

MOUNTAINS THAT SAIL THE SEAS

Far out in the Atlantic, on the northern shipping routes, anxious watch is being kept just now for icebergs that are drifting from Newfoundland, prior to breaking up under the influence of the warm Gulf Stream.

Two factors figure conspicuously in the icebergs' history—the freezing currents that swirl along the Labrador coast and the warm waters issuing from the Gulf of Mexico. These two influences control the icebergs' existence, the first carrying it slowly out to sea, after it has broken away from the parent glacier or mass of sheet ice, and the second gradually luring it south until, after traversing nearly 2,000 miles, it meets its end by melting in the waste of waters surrounding it.

Floating Fifteen Miles a Day. The icebergs that will provide a menace to shipping next year are coming into being now. Until winter comes they will float up and down the icebound coast from which they have become detached. Then, next March, the currents will bear them towards Newfoundland at a rate of about fifteen miles a day.

The icebergs that are watched for so carefully are those that were "born" in this fashion last year. Very few bergs last longer than a year, their fate being sealed when they drift south from Newfoundland. Those that outlast the average span do so as a result of having drifted into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A little-known fact concerning the icebergs menace is that fourteen nations now contribute to the maintenance of an efficient patrol of the North Atlantic, where the danger is greatest. Termed the International Ice Control, the organization that carries on the work has done much in recent times not only to minimize the risks but to add to our knowledge of icebergs and their ways.

Proof Against Explosive Shells. Experiments conducted recently show, for example, that the widely-discussed suggestion that torpedoes should be used to destroy bergs is not practicable, the explosion too often having the effect of destroying merely the visible part of the iceberg, leaving a great mass intact below the water-line.

Even the firing of mines is not always satisfactory, although this method is the one that is most favored at present. As an illustration of the size of some icebergs, it was reported recently that high-explosive shells, capable of demolishing a house, sank in to the icy mass without effect.

What is believed to be the biggest iceberg ever seen was that sighted by the S.S. Mithela. It rose to a height of 750 ft. out of the water, which means that it was actually more than a mile thick and a mile long! The ship had used up all her coal and was drifting helplessly, while a terrific gale raged—a situation of extreme peril for those aboard.

To add to the eerie experience, a strange and unaccountable light, apparently of electrical origin, played about the giant iceberg, as well as about the masts and rigging of the vessel, which in due course reached port after a voyage that more than once nearly ended in disaster.

Bergs Don't Radiate Cold. As a result of the International Ice Control's investigations many fallacies about icebergs have been exploded. For instance, the tradition that icebergs give echoes of weird intensity. Experiments carried out by a cutter which sighted eleven icebergs, one after the other, proved that not even a faint echo was produced, although the ship's stern was sounded constantly.

Again, the belief that an iceberg radiates cold is founded on an illusion, the Ice Control experts stating that the only occasion on which extreme cold was reported in the vicinity of an iceberg being while an easterly wind was blowing. Nor is it a fact that the presence of birds on or over the open sea denotes an iceberg's proximity, a notion which, however, is still widely held by sailors.

Cedars.

Of all my treasures the best are these That stand in my garden—two cedar trees. Quiet and steadfast and straight and tall, Higher than chimney and house and all.

Darby and Joan-like, so close they stand, One might imagine them hand in hand. Ages and ages before I came, They tell me the cedars stood just the same.

Braving the storm and the stress of years, The sunlight their laughter, the rain their tears. I am glad that the two have so closely grown, For one might be lonely so long alone.

And often at night when the wind's song charms The cedars will sway in each other's arms. Or a wandering moonbeam will leave a kiss— But only at night do they act like this.

I wonder at times what the end will be, Or will they live on through Eternity? And I almost can find in my heart to pray That the end come to both on the self-same day.

Oh, I've many treasures, but none like these That grow in my garden—two cedar trees. The Value of an Education. Pat was sexton of St. Bridget's Church when the officials decided to combine the duties of a clerk with those of sexton. Since Pat could neither read nor write he lost his job.

Then he got work driving a wagon and went to hauling dirt. Pretty soon he bought the wagon and the horses that he drove. At the end of a year he owned several wagons, purchased with his profits. After another year or so he had a large and prosperous transportation business with many wagons and trucks.

About that time he was making a contract, and when he admitted he couldn't read the lawyer said, "You can't read, and yet you have built up this great business! My, my, what wouldn't you be if you'd only learned to read and write!" "Oh! would be sexton of St. Bridget's Church," replied Pat.



Attired in the uniform of a boy scout, the Prince of Wales recently opened the big international Boy Scout jamboree at Wembley. With him is Chief Scout Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

The Old House.

The quaint old house waits by the road With none to dwell within. And seems to beckon passers-by And try some heart to win.

No feet go down its crumbling steps, Its hearth is bare of spark; No hands pull down the curtain here The windows all are dark.

