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an expert accountant a tax expert, an investment expert, a real estate expert, a banking expert.

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NOVEMBER 20, 1925.

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Dramatic Feats of the

By ARCHIBALD DOUBLAS TURN-

off Block Island on the New slip off. Although one layed by telephone to a little group of but failure. Only months afterward men who sat, putting their pipes and could pontoons bring up the F-4. swapping yarns, in the office of a New York wrecking company.

hard upon a lee shore. the sea. We call then "wreckers," but ed locomotive, or bite off half a sus

to calling life-savers "killers." Though they deal with wrecks. their efforts go to save ships that to get the slings passed. Down goes have met with misfortune and the men the diver, armed with light line, tools, aboard them. And when rescue is battens, and, very probably, a highfound impossible, they salvage.

The news of the appalling fate that had befallen the S-51 and her crew electrified the little group in the lamp he carries with him. Perhaps th

aboard a steamer coming up from the wrecks, it would have been the same. The wreckmaster, no matter where he is, keeps in touch with headquarters, and, when necessary, starts for night-in new hat and stiff collar; for

Meanwhile, the wrecking fleet at its piers in the Hudson River had been apprised of the disaster. Stokers began shaking up their banked fires for the quick getway that often speels the difference between success and failure on their quest. Tugs prepared to start to sea on the bell, Huge, clumsy, floating derricks were cleared for their lumbering march to the scene of the wreck. Had the giant Monarch. mightiest of all derricks except those in the Canal Zone, been laid up for ference. Spikes would have been

pounded along upon her course. light, so was her somewhat smaller were towed along, heaving-lines, haw- other-"Heave and hold!" sers, and purchase blocks were sorted But up there at Block Island it was and laid down ready for use. The no use. Those two big fellows lifted glance at the chart told how much water covered the unlucky submarine and what character of bottom night be expected. Tentative salvag-

The S-51 was running upon her lawful occasions that night, on Long Iso officers or crew, without a moment's was an ill fate that caused the vessel tool recently made available to the to be struck near the center, her most could not tell coherent stories, nor fully explain how they themselves escap- open and with not even a fighting ed being dragged down with their chance for her crew. The Monarch

As diving goes to-day, 127 feet is no great depth of water. Plenty of divers have been down that far and for the Harry Reinhartsens and the Bill Reids, famous members of the profession, it is nothing. Air supply, whether it comes from the old-fashioned hand cranks, manned by husky shipmates, or from modern electric pumps, rarely fails; diving suits are far better than they once were; and up or down signals are much easier to send and receive through underwater teleones than by the old method of one jerk on the life line-or two. What really matters is what the diver finds

Of course, in this case, it was the trapped crew that must be thought of first. While there was still the chance of enough air being left in any com partment to keep men alive, everything was tried to save them. For hours on end the S-50, sister ship of the sunk-en vessel, stood by, pumping air into her hull. Sometimes the first expedient is sweeping-dragging a heavy steel

Salvage Corps of the Sea sister of the 51, sank so mysteriously off Honolulu, a few years ago. Agraz, a navy gunner's mate, risked his life to go down some 280 feet, in the attempt to locate the submarine, direct the sweeping, or hook on slings that

sunk by the steamship City ly did strike the ship, tug at her—and England coast, one night last fall, the radio flash of the disaster reached, first of all, two sets of men. The life-savers—the United States Coast Guard—got it, of course, and at almost the any straining ear inside must have same time the radio report was re- heard it, in the end there was nothing

This second group is like a fire de- and the Century are good for many partment. Its office lights never are hundreds of tons, as any one knows switched out; its tugs never are who has seen them make no more of caught with stone-cold boilers, and a battleship's great guns than a buil its men literally sleep with one eye elephant makes of a tree at home or open and one ear cocked for news of a dinner-bell in the circus. The power a collision at night or a ship driven of the modern derrick is almost unbelievable. It literally can pluck off For these men are the salvors of the side of a house, right an overturnit is a misnomer, comparable almost pension bridge at one gulp. Clearly, it was up to the derricks.

