

# SWORDFISH OF THE ATLANTIC ARE TAKEN BY HARPOON

"And in the afternoon," wrote an Old World adventurer in 1674 in the court of his 'Account of Two Voyages to New England.' "We saw a great fish called the Vehuella or Sword-fish, having a long, strong and sharp fin like a sword blade on top of his head, with which he pierced our ship, and broke it off with striving to get loose."

Perhaps Nova Scotia boats, like the explorer's vessel, will be pierced by savage thrusts from some of these "great fish" in the next few weeks, for this the season for taking swordfish off that province and it is not a rare thing for one of them to drive its "sword" into the planking of the fisherman's craft as it battles fiercely against capture.

Big and powerful, rivalling the larger sharks in size and strength, and sometimes weighting as much as 800 pounds, though considerably less heavy than that on the average, of course, the swordfish is "a worthy antagonist," as one authority put it in writing of the sword-fishery in North American waters, "and many a (fish- ing) vessel has limped into port leaking badly as a result of attacks by founded swordfish. Occasionally a small boat is attacked and the sword rammed clear through its side. Once taken, and in 1931, for instance, two of the sword-junctured two inches into the heel of a sailor standing in a boat." Another authority speaks of the fish as striking with the force of "fit-



## MR. PICOBAC Shakes Hands with Montreal

"It's a mild : : : cool : : : sweet smoke," said Mr. Picobac, of Essex County, on his arrival in Montreal. With a graceful sweep of his left hand he passed his business card to the doorman of the Windsor Hotel.

"Any reservations, Mr. Picobac," enquired the Major-domo, politely.

"No reservations whatever," returned Mr. Picobac, firmly. "I make the statement without strings or equivocation. Picobac is the pick of Canada's Burley Crop, grown in sunny southern Ontario."

"Let me take your grip," suggested the Major Domo.

"Put it there, brother," replied Mr. Picobac, heartily, extending his right hand in the free fraternity of good fellowship.

Handy pocket tin, 15¢ also in 1/2 lb. Humidor Tins

Mr. Picobac, having shaken hands on the front steps proceeded to register at the desk, preliminary to pursuing enquiries into smoking conditions in Montreal. Watch for his reports. Meanwhile try Picobac. You'll enjoy it.

—and don't forget, you get more tobacco for your money.

Good for making cigarettes, too.

IT DOES TASTE GOOD IN A PIPE!

# Picobac

Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited

# A LONESOME FLORIST SPENDS NIGHT IN HIGH-CLASS SPEAKY

(New York Sun)  
Before long, this story will be told as a reminiscence of the old days of prohibition. It happened to one of New York's leading florists, and it was one lonely night when his wife was away that he wandered into a most respectable speakeasy, as hungry for companionship as for food.

Perhaps it was because of those great common tables where strangers rubbed elbows that he chose this illicit place of refreshment. There were also little tables along the walls where a solitary diner or couple seeking comparative quiet might dine and sip the beer for which the place was clandestinely famous.

Our florist chose a long table in the center of the room where sat already three attractive women and five men. Two of the men, he was to learn later, were not attached to the rest of the party.

When he expressed to the head waiter a desire to sit at that particular table, he was placed in a vacant chair between one of the women in the larger party and one of the two men who were unto themselves.

He ordered, he attempted to look self-satisfied and before he knew it the woman to his left had detected his loneliness and gracefully invited him to have a drink from the flask of rare rye they were passing among themselves, with probably more than due respect to the beer that the house itself had for sale.

The floral gentleman must have betrayed his pleasure at such attention. He accepted the drink, genteelly smacked his lips commented a little amateurishly on the excellence of the product, blushed again, asked to be excused, went to a telephone booth in full view, and was a long time telephoning.

Quite a few minutes before he left fresh air into the little telephone booth, two of the couples hurried out. The remaining couple in the party of six decided to stick it out and see what would happen if the enforcement officers he was summoning might arrive. The other two couples were positive of the man's ungateful intentions, and had been a little impatient with the stand-patters for waiting for trouble.

After he had been back at his place at the long table for several minutes, and the four missing ones had not returned, the gentleman made bold to inquire about them. When told that they had to go home, a look of great disappointment came over his face.

