

THE LAST OF A GREAT FLEET  
OF SQUARE RIGGERS OFF ON  
A TRIP AROUND THE HORN

The announcement that the British four-masted barque Garthpool cleared from Belfast on October 5, outward bound for Adelaide, will cause many an old shell-back's heart to miss a beat or two, for she is the final link in a chain of romance that has existed for centuries. Moreover, it has fallen to the lot of Montreal to write the closing chapter to the world's greatest love romance—that of the "square-rig" man for his sailing-ship—for the Garthpool is registered at Montreal and is owned by the Marine Navigation Company of Canada. She was built in 1891 by W. B. Thompson & Co., Dundee, but in spite of her 37 years she can still reach the Antipodes in 90 days from the Old Country.

Although the first actual steamboat of which there is authentic record sailed down the River Fulda in Prussia as far back as 1707, the chain of romance, with the exception of a few cracked links, has remained intact. From the days when Magellan, Cook, and other famous 16th century navigators probed blindly into the unknown, the days of the sailing ship have been singularly colorful and romantic; but, during the last 25 years the dirty, mechanical, and evil-smelling steamship has made its appearance, and smashed the chain beyond repair.

What it Recalls.

Many old shell-backs, on reading of the Garthpool, will see themselves once more with "body-and-soul" lashings on their oilskins to keep out the green seas that sweep aboard. They will see themselves fighting their way aloft to make fast a slashing to 'gal-lan's'l, or lazing on the midship hatch in their watch below as the ship lies windless in the doldrums.

Thermopylae, Pericles, Red Wing, Cutty Sark! What do these names conjure up to the present day sailor? A certain brand of tea, or cheese, perhaps? But to the old "square-rig" man they stand for the days when men were men—back in the '80's. They stand for everything that is wonderful in ships—a veritable heaven on earth.

The reason for that whole-hearted love of the sailor for his ship is not an easy thing to define. At sea he will call her all the nasty names he can find in his vocabulary, but, put him ashore in a tavern on the right side of half a dozen tankards of ale, and you will realize that his sailing ship is the only sailing ship that mattered, and the only ship that could knock out her 15 knots when "running the easting down."

A few weeks ago the writer happened to be playing the piano at a Lake Shore hotel. From modern jazz the music was switched to "Rolling Home," "Bound for Rio Grande," and other sea chanties, for the special benefit of a young man of 77, who, although well past the allotted span, was as hale and hearty as a man half his age. He was an old shell-back, and had been dismantled off the Horn on more than one occasion. He and I were the only two "square-rig" men in the room.

I had reached the second chorus of "Way Rio" when Dad, as they called him, slumped heavily across the table, and burying his head in his arms, cried like a child.

"Why, what's up, Dad?" they chorused, one of them slipping a comfortable arm about the shoulders of the old man. He raised a tear-stained face to me and said: "They wouldn't understand, son, would they?"

That's how it gets you.

Some Old Haunts.

Who can go back to the old days when that old rogue Paddy West ran his boarding house in Liverpool, and would ship (for a consideration) anybody, sailor or no sailor, without getting a thrill out of it? Who can picture the internationally famous Madame Johns' "boarding-house," in the Rue Dauphine at Havre, or the old Sailors' Home on Cherry street, New York, where skippers used to pick up a crew, without regretting the passing of years? Who can remember the amazing forest of masts and yards along the water front at Sydney without his heart missing a beat or two? And what of the days when the "old man" cracked on all the sail she would hold before a sou'westerly gale

in an effort to lick the other fellow to "the light"?

With the exception of the Garthpool, which is the last barque flying the old "red duster," the British barque or full-rigged ship is nothing but a memory. Those that survived a watery grave at the hands of the German submarines in the World War, were either sold to foreign owners or towed to the shipbreakers' yards, there to be hacked to pieces as useless junk.

In these modern days of business the necessity of freight reaching its destination in the quickest possible time has sounded the death-knell of the glorious, swan-like sailing-ship, just as the coming of aircraft will possibly eventually write "finis" across the pages of steam and motor ship history.

The "square-rig" man's opinion of the present day sailor is better left unprinted, for it is saturated with abuse and contempt.

"They're not sailors, and never will be," they will tell you. "They're nothing but glorified plumbers and painters."

One For Yourself.

Back in the old days a sailor was a sailor. It was no uncommon sight to see him aloft in a howling gale, literally hanging on by his eye-brows, while, with his feet on the thin foot-ropes, he would exert all the strength in his two muscular arms to catch the belling sail and haul it up onto the yard. He was, as often as not, a hundred feet or more from the deck.

