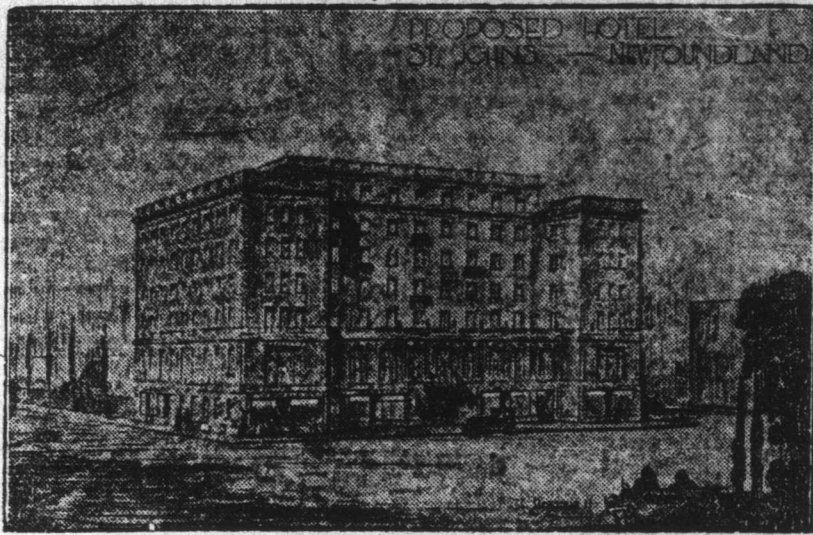


## THE NEW HOTEL

A HOME FOR TRAVELLERS—THE MEETING PLACE FOR NEWFOUNDLANDERS.

TO BE OPENED JUNE 1ST, 1926—150 ROOMS—24 SUITES.



Entirely Fireproof and most modern in every way. Assembly Hall for dancing, meetings and theatricals; dining room for banquets and entertainments; comfortable and spacious lobbies and lounges.

WATCH IT GROW—DAY BY DAY—THE HUB OF ST. JOHN'S

### Dream Life Under the Green Waters

Overhead the glass-bottomed diving-bow swayed and swung in the waves, and as William Beebe descended into the submarine world under the boat, the Sargasso seaweed wrapt great strands around him as if to draw him into a dream life under the green waters. As he lay at full length upon a mat of the sargassum a "gang" of giant groupers came swimming along with their ugly jaws ever chewing in anticipation of a victim. And once a sea-lion, black and monstrous, came stealing through the sea jungle and almost nudged Mr. Beebe in the back. In the Atlantic Monthly Mr. Beebe relates what a surprise this gave him:

"As I stood watching a mist of grating Xenurus, I felt a sudden water-pressure against my back and legs, and turned in time to see a monstrous black shape bank and veer away, having rushed in a lightning sweep within a foot of me. His eyes were no longer the dull, soft, deerlike, half-seeking organs with which he gazed at me on land, but bright and clear and keen; the long whiskers stood out white and bristling, the mouth partly opened as he turned, and the dog teeth gleamed wickedly. As my eye caught the form I leaped involuntarily toward the ladder, forgetting that I was in a land where mighty acrobatics could be achieved with a push. I landed on a boulder at a height of about four rungs up, and some eight feet beyond the ladder—a standing high jump which broke the world's record in the upper air by feet. The strangest thing was that whenever I did such a thing as this I accomplished it slowly. I took off with deliberation in spite of my strongest effort. I went through the water with conscious elapse of time, and I landed as in a slow-motion picture.

The instant I leaped I realized my mistake and watched the wonderful form as it swung up from me. It turned just below the surface and again shot down. I think a considerable percentage of these maneuvers were pure side, executed for the benefit of a smaller, probably a lady, sea-lion, who hung between earth and air, a short distance away and watched. The big male—he was certainly over seven feet long—began his second rush at an acute angle, heading for the bottom some distance away. Turning like a meteor the moment his head touched the waving seaweed, he again cleared me by inches. I could not help flinching, not so much from a fear of being bitten, as from a disbelief that such a great body could possibly stop its impetus and avoid smashing into me. As he passed, I stretched out a hand and felt the smooth, hard body brush against my fingers. This was apparently a surprise to the animal, who flinched and inserted an extra curve into his simple parabola, and in the effort gasped out a mouthful of bubbles. This time he shot to the surface and half out, followed by his admirer. While the string of bubbles ascended slowly—coalescing, as it went, into larger and fewer spheres, like the puff of smoke from an airplane engine, or the blossoming of white shrapnel against a blue sky. In each bubble I could see a distorted reflection of myself, my helmet, and all my surroundings.

A glance around showed that every fish had vanished, and not until two or three minutes had passed did they begin slowly to come into view, for, he says: "The sea-lions are the masters of these waters, and I was surprised to see even a great turtle slide hastily out of the way when one came too near. Sharks always disappeared with the fish."

