

# For the Boys and Girls

## CAPTURING PORPOISES

BY PHILANDER EVERGREEN.

Who that lives near the seashore, or has had occasion to take even a short sea trip, has not had his attention drawn to the lazy tumbling of the porpoise in the water about him? Why not call this animal the sea-pig? In many respects he resembles a pig. Indeed, he goes so far as to spend much of his time rooting about in the mud with his nose, in search of food.

The creatures have some singular habits. They live in schools, or shoals, of course, for most animals do that, but the porpoise keeps near the shore, and delights to play around a vessel. Sometimes they will run a race with a ship for several miles, occasionally coming to the surface, and then disappearing with a peculiar movement which looks as if they were playing "turn somersault" in the water.

I suppose they live in all waters, but I have never seen them so numerous elsewhere as in the Bay of Fundy. I was once on board a vessel that lay becalmed for several hours on that sheet of water, close up to the beautiful shores of Annapolis County—that garden of the lowland peninsula.

There is nothing very attractive in an old schooner lying motionless on the water, particularly if one has been on board for a week, and is anxious to reach his place of destination. At least I thought so that afternoon, and I induced one of the sailors to pull me to the shore, where I might wear away the time by strolling about. I began rambling along the rocky coast, intent upon seeing whatever curious thing nature had put there, and had gone perhaps a mile, when I suddenly came upon an Indian wigwam.

In front was a smouldering fire, above which hung a pot containing some savory meat—a pot which I saw nearby sat an old man mending a fish-net. Under a tent made partly of boughs from evergreen trees, and partly of bits of old sails from some vessel, sat a woman, holding a babe, and singing to it in real Indian dialect. A number of young redskins were playing among the bushes not very far away.

At my approach, a miserable-looking little dog yelped fiercely, and when I found they quieted him by talking English, I walked up to the old man and saluted him.

He could make use of a little "pigeon English," and after patiently waiting till his proverbial taciturnity was overcome, I drew from him some interesting things.

He informed me that he belonged to the Micmacs—a once powerful tribe, who formerly owned the entire peninsula of Nova Scotia.

He said there were now but a few families left, and that they mostly lived along the coast between there and Grand Pre.

He was too old to do much work, but lived with his son, and tried to help along by doing little jobs such as he was now engaged upon.

He told me that his son—the father of the children whom I saw—was now down on the bay after porpoises. Thinking I might find him at it, I rose to depart, when my eye caught sight of some queer-looking skins stretched across poles, and drying in the sunshine. These were porpoise skins, which, when dried, he sold to be made into leather.

As I returned to the vessel, I saw the young man at his work, and rowing up near, I watched him for a while.

He sat in a little birch canoe, which he rowed along with a single short paddle. Beside him lay an old muzzle-loading gun, and a spear with a handle perhaps fifteen feet long. Whenever a porpoise broke the water at a distance, he would paddle his canoe rapidly to a point near the ripples, and then, taking up his gun, watch him.

As the fish began to come to the surface, he would shout, and then, catching up the paddle, would row up to his game in an incredibly short space of time, when he would drop the paddle, catch up the spear, thrust it down into the water and almost invariably bring up the porpoise. He worked thus rapidly because a dead porpoise sinks at once.

In a little while he had captured several in this way, and when the shoal had ceased to play about him, I invited him on board the vessel. He came on cautiously.

We showed him several things, such as a breech-loading rifle, etc., which we knew would interest an Indian, and after awhile he became quite free to converse with me.

From him I learned more particularly than from his father concerning

their mode of living. He supported his family during spring and summer, and autumn by catching porpoise, as he was now doing.

He explained that he also sold the oil obtained from them, that he also sold the skins, but used the body for food.

In summer-time he made a living by fishing on the bay, where cod, haddock, herring, etc., were very plenty. During these seasons he got along very well, but in winter they frequently had a pretty hard time of it.

He lived by hunting, or tried to get a living in that way. But he said hunting was poor business. Game was scarce, having been nearly all killed or driven out of the country.

Hunting for the Indian is a matter of dull business, and, with his hat and inherent laziness, he only works hard at it when hunger compels him.