Time was, when to its threshold life Would greet or gladness bring, And hearts beat higher just to feel Its cosy welcoming.

But now it hides some lone dame, Who, with a wistful smile, Sees Love and Joy unheeding pass, Though both were hers erstwhile. —Charlotte Becker.

Organ Recital Movement Spreading.

The installation of a new pipe organ in a western Canadian church not long ago brought a number of prominent men together in the hope that some arrangement might be effected whereby the organ would be used other than at regular church services.

The result was that the organist was asked if he could put on a series of recitals during the year. He agreed, and the result was that every two weeks since, a popular organ recital has been conducted for the benefit of music lovers generally throughout the district.

A Great Cathedral.

A religious edifice remarkable for size and beauty has recently been consecrated in Liverpool in the presence of the King and Queen. It stands on an elevation, St. James's Mount, and hen completed will dominate the city.

The Liverpool cathedral is original in design. It draws its inspiration both from the pointed or Gothic—and from the classical style. It is unmistakably Gothic in structural character and in detail, but its proportions are so far accordant with the classical that the building, although it is as lofty as any Gothic church, has a breadth and solidity that make the height far less striking than that of the older English cathedrals.

It has been a great many years since so large and beautiful a church was built in England—almost three centuries in fact, for the Liverpool church is larger than St. Paul's, larger than York Minster, larger indeed than any other Christian church except St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral at Seville. In design it follows the early Norman in the proportion between stone work and window space in the walls and in the massive, almost castellated, roof lines; but the interior is extremely rich, and the architect has made use of vaulting and carving that are of the most highly developed period.

The architect is an interesting man. He is Mr. Giles Gilbert Scott, a member of the Royal Academy and a grandson of that Gilbert Scott who was famous as a designer and restorer of English churches seventy-five years ago. The extraordinary thing is that Mr. Scott drew the plans for this great cathedral when he was only twenty-one years old. One hundred and three architects submitted sketches in competition, and five of them were invited to submit complete plans and drawings. The judges were unanimous in selecting the designs of this lad of twenty-one, and for more than twenty years he has been the supervising architect of the great building.

The cathedral is now less than half finished, but the plan is to complete it within forty years from the laying of the corner stone, and Mr. Scott may well look forward to the unusual experience of seeing in his old age the dream of his youth completely realized.

The Chase. A near-sighted old gentleman lost his derby hat in a sudden gale. He started in pursuit of the fast-disappearing headgear, and finally concluded he had traced it to a yard behind a high fence. Scrambling over with difficulty, he started to chase the hat, but each time its capture seemed sure, it seemed to move away. Then a woman's angry voice broke on his ears. "What are you doing there?" The old gentleman explained that he was merely trying to retrieve his hat. "I don't know where your hat is," she shouted, "but what you are chasing is my little black head!" Ungrateful. An old lady was strolling leisurely across a field, when suddenly she realized that a bull, with head lowered, was charging straight at her. Picking up her skirts, she managed to reach the other side of the gate in safety. Then she turned round, indignation on her face. "You ungrateful creature!" she exclaimed. "Here have I been a vegetable all my life and this is what I get for it!"

Bells.

Slow bells at dawn— What mean ye by your tolling? Bells in the growing light, Knolling afar;

Loitering in leisureed sequence, Where the ringing seraphim Shake you out of Heaven, From the morning star, Echoes are in my soul— Consonances and broken melodies— Survivals frayed and remembrances Vanished and ir retrievable. What know ye of life, Or of perished hours or years? Ye tones that are born in air And throbb in air and die, Leaving no traces anywhere, Save tremors in the quickened pool of tears.

Within the windless deeps of memory? —Duncan Campbell Scott.

Fighting Forest Fires.

In fighting devastating forest fires in Northern Ontario, man's conquest of the air is playing an important part. Today eight aeroplanes are engaged in daily aerial patrols over more than 80,000 square miles of virgin timber.

The aeroplanes, working with the Government in conjunction with a privately operated air service, are helped by the first wireless station devoted to fire patrol service in Northern Ontario.

The Back-Street Invalid.

"A wail of dirty bricks; Six twisted chimneys; six Pileuses on a sky blood red. I see to-night from my small bed. "The sky! that tiny patch of sky. My plot of heaven, safe and high; I smile at it while there is light, And plant it out with stars at night." —"E.R.L."

A Padded Expense Account.

It was Saturday night, and the two "drummers" were alone in the office of the only hotel in town. One, a grizzled man fifty years old, sat quietly watching the other, a boy of twenty-three, who was making out his weekly expense account. For the past six days they had been visiting the same town and so had become friendly.

"I put one over on the house this week," remarked the young fellow, dropping his pen. "This is my first trip, you know, and I've done pretty well. Before I started out another salesman told me about a scheme by which I can increase my income a little."

