

Capt. John Boland

Famous Fish-Killer Visits His Native Land After Absence of Quarter of Century.

In the eighties of the past century, few names were better known than Capt. John Boland, the famous fishing master out of the firm of James and John Fox of this city, of which Mr. John Fox of H.M. Customs, was then a partner.

Capt. Boland has had a varied and interesting experience in the mercantile marine and fishing industry of our country. At a very early age he made his first foreign voyage with the late Capt. Wm. Hennessey, in the brig Belle of Harbor Grace. He then went in the brig, Kate, and subsequently in the splendid brig Margaret Ridley, Capt. Michael Collins; Duder's Fling, Capt. Lawson; Goodridge's Heron, Capt. Stafford; the barquentine Mariner, Capt. Archibald; Donnelly's brig, W. Donnelly, Capt. Joshua Pike; L. O'Brien's brig, Guide, Capt. Dan Scanlan; Walter Grieve's Mozart, Capt. Baxter, with whom he remained for two years; also Duder's barque Olinda, Capt. Sam Prowse; Duder's Mary, Capt. Brothers and Goodridge's Gracia.

In 1882 he decided to go on the Banks, and shipped in the J. K. Mundell, Capt. James Kiely, owned by James Fox & Sons of St. John's, one of the oldest and most enterprising firms in Newfoundland. During the winter he went foreign voyages with the late Capt. John Snow in Tessier's Britannia. The next Spring he went on the Banks again as a common hand, and in the Fall shipped in Goodridge's Minnie, Capt. Mulcahy. He then moved up to mate with Capt. John Dunn, Jr. in Goodridge's J. Albert Smith, on a voyage to West Indies. On return he went to the Banks again in S. March & Sons schr. Bersy, Capt. Geo. Nickerson, and she was lost on Cape Breton shore. The next year found him mate with Captain John and Thomas Brien of March & Sons Susan and Mayflower respectively. Messrs. Jas. and John Fox sent after him in November to take charge of the J. K. Mundell for the coming Bank fishery. That year he secured 2000 qts. of fish. The next year in the Souris Light he landed 4240 qts. and became high-liner. The following year in the same ship he brought in 3750 qts. That Fall he went to Boston with cargo of pickled fish from Placentia, returning with a load of flour. In the Fall he went to Boston on the S.S. Portia to purchase the schooner Grover Cleveland for Fox's firm. In the year 1888 he was only fairly successful, landing 2500 qts. That Fall he went to Placentia, leaving the Grover Cleveland there, returning to St. John's to take charge of the Jubilee to go to Fortune Bay to load herring for Boston.

The First Shipment.

His was the first cargo of frozen herring ever shipped from this country in a Newfoundland bottom. With partners, he and went on the Banks doing fairly well. His next vessel was Job Bros' Vigilant, in which he secured 1800 qts. Hon. M. Monroe sent for him to take charge of the S. M. Lake, and the fishery failing on Grand Banks he went to the Flemish Cap and secured 2000 qts. In 1890 he took the S. M. Lake to Placentia Bay for frozen herring, and during a heavy gale of wind, the vessel turned over while taking cargo. At the risk of his own life he saved his son's. The following year he went to the Banks and was fairly successful with 1600 qts. and then loaded her in Sound Island with herring for Boston. Unfortunately he was a little too late for the market. The next vessel he commanded was the J. W. Roberts, but only secured 1200 qts. He then went mate in the schr. Hope, and afterwards shipped with Capt. Job Vine in Baine Johnson's Iron barque Helen Isabel. This was his last voyage in Newfoundland.

As a Seal Killer.