But his white brother hunts for pleasure, not for gain, and usually having but a little time for it, he throws himself into the sport with an ardor that succeeds in anything, and without which nothing will succeed.

## Acute Indigestion.

It is not unusual to read obituary notices in the newspapers which tell us that someone died suddenly of acute indigestion. To the ordinary healthy person, or even to one who knows from personal experience what dyspepsia is, it seems incredible that a man can die from such a simple cause, however distressing a condition it may be.

Acute indigestion is a purely functional disturbance of the stomach's powers; that is to say, there is no disease, properly speaking. The stomach simply stops work for a time, either because it is overloaded and, despairing of finishing its job, doesn't undertake it, or because something has been put into it that either is absolutely indigestible or irritates the lining membrane of the organ, or because the nervous system has received a shock and fails to transmit the proper signals to the quiescent stomach.

Whatever the cause, there may be no symptoms for a time, and the unsuspecting victim may pass a few hours after the meal entirely oblivious of his stomach, as a healthy person should. Then, as a sudden the case alters; perhaps he is awakened from sleep with headache, nausea, heartburn and short breath. The abdomen is distended with gas which presses upward on the diaphragm and obstructs the action of the heart and lungs. That causes a rapid pulse, pallor, and increasing difficulty in breathing.

Now, if the heart is weak or diseased, the moment is critical. The pressure must be relieved at once or the heart may stop. In mild cases the gas may be relieved by a couple of charcoal tablets or a little bicarbonate of soda, and the immediate danger is digested material. In the stomach which must be got rid of. A quickly acting emetic is required; if there is none at hand, it will often serve to tickle the throat with the finger. As soon as this course has emptied the stomach, the heart action will subside and the exhausted sufferer will fall asleep. In the morning a dose of salts or of castor oil will merely cause discomfort and take on no such threatening aspect as we have described.

## The Shell.

See what a lovely shell, Small and pure as a pearl, Lying close to my foot, How exquisitely minute! A miracle of design!

What is it? A learned man Could give it a clumsy name; Let him name it who can, The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is formless, Void of the little living will That made it stir on the shore. Did he stand at the diamond door Of his house in a rainbow frill? Did he push, when he was uncured, A golden foot or a fairy horn Through his dim water-world?

—Alfred Tennyson, in "Maud."

Inner Man's Argument. Mother—"Robert, you're a naughty boy. You can just go to bed without your supper." Bobby—"Well, mother, what about that medicine I've got to take after meals?"

## Beware of Sunburn This Year.

Bathers and hikers who "burn" instead of taking on a coat of tan had better give a thought to sun spots before the hot weather comes, according to Dr. Edson Pettit, an astronomer at the Mt. Wilson Observatory in California.

This being pre-eminently a "sun-spot year," the ultra-violet rays of the sun will be about twice as intense as they ordinarily are. One courting a comfortable sunburn, if there is such a thing, may acquire it by remaining out in the sun one-half as long as was necessary last year, for instance.

By the same token, the luckless wights who remain out under the sun rays as long as they used to will get twice the "burning" they are accustomed to, and are in for some uncomfortable half hours with flannels and lotions.

Dr. Pettit is in earnest, and maintains that unless people heed his warnings, painful sunburn cases will be just about twice as frequent and as serious as in 1926 or 1925.

People who have diseases favorably affected by the sun may look forward to a good year, Dr. Pettit admits, although even they had better bear in mind the increased intensity of these potent ultra-violet rays, and take them in moderation.

Sun spots operate in cycles, he explains, and in 1923 they reached their lowest ebb, and the violet rays reaching their lowest intensity. That year the rays were only two-fifths as powerful as they will be this year. This summer some time there will be a maximum of sun spots—the first maximum since 1917. Another maximum is not expected for several years.

While Dr. Pettit solemnly warns of the discomfort that will follow prolonged and ill-advised exposure to the sun this year, he does not take the alarmist views of some French and Russian scientists, who blame the spots for everything but the war debt.

Professor A. J. Tschewsky, of Moscow University, says when there are many spots on the sun there is much influenza, and that other diseases, such as cholera, increased notably during periods of sunspot activity in other times. The majority of Russian scientists are laughing at him. They regard the spots as a very beneficial phenomenon.

