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VIKINGS OF THE NORTH

NAME IS GIVEN TO FISHERMEN
OF CANADA.

American Traveller Tells of the
Brave Men and Women Who Are
Making the Name of Canada's
Fish Famous in All Parts of the
World as a Delicious Article of
Diet.

HALIFAX is the eastern emporium of Canadian fish. If you could follow the zigzag path of her water front in and out among the docks where the schooners come up from the outports, some only a few miles down the coast, others up Canso and Sydney way, some along the Perce-Gaspé and Madeleine shore in the gulf; others westerly from the haunts and tides of Fundy you would see there going on one of the greatest war works to be seen on this continent. You would see codfish in all stages flying through the air out of vessels' holds on to barrows and scales, and into packing houses, piling every room and spreading itself sky-high on the roofs with church towers and the citadel looking down on it and in the harbor the waiting carrier for "across" looking up to it in patience and faith.

You would see mackerel coming out of barrels and going into barrels, swimming in brine; with coppers tightening, with bits of rush, any leak, however small, and setting the hoops (the nimbus of the mackerel-barrel heads) in place, tightening them with the tap, tap, tap that multiplied along the pier sounds like a few de jote "O we've got these Germans beaten—tap, tap, tap." Did you ever think what an army of men it takes to make fishing, as seen in Canada, what it is—a world power? Shipbuilders and lumberjacks, carpenters and riggers, sailmakers and caulkers, tackle-spinners and all the makers of dories, lines, hooks, tubs, corks, floats, sinkers, nets, and in fact, the thousand and one odds and ends which go to make up the paraphernalia of a fisherman's outfit? Not to speak of the actual crew—from skipper to cook, fearless, adventurous—afraid of nothing?

Well, these men, many of them, are among the Canadians manning the first-line trenches of the Allies, are the heroes of Ypres and Vimy Ridge and are holding the "air" against all comers. These fishermen are the present-day "Vikings of the north," and nature, not schools and colleges, gave them their training. Nothing beats fogs, gales, ice, snow, oil-bate calms, currents, loss of reckoning, inability to find your ship on the banks, through the fog that comes up while you are fishing in a dory alone and without food, for finding out all about a man. Out of the fish boats there Canadians stepped to the deck of the men-o-war in the North Sea or into the ranks of the army, it mattered not to them which, but many stayed behind to fish and many young lads, not old enough for the army, came forward to fill the gaps in the fisherman ranks. So it is in Halifax one sees such a lot of old men and boys working with the fish, not to speak of the outports, which are behind the scenes so to speak, where the women work.

The fish wives of the outports are "the women's legion" of Canada. If there are 50,000 men working in the fish on the Canadian Atlantic coast there must be at least 100,000 women, helping husbands and sons with cod and mackerel day in and day out, washing, salting, padding in brine, laying out to dry on spruce bough stages, turning it at noon, taking it in at night, handling it time and again each day in all sorts of weather for a week or a fortnight, beside tackling every day's catch as it drops to the beach from the laden dory. I had no idea what an endless lot of work fish means till I began to follow its course all around the Canadian coast, east and west. To see the women at work on the fish makes one realize what real work means, and how few of us understand it. Fish work is not only hard, much of it is unpleasant, if the women stopped to be finicky—which they never do. Their spirit is too big for that. Your Gaelic woman from the Helands of Cape Breton, with "the second sight," the modern Evangelines from St. Mary's Bay or St. Peter's, the habitant woman of Havre Aubert or Perce, the Channel Islander from La Baie de Chaleur, the Scotch Nova Scotian from Digby way, are too sure of themselves to turn up their noses at fish.

The tale of the salmon on the Pacific coast is equally human. Here it is a tale of the Japanese and their families. Exiles from home. It is not within the scope of this article to say whether "yellow" labor is the right thing or not, we only know that at this moment of stress in the world's history, the work is everything, and by the fortunes of war these Japs of the Pacific coast fish-trade are for the moment "allies" with the Canadian east in placing Canadian fish to the world's otherwise hungry mouth.