An understanding look appeared in the older man's eyes. "You've padded your expense account?" The young fellow grinned and nodded. The next morning the two salesmen were sitting on the broad verandah enjoying the bright sunshine. They had been talking inconsequently, but now a silence had fallen. Suddenly the elder turned to his companion. "Son, I'm old enough to call you that,—your remarks last night about your expense account set me to thinking of an experience of mine when I was about your age. I'd like to tell you about it if I may."

"I'm listening," replied the other, smiling. "My house," began the older man, "was the firm of Crumpton & Stanley, now the famous Crumpton Company. I started out and did well for a year. My father, who had spent his business life with the same concern, had always taken pride in paring his expense account to the limit, and I began to follow his example.

"At the beginning of my second year I married. Then I felt the need of more money and asked for a raise, but old man Stanley told me that conditions did not justify an increase of salaries just then. He promised me, however, that my request would be the first one granted.

"Another year passed, and our baby was born, leaving my wife's health seriously impaired for several months. I was needing more money, and about that time an older salesman suggested that I pad my expense account. I refused at first, for I remembered my father's example, but my urgent desire for more money finally overcame my scruples, and I yielded.

"At first I padded sparingly, but when I saw how easy it was I grew bolder. There came a week when I plunged. The following week I met a drummer who was making the same towns, but I didn't pay much attention to him, and after Saturday he disappeared. The ensuing Tuesday I received a wire summoning me to the office. When I entered the next morning I saw the drummer who had been with me the previous week, seated and then handed me a slip, my expense account for the past week. His face and grave as he asked whether it was correct. I said it was, and then he passed me another slip; on it was the imprint of a private detective agency. I realized that I was caught. I broke down, cried like a baby and confessed, begging him for my sick wife's sake not to disgrace me. He dismissed the detective, and then he said: 'Jack, I'm going to let you off, partly for your wife's sake, but mostly because you are the son of your father. How long has this been going on, and how much have you stolen?'

"I told him, and he continued: 'I think you'll go straight henceforth, but some punishment is due you. If you will give me your word to give up padding your expenses, I'll recommend you as a good salesman, which you are. But I cannot keep you here any longer.' The old salesman paused and looked up at the blue sky. "Well, what followed?" inquired the young man, with an odd look in his eyes. "I took Mr. Stanley's letter," replied the other, "got a job on the strength of it and for nearly thirty years have enjoyed the same sort of reputation my father enjoyed."

Natural Resources Bulletin.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Dept. of the Interior says: Canadian fisheries are remarkable for the number and variety of the species. Many of these have been developed commercially but there are also many species that are not being used.

There are a few varieties which, unfortunately, have to bear the brunt of the demand, and this has been the cause, in the past, of such intensive fishing that it has led to the depletion and, in some cases, almost extinction of the favored variety.

It is but a comparatively few years since the sturgeon was abundant in Canadian lakes and streams. To-day it is the most valuable fish found in Canadian waters, due to overfishing. The one-time famous sturgeon fisheries of the Lake of the Woods and Niagara River are things of the past, and to-day the taking of a sturgeon of what was at one time a normal size is the occasion for a press report. The July issue of the Canadian Fisherman records two of these fish taken. One was taken on the Miramichi River in New Brunswick which weighed 300 pounds and contained 72 pounds of caviar, valued at \$2 per pound. The comment of the correspondent on this catch tells its own story when he says: "A sturgeon in a very rare sight on the Miramichi, none having been seen for some years." The other fish was taken near Sarnia, Ontario, and weighed 150 pounds, valued at \$60.

The annual catch of sturgeon, as shown by the reports of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, amounted to 1,036,400 pounds in 1910. The 1922 figures tell the story of the rapid extinction of the sturgeon, with a total of 335,100 pounds taken, not including the indulgence of a market price of over thirty cents per pound. Overfishing has had its inevitable result, and the sturgeon is rapidly becoming a luxury species.

The Highest Joy.