Members of the French Academy of Medicine have gravely forwarded the theory that the sun spots throw the body out of normal operation and weaken it, and are the cause of many sudden deaths.

Such extravagant claims are regarded as absurd by the Californian, who thinks the ultra-violet rays do not, as a rule, cause anything worse than a mighty sore back.

## Miriam.

Once on a time, for just an hour's space, God set a little girl to guard the fate of Israel, as Miriam watched afar off, And baby Moses, wallowing motherless, Swung in his cheerless cradle-nest of reeds.

With woman's wisdom in her childish heart, She gravely, not too eagerly drew near, Hazarding the cherished plan and hope.

"Shall I go and call that nurse? Dear child! How swiftly-drawn feet must have flown, And browner eyes have widened with her story.

Told in one eager tumbling out of words, How Pharaoh's daughter had come down and wished to keep the child, and one can almost hear, In sympathy, her needless, "Mother, come!"

—Rebecca C. Cushman in "The Monitor."

## Dark Ray Found to Pierce Smoke.

A dark ray, which it is said will enable the operator to pierce fog or smoke and see what is beyond, was exhibited by J. L. Baird, inventor of the television, in his London laboratory; the new invention is called "noctovision."

Its inventor claims it will render naval and military smoke screens useless in warfare. It may also banish the element of surprise from naval and military aerial actions, and make it possible to locate fleets in the skies or at sea.

In the presence of Admiral Mark Kerr, and others, Baird transmitted the light's features through an artificial fog, produced by chemicals, so dense as to nearly choke his assistants.

The new ray is a sort of invisible searchlight, which it is said, has 16 times the penetration power of ordinary light through fog or smoke. The ray makes a sound when it encounters a solid object or even a ray of light. Each object produces a different sound, from which it is possible to determine its nature.

Words that are weighed carefully often carry greater weight than those that are dropped carelessly.

## DEER ANTLERS LOCKED IN COMBAT



In Buffalo National Park, Alberta—The end of a duel between two male deer. Their antlers became entangled, holding them firmly, and the wardens had to rope them before they could be released.

In Canada, the big game country of the continent, the finding in the woods of skeletons of two male deer with antlers firmly locked together is a comparatively frequent occurrence. These remains are taken to indicate that the bucks became locked in combat and that when thus rendered helpless death came quickly in the shape of wolves or by exhaustion. Rarely, however, have two deer become so entangled, and probably the first occasion upon which the combatants had been freed occurred a short time ago in one of the game sanctuaries of the continent.

In this instance the officer in charge of the estate enclosure at the Buffalo National Park at Wainwright, Alberta, was notified that two bucks locked together by their antlers and unable to get free, were on the point of starvation. Being unable to deal with the situation, he next morning with three others to assist him the combatants were freed by roping and separating unharmed.

## MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY

### PIT-BOY TO PENSIONS CHIEF.

Many of England's ex-soldiers and soldiers' widows have heard of Major Herbert Evans, Inspector-General of the Ministry of Pensions, but few know that this highly-placed official was once a pit-boy. Born in a humble home in Durham, at the age of twelve Major Evans went to work down a coal mine.

Then he became a railway clerk, but not for long, for at sixteen he enlisted. As he soldiered he studied, and so was able to pass a Civil Service examination. In 1894 he was appointed an assistant factory inspector, and since then has had office, under twenty-three different Ministers and has been private secretary to three of them.

### EARLY STRUGGLES OF AN INVENTOR.

If women had taken a pride in having big feet instead of small, Mr. John L. Baird, the brilliant young Scottish inventor, might never have produced his famous television apparatus.

He made this interesting confession recently when he revealed that shortly after the war he set up in business in Glasgow to sell a patent in the sock he had invented. It was worn under the ordinary sock or stocking, and kept the feet warm and dry in all temperatures. But ill-health and the hostility of the fashionable sex handicapped him, so he went off to Trinidad to start a jam factory. This was a success, so he came back to Britain to perfect the television idea which had haunted him from boyhood.