I could have watched the movement of the sea-weed for hours, it was so unlike the movement of wheat or grass. The mass seemed alive—a field of Medusa growth—each stem writhing and curling and twisting of its own volition, in its own particular way, and yet the whole ebbing and flowing as one from obedience to the rhythmic breeze. It was the old story over again of the single corpuscles tumbling and rolling individually, while yet helpless in the general current of the blood; and of the colonial organism, each individual unit doing his own work and bound irrevocably to the will of the whole; and—who knows?—it is perhaps no whit different from the apparent free-will personalities of our separate selves, compared with the destiny of the human race.

I sat me down on a couch of golden, blowing weed, with beautiful green-armed starfishes sprawled here and there, and leaning back, watched the bubbles of my life's breath tumble out from beneath my arms and shoulders. From invisibility, from the colorless, formless stream of gas flowing down the length of black hose, they became definite spheres, painted and splashed with all the colors in sight. Once, when I was making my first flight in a plane, I had for a short space of time the soul-devastating sensation of being suspended motionless in the ether while the earth dropped away from me. That has never been repeated; but here on the bottom of the sea, looking upward, I can as often as I wish conjure up the belief that I am actually looking at a constellation, a galaxy of worlds and stars, rolling majestically through the invisible ether. The background is as mysteriously colorless and formless as space itself must be, and as I peer out through my little rectangular windows I seem to be actually living an experience which only the genius of a Verne or a Wells can imagine into words. It suddenly flashes over me that in gazing over my moon, and stellar longings for the depths of the sea I have in a manner achieved both.

Mr. Beebe's assistant felt that he was far away from life as we know it, and often came to the window of the glass boat to look down at him to be sure he was safe. Then—The face vanished, the window slammed shut as the water glass was withdrawn—and I am again visually lost to the upper world.

Two small black forms approach from the offshore side of my aquatic sky, looking from below like the keels of funny, diminutive tugboats, but

driven by a pair of most efficient propellers. These were rather turbines of sorts, furling and unfurling in a curling, spiral manner, which offered the most and the least resistance respectively to the water. Long rudder tails, two slender, sharp beaks, and sinuous snaky necks came into view, and a swirl sent both birds in a world-meaning complete submersion for them. There followed a chase which no man's eyes have ever seen before—a pair of flightless cormorants pursuing a scarlet sea-bass, viewed from below. The fish saw them coming and fled at full speed, not in a straight line, but in a series of zigzags, perhaps like a chased hen, seeing the pursuers first out of one eye, on one side, then out of the other, apparently on that side. The cormorants separated, one diving deeply while the other followed its prey directly. Soon the confused fish dived at right angles, and before it had time to turn again was in the beak of the second bird. The moment he was captured, both birds relaxed every muscle, and with dangling wings and feet let themselves be drawn up to the surface. There, even from my depth, I watched a second chase begin, and surmised the details of what I had seen enacted twice the day before from the boat—a cormorant coming up with a fish and instantly chased by another, both travelling at such high speed that, with wings spluttering and feet going, their entire bodies were almost out

**STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

Cooling...  
An idea...  
from the...  
to the age of 10 or 12 years.

WHITENESS FOR BOOZIES  
"HINTS TO MOTHERS"  
HEALTH AND FORT REE

JOHN STEEDMAN & CO.  
LONDON, E.C.

of the water. At the first opportunity there was a quick upward toss, reversing the fish, and a gulp, and down it went head first. On this occasion I saw only the frantic disturbance of the surface, rapid dodging, and then cessation of motion, after which the leading bird immersed and shook its beak in the water several times, and I knew that if I chose I could write in my journal that Nannopterum harrisi includes Paranthias fureifer as an article of diet.

During the last dive Mr. Beebe had noticed five or six new species of fish and, hoping to hook some of the smaller ones, he decided to get some bait. He relates: "With two big scarlet crabs, I found to my disappointment that we had between us only one hook, and that a large one. However, I anchored again near the spot where I had last dived and threw over the hook. I immediately caught one of the round-headed pigfish. As I was pulling a second one in, a six-foot shark swung toward him, and this gave me a hint upon which I acted at once. I pulled in the fish quickly and studied the situation through the water glass. Two sharks were swimming slowly about the very rock where I had been sitting a few minutes before, probably the same individuals who had then been so curious about me. A small group of the pigfish swam around, over, and below the sharks, as they had also done when I was submerged, sometimes passing within a foot of the sharks' mouths without the slightest show of emotion, of fear or otherwise. An angel fish and two yellow tailed cows passed; a golden grouper and two deep-green giants of the same species milled around beneath the boat, now and then cocking their eyes up at us.

I baited the hook with a toothsome bit of crab and lowered it. All the pigfish rushed it at once, and as it descended the sharks and groupers followed it with mild interest, almost brushing against it, but wary of the line. Failing to elicit any more practical attention from the golden grouper, I allowed one of the pigfish to take the bait and hook. Then, watching very carefully, I checked his downward rush, and swung him upward. He struggled fiercely, and like an electric shock every shark and grouper turned toward him. Without being able to itemize any definite series of altered swimming actions, I knew that something radical had happened. The remainder of the school of pigfish, while they stayed in the neighborhood, yet gathered together in a group and milled slowly in a small circle. There was no question that, from being a quiet, slowly swimming, casually interested lot of fish, the three groups—pigfish, groupers and sharks—had become surcharged with interest focused on the fish in trouble. I drew the hooked fish close to the boat, and could plainly see that the hook had passed nearly around the horny maxillary. There was not a drop of blood in the water, and the disability of the fish consisted only in its attachment to the line. Yet the very instant the struggle to free itself began, the groupers and sharks, from being at least in appearance friendly, or certainly wholly disinterested regarding the pigfish, became decidedly inimical, focused upon it with the most hostile feeling of an enemy and its prey.

