

The Daily British Whig

YEAR 75.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1908.

NO. 122

THE DUTCH A Land of FISHERMEN BY DELIA AUSTRIAN



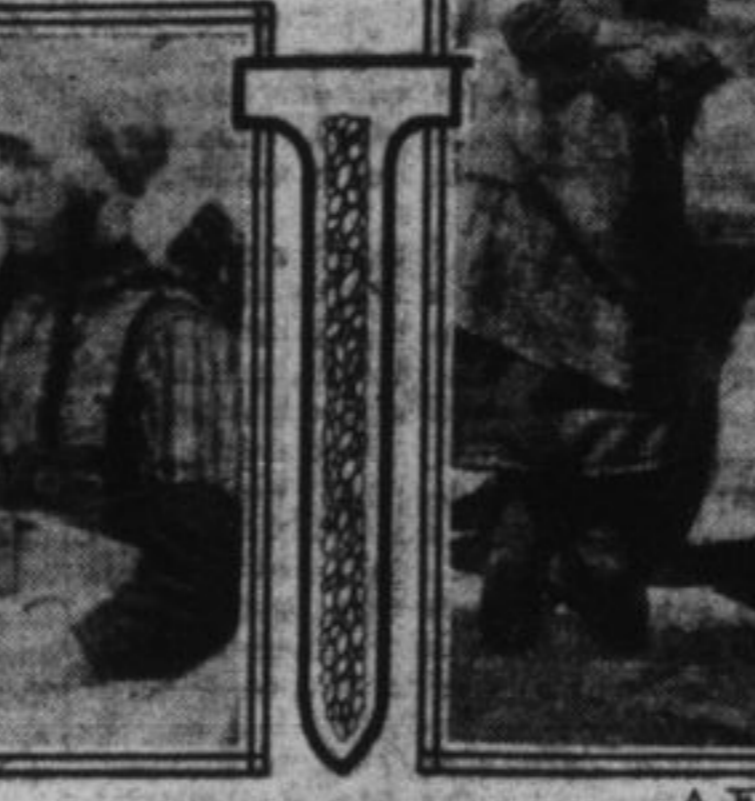
Natives of Marken



A. Y. H.



Dressed Up



A Family Group



A Street Scene



A Fisherwoman

The sea and fishing have played important roles in the history of many nations. A splendid coast has done more than powerful navies to protect England and Holland against foreign invasion. The Dutch fisheries have always been a source of much wealth to Holland, and she was often attacked and harassed by other nations who were jealous of this important source of revenue. A large part of the Dutch population live along the coast; there are hundreds of small towns scattered along the sea, their chief ornaments are the fishing boats and nets drawn up on the beach. They wear fishing nets as much a part of their towns as the boulevards of Paris and the Mall of London. To appreciate the Dutch character one must be familiar with their fishing life. This hazardous existence, so full of hardship and privations, has played an important role in making the Dutch strong, courageous and independent.

For centuries a large part of the Dutch population has lived on the fish trade and "flosky" industries. Though it is impossible to say when fishing became a source of profit, the reformation gave new scope to their life and especially to their fishing trade. In the most prosperous of these fishing towns the owners became so wealthy they commanded the same respect as the glassblowers of Italy. The catching of herring is one of the largest and most profitable of these industries. A well-known authority, writing on this subject, says: "It was supposed that the herring was unknown to the ancients, for none as yet had been found in the Mediterranean. This product of the ocean has been to the Netherlands an element of greatness and prosperity. This herring, being placed in barrels, changed the historic destiny of Holland, and with it that of the world in the twelfth and sixteenth centuries. A trade which exerted a great influence over the revolution of the united provinces and the events that followed it."

The shore birds of herring might off the north coast are the pickered, the star herring and the pan herring. The first is called the Dutch gabaast.

herring, and is caught during the summer, called and then smoked, when it is called bakking. The pan herring is a kind of fresh herring caught in the Zuyder Zee.

Different Dutch towns are known by the kind of herring they catch. Raardungen is known as the seat of the pickled herring industry; Schevingen and Katwyk are famous for their red herring; while Urk, Shokland and Marken have hundreds of fishing boats out catching fresh herring.