Mr. Baird was brought up at Helensburgh, on the Clyde coast. One of his first ventures was to install a telephone exchange in his father's house. Another was a tri-car which nearly killed him.

### Germany's "Come-Back" on the Seas.

Black clouds of war destruction sometimes have thick silver linings. For instance, France's antiquated factories, knocked to pieces by German and Allied shells have been replaced by up-to-date factories. No less noteworthy is the way in which the drastic reduction of Germany's shipping during and after the war has virtually given Germany an up-to-date merchant marine. For Germany, it seems, is three-quarters of the way back to her pre-war place as a carrier on the high seas; her ships carry 9.2 per cent. of the world's trade, as against 12 per cent. in 1914.

And what seems extremely significant today, is our press report that while 17.5 per cent. of the world's merchant ships are less than five years old, fully 40 per cent. of Germany's are in that class. Germany's come-back has been brought into public notice by the recent arrival of the new 21,000-ton Hamburg-American liner New York, on her maiden voyage from German. Germany today, as our press reports the figures, is sixth among the nations in the size of her merchant fleet. Ahead of her stand Great Britain, the United States, Japan, France, and Italy. In ship-building, according to Lloyd's, Germany has recently pushed Italy into third place and herself into second, being surpassed only by Great Britain.

A year without a plan is like a ship without a rudder.

### "MEET MR. KIPLING."

It is said that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is not too pleased that a society has been founded in his name. He tells a good story of how his shyness was once forcibly overcome. He was writing in his study, when a door was flung open, and he saw a large and flourishing American visitor accompanied by two small boys. Before he could speak his visitor said, very firmly: "Say, are you Mr. Kipling?" Kipling nodded weakly. "Boys," shouted the American, "this is Mr. Kipling. Now you've seen him. Good morning, Mr. Kipling." And went away!

### HIS TWO REWARDS.

When Henry Morgan, a London schoolboy, reached home after rescuing a child of eight from drowning in the Thames, his mother smacked his face for being late for dinner. Now Henry has been awarded the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal for bravery. A short time ago Henry stopped a runaway horse.

When she smacked him, of course, Henry's mother did not know that he had been life-saving. "He's a good boy," she said, "but he's hardly big enough for that sort of thing, is he?"

### WOMAN LIFESAVER.

The only woman in the British Isles who actually administers and carries on a life-boat station is Miss Letitia French, of Palling, in Norfolk, who has just been honored by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. It is her job to see that the crew is efficient and in readiness for every call. She succeeded her father and has undertaken this responsibility for twenty-three years.

Under Miss French's direction the Palling life-boats have been out on service 169 times and have rescued 209 lives.

### God's Guest.

"I am a guest with Thee," Psalm 39: 12. O Lord, there is a state I know, Of all supremely blest, 'Tis when a being here below Is made Thy guest.

### Their Last Resort.

In a class of Greek history a youth was asked to tell the story of the battle of Thermopylae. The lad had unusual descriptive ability and proceeded with great zest. No detail was left out. The heroic stand was described vividly, and they fought and fought and fought," said the pupil. "They fought until they lost their arms. Then they used their hands."

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## SIR HENRY LUNN DESCRIBES CANBERRA: AUSTRALIA'S NEW CAPITAL

Early in May the Duke of York opened the new Parliament Building at Canberra. Sir Henry Lunn described the new city and building in the "American Review of Reviews."

"It is an eight-hour railway journey from Sydney to Queanbeyan, then a motor run of twelve miles to Canberra, the modest-order capital of the Australian Commonwealth," writes Sir Henry Lunn.

"Canberra is being founded away out of the rivalry of Melbourne and Sydney. It was agreed that territory should be taken out of the state of New South Wales. It was the bargain which induced the trade state, New South Wales, to enter into a protected Commonwealth."

It was not until 1908 that the city was finally passed by which this territory was agreed upon. In 1911 the 900 square miles or more in the vicinity of Canberra, there is also an area of 2,302 acres at Jervis Bay, the purpose of a Commonwealth port which is under the same conditions. Canberra is situated 110 miles from Sydney, 429 miles from Melbourne, 912 miles from Adelaide, and 929 miles from Brisbane. Therefore, nearly equidistant from the chief centres of population in the continent. It is separated by a distance of twenty miles from the main coast range between the eastern coast of Australia and the rivers that cut themselves into the Murray.