For lifting work, the first step is

pressure water-hose. The light he gets he can push a batten through, with the Over a half-dozen telephones, calls light line after it, and a heavier one immediately went out for Capt Walter to follow. Or he may have to dig long N. Davis, nearest wreckmaster to the and hard, clearing away with his water scene of the crash. Captain Davis jet as he goes. In one way or another, was close at hand that night, and was working always under the physical speeding for the New England coast pressure of air and the mental presalmost before his informant had hung sure of the dire need for haste, he up. Had he been on his way home must dig under that keel, to make from a job off the coast of Maine, or room for a bight, or loop, of the sling to be hauled through. A submarine has Bahamas, that latitude of many relatively little beam, and the work may be much shorter than with a big

ship: but always there is that cry for speed, to give the crew its last chance. his job—as Captain Davis did that ed along until they are in the right a wreckers working uniform is the clothes in which he stands when the so difficult. position. Then, given smooth water,

"Heave away-handsomely!" Foot by foot, the slack of the cables comes to the drums on the hoisting engines, of which the Monarch has no less than three. Then, as gears and friction disks take hold and bite, the cables whine protestingly in their big

It is a trrific pull that these two derricks can exert, when they are "hooked down," as salving men call repairs, it would have made no dif- it. The Monarch alone has done 300 tons in her time. With heavy grunts. driven into makeshift planking, even they settle to it; heeling, or listing, as she hauled away from her dock, or more and more, in spite of a hundred new hoisting cables rove off as she tons of water ballast to keep them on an even keel, until they ride at 30 de-The Monarch was ready to go that grees, with seas pouring over their sister the Century. Within a few great Aframes so close together that hours they had started. While they they can whisper pantingly to one an-

latitude and longitude known, one for all that was in them, time after time, without moving the 51 a single inch. And the answer was that the hope of finding some air in the submarine was a false hope. No help came ng plans were laid on the basis of to the derricks from the lifting power of a tight compartment or two. There was no air, as the divers soon proved. To do that, they used the under-water land Sound. With no word of warning cutting torch-for all practical purposes, the same oxyacetylene affair time to close watertight doors and that every one has seen puttering and cut down, rolled over, and sunk in 20- feet above the street. With that torch, odd fathoms-127 feet to be exact. It which is perhaps the most valuable salvor, it was easy to cut a pencil vulnerable spot. Had the blow come hole in the sub's shell and watch for and they spend their lives in using _for that eats up nitrogen and such forward or aft, the construction of the the air bubbles that did not come. In craft might have assured safety for fact, with this torch, whole sections about it all as William Reid, when he 'Tis so they keep off the bends-some her crew through closing the water- of ships nowadays are cut off until remarked between dives: "It's a find thin' that hits the nerves like sciatica. tight doors. All happened, as things the ships can be brought up in pieces. day down below." He makes a joke of only a whole lot worse. do at sea, so quickly that the two or But on the 51, the biowpipe cutting his 100-foot jumps and will not take three survivors of her crew of 34 men only proved that she must have been them seriously or as anything risky. sent down with all her doors wide Indeed, the divers rarely talk at all. barenaked, any time, with a line, if and Century were beaten, and they

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hatches, she was struck amidships, sparking away at a girder 90 to 100 masters to work at some other scheme

But there are yarns of the salvors.

pany's office, you will find he treats war, but it's not likely he'll ever be t like a ship's cross-trees, for his claimin' it now. glance always is wandering out over the crowded harbor to watch the shipping, the wind, and the weather.

