

It is better tea



Scots Fisherfolk Flock to Yarmouth

For Herring Season — Make Gay Despite Poor Market

By PETER LYNE.

Yarmouth, Eng.—Somber harbor wharves here have suddenly assumed a carnival air with the arrival of a rving host of gayly-clad Scottish fisherfolk for the autumn herring season, writes Peter Lyne in The Christian Science Monitor.

Across the wide dockside red and orange jerseys trace a colorful pattern. North Sea winds play pranks with fanciful blue, green and purple headscarves. Shiny black overalls gleam in the sun and rubber topboots beat a dull tattoo on the cobblestones. Highland lassies prepare kippers and pickled herrings for dinner tables in four continents.

More than 2,000 of these, picturesque girls and 551 trawlers and crew left their rugged coasts and congregated at Yarmouth this year to handle probably the biggest herring catch in the world—numbering nearly 30,000,000 fish in two months in a specially good season.

DANCES ON THE WHARF.

Appearances of men along the wharves seem to have changed little since the day when David Copperfield paid his first visit to Yarmouth and pictured Peggotty's nephew, Ham... "And you couldn't so properly have said that he wore a hat, as that he was covered in a top, like an old building—with something pithy."

At the pickling pots, agile fingers of the girls flash to the accompaniment of merry laughter. The laughter is intelligible to an Englishman, but not the jests in broad Scottish brogue. "Eighty-one Reels" danced among the barrels of fish and songs scented with heather and spiced with highland lore enliven lunch-hour repites.

There is talk of the fish run. Only sail is talk of salty things that their seamen understand. But there is strangely enough also talk of politics and diplomacy. Discourse on international trade relations has been rivaling songs and dances as spare time diversions. The fisherfolk have found Anglo-Soviet relations a vital issue to their livelihood.

Nearly 80 per cent. of the catch is exported and there has been a marked drop in sales with the tendency in recent years of countries to raise tariff barriers and build their own drifters.

Deputations and appeals to the Government and threats of strikes by the curers have reflected the seriousness of the situation, which has been aggravated this season by a glut of herrings. There has been discussion as to how the Government can help by giving credit to Russian buyers, who have been the largest importers of fish in the past.

In the first 10 months of 1932, when the commercial agreement was in force, the Soviet Union imported more than 400,000 cwt. of cured herrings from Britain. In the corresponding period of this year, in which the agreement was ended and has not yet been renewed, the Soviet Union has imported only 5,283 cwts., valued at £3,607, compared with £170,724 in the previous period. The industry was deeply disappointed that a new agreement was not reached in time to insure disposal of a big autumn catch.

Failure to find new markets means early closure of the season, with a result that many boats and girls have to return to Scotland with little or no profit and sometimes without even earning their expenses. This is doubly hard for them as they regard the Yarmouth season as a means of setting aside enough money for the winter when fishing around their native coasts is on a small scale.

IN CRITICAL STATE.

With their industry in such a critical state these folks might be excused for revealing signs of discontent. Yet they display a remarkably brave and cheerful philosophy. It seems that in their constant contact with the greatness of nature, with the salty tang of the wild north winds, with the apparent dangers of the oceans they have learned the art of living with least possible concern for the problems of civilization.

Thus it was that a prominent harbor official could say "there never was a more happy and law-abiding lot than the Scottish fisherfolk"—fisherfolk for whom the present season is one of tremendous activity.

Apple-sauce will appeal to the kiddies if used as a spread on raisin bread. A whole wealth of health in that combination.

Jill of the Fields

A ROMA' CE

By Kennaway James

SYNOPSIS.

Motherless Jill Morrow becomes, on the death of her father, owner of a considerable farm. She decides to take her father's place. She counts on Mark Hanson, head man, to assist her. Mark resents some remarks made by a stranger who visits the farm. He is Philip Barbour, who professes to be investigating the history of old county families. Jill permits him to make notes, which she says he needs for the College of Heralds. On returning to London he meets two foreigners who were expecting him.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

Mr. Dodgsbody's real name was Himmons. He was a seedy-looking person, very morose, and did some mysterious business in antiques. He had also acquired many years ago a good knowledge of heraldry. It was because of this that Barbour had asked the others to bring him along.