To no other class has the national character in dress, living and manner clung so tenaciously. In years gone by the bringing in the first haul was made a time of dancing and merry-making. The first herring caught was placed on a car decorated with flags and taken in triumph to the king, who presented the fortunate fisherman with 500 florins. The fishermen likewise offered a ducat apiece for the first herring caught. To-day these men are only rewarded by having their places decorated with wreaths and flags.

Cod fishing is another one of the oldest and most remunerative of the Dutch industries. Most of the men who catch herring in the summer time go for cod in the winter. The crew usually consists of twelve men. The North Sea is often the scene of these fishing expeditions, though they also go to the coast of Iceland, to the Bogger Bank. These expeditions are generally full of fatigue and toil. These codfishers live at the mercy of the waves. They live on the water, only spending two or three weeks throughout the year on land. Their lives are hard and their remuneration small. The crew receives 25 per cent. of the haul and the captain double the amount. Their average earnings are from 250 to 300 florins a year. The codfishers have been native to Holland for centuries, and formerly brought greater profits than they do to-day.

Vlaardingen is one of the oldest and largest fishing towns, and the men who go for herring in summer and the long, dreary winter, catching cod. When these expeditions begin the

streets are deserted, the men are no longer idling in the street, the boats and nets are no longer drying on the beach. The women are alone for many long winter months, not knowing if their husbands are safe. They forget their trials in looking after their children and homes. This takes much of their time; for their homes are small, their children plentiful. Often their men are drowned, the women are compelled to resign themselves to their sad fate and support their children. The husband and wife are the danger that threaten their happiness are with them almost second nature.

The quaintest of these towns is Marken, on the Zuyder Zee. Though a small, primitive village, it boasts of a church and a schoolhouse. As in all Dutch towns the houses are built on great heavy piles. In the summer time the usual approach to this town is by boat, though in the winter, men and women skate across from the Hague. These people cling to their native costumes, habits and mode of living more than all other Dutch. Their type and dress are similar to the Norwegian. The town is exceedingly quiet all the week, for the men are out on their fishing expeditions from Monday until Friday. They come back Friday night and it is a time for merry-making and rejoicing. The men and women both put on their best attire. The men wear long coats, long baggy trousers and high hats. They walk up and down the beach with their hands well clasped behind their backs. The women are no less proud of their toilets. Their headgear is so high it resembles Minerva's casque, except it is made of white linen. Their ears are hidden by the long flaxen curls, where golden locks are lacking artificial curls take the place. These curls are held in place by large gilt pins. The little girls and boys dress just alike, with blue jackets and large bloomers.

Their simple houses are arranged in plots of four, and are known by the group. The interior is ostentatious, simple because of the low ceilings and the plain-boards built into the walls. The chief decorations are the white counterpane embroidered in red and the tall carpets that hold a few pieces of china and silver. These simple butler folk have a very hard struggle. When their hauls are good a dollar and a half or two dollars is all they earn, and less if late in season.

Schevingen is another interesting fishing town. It was once no less quiet than Marken, but in the last few years it has become such a Mecca for the tourists it has lost much of its original character. In marked contrast with the fashionable hotels are the simple huts for the children. The children make merry running up and down the sand with their heavy coats. The men start off in their fishing boats early in the morning and do not return until late at night. Though their hauls are often large, they find a half dollar a worthy compensation for a hard day's work.

The women and children go out way beyond their knees to catch crabs and oysters, which they sell to the passers by and to hotels. Larsen, one of the Dutch painters, has devoted his years and genius to portraying the types, dress, manner and handicrafts of his people. In no class has he been more interested than the fisher folk. He loves to show patient, though stern-looking mothers looking out on the sea wondering when their husbands may return. He loves to show the men with their trousers rolled up and the women with their skirts pinned high, coming in after searching hours for crabs and oysters. He loves to show healthy, unspoiled children, made happy by their father's return. In all these scenes are depicted the simplicity, silent suffering and courage to face hardships and want as true to the honest and noble Dutch fisherfolk.

HEIR TO THRONE COUSIN OF CZAR WRITES LOVE NOVEL.

Grand Duke Michael Shows That Lives of Princes Are Not Always Happy.

