

## THE NIGHT OFFICER'S WATCH

### ON THE BRIDGE OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.

Realistic Account of Life at Sea While 1,000 Passengers Sleep Below.

(The 8 to 12 Watch, and ice was in sight at nightfall.)

Two bells have just gone. It is 9 o'clock. You walk to wind'ard and sniff anxiously. Yes, there it is, unmistakably, the never-to-be-forgotten smell of ice. A small, as indescribable as it is unmistakable, writes W. H. Hodgson in the Westminster Gazette.

You stare, fiercely anxious (almost incredibly anxious, to wind'ard, and sniff again and again. And you never cease to peer, until the very eyeballs ache, and you curse almost insanely because some door has been opened and let out a shaft of futile and dangerous light across the gloom through which the great ship is striding across the miles.

For the least show of light about the deck 'blinds' the officer of the watch temporarily, and makes the darkness of the night a double curtain of gloom, threatening hatefully. You curse, and 'phone angrily for a steward to go along and have the door shut or the window covered, as the case may be; then once again to the dreadful strain of watching.

Just try to take it all in. You are, perhaps, only a young man of 26 or 28, and you are in sole charge of that great bulk of life and wealth, thundering on across the miles. One hour of your watch has gone, and there are three to come, and already you are feeling the strain. And reason enough, too, for though the bridge-telegraph pointer stands at half-speed, you know perfectly well that the engine-room has its private orders, and speed is not cut down at all.

#### CHILL-OF-DEATH.

And all around, to wind'ard and to looard, you can see the gloom pierced dimly in this place and that, everlastingly, by the bursts of phosphorescence from breaking sea-crests. Thousands and tens of thousands of times you see this ahead, and upon either beam. And you sniff, and try to distinguish between the coldness of the half-gale and the peculiar, and what I might term the "personal" brutal, ugly, Chill-of-Death that comes stealing down to you through the night, as you pass some ice-hill in the darkness.

And then those countless bursts of dull phosphorescence, that break out eternally from the chaos of the unseen waters about you, become suddenly things of threatening, that frighten you, for any one of them may mean broken water about the unseen shore of some hidden island of ice in the night.

Some half-submerged inert Inesensate Monster-of-Ice, lurking under the wash of the seas, trying to steal unperceived athwart your bow.

You raise your hand instinctively in the darkness, and the cry "Hard a Starboard!" literally trembles on your lips; and then you are saved from making an over-anxious spectacle of yourself; for you see now that the particular burst of phosphorescence that had seemed so pregnant of ice is nothing more than any one of the ten thousand other bursts of sea-light that come and go among the great mountings of the sea-foam in the surrounding night.

#### INFERNAL ICE SMELL.

And yet there is that infernal ice smell again, and the chill that I have called the Chill-of-Death is stealing in again upon you from some unknown quarter of the night. You send word forward to the look-out, and to the man in the "nest," and redouble your own care of the thousand humans who sleep so trustfully in their bunks beneath your feet.

Trusting you—a young man—with their lives, with everything. There, and the great ship that strides so splendid and blind through the night and the dangers of the night, are all, as it were, in the hollow of your hand.

A moment of inattention and a thousand deaths upon the head of your father's son! Do you wonder that you watch, with your very heart seeming dry with anxiety on such a night as this!

Four bells! Five bells! Six bells! And now there is only an hour to go; yet, already, you have nearly given the signal to the quartermaster to port or starboard, as the case may be; but each time the conjured terror of the night, the drear, suggestive foam-lights, the infernal ice-smell, and the Chill-of-Death have proved to be no true Prophets of Disaster in your track.

Seven bells! My God! Even as the sweet silver sounds, wander fore and aft into the night, and are gulped by the gale, you see something close upon the starboard bow.

A bill of phosphorescent lights over some low-lying, sea-buried thing in the darkness. Your night-glasses are glaring at it; and then, even before the various look-outs can make their report, you know. "My God!" your spirit is crying inside of you. "My God!"