The Japs have established themselves on Lulu Island at a place called Stevenson, commanding the entrance to the Fraser river. The island is lowland and it has had to be dyked. Beside the canals the Japs have established their little homes, bare

boarded places devoid of paint, yet with every little old tin or paid or box filled with earth and blooming with nasturtiums and chrysanthemums about the doorways or by the little railed-off gang-plank crossing the canal. The Japanese women work in the fish as well as the men. The men in the boats with the salmon nets, the women in the canneries, their babies tied up in a shawl on their back. Canned fish is so easy to come in transportation that the demand is already great and this year more than ever, but for reasons unknown.

Hiding in the Woods.

Rumors persist that there are hiding in the forests of Northern Maine hundreds, if not thousands, of Canadians, who are either too proud or too timid to fight for their country. Some of these are from the Province of Quebec, a few are said to have come from the Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The fact that one of the big lumbering concerns was not obliged to come to Canada for its log drivers this spring indicates that a new source of labor supply has suddenly been developed.

"Starve the Cities."

Charles Stafford, a Yarmouth Township farmer, recently made the statement that he was not satisfied with the amendment to the Military Service Act, and he believed the farmers should take down their fences, turn their cattle into the grain, and starve the city people and the Government out.

HE KNEW NO FEAR.

Calgary Soldier Has Been Awarded
Victoria Cross.

The Victoria Cross has been awarded to Lieut. George Burdon McKean, Canadian infantry, aged 30. He enlisted at Edmonton as a private in January, 1915. He won the Military Medal and was wounded in 1916 and received a commission in May, 1917. He is still in France. His mother lives in Calgary. McKean's party was held up in a communication trench by a most intense fire from grenades and machine guns. Realizing this block unless destroyed might mar the success of the whole operation, McKean ran into the open, leaped over the blockhead on top of the enemy. When a man rushed at him with a bayonet McKean shot him through the body, then shot the man underneath him who was struggling violently. This gallant action enabled the capture of the position. McKean's supply of bombs ran out and whilst waiting a further supply he engaged the enemy single-handed. On bombs arriving he fearlessly rushed a second block, killing two and capturing four and driving the remainder, with a machine gun, into a dugout, which was destroyed. This officer's splendid dash and bravery undoubtedly saved many lives.

Talked of "Prussianism."

J. A. Cross, a prominent farmer of Tutela Heights, was fined \$500 and costs by the magistrate at Brantford for making the observation, in criticizing the Government order-in-council calling out farmers' sons, that "We had just as well be under Prussian rule as under Canadian." Several witnesses told of Cross using the expression and the defendant admitted having said something to that effect when his son was called up for service after having been previously exempted. His counsel declares that he was but exercising the right of free speech common to Canadian citizenship. Magistrate Livingston, in giving judgment, stated that since the order-in-council of April 16, such a remark could only be construed as detrimental to the cause of the Canadians and the Allies, and was the very thing which it was desired to stop. When the life blood of Canadian young men and women was being poured out against the Prussians, such an expression of opinion was insulting, as well as traitorous, and the magistrate said as far as he was concerned it would be stopped. Cross took a prominent part on the farmers' deputation to Ottawa and participated in meetings of protest to the Government. Four witnesses, all farmers, gave evidence against him. M. W. McEwen, appearing for Cross, declared that farmers all over the country had used that kind of language, and stronger, whereat the magistrate replied that a lot of those farmers should have been put in jail and that there had been a laxity in law enforcement. Counsel further declared that the Act of the Government, aimed to stop criticism of its actions, was highly Prussian in itself.

Soils.

There are light and sandy loams underlaid by sand and gravel which need no sub or artificial drainage, but for clay loams it is essential for the best results, not merely to take away water in the spring, and allow early seeding, but to make the soil more moist throughout the season. No amount of surface tillage, no amount of manure or fertilizers, can ensure maximum crop production on a poorly-drained soil. Surface evaporation is slow in the early months of the season. Tile drainage is needed therefore that the heavier soils may be worked to advantage before the seeding time passes. Poorly drained soils are water-logged soils, and this means a condition absolutely injurious to growing crops, for the root system needs air. Crops can die of suffocation, even after they have got a fair growth. Poorly drained soils are cold and wet. — Royal Canadian Institute.

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