"I've got a little job for you, Dodgsbody," said Barbour, taking from his pocket his notes of Jill's coat-of-arms. "Have a look at that," he said.

Mr. Himmons took the piece of paper from him gingerly. "Unusual," he commented as he read it. "Pity the color's worn off. Must be very old."

"If that's all you can say about it, Dodgsbody, you can go home," said Barbour with a laugh. "I want you to go into it properly and let me know what it means—gules and bar sinister and all that kind of thing."

"Very well," said Himmons, "I'll get it done in a day or so."

"You'll get it done in an hour or so," said Barbour. "At least I should like it by tomorrow morning."

"Very well," replied Himmons meekly. "In that case I'd better be going."

So saying he drank up his wine and made a kind of undertaker's exit.

When he had gone, Mertens, a dark, elderly Frenchman, gave a laugh. "What's it all about?" he asked in perfect English.

Berthold, who also spoke English, asked the same question.

Barbour briefly explained. "So you've seen Miss Merridew?" said Mertens in a surprised tone.

"That's excellent. What is she like?" "Blue!" exclaimed Barbour. "If I told you what she's like you wouldn't believe me or, if you did, you'd both want to go and see her this minute. She's a marvellous creature."

The other two exchanged glances and laughed.

"Be careful, Phillip," said Berthold. "Don't forget it's the formula you are after, not the girl."

"I'm not forgetting," replied Barbour, "but she really is a lovely thing. Carries on the farm herself, too."

"Tell us all that happened, Phillip," said Mertens; then he turned to Berthold and added: "perhaps it would be a good thing if our friend did fall in love with her. He should not have much difficulty about the formula if she accepted him. But tell us, Phillip, have you got as far as seeing old Merridew's papers?"

"Not yet," returned Barbour, "but I have been in his study and I think I shall be there again. She's not a girl to be hurried. In fact, she's half inclined to be suspicious already. But what a girl!"

There was a ring of sarcasm in Merton's voice as he replied: "I'm afraid we can't go back and talk to the Minister about Miss Merridew's beauty."

"I know," said Barbour, "but if your country wants the formula it must await its time. It has waited a year, so it can wait a little longer."

"I suppose you are right," said Mertens.

The formula to which they referred was one which promised a revolution in agriculture. Jasper Merridew from his middle age had made a close study of agricultural science both in London and at Stone Town, always thinking that somewhere could be found a combination of ingredients capable of producing a fertilizer which, as Mr. Jorrocks would have said, "could make two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

For many years he and a friend in London, who was an expert chemist, since dead, had been on the verge of discovering the last links in their chain, but it was not until shortly before his own death that old Merridew stumbled on that for which he and his friend had so long been seeking. He could hardly believe his good fortune. He felt like "some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken."

He did not mention it to Jill, for he had a confirmed belief in the inability of women—even his own daughter—to keep a secret. His discovery conjured up alluring visions to his mind, for he knew it was of incalculable worth. He foresaw the day when he could buy back the land his forefathers lost, and restore a Merridew once more as lord of the manor of Morley.

His first thoughts were directed towards selling the results of his discovery in the best way. He had a dislike for the international trust and combines which seemed to have the control of most fertilizers. He had paid their prices long enough.

He decided that the importance of his formula made it more a matter for the government than for a combine; therefore he discussed it with the Board of Agriculture, who, with true British officialdom, kept him waiting for months and then refused to buy. Moreover, the existence of the formula was not kept secret.

Merridew was so hurt by this that he did little about his formula for some weeks and then, to his astonishment, he received a call from a representative of the French Government who said his country was willing to buy the formula. Jasper Merridew was very terse, and gave a message to the French Government which its envoy dared not transmit. The envoy's name was Mertens.

