

# Conclusion Of Fisheries Conference

QUEBEC CITY, Quebec, Feb. 7 (Special) — The East Coast Fisheries Conference ended Thursday with a luncheon at which the principal speakers were Charles E. Jackson, manager of the National Fisheries Institute, U. S. A., who was introduced by John B. Myrick, of Prince Edward Island, and Raymond Gushue, chairman of the Newfoundland Fisheries Board.

Prince Edward Island had the last word at the conference through H. H. Cox, M.L.A., who addressed to Hon. Dr. C. E. Pouliot, Quebec Minister of Fisheries, the appreciation of Premier Jones and the P. E. I. Government for the hospitality extended to the delegates from the Island Province.

Incidentally Dr. Pouliot holds the unique honour of having addressed the P. E. I. Legislature while in session, when he attended the first East Coast Conference at Charlottetown last April.

All branches of the industry at the conference stressed the necessity for quality fish products. Other problems several times referred to were the difficulty in the export business of securing dollar exchange, and the comparatively small Canadian consumption of fish and fish products.

Island delegates were congratulated upon having made a worthwhile contribution to the conference, which in the opinion of all who attended has made gratifying progress towards solving the problems facing the east coast fishery industry.

### Mr. Myrick's Address

In introducing Mr. Jackson to the Conference Mr. J. B. Myrick said in part:

"It is especially appropriate that Mr. Jackson, who as you all know is general manager of the National Fisheries Institute, of the United States, should be guest speaker at this luncheon which is held under the patronage of the Fisheries Council of Canada.

"These two organizations formed at about the same time have quite similar functions in their respective countries and each now represents, directly or indirectly, a very large percentage of the fishing industry.

"The relation between these two associations is one of mutual respect, friendship and co-operation and this very nice situation is furthered by their managers, Mr. Charles E. Jackson, of the N. F. I. and Mr. Clive Plants of the Fisheries Council.

"It is not enough to know that we will always have peace between our countries, as wonderful as this relation which we accept as only natural, must seem to the people of many similarly situated nations.

"We must continue to have the kind of co-operation between our Governments that makes it possible to base all regulations in regard to trade including tariffs and currency exchange on a sympathetic understanding of each other's needs. And these needs are continually changing and regulations will have to be revised again and again as conditions change or defects in existing laws cause hardships that need to be remedied.

"There is no better example of international accord in the world than that exemplified in the International Herring and Salmon Commissions through which the United States and Canada jointly have developed and protected these two invaluable fisheries on the Pacific Coast.

"Charlie Jackson first won the admiration and friendship of a host of Canadians through his work with both of these international bodies of which he was a member for many years.

"Perhaps it is within the realm of possibility that his vast experience in this international field may stand our two countries in good stead in the immediate future in respect of the problems of the North Atlantic and the Great Lakes fisheries.

"The United States fishing industry has already done a wonderful job in regard to wide distribution of fish in their own country and now the National Fisheries Institute is making an intensive advertising campaign to still further increase home consumption and we wish them every success in obtaining the desired results.

"I must take this opportunity to compliment Mr. Jackson on the working up of this advertising which I have followed closely through the N. F. I. Fisheries which I receive regularly and find very interesting indeed.

"We have done little or no advertising to increase the sale of fish in Canada. It is to be hoped that a program can be worked up and, although it may of necessity be on a smaller scale than that of our neighbours to the south, we should make every effort possible to get it started so as to have the help of this advertising in making this year's sales in our own country."

Those who are interested in the early history of the Island, especially around Stanley Bridge, will enjoy the following article written in 1904 by Mr. Hedley Ross, a native of that village, but now a Doctor of Philosophy residing in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. He is a brother of Mrs. (Rev.) John Stirling, Summerside, and a brother-in-law of Hon. Horace Wright, Bedouque. The Mr. Dougald Henry, referred to, was the father of Mr. Hacker Henry, an interior decorator of Toronto, Ontario, and Mr. Nelson Henry, Kensington. Captain Andrew Bell was the grandfather of Dr. W. B. Howatt, Summerside.

# Recalls Pioneer Days In Province

(By J. L. M.)

"One by one the early settlers of this Province are passing away; most of the men and women who wrestled with the stumps in the virgin wilderness are now sleeping in quiet country churchyards. It is a pity that there have not been more rural historians to take down from their lips the simple but fascinating story of how they struggled and achieved. Something along this line has been done in the past. Until within a very few years ago the picturesque village of Stanley Bridge and its vicinity could boast of several residents of advanced years; men and women they were of individuality, fond of the fireside tale. A few, a very few of them are still with us.

"Of this number, is Mr. Dougald Henry, born 1817, who will accordingly be 87 years of age on June 10. His trade being that of a blacksmith for about fifty years, he pouped an anvil in different sections of the Island and for most of the time in the village of Stanley Bridge, where on the banks of the lovely river he set up his roof tree in view of an expanse of land and water, whose charming combination made a bit of scenery as picturesque as that which hangs in the great galleries of the world. The following notes were gleaned from Mr. Henry in the way of conversation:

"I left the land of my birth, Malpeque, 64 years ago and came to Cavendish, where at that time ship building was carried on by Alexander and James Simpson. They used to launch from their yards two vessels a Summer. My brother was their blacksmith. I went to learn the trade with him and was there five years. From Cavendish I returned to Malpeque where I finished out my trade. My next move was to Winsloe Road, after that to Charlottetown to work for a man named Charles C. Davis. This was about the year 1846. I worked for ten months in Charlottetown, part of the time with Thomas Robertson. That was the time the old Colonial Building was built. Pierce Lacey and I made the iron door and the vault that went with it.

