form another sun whose creators of quite ineffable glory fling themselves along the distances of vague mirage.

To me my sojourn in the ice gave more than a knowledge of the fearless, hardy and loyal Newfoundlanders or of the multitudinous quarry they pursue. It gave me, more than this, overwhelming impressions of a world not like our world, a life totally unlike ours.

I don't say I felt any inevitable regret at being the first man to leap ashore as the Eagle—which brought me back to St. John's—made fast. Greasy, black, bewhiskered and with more than one young visitor upon me, comprehensively untidy in person and temporarily reverted to the primitive, mentally, I felt with an exceeding great joy the solid earth once more under my skin-booted feet.

The chase? Yes, it was hard, cold, rough, perilous; but it was sublime! I wouldn't do it again for a million, and I wouldn't have missed it for ten; that's the way I feel. For to have played even my small part in absolutely the greatest and most gorgeously spectacular hunt in the world is an achievement which I prize above all telling.

S.S. Canadian Sapper is due to leave Montreal on Tuesday next for this port via Charlottetown. On discharging here the ship will proceed to Botwood where a quantity of heavy machinery for the A.N.D. Company will be discharged.

WAR DECLARED!

War has been officially Declared upon High Prices.

This war began on Saturday, the 30th, at 8.30 a.m., and will continue until Saturday, the 7th October, at 10.30 p.m., with-out cessation of hostilities.

HIGH PRICES WILL GET IT IN THE NECK SURE!

So, MR. SMOKER, wade in and help yourself and, incidentally, your pocket by buying your cigarettes and cigars at Faour's. The quality is of the best—the prices low. Read for yourself and become convinced.

The following Smokes are being Sold at less than Cost.

CIGARETTES

Serene, 20's 40c.
Afternoon—Turkish, 20's 45c.
Duke of York—Turkish, 15's 38c.
Spinet, 20's 50c.
Spinet, 50's \$1.25
Golden Spangled, 20's 50c.
Golden Spangled, 50's \$1.25
Egyptian Prettiest, 20's 50c.
Egyptian Prettiest, 10's 25c.
Omer, pure Turkish, 10's 25c.
Omer, pure Turkish, 20's 50c.
Omer, pure Turkish, 50's \$1.20
Gold Flake, two pkgs. 45c.
Red Lion, 10's 18c.
United States, 10's 18c.
Rob Roy, 10's 18c.
Hill's Imperial, 10's 28c.
Philip Morris', 20's 50c.
Aristocratic, pure Turkish, large size, 20's 65c.
Aristocratic, pure Turkish, large size, 100's \$3.00
Colombos, pure Turkish, large size, 20's 65c.
Colombos, pure Turkish, large size, 100's \$3.00

CIGARS

Glorifier, pkg. of 5 30c.
Federal, pkg. of 10 40c.
Amsterdam, pkg. of 10 40c.
Cuban Junior, pkg. of 10 45c.
El Grado, pkg. of 10 55c.
La Mesa, large, 3 for 20c.

PIPE TOBACCO

Serene, per pkg. 22c.
Players Cut Plug, 1/4-lb. tin 40c.
Rosy Morn Cut Plug, per tin 28c.
Dill's Best, 1 1/2 oz. tins 22c.
Dill's Best, 3 oz. tins 44c.
Sweet Crop 28c.

CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Venezelos, per pkg. 15c.
Muscat, per tin 80c.

In addition to the above we have a full line of Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarette Holders, Cigarette Makers and Tubes, all selling at cost.

Faour's Tobacco Store, WEST END

sept 25, 1922

FLOUR!

1000 Barrels "NEPTUNE" highest grade American.
1000 Barrels "HUNGARIAN" made by Ogilvies.
1000 Barrels "WINDSOR" in 140 lb. bags.
also 98's, 49's and 14's.

A local flour shortage is imminent during the next fortnight. Bookings should therefore be promptly made.

Harvey & Co., Ltd.

Advertise in the Telegram.