But your human voice is roaring words that hold life and death for a thousand sleeping souls: "Hard a starboard!" "Hard a starboard!"

WHIRLS WHEEL WRONG WAY.

The man in the wheel-house leaps at your cry . . . at the fierce intensity of it; and then, with a momentary loss of nerve, whirles the wheel the wrong way. You make one jump, and are in the wheel-house. The glass is tinkling all about you, and you do not know in that instant that you are carrying the frame of the shattered wheel-house door upon your shoulders. Your fist takes the frightened helmsman under the jaw, and your free hand grips the spokes, and dashes the wheel round towards you, the engine roaring away in its appointed place. Your junior has already flown to his post at the telegraph, and the engine-room is answering the order you have flung at him as you leaped for the wheel-house. But you . . . why you are staring, half mad, through the night, watching the monster bows swing to port, against the mighty background of the night . . . The seconds are the beats of eternity in that brief, tremendous time . . . And then, aloud to the wind and the night you mutter, "Thank God!" for she has swung clear. And below you the thousand sleepers sleep on.

A fresh quartermaster has "come aft" (to use the old term), to relieve the other, and you stagger out of the wheel-house, becoming conscious of the inconvenience of the broken woodwork around you. Someone, several people, are assisting you to divest yourself of the framework of the door; and your junior has a queer little air of respect for you that somehow the darkness is not capable of hiding.

THOUSAND SLEEPING MEN.

You go back to your post then; but perhaps you feel a little sick, despite a certain happy elation that stimulates you.

Eight bells! And your brother officer comes up to relieve you. The usual formula is gone through, and you go down the bridge steps to the thousand sleeping ones.

Next day a thousand passengers play their games and read their books and talk their talks and make their usual sweepstakes, and never even notice that one of the officers is a little weary-looking.

The carpenter has replaced the door; and a certain quartermaster will stand no more at the wheel. For the rest, all goes on as usual, and no one ever knows.

I mean no one outside of official circles, unless an odd rumor leaks out through the stewards.

And a certain man has no deaths to the name of his father's son.

And the thousand never knew. Think of it, you people who go down to the sea in floating palaces of steel and electric light. And let your benedictions fall silently upon the quiet, grave, neatly-uniformed man in blue upon the bridge. You have trusted him unthinkingly with your lives; and not once in ten thousand times has he ever failed you. Do you understand better now?

Earrings were worn so far back as 1728 B.C.

For 1911-1912 the total number of officers and men, active and on the reserve list, in the British Navy is 192,403.

Pioneer settlers in Saskatchewan want land grants, following out a precedent established in Manitoba. Saul Ste. Marie will run four special trains to Toronto in June, to boom New Ontario. A parade and mass meeting in the city are planned.

## When the Appetite Lags

A bowl of Post Toasties with cream hits the right spot.

"Toasties" are thin bits of corn; fully cooked, then toasted to a crisp, golden-brown.

This food makes a fine change for spring appetites.

Sold by Grocers and ready to serve from package instantly with cream and sugar.

"The Memory Lingers"

Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Pure Food Factories Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

## MAKING SAFE INVESTMENTS

UNWISDOM OF BUYING CERTAIN SHARES ON PRESENT MARKET.

Several Instances of Where the Investor Should Leave the Field Severely Alone and Let the Speculators Take the Chances and any Ultimate Profit.

The articles contributed by "Investor" are for the sole purpose of giving prospective investors, and if possible, of saving them from losing money through placing it in wild-cat enterprises. The information may be relied upon. The writer of these articles and the publishers of this paper have no interests to serve in connection with this matter other than those of the reader.

(By "Investor.")

