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Smoking Tobacco.

**J. J. ROSSITER**  
Distributor.

Our Motto: "SUUM CUIQUE."



(To Every Man His Own.)

**The Mail and Advocate**  
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**OUR POINT OF VIEW**

**Cave Men**

WITH all the resources of the country at their disposal, and a free hand to work out a saving policy for the country, and with that country in a sound and prosperous condition, it is shameful to contemplate the ruin to which the Morris Government has reduced poor Terra Nova.

The Morris Party began its existence under very favorable outside conditions, but the conditions within were most pernicious. Outside themselves they had a country whose finances were sound and whose credit was good, and they also had the good will of the people. Inside they had dishonesty and greed supported by the greatest factor in destructive administration—lack of ability, but dressed by a dynamic force that lent itself to such strenuous effort and desire to achieve something that amounted to a something akin to insanity.

There is nothing that occurs to our mind to picture the state of affairs more forcibly than the old illustration of the "bull in the china shop." But the bull had no purpose that could be rightly regarded as a fixed policy, he had no settled purpose other than to get out of the unfamiliar situation and the wreckage he caused was merely incidental to his frantic efforts to regain more congenial surroundings.

Morris's policy though just as destructive was the very opposite to that which possessed Taurus his desire was to remain in the country's china shop, and to so adjust the display as best to set off himself as centre of the whole landscape. By monkeying with old order of things he essayed to make himself the sun and centre of a new system, but his clumsy efforts had the effect of reducing things to chaos, as completely as did the bull, in his efforts to escape.

Perhaps a more apt illustration of the Morris Party's ineptitude and unfitness for office may be found in the idea of a huge primitive cave man, with his bulging muscles and undeveloped intelligence, the antithesis of the swelling brawn.

The big animal scarcely distinguishable from the brute would be great at uprooting trees, hurling stones or wielding a club. He could without doubt be depended upon to make a big noise and commotion in his native forest haunts but he could not make a telescope or calculate the vernal equinox, he could not even make an axe or saw. He could not plai-

a hut for himself, but hide himself like the wild beasts he preyed upon, in dark recesses of the rocks. He would be as much frightened in a china shop as the bull, and could be depended upon to make as sane an adjustment of the bric-a-brac as Sir Edward has made of the country's affairs.

There has been too much brawn, too much of an insane desire to achieve something, and too little intelligent direction on the part of the Morris Government. There has been too much of the club swinging, tree uprooting and stone hurling policy of the cave man style and too little of intellectual endeavour on the part of the present administration. "It is excellent to have a giant's strength" but it is better by far not to use it as a giant (or cave man) but as an intellectual being to direct our efforts sanely.

If the Morris Party had had the brains and honesty commensurate to their feverish activity this country would have seen a great and astounding advancement along the highway of prosperity. But when activity is ill directed as it has been in the case of the Morris Cave Men, nothing but disaster must be expected.

**Cost of the War**

THE first year of the war has cost the belligerent governments about \$16,500,000,000 in direct expenditures for military purposes. Experts agree fairly well on these figures. The Berlin Vorwaerts finds the total \$16,676,130,000; the French economist, Edmond Theret, \$17,400,000,000, and the statistician, William Michaels of Berlin, \$15,240,000,000.

This is the expense of putting about 9,000,000 men into the field for the central powers and about 13,000,000 for the allies.

It does not include, however, the far greater amount lost thru the destruction of towns and villages, the ravaging of the countryside, the wrecking of bridges and railroads and the wholesale sinking of ships, and the economic loss thru the diminution in productive industry, the killing of the strongest men in the community and the creation of a class of cripples and madmen.

The war is now costing about \$45,000,000 a day, \$2,000,000 an hour and \$30,000 a minute. The cost is mounting steadily.

**Some "Slackers" In High Places**

WE are engaged in a life and death struggle for the maintenance of the British Empire against an unscrupulous foe, who has been piling up armaments for years to conquer us. Therefore I hold that, except for the country's vital advantage, this is no time to trundle or to criticize. But I do think there ought to be drastic urging out of the "has-beens" and the "never-wases" from all departments of the national defences.

In Austria, in Germany, and in Russia the Ministers of War have been cashiered for insufficiency. Dozens of German generals were crapped last September. Millerand, in France, says that in the one of the interior he "has restored 138 general officers to civil life," and Joffre the Silent has mercilessly turned down even his best friends when they have failed.

Deficiencies which are pardonable errors in times of peace become crimes in the rough stern of war. This is no time for ice courtesies to well-meaning stupidity. Someone has blundered most damnably, and the blood of thousands of bonny brave lads, the tears of thousands of stricken women, have paid for the blunder.