The ship might be rolling and head-reaching madly, the temperature 20 below, and a howling blizzard from the eastward slashing savagely at his face. At that dizzy height, with the ship bucking like a broncho at a rodeo, all that separated him from a watery grave or a broken neck was one thin foot-rope, a jackstay about the circumference of a walking-stick running along the top of the yard, and a safe pair of hands.

"One hand for the owners, and one for yourself," was the order in those days, and, when in doubt, "both hands for yourself, and to hell with the owners."

Then the good weather would come at last and the ship would laze on a mirror-like sea, becalmed. Some days, in fact, she might make 40 miles of sternway in the 24 hours. Then, out would come oilskins and sou'westers to be treated with a secret formula of Stockholm tar and linseed oil and hung up to dry. (Every sailor possessed a secret formula of his own for renovating oilskins!) Soiled gear would be washed, clothes mended and kit-bags and sea-chests turned inside out. The mate would take the opportunity of the spell of fine weather to prepare the ship for port, and also for her further battles with the elements. New running-gear would be reeved, the decks tarred, new sails bent, stays oiled down, and the poop rails scraped. Banjos, concertinas, mouth-organs and gramophones would make their appearance on deck, and, in the dog-watches, the men's voices would be lifted in song.

Ninety days out and no wind! Sails crashing impetuously against the backstays with a noise like thunder, as if crying out for the want of it. Ninety days out! What did it matter? There would be a bigger pay day at the end of the trip, and a bigger pay day meant more time ashore in which to spend it.

Then a puff from the south-west. Then another. The Trades; The Trades, at last! Soon they would be bowling along at a steady eight knots with the wind on the quarter.

Valuable Tickets.

"My one regret," said a freighter captain who visited Montreal recently, "is that I didn't serve my time in sail. When I hear you fellows talking about the good old days, I begin to realize what a lot I must have missed. I served my time with a chipping hammer in one hand and a paint brush in the other, and I know you fellows look down on that sort of apprenticeship, don't you?"

From the officer's point of view a "square-rig" ticket is still worth its weight in gold; though, as the years roll on, it is bound eventually, to become an antique, and only fit for a glass case.

Where honors are otherwise even,

FORTUNES ARE MADE AND LOST  
BY THOSE WHO PLAY THE STOCK  
MARKET; SOME QUEER CASES

New York.—Ten years ago he had four drug stores uptown and a little dispensary wherein he made pills and things. Then he speculated in Wall street and went broke. So far the story runs along accustomed lines. Through some hocus-pocus he held to his capsule factory. He has been on the right side of the current market and is rich as we used to say—beyond the dreams of avarice. Some business men have been trying to buy his almost moribund little company.

"I will not sell," says he. "I might go broke again. Then where'd I be? An old man and busted and no business left."

This isn't the first time he has been rich.

There is a brokerage shop uptown which is favored by the hunting set. The customers do not wear boots and spurs, of course, and they do not tap thin legs with riding-crops, as they do in novels. But the place has a horsy atmosphere for all that. No customer ever sits within three seats of another customer unless they happen to be close friends. It is a nervous, irritable and high-rolling crowd. At the opening of the polo season one entered in the glassy-eyed stage of intoxication.

"Take this thousand dollars," he said to the floor man, "and play it. Pyramid if you win."

Then he went to Europe. Last week he came back to find that the thousand dollars had grown into a first rate fortune. Incidentally his wife had run away.

Real players keep away from the crowded offices now. Only the pikers sit in the smoke-filled rooms, elbows in ribs, exchanging perfectly unfounded but frequently accurate tips. The men who buy and sell in big figures locate themselves in the retired little offices that resemble miniature clubs. Often not more than four or five players will watch the board. Much of the business comes over the telephone. The customers may order theatre tickets, lunches, cabs and whatever they wish, and have them charged to their accounts. At such places stocks are bought and sold in thousand-share lots.

The Stock Exchange.

It is worth the outsider's while to visit the Stock Exchange and watch the fury around the trading-posts. Sometimes he can not get in. The street has its queer little nervous starts. An old man wearing a derby hat and green whiskers has been seen on Broad street. Someone whispers this to someone else. A quiver runs through the Street. No one precisely knows the significance of this portent but the fact is inescapable.

An old man wearing a derby hat and green whiskers was seen on Broad street.

At such moments those who try to carry their laundry home through Broad street are exposed to suspicion.

Feared the Pen.

There is an authenticated tale of a lawyer who visited a broker's office not long ago with search and seizure papers. His client had gone whoop-de-doodle and had disappeared. After a time he had been discovered in a sanitarium in Jersey.

"Lately, though," said the lawyer,

a reputable shipping firm will still give preference to the man holding a sailing-ship certificate, for they know that in return for the faith they place in his experience, he will prove, in times of stress, a hundred per cent. gilt-edged security.