"The site is admirably chosen, bounded by mountains in each direction. The Molonglo River flows through the site in a westerly direction and joins the Queanbeyan River, twelve miles by road, and at a distance of five miles by rail. A new railway is being constructed which will be the same length as in an amount of hills in large areas of gently sloping country. The great tributary, the Murrumbidgee, flows through the territory, but the river which supplies water to the town is the Murrumbidgee.

"The Parliament Building is to be opened by the Duke of York early in May. The architecture is plain and obviously economical, the interior being finished in wood.

"Canberra being a garden city, the planting of trees and shrubs is being carried out on very large lines. The streets and avenues are to be planted with every possible variety of trees on in the outskirts of the city. Twenty parks and belts of trees have already been planted.

"The number of houses to be controlled by the commission is estimated to be 3,400.

"There is much interest in the fact that Mr. Butters (the chief architect) was an ardent supporter of the cause of the rival sects of the Roman and Greek faiths in the domains for sites for cathedrals, mosques and churches."

## SPED WONDERS OF 1937

I am frequently asked what the car of 1937 will be like. I do not think the car of ten years hence will be fundamentally different from the 1935 type as the romantic futurists suggest.

Take the question of speed. The average motorist in this country drives his car at forty miles an hour. The limit at which he can drive his car with real safety, so far as circumstances are concerned, is touching higher speeds for any length of time. The winding English roads are one of them; but his chief concern is found in the other uses of speed. As long as vehicles of speed—that is, bicycles, horse cars and motor-cars—are allowed on ordinary thoroughfares, so long will ordinary motorist never be able to compete with his racing brother, a rightly so.

### HIGH SPEEDS SAFEST.

The new artificial roads suggest, however, that speed will certainly be increased. Perhaps in ten years' time one will see the entire country crisscrossed with these macadam roads themselves, divided into groups of the use of various types of traffic. Then we shall have the motor roads for horse-drawn vehicles, bicycle paths, each separate and their routes. On such a road a motorist could attain high speeds without danger, to the other occupant; in fact he would probably be summoned for driving too slowly, thereby causing obstruction! Something of this nature already exists in certain Canadian towns.

### How to Eat Grapefruit.

"The name of the big cousin of the orange and lemon is a standing riddle to many, for it is not related to the grape. It doesn't look like a grape, and there is nothing about its taste to suggest the flavor of a grape. But if you ever get a chance to see a growing in Florida or California, the puzzle is solved," says an American writer.

"Unlike virtually all other citrus fruits, the grapefruit globes appear in clusters of from six to a dozen, hanging down the branches on which they grow, and looking rather like bunches of pale yellow grapes multiplied only one or two ways to get grapefruit, and that is to cut it as it is, as possible, and then only to eat the bitter taste that makes a self-grapefruit unpalatable, if it is allowed to stand for any length of time, besides the fact that the white pith that makes up the central column and the lining of the partitions between the sections of the fruit. The more this is cut the more of the bitter principle is released into the juice. Grapefruit should be cut in half, cut in two with a sharp knife immediately before service, and then hurried to the table. He should state the necessity of using sugar and thus enable one better to enjoy the real grapefruit flavor."

### Television Makes Its Bow.

So rapid is the pace of scientific progress that the theoretical possibility of a great invention is hardly grasped by the public before it is seen that it has become a reality. This was the case with the transistor, the vacuum tube, and now, only a few years after this inventor is put to practical use, we enter a new era of communication, as fascinating and stupendous in its potentialities as the radio or the telephone.

Yesterday, television was a name; now it is a fact. In time, millions of people may watch and hear the inauguration of a Government, the playing of a championship football game, or even the clash of armies on a battlefield.

Television, we are informed, is a method of transmitting synchronous sound and a picture of the person speaking.

### Television Makes Its Bow.

The annual loss of timber at present suffered by Canada's forests through the agencies of fire, insects, and disease is greater than the amount annually used for all industrial purposes.

## REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



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