"I'm so sorry," he said, "I so appreciated being invited to have a drink with your party that I had gone to telephone for a bouquet of flowers for each of the ladies—and for some champagne from my private stock for the ladies and gentlemen."

It was neither a member of the party of three couples nor the florist

**Harpoons from "Pulpits"**  
The Nova Scotia swordfish season is, roughly, from June to October, but it is in August that most of the catch is ordinarily made. Then the fleet of swordfishing vessels are all on the alert. The lookout on each boat scans the sea closely. When Fortune favours and a fish is sighted, its tail fins and the tips of its back breaking water, the boat's course is set for it. One of the fishermen takes his place in the "pulpit," a stand at the end of the bowsprit, and waits with his harpoon ready.

When the boat is within a few feet of the big fish, the harpoon is rammed home, and the struggle is on. In course of time the fish is conquered, brought along side, and given its final quietus. A little later on with head, tail and entrails removed, it is ready for shipment to market, all of Nova Scotia's swordfish catch being marketed in the fresh form. Shipments are made in large wooden boxes, with ice packed about the fish, to ensure good marketable condition. Like every other variety of fish, the swordfish has its own distinctive flavour and broiled, or prepared for the table in various other ways, a piece of this big fellow makes excellent fare.

Four per cent more people were employed in New Brunswick's fisheries in 1932 than in the preceding year, or a total of 15,764.

himself who told the story. It was one of the other two men at the common table, they who had innocently overheard the florist's remarks on what he had been planning and who deliberately dallied over their stale beer until the bouquets and champagne arrived and participated in everything but the bouquets.

## RECOVERY DRIVE FORCES SWELLED BY BOOTLEGGERS

New York, Aug. 3—"Liquormen," more popularly known in United States as "bootleggers" are not going to let the gamblers outdo them in patriotism.

Scarcely had word arrived from Reno, the American gambling heaven, that the boys of "seven-come-eleven fame" had joined President Roosevelt's National Recovery Drive by shortening hours and increasing staffs than the bootleggers announced their adherence to the code.

The Liquormen's first action to signify their endorsement of N.R.A. was to boost the price of good rye whiskey from \$16 to \$20 a case. And not only that but the perveyors of stimulating drinks rubbed their hands in anticipation of selling alcohol at \$16 a gallon before the cold weather sets in. Good grain alcohol now sells hereabouts at \$7 per gallon.

Some legitimate dealers said the prospect of early repeal of the United States Prohibition Law—the 18th Amendment—was responsible for huge demands for whiskey. He said dealers throughout the country estimate that 11,000,000 gallons of good rye now available will be exhausted long before repeal arrives.

Demand for liquor at one of the local Government distilleries has been so great recently a third shift of workers has been added. It is said that liberalized rules regarding medicinal liquor has also played a part in the feverish demand.

However, there appeared a bright spot in the situation today. Lionel Marks, director of one of the largest distilleries in Ireland, arrived with the cheerful announcement the Emerald Isle had 2,000,000 gallons of Irish whiskey, matured from 10 to 20 years, ready for exportation to United States immediately after repeal.

## BRIGHTNESS OF MOON VARIES, SAYS EXPERT

An unemotional French astronomer, G. Rougier, of the Observatory at Strasbourg, says "The Pathfinder", has discovered that even the full moon actually does vary in brightness from one night to another.

For several years, Rougier reported recently to the French Academy of Sciences, in Paris, measurements have been made of the brightness of moonlight on all clear nights at two observatories, the one at Strasbourg and the other at Sanary. On comparing the measurements considerable variations were found, not explainable by accidental errors.

Since most of the measurements had been made not by infallible human eyes but by photo-electric cells presumably immune to moon-struck emotions, Rougier left that some unknown factor must be affecting the moonlight. This finally was traced to unsuspected changes in the transparency by the air.

In the measurements of the brightness of moonlight, sunlight or starlight, astronomers always make allowances for the thickness of air traversed by the light being measured; more when the heavenly body is close to the horizon, less when it is high in the sky or directly overhead.

Besides this, Rougier finds that the transparency of a definite quantity of air, such as one mile, varies from night to night, presumably because of unrecognized changes in the weather or in the condition of the higher layers of the atmosphere. When the air is most transparent the moon seems unusually bright. When it is less so the moon seems duller.

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