London, May 23.—The Grand Duke Michael, cousin of the czar, has made his first appearance as an author. Messrs. Collier & Co. have published a novel entitled "Never Say Die," on the title-page of which Michael Michailovitch boldly puts his name. There is the simple declaration, "To my wife," and behind it a romance has hidden.

It will be remembered that some seventeen years ago, in the reign of the late czar, the grand duke created a great sensation by defying the Emperor Alexander and contracting a marriage with the woman who is known as the Countess Torby. His



GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

royal highness was thirty years of age at the time. He was banished from Russia for his temerity, and he and his wife have since lived much in England. They are received at court, and are very popular in society.

The novel is not a translation, for the grand duke is a master of English, and he has probably had the assistance of his accomplished wife in his task. The preface is of deep interest. It runs as follows:

"Believing, as I do, in the imperial blood, and being a member of one of the reigning houses, I should like to prove to the world how wrong it is to think—as the majority of mankind are apt to do—that we are the happiest beings on this earth. There is no doubt that financially we are well situated, but is wealth the only happiness in this world? Take, also, into consideration the many official duties belonging to our position, and how much more we are exposed to public opinion than simple mortals. Which is the greatest happiness in this world? Surely, love for a woman of the choice of our future wife and family life. And even in this we have not the facilities of private individuals. We have less choice, and there is often the question of religion. So it will be much more interesting to write a love story than to write a political or biographical detail.

There are too many who say they have given their hearts but who fear the devil must have given them their brains.

HOW PRISONERS CONFESS— Suspected Murderer Put Through Terrible Ordeal.

New York, May 23.—Frank Zastera, the young farm hand implicated in the shooting of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard, and Jennie Bende, at Wickatunk, N.J., was put through a "sweating" process in the attempt to elicit a confession of guilt, which would have broken the nerve of any ordinary person.

Two hours after the discovery of the crime on Saturday morning, Superintendent Cogrove began an investigation, the first step being to put Zastera through an examination which lasted from 10 a.m. into the afternoon.

The early examination was followed by a still more vigorous administration of the third degree. Numerous devices were employed to obtain a damaging admission from the prisoner.

The blood-soaked vest of the murdered farmer was placed on Zastera, a Bible was put into his hand and he was told to swear by the blood of the victim that he was innocent. After being taken to the jail he was kept awake all night and questioned "with great rapidity" by Detective Cogrove and his assistant, Sylvester Zastera was not given one moment's rest. The assistant prosecutor took part in the examination, which lasted from six o'clock Saturday night until ten o'clock yesterday morning.

Zastera was thoroughly exhausted, but while he made many contradictory statements, he clung to his original statement that he discovered the dead body of Jennie Bende, the servant girl, and that when he ran to alarm Mr. Sheppard he found his employer and his employer's wife dead at the foot of the stairs.

He admitted, without qualification that he was a degenerate, and had been under treatment, and that his mind was not always clear. Nevertheless, he showed great shrewdness in his replies, and whenever heard pressed took refuge in saying that his mental condition had affected his memory.

Following this terrible ordeal of the prisoner, the rumor spread that he had made a confession, but this was denied by Assistant Prosecutor Stokes. The public, however, do not regard this denial as sincere, but as made to further the ends of justice, and throw off searchers for Sheppard's money.

TO MARK LIBERIA'S BORDER.

A Two Years' Job in Dark Africa.

Paris, May 23.—Liberia again looks large on the diplomatic horizon, for an important French mission, under command of Gov. Richaud, left last week to mark the frontier between the little African republic and the adjoining French possessions.

Ever since the Liberian Republic came into existence the question has been a continual source of dispute. Liberia has never made any pretense of governing its own territory more than a few miles from the coast. Whenever travelers got into trouble somewhere in the Liberian hinterland, the Monrovia authorities claimed that the incident occurred on French territory. Then, when France would send out a punitive expedition, Liberia would claim that its territory was being violated.

The present expedition, headed by M. Richaud, will probably remain two years at its task. In this time it is expected to cover over 2,000 miles on foot, through dense jungles and across mountains which hitherto have never been surveyed. The French commission will be accompanied by a civil officer of the French colonies, two army officers, four non-commissioned officers, a physician, and 120 Senegalese.