Capt. Boland had considerable experience in the seal-fishery also in years gone by. In 1871 he was in the brig Dolphin, Capt. Farrell—next in the Mary Jane, Capt. Taylor of Carbonear, belonging to Assey. They cut the spars out of her on Shear's great sale of 1872, put back to St. John's repaired and went north in search of seals. They were off Battle Harbor on the 27th April, and during the gale drifted over the bank where the S.S. Retriever, brigantines Lord Clyde, Huntsman and many other vessels were lost. The escape of the Mary Jane was miraculous. The following year he went with Capt. John Keefe in Munn & Co's Rival and was fairly successful with the whitecoats. In the year 1881 Capt. Boland received a silver medal and complimentary letter from the Portuguese Government, granting him protection in any Portuguese Colony, for having assisted nine others in taking four men off a sand bank near Cape Mondego, on the coast of Portugal. He was then before the mast in Goodridge's brigantine Marian, Capt. Manning, and Capt. John Dunn, Jr. was first officer. The late Timothy Quigley was also one of the volunteers.

Enters U. S. Civil Service.

Capt. Boland left St. John's in 1837, and for a short time followed up the sea, but an opportunity offering, he grasped it, and entered the Civil Service in New York, where he has held the same responsible and remunerative position for many years—he has two sons also in the Civil Service of the Great Republic. It is very interesting to hear Capt. Boland relate the success of the Newfoundland sea-faring men, who are in command of some of the largest steamships out of New York and other American ports, and amongst them we may mention the names of the three brothers Ballou, Kelly, Morrissey, Donnelly, Connor, Tucker and a score



Sweet and pure—through summer's heat

Your appetite will not pause before a glass of *Carnation Milk*.

For you know that it is pure—and fresh.

You know that it is guarded against taint.

Sealed Carnation Milk is certainly the *safe milk for warm summer weather*.

Pour out a third of a glass of this rich, creamy milk. Then fill up the glass with cold, pure water.

There you have milk better than you can usually obtain for table use.

Without the water, *Carnation Milk* is served as cream for breakfast tea or coffee.

It is fresh because it is sealed, while perfectly fresh, in the very heart of Canada's dairy lands.

It is pure—because it is first rigidly tested, then **STERILIZED**.

It is rich—because it is "whole" milk—not a separated or skimmed milk.

Imagine milk of such quality being kept safely on your pantry shelves during summer weather.

What a joy to have milk—fresh whenever you want it, always safe, always pure.

Use Carnation Milk for
Table Use
Children's Drink
Baby's Bottle
Coffee, Tea
Cocoa
Cereals
Ice Cream
Iceland
Landy
—for Every Milk use.

What a Convenience!

Phone the Carnation Milkman—
Your Grocer.

FREE RECIPE BOOK

For Puddings, Custards, Pastry, Sauces, Gravies, Salads, Candy—100 Tested Recipes—many new—all delightful additions to your collection. Write for a copy.



Carnation Milk Products Co., Ltd.
Aylmer, Ont.
Condenseries at Springfield and Aylmer, Ont.

Milk

The label is red and white

of others who are upholding the reputation handed down to them by their sires and grandfathers, as being from time immemorial the most competent fearless and trustworthy mariners who ever sailed the Seven Seas. In all other walks of life the Newfoundlanders have forged to the front, and well may our country be proud of them. Capt. Boland (accompanied by his wife), will pay a short visit to his old home in historic Bristol's Hope to once more view the scenes of his childhood; but alas, we fear he will find few of his own generation there, for the hills are still there but his comrades have gone, many of them never to return.

Raised With Care.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)
The business man had decided to try an office girl, and was interviewing applicants for the job.

He eyed rather suspiciously a fair young thing who wore a somewhat flimsy silk blouse and a lot of gaudy "jewelry."

"I—er—hope you were carefully brought up?" he stammered nervously.

"Oh, yes, thank you," replied the damsel; "I came up in the elevator."

Boys' Brown Canvas Boots, with rubber soles, only \$1.75 at Smallwood's Big Shoe Sale. 31522.11

Has Fashion a Limit?

(Glasgow Weekly Herald.)