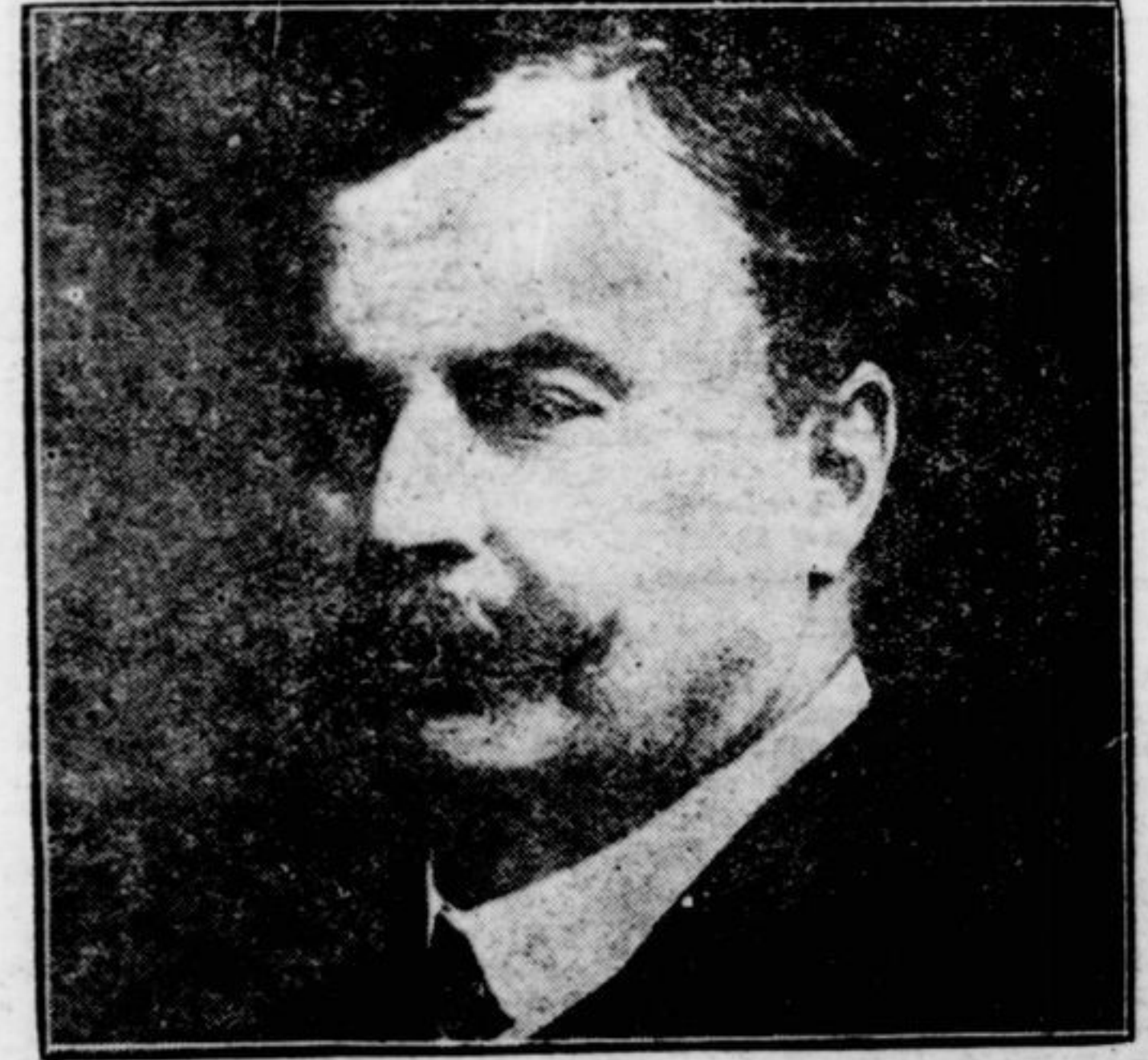
"There is such a wonderful interest taken in child welfare and so many organizations eager to promote the welfare and happiness of children, that out of it all should come great and permanent results in constructive social service," said J. J. Kelso in an address on "Recent Developments in Child-Protection Work." He added, however, that this very popularity was apt to be a danger unless there was wise control and guidance of all these beneficial activities. Too much paternalism had the tendency always to weaken the moral fibre and make people dependent on organization and government instead of working and creating ideal conditions for themselves. The highest joy came from self-effort and achievement. He commended the great work of the Fresh Air Funds and advocated that attention be given to fruit-picking and vegetable-growing, thus combining the pleasurable outing with personal and community profit.

It was demonstrated during the war that boys could have a good time and also earn considerable money by assisting in agricultural work during the busy season. He favored sending the older and stronger boys to study the lumber and mining industries of the north as that had a special appeal for a certain type of youth.

Style Threatens to Extinguish Hair Net Business.

The growing popularity of bobbed hair in Europe and North America threatens with extinction one of China's important manufacturing pursuits.

Ever since the 1911 revolution in China decreed the cutting off of queues and flooded the market with human hair, the manufacture of hair nets has been an industry of increasing importance in China. The industry had developed so rapidly during the last few years that it aggregated \$10,000,000 in annual exports. But now, according to the report of the United States Dept. of Commerce office in Shanghai and Peking, this trade has been seriously affected by the change of customs of the girls and women abroad. Bobbed heads do not require hair nets in nearly as many cases as coiffures for long hair and the makers of hair nets are in despair. Just as "Greenwich Village" style became universal.



Sir David Bruce, chairman of the governing board of the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine, who had a lot to do with the successful fight against sleeping sickness, is now touring Canada with the British scientists.