I don't care whether the man or woman responsible be Liberal or Tory, tartan or civilian, Romanist or Jew. I only know that we cannot afford to leave the power of fur-

**THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.**

Interesting and Useful to The Toilers of the Sea.

**FOOD FISHES**

THERE is no maritime country in the world which has a shorter list of fish diet, or a more restricted fish consumption than has Newfoundland; and we regret to say, too, that we Newfoundlanders know little about cooking fish. This statement will bring down upon our pate the denunciation of some local housewives; and we fancy we can hear them ejaculate—"The Idea!" "What next will that dreadful Mail and Advocate say?" Yes, we repeat it; we know little about the culinary phase of the fish business.

Take, for example, the vulgar codfish? This can be made one of the most delectable of dishes. If some of our "Cook Book" housekeepers could only visit one of the little cook-shops in Spain, Portugal, or Italy; they would realize what a toothsome article salt codfish can become under the direction of a European chef de cuisine. We have eaten some of the Southern European bacalao dishes, and we know whereof we assert; and we have also eaten the fresh frozen salmon with the Esquimo in the far north and found it delectable.

We have also eaten the supposedly disgusting squid! And we doubt if any fish found in our waters is more palatable. When cooked, this fish is delicious; and were it served on any table, cooked of course as only Japanese can cook it, you would almost demand an affidavit from the cook that the article bears the vulgar name of squid. When cooked, the octopus is almost as attractive in appearance as the white meat of a salmon.

Then, there is the much-abused flat-fish! Were we to visit a London restaurant, we should naturally select plaice or sole from the list items of the menu. These are practically the same fish! But, then, we do not get a fit of nausea; 'or these are recognized commodities in the English dietary—don't they know? Let us be accused of "lying" as we usually are in certain quarters, we refer to the same authority as motived a recent judgment in the Supreme Court regarding the "current price" of fish!

"Flat-fishes belong to the family Pleuronectidae, containing the sole, the plaice, the turbot, the halibut, and the brill. They are compressed or flattened laterally, not vertically as is often erroneously supposed. One side is generally dark colored, the other white and silvery. For the sake of concealment they rest upon the light side, leaving only the dark one more or less imperfectly visible. The size and abundance of the flat-fish, and the flavor of the fish, render it one of the most useful and economically important."

Thus the flat-fish is eminently respectable; yet we learn from a recent editorial note in The Trade Review that some days ago when an outport fisherman offered flat-fish for sale in one of respectable (?) sections of this city, "it was the mischief in the hands of such proved incompetence. Even at the risk of 'swopping horses' while crossing the stream," the mudlarks and bunglers should be ruthlessly sought out and ruthlessly thrown out.

"If we do not do more in the future than we have done in the past," says the Home Secretary, "we are going to be beaten." "Every skilled man in the country," says the Assistant Director of Munitions, "will be wanted." And every fool in authority, let me add, must be scrapped. Therein lies our only chance of victory.—Alex. M. Thompson, in The Clarion.

a surprise to the gentle folk of the respectable section that any fisherman should have the hardihood, may the courage, to ask people to buy flat-fish, not to put on their gardens for manure, but to EAT!"

Time was, if we remember rightly, when the now-aristocratic crustacean known as lobster was similarly regarded; but now the lobster has graduated from the manure heap to the dignity of being eligible to companionship with Mumm's Extra Dry or other brands of Champagne used by the society folk who have recently discovered the meaning of the word "chafing-dish." Possibly when the graduates of the Domestic Science School have discovered the meaning of Moselle or Amontillado, or even Hock of decent vintage, they shall begin to realize the value of the despised flat-fish!

Meanwhile, we would suggest to our fishermen, that this fish is one of the most nutritious articles of food within their reach.

We have often wondered why our local epicureans do not set the pace in popularizing that other Decapod crustacean, vulgarly known as "crab." Several species abound on our coast; and the crab has even a more respectable, certainly, a more aristocratic record, than the lobster. This is the Carabus of the days when Heliogabalus and Lucullus entertained their guests with "feasts of rare magnificence." The British crab fisheries are an important item in piscatorial economics. Extensive crab fisheries are conducted off the north-east coast of Scotland, in the Firth of Forth, and off the coast of Cornwall; and the home produce is largely supplemented by imports from Norway. Crabs, especially the shore crab (*Carcinus moenas*) are regularly offered for sale in the London fish markets.