Most coincidentally we are slaves—subject grovelling slaves—to Fashion! When the beautiful and much admired young Princess Alexandra married the Prince of Wales, it was fashionable to take example by her in dress and in every other possible way. One day she had the misfortune to suffer a slight accident, and for a time walked with a limp. This was enough for Fashion's votaries, and women might be seen at assemblies and walking in the parks with what was called "The Alexandra Limp!" This ridiculous example shows how far we can go in slavishly copying for fashion's sake what in itself may be far from desirable or beautiful.

It is in dress perhaps more than in any other way that our lack of freedom in choice shows most conspicuously. What happens to women who choose to disregard popular wishes as to Fashion was shown a few years before the war by the attempt of a small minority, greatly daring, to wear trousers. Trousers forsooth! There were only a few inches of dark satin showing beneath a skirt—much less noticeable than those worn by Eastern women—but instantly public fury fell upon the unfortunate ladies, and one indeed was so roughly handled that she was obliged to hail a taxi and hide herself, trousers and all, behind drawn blinds from public displeasure! The full absurdity of the situation, however, was disclosed when, war breaking out, women could be seen in all public places in full male costumes, and nobody objecting.

When one thinks of the whole gamut of fashion through which women have passed since the Early Britons clothed themselves in the furs of animals (a fashion, by the way, to which we seem to be reverting!), one can but feel astonished that such changes should have been allowed! For if, when it was the fashion to dress in the changing gowns of the early 19th century, a lady had attempted to wear a corset and a woman would have dared to be seen without one. Truly, "Fashions change and we with them!"

Fortune or Crinoline?

One wonders what dreadful crime against their relations those poor girls have committed of whom one occasionally reads in the daily paper, whose aunts leave them a legacy on condition that they should for the rest of their lives wear crinoline or tippets and elastic-sided boots, or some such abnormalities. What acquisitions these aunts would have been to the torture chambers of the Middle Ages! For who can imagine a greater refinement of fortune than the making of a pretty young girl in poor circumstances decide as to whether she could give up a thousand a year or for ever wear a bustle?

All this goes to show—the difficulty of breaking through fashions, however ugly or foolish, being so strong—how important it is that fashions should in themselves be becoming and sensible.

It goes without saying that no one need go to the extreme of fashion in order to prevent oneself from being

conspicuous; and there are times when a fashion is so unreasonable, or even injurious to health, that it is absolutely necessary to set oneself against it. For instance, when it was the mode for ladies to have their hair dressed in great powdered towers on their heads and there keep it till the next elaborate hair-dressing (weeks later) there were, we may be sure, not a few women with more common sense than to fall in with it, and who wore their hair in a little more reasonable—not to say cleanly—fashion. And when what was at the time described as "the hour-glass figure" was "correct"—when the waist was squeezed into vanishing point—women who cared at all about their health, knowing that this meant that the most important organs of the body were being strangled, and remembering that the hour-glass is the symbol of death, set their faces against it and were content to have waists slightly more resembling that of the Venus of Milo! But, apart from extravagances such as these, one does not want to make oneself conspicuous by being unfashionable.

Beauty is Simplicity.

What should constitute the aim of those who set the fashions? It can be summed up in two words—Comfort and Beauty. Fortunately, the two are not opposed, though for some strange reason many people are liable to divorce the two in their minds, and consequently in practice, and think that because a working dress, say, should be made comfortable it need not be beautiful, or because a party frock should be beautiful it cannot be comfortable. Of course, this is quite the

wrong way of looking at it, for, as a rule, though not necessarily so, the most comfortable clothes are the most beautiful because they are the most simple. In simplicity there is always a certain charm.

One should ever feel uncomfortable in one's clothes. There is absolutely no need for it; and no clothes should ever be other than beautiful. Beauty does not necessarily mean luxuriousness. When one hears of some of the latest fashions in this direction—such as men's embroidered satin pyjamas—one begins to feel that the wrong people are setting the fashions!

What is wanted is a few artists and hygienists of both sexes to design the nation's clothes.