### Point Prim Light

"While I was with Robertson, he had the job of building the Point Prim lighthouse. I was one of those sent out there to put up the lantern. This would be about the first lighthouse on the Island. There was none then in Malpeque, New London, Rustico, Georgetown, Souris or Summerside. On Governor's Island there was a spar light on which they used to hoist the lantern by hand. That same year we enquired the bouys, that is hooked them and made ready for placing. There were nine of us working in the blacksmith shop. We had five fires going.

"Ship building was active; up every river, vessels were being built, in fact ship-building was the people's whole living. You may say there was very little farming. Only little strips of fields along the river were cultivated. The inhabitants got their tea, sugar, molasses, shirts, and supplies through hauling timber to the ship yards. No one kept more than one horse and many had a yoke of oxen and no horse. I have shod oxen many times.

"In Charlottetown, prominent among the ship builders were Peake Duncan, Walsh, Lord and Nelson. It was then a pretty small town. I moved a good bit through the land and did a most even kind of blacksmith work. We went to work at six those days and worked two hours before breakfast. There wasn't so much fresh beef those days but plenty of lobster, herring, and a bottle of rum could be had for a shilling.

"Soon after leaving Charlottetown, I was employed at Bell's ship yard, two miles above the present Stanley Bridge on the Stanley River. The four brothers, William, John, Andrew, and Ben Bell worked together in the ship yard. Andrew was the Captain and mostly the vessels home to England. Seldom they were sent lumber laden. Sometimes over thirty men were employed in Bell's yard. I was four years in their ship yard. Sometimes two vessels were on the stocks at one time. The men engaged about the ship yard had a cheerful life on the whole. Sometimes there was a fiddler or two in the gang and dancing was indulged in by times, especially at a launching. When this event came off there were often gallons and gallons of liquor on hand with plenty of meat and everything cooked up for the celebration. Men and women gathered to see the craft glide down into the water and at night a big bonfire would wind up the events of the day.

"We hadn't to go far for the timber then. It was sold almost from the river bank and the same from there to New Glasgow, only a road had been strung out through it. After leaving the ship yard, I moved down to Stanley; then called Fife's Ferry. Got myself a little place, built a blacksmith shop and settled down. There was no bridge in Stanley then. A

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Canadian Appeal for Children commences its campaign on February 9th to meet the challenge of these desperate and immediate needs. This is a campaign by the people of Canada, with a minimum objective of \$10,000,000, to provide food, clothing and school supplies for the children—safeguard the health of expectant and nursing mothers—in devastated lands around the world.

Wherever possible, all donations will be used for the purchase of Canadian goods, which will be distributed under the direction of responsible United Nations operating agencies.

Organizations across Canada are co-operating in this campaign. It has national approval; is

supported by industry, agriculture, education, labour, service clubs, cultural and other organizations.

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big log canoe was the ferry and the horses swam across the river. The ferry canoe was run by William Fyfe. He charged three pence for a single passenger, eight pence for a horse. When people got to have gigs the ferryman's way of taking them over was to run its axle over the canoe with the wheels hanging in the water on either side. It cost about a shilling for this. With the increase in traffic the ferryman made a good bit of money.

### Front Canoe To Scow

"It was considered a great improvement when he got a big scow propelled by two long oars in place of the canoe. The Government provided the scow and gave so much money besides for its service. In the scow a team of horses, wagon and all could be ferried over at once. The route of the ferry was a little above the present bridge. I have often gone down to the shore at night with people on their way from town and hollered to the ferryman to come and take them over. The old man would mostly be on the lookout for passengers but when he and the boys were away, the girls would put a passenger over.

"People generally went to town on horseback, two or three of them the same day for company. Mr. Fyfe came from Paisley, Scotland, and was one of the first settlers of this place. He ran the ferry for a long time. As travel increased something better than a ferry was needed.

"The late Hon. Jeremiah Simpson drew up a petition and got a

liberal subscription towards building a bridge. John Anderson, Captain Andrew Bell and I went around with the subscription list, each taking a section of the district. The people subscribed liberally. Then we got engineer Manderson to draw up the plans of the bridge. Hon. George Coles, Edward Whalen, Mr. Warburton and Alexander Laird came up to look at the site where the bridge was to be built. The residents were gathered to meet them. There was a nice little tent built in the bush on the bank with a choice supply of eatables and drinkables, including plenty of Scotch. Speeches were made—in fact the bridge was built that day. William MacKay, Donald MacKay, Charles Anderson and James MacLeod together built the abutments on each side of the channel. Manderson built the drawbridge and John Dohrn, Rustico, a ship builder, inspected the work. They began building the bridge in the Spring and it was finished in October.