Old Jasper made another approach to the British Government with the same result as before. Then he decided to offer his discovery to one of the great combines, but, on the eve of his approaching them, a sudden cerebral hemorrhage ended his life.

Neither his executors nor Jill were aware of the great secret he had left behind, but probably in that house of Stone Town, there lay papers worth more than the farm and all that was upon it.

This, of course, was known to Monsieur Mertens and his government, who promptly gave him "carte blanche" to secure the formula. It gave no instructions. It imposed no restrictions. It just left it all to Monsieur Mertens, who, in turn, left most of it to Phillip Barbour.

Barbour was not unversed in agricultural matters, for not only did he come of farming stock, but he had held a post under some agricultural organization until he lost it through over-acquaintance with Bacchus, whom he had treated with much less devotion ever since.

It was Barbour who had originally informed the French Government of the formula's existence.

The reason for Denst's being chosen for their meeting place was that it was unobtrusive, for Mertens felt himself fairly closely watched by the Special Branch of Scotland Yard which keeps a keen eye on the political eccentricities of other nations.

"And what is the next step?" asked this gentleman presently of Phillip Barbour.

"Well, the next step is to get that coat-of-arms explained by friend Dodgsbody," said Barbour. "That should be ready in the morning. Then I go back to the country and see Miss Merridew again."

"Let's hope she still loves you," quipped Berthold, but he received a quelling glance from Phillip who, despite himself, had come to feel slightly sensitive where Jill was concerned.

"And then I shall do my best, having made this headway, to persuade her to let me work in the house with the old documents which she says she has. I suppose I shall have to spoof her a bit, but I expect I can manage that fairly easily. And, you see, she will be out on the farm most of the time. I can have a good look round."

"Isn't there anyone else in the house?" asked Mertens.

"Yes, several people, but it is a very big house and old Merridew's room is well away from the main part."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Mertens when he had listened to a little more. "I'm almost beginning to think I should congratulate you."

Meanwhile Jill had thought many things. She had enjoyed her walk round the farm with Phillip Barbour, and the intelligent interest which the man showed had amazed her. She little knew that Phillip was laboring to keep back his undoubted knowledge of farming, lest she should become too curious about him.

She found him to be a companionable kind of man with a vivacity which she attributed to his French descent. His knack of throwing little poetic quotations into his conversation pleased her, for it was a knack of her own, and they laughed together at the discovery.

To find him practical-minded on farming subjects, yet with something of the poet about him, made a definite appeal to Jill, and she thought of him many times during the day.

Definite Improvement in Trade of Canada First Aid

BANK OF MONTREAL ANNUAL MEETING

striking indications of the improvement that has occurred in world wide trade, as well as of the steady gain in many industries in Canada, were among the outstanding features of the addresses submitted at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal.

Sir Charles Gordon, the president, in the address to shareholders, stated that practically the world over trade was better than a year ago, and that in Canada, for the better part of the year, definite improvement in business had been going on. Canadas external commerce had also grown in volume.

Sir Charles also had a cheerful word regarding improved conditions in Great Britain. The country's faith in simple, well proved methods had once more been justified, with the result that Britain's credit stood as high as ever, and London had regained her position as the financial centre of the world.

Royal Commission on Banking

In regard to the question of establishing a central bank in Canada, Sir Charles pointed out that two members of the Royal Commission were Canadians thoroughly versed in the banking and economic conditions of this country. These two members are not in accord with the rest of the Commission in their findings. He drew attention to the cost of operating such an institution and the probability that the bank would always be under the control of a political party and therefore subject to political influence. The history of the Federal Reserve and

Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the United States shows how little the elimination of political influence can be relied upon, he said.

Bank in Strong Position.

Mr. Jackson Dodds, Joint General Manager, reviewing the annual statement of the bank, pointed out that of the total assets of \$768,500,000 the liquid assets aggregated \$492,500,000, or 71.15% of the liabilities to the public.

Of special interest was the announcement that the bank now has over one million deposit accounts in Canada.