At the present time the Toronto and Montreal stock exchanges are showing the greatest activity for some months past. Several important securities like Rio de Janeiro Tramways, Sao Paulo, Winnipeg Electric Railway, and others, are being bought and sold in large quantities. C. P. R. have been strong and active. Of late, however, there has been a decided prominence given to the common shares of a number of industrial companies, which may be justified from a speculative point of view, but which one should purchase under the impression that he was investing in the true sense of the word. For those who are able to take chances, and can dispense with income from some several years, perhaps there is something to be said for well-chosen purchases of industrial common stocks. Anyone, however, who is sufficiently well versed in the financial situation to make such purchases with proper discrimination requires little further in the way of general financial education.

For the average person—particularly those away from the chief centres, where information of a sort more or less informed may be had for the asking—it is the reverse of wise to "dabble" in the stock market. That, of course, is all they would be doing were they to purchase these securities at the present time.

The most recent of the common shares to move were those of the "Steel Company of Canada." Most of this stock was given away by the promoters, and for some years to come, it is chiefly "water," that is stock created for various purposes for which no money is paid, and therefore, represents no investment of cash in the plant. When in years to come the increase in the value of the plant and other assets has justified giving a value of par for this stock, "water" is said to have been "squeezed out."

Other shares like Sawyer-Massey common shares are about 15 per cent. It should be some years before any dividend is attempted on the common shares, and so they are not worth what they are selling for to-day, though the speculative chance that a dividend may be paid sooner than generally expected gives them a value in the market quite distinct from that which one would give them from an investment point of view. Spanish River Pulp and Paper Company common shares have also been moving excitedly for some time now, but as these interests closest to the inside are at a loss to justify the present prices for as yet earnings do not justify them, though they may before long there is not much to be said on the subject.

Other shares like Sawyer-Massey common shares are moving upwards too. The Sawyer-Massey common stock, in doubtless nearer dividends than many other common stocks recently issued, but the water hasn't been squeezed out in a sufficient degree to justify the purchase of the stock as an investment, albeit an unimpressive one, for there is no dividend in sight for some years on this stock either.

The policy of not paying dividends until a good substantial reserve is built up is a sound one, and any shareholder who urges his company to act otherwise is so eager for the fruits of the present that he jeopardizes the possibilities of large crops in the future.

And so, anyone who buys non-dividend industrial common stocks at the present time, unless he has reason to think the period of reserve building is at an end, is not investing wisely. In any case his investment favors rather too much of speculation for it in any sense sound.

## LEON LEONI

New Chief of the International Detective Bureau of Paris.

TREES ARE LUMINOUS.

Newspapers Can Be Read By Their Light.

These remarkable trees or shrubs are to be found in the vicinity of Tuscarora. There is nothing very remarkable about the tree to look at. It rarely attains a height of over six feet, while the circumference of the trunk in its thickest part is only about two feet. The most remarkable part of the tree, however, is the foliage, which is extremely rank. At certain seasons of the year this foliage is so luminous that it can be seen at a distance of nearly two miles while a person who sits in the immediate vicinity can read a newspaper with ease.

The luminous property consists of a gummy substance, which adheres to the leaves and emits a phosphorescent light. Apparently the leaves of the tree either have the property of producing this phosphoric matter or of attracting it in some way.

## TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING GOSSIP FROM THE QUEEN CITY.

A Clergyman's Mistake—The Race Meeting—Similar Borden's Visit—Seattle—Hobbit's Return.

(We have arranged for a weekly letter about Toronto affairs, which we believe will be of great interest to many of our readers. These letters will be from the pen of one of Canada's foremost journalists, a man who has covered some of the world's greatest happenings and now occupies a leading position on one of the Toronto dailies.)