In that case what would happen? To begin with, one cannot help thinking that a hap would be laid by artists and hygienists both on many articles of woman's dress. Corsets would go, high heels, and—one is very much inclined to think—the skirt. A gown has its place, but that women should be compelled to wear several pieces of material impeding their movements during a working day, or even when going in for a tennis tournament, is when one thinks seriously, obviously absurd. One can only comfort oneself by the thought that, if the skirt cannot go all at once, it is at least going by inches!

With these new controllers of the fashions, what an improvement we should see in the general health of women, and what a galaxy of beautiful costumes!

Leonid Krassin.

According to all accounts, Leonid Krassin, the business man of Sovietism, who has been in England to make trade arrangements between Russia and Britain, and who is about to return bringing prominent Russians with him to London, is rather a remarkable man.

Few would suspect, says the organ of German commerce, that this insignificant individual—judging from mere looks—was, in the opinion of competent judges, the world's greatest living master of the science of electrification and perhaps the world's most competent organizer in the field of the mechanical engineering industries, the genius who, with nothing but the wrecks of plants and railroads and bridges left over from a revolution and with mobs of untrained workers to depend upon, had built up in the soviet world a system that goes through the motions of industrialism in a lifelike manner. Not very long before the great war, old Siemens, head of the famous electrical concern in Germany, declared that Krassin was without exception the most gifted and talented technologist he had ever taken into his service.

days at Berlin. Krassin's solutions by the apparently fantastic solutions which he offered to the most puzzling electrical and engineering problems, but which in the testing proved to be effective.

considered crazy by many professed masters in engineering. The laws of mechanics required his bridges to fall. The theories of engineering made his power house impossible, but his bridges stood and his power houses functioned.

Returning to Russia he soon attracted unusual attention by his engineering schemes. The original aspects of Krassin's engineering genius were soon found to have a counterpart in the unprecedented character of his financial expedients. His system of accounting defied every principle of solvency. His statements of assets and liabilities worked out in bankruptcy. Presumably as he had invented an engineering of his own he had evolved a kind of business which, while admirably suited perhaps to the peculiarities of Russian industry, raised doubts in other countries. Nevertheless his banks and his businesses had the good luck of his bridges. He had become a famous captain of industry in his own land when the war broke out.

This is the Moses to whom the Soviet government is looking to lead them out of its financial wilderness, and this little, insignificant, rather shabby looking Russian is the man who is holding conference with the financial experts of Britain, with a fair promise of coming to an understanding such as will lead to trustworthy commercial relations between the two countries, and it need not be wondered at if this grotesque genius should have some important part in effecting political and diplomatic settlements between his country and the Western European powers.

He has apparently succeeded in being acceptable to all the varied powers that have recently ruled Russia from the Czar to Lenin.

Brick's Tasteless. It makes you eat. Try a bottle and see for yourself. Price \$1.20. Postage 20c. extra.—31519.11

T. J. EDENS.

FRESH GOODS

by S. S. Rosalind from New York.

RIPE TOMATOES.
CALIFORNIA ORANGES.
LEMONS.
GRAPE FRUIT.
NEW POTATOES.

Special!

CODROY BUTTER
by the tub or retail.

Stuffed Olives.
Cherries in Maraschino.
Salted Almonds (bottles).
Meadow Sweet Peanut Butter.
Lazenby's Anglo-Indian Pickles.

COOLING-REFRESHING.
Dow's Ale, Crown Lager.
Crown Porter, Pabst Malt.
Southwell's Lemon Crystals.
Rose's Lime Juice.

Welch's Grape Juice; all sizes.
Local and Imported Syrups; all flavors.
Cold Spring Lemonade Powders.

800 sacks P.E.I. WHITE OATS.

FRESH CODFISH.
RHUBARB.
LETTUCE.
RADISHES.

T. J. EDENS.

131 DUCKWORTH ST.
(Next to Custom House.)

MINARD'S LINDMENT CURES GART IN COWS.