**FOOD VALUE OF DRY FISH**

SOME time ago we read that the municipal authorities of Berlin—the Kaiser's capital city—had laid in a store of 600,000 quintals of dry codfish, presumably obtained from Norway. This represents a larger quantity of store fish than we are likely to have this year from the present outlook. The Germans seem to understand the value of fish as an essential article of food.

Recent chemical analyses have demonstrated the value of fish as food. It was found that desiccated codfish, or fish meal, in which the water had been reduced to 15 per cent, had 1,465 "calories," or units of energy per lb., and the highest of all was stock-fish, in which the water had been reduced to 13 per cent, and which yielded 1,505 "calories," or units of energy per lb.

Stock-fish is nowadays exclusively a Norwegian or Icelandic product. It is as hard as a stick and has to be broken up with a hammer! Stock-fish is not salted; but is a sun-dried fish, and it means actually in Northern phraseology what bacalao meant to the early fishermen in our own waters. When John Cabot visited our shores for the first time he reported that "the sea was so full of fish, that they were taken in hampers each weighted with a stone, and that England would no longer need Iceland, whence 'stockfish' had hitherto come."

Stock-fish gets its appellation from the fact that the fish (cod, ling, or haddock) after being split open, were hung upon a stock or stick to dry.

Fresh codfish, with all its water present, is less nutritious than dried fish, as it contains about 82 per cent of water, and yields only 310 "calories," or units of energy per lb.

On the other hand, fat is practically absent from stock-fish or desiccated cod; but if the Berlin authorities can add fat in some form as butter or lard, they will be able to provide a most nourishing meal in vast quantities.

Hence, the use of "drawn" butter with our salt cod is not only

**Military vs. Engineering Science**

THE impression is widely prevalent that the only routes whereby ammunition and other needed war supplies can be brought into Russia in the present conflict is by way of Archangel and the Dardanelles. The latter route is mainly looked upon as Russia's salvation in the matter of munitions. Everywhere is expressed the hope that the Franco-British forces will succeed in the Gallipoli campaign in short order. "It will give a direct route into Russia."

But there is something of much significance in the declaration that the Russian troops will keep retreating until prepared to assume the offensive. The great underlying factor is in the remarkable engineering project which American brains and energy are bent upon accomplishing in the Czar's empire, a feat which may change the whole aspect of the campaign in decisive fashion.

This consists in the rapid construction of the railroad from Petrograd to Kola on the Murman coast, an enterprise of vital importance to the defence of the empire and never so much as at present. For over eighteen months this road has been under construction and an American engineer has inaugurated a system that permits work to go ahead at all hours of the day and night with machine like precision over the whole route.

Owing to the close of the Dardanelles, Odessa and all the Russian Black Sea ports have been lost to the Czar so far as access to the outer world is concerned. In the Baltic, Germany keeps the gate, thus rendering useless the ports on the Russian coast. The only available inlet left is the Archangel route and through this Russia has been receiving her supplies from France and Britain, and from the United States. Archangel is connected by rail with Petrograd, but is open only six months of the year, owing to the fact that it lies at the southern part of what is known as the White Sea.

But the Bay of Kola, although located much further north than Archangel, is practically free of ice throughout the year, due to the proximity and effect of the gulf stream. Many other ports in this locality and some even further north are open all the year round. The new road from Kola to Petrograd gives Russia the much sought "winter port."

Great docks and shipping facilities are being erected at the new port. Within a few months the railroad will be completed and in full running order. This means that all railroads now centering in Petrograd will be in direct communication with the ice-free port in the north, and able to transport the huge supplies now being concentrated there to all parts of the empire. The German advance, as it goes deeper into Russia, will encounter better and better equipped armies.

This may explain much of the feverish haste to destroy or entrap the Czar's troops, now retiring from a mere fringe of their vast empire, on the part of the Kaiser's generals. There is apparently no serious attempt to interfere in the Dardanelles by a dash across Rumania; the whole effort seems planned to destroy the Russian forces before the new route is completed and begins its work of providing the Czar's armies with their badly needed supplies. It is a race against time and every day's delay means much to the heroic defenders.—The Empire.

By prohibiting the exportation of beer the Kaiser serves notice that he too, cares not a hang for the hyphen.

useful but it is almost a necessity. This, by the way, seems to have been overlooked by the purveyors of the "Mackinson Cod."

**Fishermen's Protective Union of Newfoundland.**

Established, 1908.

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Vice-President—ANDREW BROADERS.  
Sec.-Treasurer—W. W. HALFYARD, M.H.A.

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Disaster Fund—\$6,000.  
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**Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Ltd.**

Cash Capital Subscribed and Reserve—\$125,000

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