Rev. J. D. Morrow's campaign for \$40,000 to complete his big down-town church has not been helped by his action in marrying a young girl to a Chinaman at a "hour" at night, and the subsequent Police Court proceedings. Mr. Morrow is the "marrying" minister of the city, and he of all the clergymen, has the greatest number of marriage ceremonies to his credit in a year. He boasts that he turns all the fees over to his church fund, but the fees as a rule from his patrons are not large, though the Chinaman gave him \$10. Mr. Morrow has been using plenty of other methods of raising funds. Sporting organizations, in recognition of his interest in athletics and his former prowess as a sprinter, have raised a goodly sum, and the rowing club has also given him some of the wealthier congregations have given generously, and when Mr. Morrow has the chance to go to another minister's pulpit he tells a touching story of his work among the down-town cuts and his struggle with the financial question. But large subscriptions are infrequent. Apparently to many people Mr. Morrow is a second-rate.

WOODBINE GAXEY.

Possibly the gayest social function in the Toronto calendar is the opening of the Woodbine racing season at the Woodbine. It is a scene not to be duplicated anywhere on the American continent. United States race tracks are not modern in function. They draw a sporting crowd pure and simple. And none of them has the beautiful setting that the Woodbine provides—the lake across the meadow, the unimpaired green sward, the stately oaks and the lower beds of given May sunshine, and May breezes the whole setting is lovely.

The crowd is the most cosmopolitan that gathers in Toronto. It is a society in a vertical section. The highest in the social scale is the lowest. About the stables one may see some rare specimens of humanity. So also in the public stands, and in the grandstands, some are, no doubt, attracted thither by the love of man's manly virtue, and some are the fever of gambling in their veins.

PREMIER IS DEMOCRATIC.

The first visit of the Right Honourable E. Borden to Toronto, his second visit to the Premier's house on the occasion of a warm welcome, as was natural in a city which is so strongly devoted to his name and party as is Toronto. While Mr. Borden's character seems on the surface to lack something of warmth, newspaper men know him to be one of the warmest public men in Canada. In view of his profession, Mr. Borden's refusal to accept, and still refuses, to be quoted in an interview about anything, is a curious thing. On the other hand, rarely declines to be interviewed, though, naturally, he does not make any statement by this method. To say that he is easy to interview does not mean that he is a social publicist or has not a keen sense of dignity. Quite the contrary.

LIVE WIRE IN LACROSSE.

The lacrosse situation has been conducted by a live wire this season, and live wire being no less a personage than our old friend R. J. Fleming, General Manager of the Toronto Street Railway, whose chief hobbies heretofore have been Jersey cows and high school activities. Until last year "Bob" Fleming did not know a lacrosse stick from a baseball bat. Then he had the Toronto Lacrosse Club given to him. It was literally forced on him. The owners had been losing money. They saw no way of getting even. They had been playing on the Toronto Railway Company's grounds at Scarborough Beach, and so they went to the railway's manager and calmly informed him that it was up to him to take the team off their hands.

He went to see his boys play. They lost. He decided to get some new players. But he was informed that under the rules of the N. L. A. he could not engage new players at the start of a season. The incident shows what a novice he was.

But this year he was not to be fooled again, with the result that lacrosse players have been making contracts at undreamed of prices. There never has been such a thing. Of course, the game in this league has been thoroughly professionalized, and no one plays for glory. And hitherto they have played for moderate cash considerations. But between R. J. Fleming and Con Jones, an ex-Australian, who runs a big billiard parlor in Vancouver, and who is the lacrosse magnate of British Columbia, salaries have been boosted to dizzy heights. In the Newry Lacrosse affair it is understood that Jones paid \$5,000 for a one-season contract after Fleming thought he had him at \$4,500, of which \$2,000 had been paid over.

When friends went out that at such salaries he can't hope to make money, even if he filled the largest grandstand in the city at every game, Mr. Fleming declares that all he cares about is to get a team that will win games.

With his league lacrosse so thoroughly commercialized it is a pity that the situation in the amateur leagues of the national game is not better. But there is a hope that the rivalry between the Canadian and Ontario associations will be straightened out before another season.

DR. NESBITT HOME AGAIN.