In summing up, Mr. Dodds said: "Natural correctives are working toward world recovery, but many artificial barriers still impede progress. Economic and financial disruption have been brought about to no small extent by the operations of Central Banks under political influence, by excessive tariffs and quotas, by exaggerated nationalism bordering on ancient tribalism, the stoppage of free migration of peoples, distrust and selfishness, by impatience, a loss of individualism on the part of citizens and their surrender of independence in many former democratic countries."

"In contrast, Canada is fortunately circumstanced in that it is a young country, with an abundance of nature's gifts, with a hardy people, self-reliant and free of traditional hatreds, and with an inspiring past and a boundless future."

Jill turned on George with assumed anger.

"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye," she said, "I'll stop your cider if you don't keep your nonsense to yourself."

George mumbled something into his whiskers and then recommenced to stamp his feet.

(To be continued.)

The Happy Valley

An apple festival has been held in Canada in celebration of a very important anniversary. Precisely three hundred years ago, according to the ancient chronicles, Pierre Martin, a French settler in Nova Scotia, inspired perhaps by homesickness, planted a number of apple-trees, and found both so-ace and satisfaction in watching them mature and fruitful. Others followed his example and, in course of time, the valley where he and his friends had settled—the famous Annapolis—became one of the finest fruit-producing districts in the world. So rich has been the Annapolis yield over the intervening centuries, and so bountifully has it bestowed its pecuniary blessings on the people of the province, that the apple festival was devised for the first time this year to mark their mindfulness of these merces and their recognition of their responsibilities as growers.

The Annapolis Valley may well claim to be the very cradle of Canada itself. Nova Scotia is the oldest part of the Dominion from the point of view of European settlement, John Cabot having planted the flag of Britain there in 1497. It was not until 1604 that a permanent post was established by the French, but even then their little town—Port Royal—was the first European settlement north of Mexico. Four years later a church was built there and from it the torch of Christianity was passed from hand to hand throughout Canada. Annapolis Valley itself lies to the west of Nova Scotia, or Acadie as it was called by the French. It is roughly one hundred miles long, and its beauties, notably in apple-blossom time, inspired Longfellow to write his great poem, "Evangeline". The village of Grand Pre, which he immortalizes there, lies near the flourishing town of Windsor. The poem tells of the tragedy of the expulsion of the Acadians. They certainly lost a rich heritage and British settlers won a great country. Today the province yields over 2,000,000 barrels of apples every year.

Pierre Martin's bout of homesickness was a blessing for the Empire. Its significance will, moreover, become greater with the years, for Britain is eating more and more fruit in its search for greater and greater health, and the silk-checked apple with the sweet crisp flesh is one of the most potent factors in the general art of keeping fit. Long may the apples blossom in the Land of Evangeline—The Empire Review.

Removes Stomach to Stop Stomach Ache

Newark, N.J.—Vilhaljmur Stefansson, noted Arctic explorer, predicts that before 1945 one of the busi-st routes to Europe will be across the Arctic wastes. Addressing University of Delaware students, he said the safest places for aeroplanes are the Tropics and the Arctic and that the Arctic has the advantage of being the shortest air route across the Atlantic.

Because the air is heaviest in the Arctic it will also be possible to carry aloft bigger pay loads with less fuel, he said.

For Watches

A New Device to Regulate Our Timers

"Leave it here for ten days" is the familiar request of the jeweler to whom you give your watch to be regulated. He needs all those days because he must compare the travel of the watch's hands with those of a standard chronometer. The reason, of course, is that even the minute hand moves very slowly.

But why compare the seconds hand with that of a chronometer or with some second-beating device? H. M. Stoller, E. R. Morton and C. H. Fetter of the Bell Telephone Laboratories reasoned thus and at last produced what they call a stroboscopic watch timer which makes it possible to regulate the finest watch in ten minutes with accuracy.