"Tis a good game," he says, with o play it, mind ye. For there must be wrecks as long as men go to sea, in pite o' all your radio, your new fogearin's, and other schemes to make

"A rigger's job it is-much of itor a man must know his blocks and is straps, and the pull he gets from ny set o' tackles. Which is to say hat there's plenty of sailorizin' in it.
and the harder the job, I might say, ne better we like it. Every wreck is

"The divers have it better now than hey did when I started in the busiiess. For one thing, we've the decom

turned for home, leaving it to their when he comes up. This gives him pressure, same as he's been getting on bottom, and then tapers off, bit by In a sense, such a job is all in a bit, till he comes to normal. Feed him day's work for the salvors. They have a little helium, too, along with it-the the gear, they have the experience, stuff that was in th' poor Shenandoah both. Many of them are as offhand like gases that overload a man's blood.

"There's all sorts of divers. I had Greek with me once who'd go down our gear was late comin' or anyway Sometimes they can be had from such out of order. The're mostly Sweden veterans as James McLeod-Captain and. Norwegians. nowadays - fine Mac, as all his world knows him strong men—but this Andr, which was through his 35 years as a wreckmaster as near as I got to his right name, was down, was our friend, with his lifeand, lately, as a sort of consulting ex- a good one. His place is still waiting down, was our friend, with his intepert. If you catch him in his com- where he left to go home for the last

"I'd another one who'd go on th' drink now and again. That don't do for most divers, but this one was strong; he lasted a long time. He was his trace of burr that marks him for down one mornin', and he didn't answer our signals. Thinks I, that's the few the night before. After a bit o' signalin', we sent down a second man,

For Matchless Skin

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oil and apply at once.



heads off and not bother him-and him curled up comfortable, sleepin' it

job, though some might not take to it! "Weather? Oh, ay, you get that, all the Crowell must have gone last o' him, for I thought he'd had a to try a liftin' job. And for pontoons— grabbed up her papers and took filled with water and then sink 'em

just so alongside a vessel's hull ton of her, accordin' as she m lyin'. Next, you must make 'er where they'll do their best lifti then blow 'em clear with air. ? job that can't be done with h gale blowin' and a sea runnin'. "Well, the stiffest job I ever r

er handlin' was the Emma some years back. Loaded with oil, she was: I forget how many sand gallons. A brand new shi hardly clear of New York Harm fore she caught fire, somehow. "Any fire at sea is bad enoug

il-well, did you ever see one of big shore-tanks go up? A man of can run over into th' next con things get too warm, but that's thin' you can't do aboard ship! how, not while there's half a

"There was a fresh breeze goll

loss, but she was a valuable shift the underwriters wouldn't belle They came down for us and our sident says, 'Mac,' says he, 'can'

'Well,' says I, 'we can have! nyway.' And out we went. "She was worth seein', when to her. Spars and riggin' all good ire still roarin' hot. We shore

(Continued on 11th page

)ramatic

with no shifts, from start to licked her then When she bur she let in the That held the and at the san cases below hel on account of

nothin' left in again. One of a cable, plann snapped and ho a chip. It wa missed our dec was no worse f made him water "And then w

and worked h up, and called "But talikn' lad as anytih for a wreck. old St. Paul

coast? "She'd been a thick night his soundin's om more has they know o "They rolle

are, hard and when the we thing I heard pany's gang

"'Well,' says where they are how we've the "So we had jammin' our tu that was in was wreckmas Poat, and her 'Cap'n, I don' bells an' a j where I'm g off nice and

"All the sa o, when we Loy under wanted her, as were. Pretty was the ship about 13 feet better, then. gang had mi gone too far t

"Well, we g ut anchors time the fog passengers v other liner t on account o up, and opera

"That's the you ever mar 'Tis so it goes. "No, sir, we even with the ing after she of lighten shi cut off her da She carried ab Captain Ma

chuckle, and "Ye mind. up days. Plen waves! We in der a tarpauli three men and Take a regin nowadays, to "Well, in a

ship off means quarter, or bo laid just so, to you haul awa make nothin', o' that the wi wrong bearin' whole busines again. It was the right breen St. Paul off n her not much So it goes of straight li is a big ship and torch job

a patch can full to make the water car nust bring th tain Mac rem igain like le It all takes

as the same v