Only One Cure For Cataracts.

Royal, Que.—I have tried a great many remedies for Cataract, but none of them ever helped me. In my opinion Cataract is the only real cure for Cataract. F. G. Padalen, a Montreal, Ont.—I am delighted with the results from the use of Cataract. I think it is the best remedy in the world for Cataract. Thomas Cox, Brief extracts only, but convincing. Not claims, but proof. That's what the people want before spending their money. We can surely over two thousand similar testimonials and your money back if you are not benefited. Cataract is sold by all dealers; three sizes, 25c., 50c., \$1. The latter being absolutely guaranteed.

NEW FRENCH BANKNOTES.

Familiar Blue Paper No Longer a Safeguard.

Paris, May 23.—Those pale blue bank bills which always strike the visitor to Paris as a novelty are doomed to an early disappearance. The regents of the Banque de France have requested the eminent artist M. Luc-Olivier Merion, to design a new hundred-franc note which will differ radically from those at present in circulation.

One of the chief points of difference will be that new bills will be printed in four colors, while up to the present French bank bills always have been printed in one color only. Blue was adopted in the first place as being difficult to photograph, and thus impossible to counterfeit. Such progress has been made in the art of photography, however, that this advantage no longer remains efficacious.

The precautions which the bank authorities take against counterfeiters are many and complex. Every counterfeiter, turn up, however, every now and then.

The paper on which the French bank bills are printed has a watermark which is very difficult to imitate. The paper itself is manufactured by a private company in the presence of special commissioners. The printing is done in the central establishment of the Banque de France, where the surveillance is of the utmost rigor. After the bill is printed it receives a thin coat of special varnish so that the ink cannot be removed under pressure. This was found necessary after it was discovered that a clever French counterfeiter had discovered a means by which he used a genuine bank note to print splendid imitations.

It has been stated that the Banque de France is the largest fiduciary corporation in the world. Its present note issue is equivalent to about five billion francs.

THE DEADLY BUTTERCUP.

Cancer in it, Says a Philadelphia Physician.

Philadelphia, May 23.—Dr. W. W. Chaffant, whose declaration that many cases of measles are due to a poison contained in the common field buttercup, attracted considerable attention, is out with another statement in arrangement of the flower.

He now accuses it of being the cause of cancer. "The active poisons in the buttercup," says Dr. Chaffant, "are substances which produce inflammation at contact, and when taken internally may cause inflammation of the stomach and convulsions, and frequently death. The poison is transferred also in milk and meat."

The familiar and to many persons disagreeable smell of meadow is, he asserts, a distinctly cancerous smell. He states that he has produced conditions similar to those of cancer by rubbing healthy flesh with buttercups, and declares that in all probability the disease has its origin in the meat or milk of animals which eat the flowers. He urges the destruction of the bloom.



MEAL TO RUSSIA'S THRONE.



THE KAISER A CHANGED-MAN.

Whisker lighting a cigarette recently the Kaiser set his moustache ablaze. As a result of the necessary trimming the hero upward moustache so familiar in his portraits was altered to what it appears in this, his latest picture. It is said that the Kaiser likes the change, and has prevailed on Wilhelm not to return to the former belted style. This portrait was taken after his return from the island of Corfu.

Your Mottled Beauty.

Any blotch or eruption on the skin is always contagious and unattractive. To say nothing of the discomfort, it may give. Wade's Ointment is guaranteed to cure all the following: Eczema (Salt Rheum), Cold Sores, Burns, Piles, Blisters, Sore Feet, Sore Throat and all other itching eruptions of the skin. In big boxes, 25c., at Wade's Drug Store.

Penalty of Blood Poverty.

Blood is the life. Life sets its crimson signal in the face. If you lack the ruddy hue of health you lack life, you are inviting disease. If the face is pale, if the hands and feet are continually cold, if there is any other sign of deficient circulation, use Wade's Iron Tonic Pills (Flaxative). They are a great nerve strengthener and blood maker. 50 boxes, 25c., at Wade's Drug Store. Money back if not satisfactory.

There's a world of difference between attention to details, and absorption in trifles.