By "stroboscopic" is meant a phenomenon with which every one of us is familiar. Place two electric fans the one behind the other and the blades will seem to turn very slowly. In fact stroboscope is the name of a toy which is much older than electric fans. It produces the illusion of motion when a series of pictures is viewed through the openings of a revolving wheel. Any revolving object can be made to stand still optically if viewed through such a wheel. In its more scientific form the stroboscope is an instrument for observing the successive phases of periodic motion by means of light periodically interrupted.

The Interval of Flashing.

The new electric watch-timer is a form of stroboscope. An image of the balance wheel reflected by a mirror is compared with the periodic flashes of a lamp. The lamp illuminates the spokes of the wheel only during flashes. Since the interval of flashing is the same as the swings of the balance wheel, the wheel seems to stand still. That can happen only if the watch is keeping step with the flashes. If the watch is fast or slow the wheel appears to oscillate. The amount of error is found by adjusting the flashes until the wheel stands still. Looking at a dial electrically connected with the lamp, the jeweler reads off at once just how far wrong the watch is.

Everything depends on the correct timing of the flashes. In the Bell Telephone Laboratories is a little dynamo called a "constant frequency generator." It generates 100-cycle alternating current, which means that every second the current makes 100 complete swings back and forth in the circuit between the lamp and the generator. What we have, then, is a kind of electric pendulum (the current), which makes 100 full beats every second. The laboratory sees to it that the current is out not more than one in 10,000,000 swings.

The electric timer is about as big as a standard typewriter. By its means watches are tested in four positions.

Inland Airways Bisect Britain

It Is Expected 20 Lines Will be Working in the Year 1934

London.—Some of the results of working unsubsidized air lines in Great Britain this summer are now coming to hand. The present year will be remembered in the history of British civil flying as the first year in which really determined efforts were made to operate such services; at one time no fewer than 11 routes were flown over regularly. Next year, if all plans materialize, no fewer than 20 lines will be working.

NO FORCED LANDINGS.

Edward Hillman, to whom as much as to any man must be credited the revival of inland airways, transported 4,490 passengers during the 21 weeks' season which closed at the end of September. His aeroplanes—all of them twin-engine de Havilland "Dragon" biplanes—flew over three main routes, London-Paris, London-Clacton, and London-Margate. The Clacton service, which was the first to be organized by the Hillman concern, attracted 1,543 passengers, the Paris service 1,756, and the Margate service 1,191.

Six planes were employed. Not a single service was cancelled and there was no forced landing, a fact that is causing to cause surprise nowadays but yet is worthy of record as additional evidence of the dependability of British aeroplanes and aero-engines.