For half an hour I played upon this reaction and learned more than I had ever seen or read of the attacking and feeding habits of groupers and sharks. When the struggling began, the sharks all turned toward the hooked fish. Not only the one nearest, who must easily have seen it for himself, but two far off turned at the same instant, and within a few seconds two more from quite invisible distances and different directions. What I saw seemed to prove conclusively that sharks, like vultures, watch one another and know at once when prey has been sighted by one of their fellows. The numerous sharks thus call one another all unintentionally; as happened, when one of our party caught a shark at Coos, and in an incredibly short time there were seventeen close by. On the other hand, it must be admitted

that sharks differ from vultures as widely as the poles in the matter of scent. Vultures probably all but lack this sense, while we know that fish have it well developed. But, even in the case of blood in the water, it seems to me that diffusion can not be nearly rapid enough to account for the instantaneous reaction on sharks near and far. The phenomenon is as remarkable in general aspects as the apparent materialization from the air of a host of vultures where a few minutes before none were visible.

Even more than this problem did these methods of feeding sharks and groupers hold my attention. After making sure of the first phase of interest, I allowed a six-foot shark to approach the hooked pigfish. It came rather slowly, then, with increased speed, and finally made an ineffectual snap at the fish. The third time it seized it by the tail and, with a strong sideways twist of the whole body, tore the piece off. The second fish attacked was pulled off the hook, and two sharks then made a simultaneous rush at it. So awkward were they that one caught his jaw in the other's teeth and for a moment both swished about in a vortex of foam at the side of the boat.

I noted carefully about thirty distinct efforts or attacks on the hooked fish, and only three times was I able by manoeuvring the fish to get the shark to turn even sideways—never once on its back, as the books so glibly relate. I sacrificed seven pigfish, and then tried to get the golden grouper, but it was too wary. A giant five-foot green grouper, larger than any we had taken thus far, was becoming more and more excited, however, and when I had tolled him close to the surface I let my fish lure drift loosely. One swift snap and the entire fish disappeared; then a single slight nod of the head and the line parted cleanly. The general effect was of much greater force and power exerted in a short space of time than in the case of the sharks. When it comes to lasting power, however, the groupers fight for only a short time after being landed, while the sharks smash and thrash until they are actually cut to pieces.



### Record School Attendance

DUNCAN, B.C., Dec. 15.—Jack Strouger, now a pupil at the Duncan High School, is being proclaimed the champion of Vancouver Island and possibly of the entire province of British Columbia when it comes to attending school regularly.

At a recent meeting of the school board Jack was presented by the chairman with an engraved gold locket and chain in recognition of his remarkable record of ten years' school attendance—from 1915 to 1925—without being absent or late one day.

### SUZANNE POWERS.

was seen this past season in "Parish," "The Potters," and "The Bluebird."

She writes: "Women who have adopted the new severely plain mode in hair-dressing find in Stacomb a delightful and effective aid. Very few women can achieve this desirable effect without it."

### RESULT

## KIRKMAN'S BORAX SOAP

### COMPETITION

1ST PRIZE	NEARY F. HOLDEN	363
2ND PRIZE	RAYMOND ADAMS	1010
3RD PRIZE	EDWENA BARTLETT	1007
4TH PRIZE	HUGH KENNEDY	856
5TH PRIZE	JEAN ROONEY	799
6TH PRIZE	ERNEST RYAN	597
7TH PRIZE	FRANCES MADDEN	548
8TH PRIZE	FRED COLE	529
9TH PRIZE	MURIEL RUMSEY	518
10TH PRIZE	MRS. J. LEGROW	502

Prizes will be delivered or mailed Monday, Dec. 21.

**IMPORTANT—**We will announce another Competition after the New Year, so you can begin saving Wrappers right away.

## NASH Wins Remarkable Brake Test in Toledo

### The Conquest of Quality!

As evidence that discriminating buyers appreciate quality, we know it will interest the buying public of Newfoundland to learn that during the month of August in the Metropolitan District of New York, which is considered the most highly competitive market in the world, Nash forged ahead to third position in registrations, Ford excepted, the total figures showing that Nash took the lead of Buick, Studebaker, Dodge, Hudson and Overland, in the order named.

## Churchill Engineering Works

E. S. C. CHURCHILL, Proprietor, Distributor.

P. O. Box: 5160E

Phone: 994.  
dec 21, 23, 26

### MUTT AND JEFF

### JEFF TAKES CARE OF MUTT'S PORTION OF WHITE MEAT.