Dr. Bentie Nesbitt is again in our midst. The method of his home-coming was quite in keeping with his character. How to get from the Chicago train to the city without running into a reporter or a photographer was a problem that gave a new turn to the game of life, but at a game which offered some measure of enjoyment it appealed to the jovial doctor, and as such he entered into it with his accustomed zest.

Those who saw the doctor in court declare he has aged greatly in the sixteen months since he left Toronto. He has lost weight, added wrinkles and lost some of his accustomed lightness of manner.

Sympathy is expressed for his wife and child, a little girl. Mrs. Nesbitt was one of the two daughters of the late Mr. Hubbard, who had built up a big business in dental supplies and left at his death an estate of some \$200,000. Dr. Nesbitt managed the business for a period, but unsuccessfully.

PAT AGAIN.

An English clergyman turned to a Scotchman and asked him, "What would you be were you not a Scot?" The Scotchman said, "Why an Englishman, of course!" Then the clergyman turned to a gentleman from Ireland and asked him, "And what would you be were you not an Irishman?" The man thought a moment and said, "I'd be ashamed of myself!"

By always taking out and never putting in the bottom is soon reached.

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## WHO OWNS SOUTH POLE LAND

Question Raised by Success of the Amundsen Expedition.

The question of whether Norway owns the territory surrounding the South Pole, which has just been discovered by Captain Amundsen, already is being discussed by authorities on international law.

Ever since 1778, when Capt. Cook's expedition planted a flag in the Antarctic, explorers of various nations have carried their flags to various parts approaching the South Pole. It is generally believed the land in the Antarctic will be regarded in the same way as the Spitzbergen archipelago, which is inhabited by men of various nations, and now is regarded as a joint possession of all mankind.

John Bassett Moore, professor of international law at Columbia University, points out that leading authorities have taken the position that discovery alone does not suffice to give good title to a new unoccupied land and that the customs of the nations for centuries has crystallized into a part of the law of nations that in order to perfect the right given by discovery it must be followed by general occupation. Prof. Moore says that the task of occupying the territory surrounding the South Pole undoubtedly will prove more difficult than its discovery and that it was extremely unlikely that the question of ownership would ever be brought up to the joint commission of arbitration for settlement.

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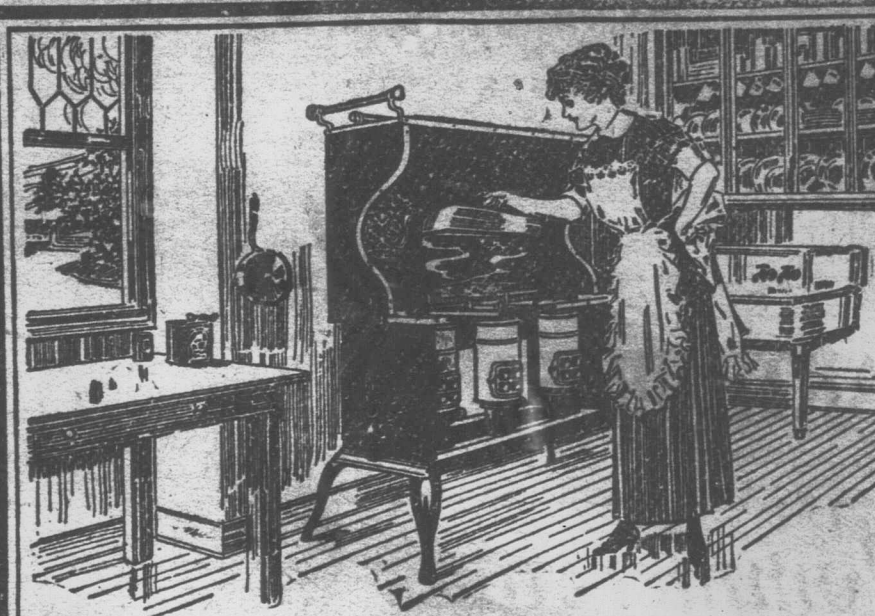
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