"The first to drive a horse across Stanley Bridge was Hon. George Coles and with him was Edward Whalen. They came up to view its completion, and there was another picnic held. At its opening, when the ceremonies were over the people gave three cheers for the Queen and three cheers for Coles and Whalen. It is about 40 years since the bridge was opened to traffic."

### Man Takes Life Under Train Wheels

RIVERSIDE, Ont., Feb. 6.—(CP)—Two Canadian National Railway trains were involved today in two collisions—one a grisly suicide—seven miles apart and within 3-1/2 hours.

A man identified as George Root, 50, of Tavistock, Ont., was killed, his legs and head severed from his body, when he walked in front of a Windsor-Toronto passenger train as it passed the Lauson Road crossing here.

Earlier, in nearby Teomash, an automobile was demolished when it stalled on the tracks in the path of another Toronto-bound passenger train. George Anaya, 46, jumped from the car before the train smashed into it.

LONDON.—(CP)—The National Farmers' Union is seeking better compensation for requisitioned land used for open-pit coal mining. At present farmers get the rental value of the land.

# BEAU

By Mrs. Harry Fugh Smith

"If here ain't the brand new bridegroom!" shouted Gramp Bell, appearing suddenly from the direction of town where he had spent the morning as usual hobnobbing with his cronies in the back end of the pool hall. He beamed at his grandson. "You look as if you'd look it pretty hard. Wait till you've been on as many honeymoons as I have and you'll know better."

Carolyne colored furiously, but Beau laughed outright. "You old dodger!" he cried affectionately. Gramp winked at Carolyne. "You two think it'll always be moonlight and kisses, but it won't. No siree, you can bet it won't."

"Dinner's ready," called Jennie Sue, putting her head out the kitchen window. Beau's face lighted at sight of her. "Hi Jennie Sue!" he cried, and took two quick strides toward the window. He pulled Jennie Sue down until he could kiss her. He kissed her twice while Carolyne stared at them, her cheeks getting hotter and hotter.

Gramp cackled. "Look out, Beau your bride's turning green around the edges."

"Don't be absurd!" snapped Carolyne. Gramp shook his head. "You'd like to swallow Beau, but he's too much of a mouthful for you or any other woman. My fifth wife was like that. And I give her the first case of indigestion you ever saw before she let up on me."

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Beau laughed, though his eyes were grim. "You haven't spoken to Jennie Sue Carolyne."

"How do you do?" murmured Carolyne in her stiffest manner. Jennie Sue smiled. "I'm fine," she said, and added gently, "it isn't necessary to ask you. You look wonderful. I—I guess anybody would be radiant, married to Beau."

Beau pretended to cuff Jennie Sue's ear. "What are you trying to do?" he asked. "Turn my head." Jennie Sue smiled at Carolyne. "It's too late for that, isn't it, Carolyne?"

"I hope so," murmured Carolyne with a bright flush.

### CHAPTER XVI

Carolyne had been prepared to live in the same house with Beau's family. In the excited days preceding her wedding she had told herself that she would not, only live with Beau's people, she would love them for his sake. But her heart sank lower and lower that day at dinner. It had been possible to romanticize the situation at a distance. In the flesh the Bells were not romantic to Carolyne. Everything they did rubbed her the wrong way. She resented the way Beau's mother hung on his every word, the way Irene expected her brother to discipline her obstreperous offspring, the way Jennie Sue seemed to think no dish on the table was justified until it had Beau's approval.

"Do you really think the greens are soley enough, Beau?" she inquired anxiously. "Heck," said Beau, "they're perfect."

Gramp sniggered. "Thank heaven I like what Beau likes," he told Carolyne. "Otherwise you'd starve in this house."

"I guess so," murmured Carolyne for whom the greens were not soley enough. "Have you shown Carolyne the surprise?" interposed Jennie Sue hastily.

"Surprise?" stammered Carolyne. Beau grinned. "It was Jennie Sue's idea," he explained. Jennie Sue gave Carolyne a timid almost pleading glance. "Every woman wants a place of her own," she said, "even if it is only two tourist shacks hitched together."

That was precisely what it was, yet Carolyne had never been so glad of anything in her life. At that moment she would have welcomed a hotel in preference to dwelling under the same roof with her in-laws. Beau had taken the two tourist cabins farthest from the main building and put them to-

gether by building a hall between. One end of the hall was partitioned off for a bath, the other for a small kitchen. The front room was furnished as a parlor, the rear as a bedroom. A peach tree in full bloom stood like a tremulous bridesmaid by the front door.

"Oh, Beau!" cried Carolyne like a delighted child. "I love you for doing this."

"I don't deserve all the credit," said Beau. "The folks helped out. One of the things Gramp used to be is a plumber. I got the fixtures second hand and he installed them. Pretty neat, ain't it?"

Carolyne stared at the old-fashioned bathtub which Gramp had re-emaned with not too much expert results. She had a blinding vision of her luxurious private bath at home. "It's nice," she faltered.

Beau glanced complacently around him. "The place isn't exactly a mansion," he admitted, "but it's not so bad at that."

"To Be Continued"

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