Arctic and Tropics Best for Airplane

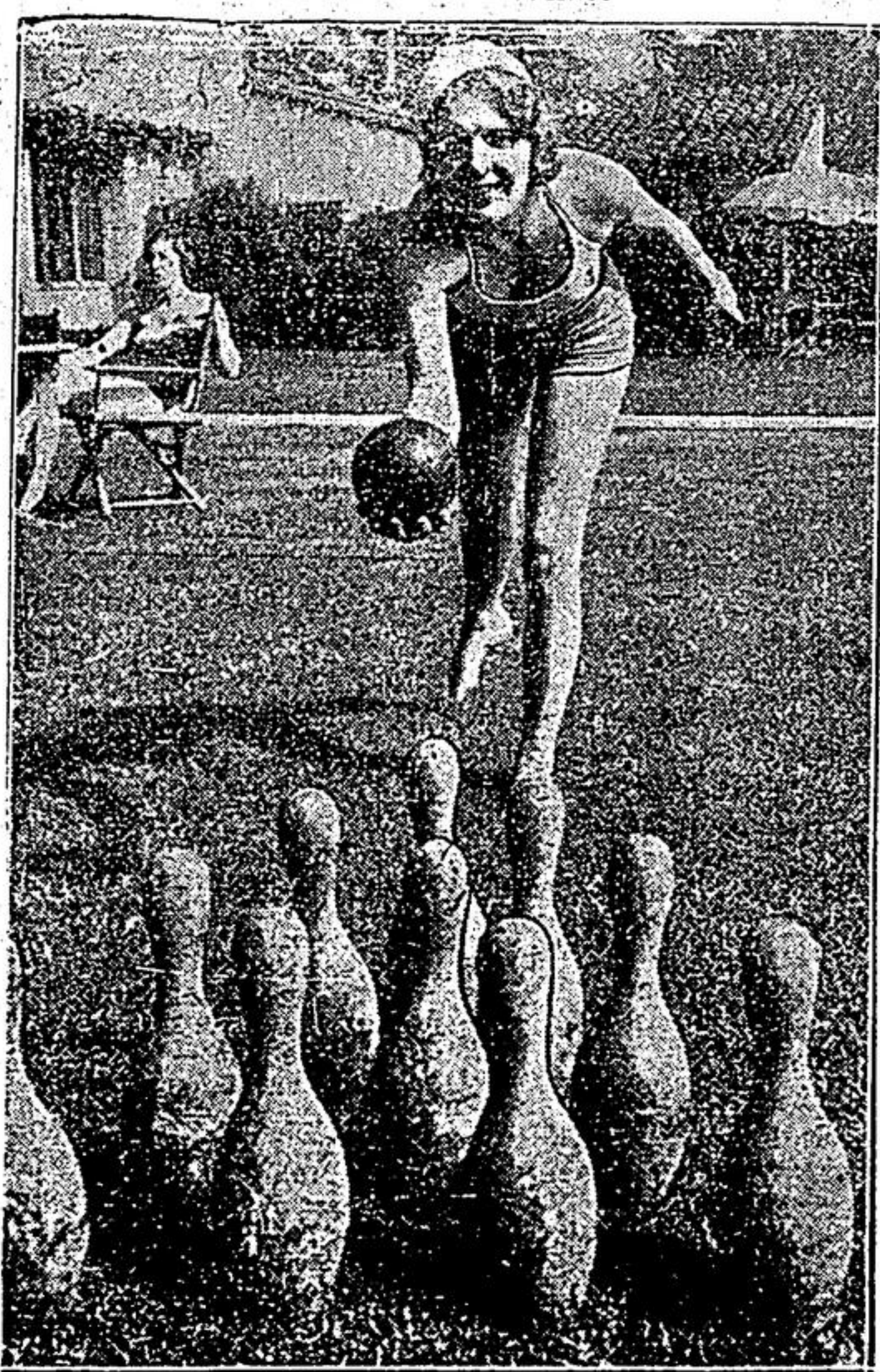
Chicago.—Joseph Krall, 33, no longer has that stomach ache because he has no stomach.

His stomach was but one-fifth of the normal size so Dr. Karl Meyer, assisted by Dr. Peter Rossi, took it out Nov. 2. Krall has his esophagus connected to his intestinal tract, which in medical books is called "esophageo-jejunostomy."

Krall has to do some extra chewing to make up for the loss of his stomach, and must eat six times a day instead of three.

"There is no more independence in politics than there is in jail."—Will Rogers.

Good For What?



California, the land where they do everything but swim in bathing suits. This is the finals in something or other at Venice.

Wooden Soldiers Declared Harmful

Toy Tin Guns Also Assailed by Council of Women

Toronto.—Wooden soldiers and tin guns are harmful and dangerous to the peace of the world and should be abolished, the Ontario Council of Women decided in passing a resolution undertaking warfare against war toys and games.

"This is one of the most ridiculous resolutions which make us women a laughing stock among men," one delegate objected.

"We needn't be afraid of that; men are already a laughing stock among us for many of the things they do," another retorted.

"You can take military toys away from children," commented Mrs. J. Cullen, Niagara Falls, "but a boy will make a paper hat out of a newspaper, put a stick at his side for a sword, and play soldier just the same."

The resolution urged the council to "undertake a campaign of education against the sale and display of soldiers and other toys of a military nature, and particularly at the Christmas season urge everyone to refrain from buying such toys for any children, and also ask parents and teachers to discourage all games and mimic warfare."

Apple-sauce will appeal to the kiddies if used as a spread on raisin bread. A whole wealth of health in that combination.