Every liner captain, without exception, who is sailing into the port of Montreal, has served his time in a wind-jammer. Each and all can tell you of the "grand and glorious feeling" when the old barque gets her nose down to it and makes Cape Lee-win in 19 or 20 days from the Cape, running most of the distance with "lee rail under."

The chain of romance has snapped and is broken beyond repair. The last link, however, is still attached to that chain by the 24 die-hards of the British barque Garthpool, but it is slipping, slowly slipping, and presently it will part for ever.

And when that happens the rest will be but a memory. But what a memory!

he has discovered that he is Frederick the Great."

Quite by accident the lawyer learned that he had been operating a trading account from the sanitarium who had gone temporarily goofy was one of the sharpest traders he had ever seen. A comparison of dates showed that as he grew nuttier he was the more successful.

A woman uptown had saved \$100 for a new dress. She had planned to surprise her husband with it on their wedding anniversary. For weeks she had been getting little things and hiding them, and paying little installments. The party was to be a warm and intimate one. Only two or three close friends. No theatre. Just dinner at home and then the pleasant talk of which New York mostly deprives one. Then she quarreled with her husband.

"I do not know why." The broker told the story last night. "She has never said. But she took that saved \$100 and played the market. She had the wild, incredible luck of the beginner. Now she's rich."

The broker thinks that, on the whole, she's happy. He is not sentimental.

Greenhorns Win.

It is the greenhorn and the big shots who have made money out of the market. The greenhorn because he does not know anything at all about stocks. He has bought and re-bought the speculative favorites and they have rewarded him. The big shots have made money because they made the market. When orders to buy stocks in 100,000-share lots are put in it is obvious that pools are operating. The whole country has gone floozy over the speculation. A year ago San Francisco got the closing prices within ten minutes after three o'clock. Nowadays men sitting in New street offices have not known the closing prices for an hour and a half.

The Pikers.

The city is filled with the new-rich. So are other cities, they say. A woman in Detroit was imposed on by a dishonest broker some years ago. She

bought \$600 worth of General Motors and her friends wanted to go to law about it. She sold for \$51,000. That's just piking, but it shows the way this market has behaved. Raskob made 300 millionaires. Made 'em. A grandmother died and two boys inherited \$2,000 each. One went to Europe for a course of study. The other pays \$30,000 a year rent now and is planning to buy a country house. A retired army officer was a candidate for a job at \$3,000 a year to help pay the rent. In a desperate gamble he made some money. Gambled some more. Is now worth \$3,000,000.

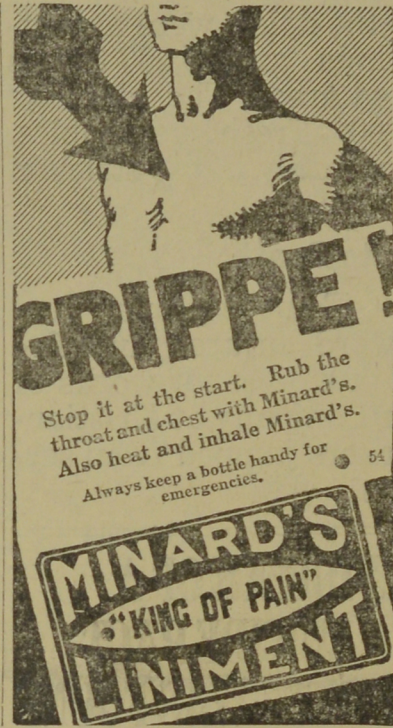
The wise players, the old, seasoned, cynical, finger-burned veteran players have often not made any money at all. The market has been too wild. They are afraid of it. Prices, they say, are out of line with facts and they have noted that when this occurs facts always win. They are sitting in front of the boards in thousands of offices in this country, slowly succumbing to verdigris. The higher goes the market, the more determined they are not to play.

There are, also those, who have played and lost. Somehow, one seldom hears of them.

"He says he will only marry a girl who can swim."

"What's his idea?"

"He wants a wife who can keep her mouth shut sometimes."



Here and There

(172)

The Canadian Pacific has decided on a new ferry service between Steveston, on the mainland, and Sydney, on Vancouver Island, according to Captain C. D. Nereutson, manager of the B. C. Coast Steamship Service. The new service will begin early next summer, being inspired by the increased demand for short water hauls.

Tourists to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, this year numbered 379,000, according to the Victoria Publicity Bureau. Tourist travel from Canadian points and from the west coast of the United States to Vancouver Island and Victoria, via the C. P. R. and the coastal steamship service, show an increase over last year.

New York newspaper cameramen want cow-boys to do their stuff on the parapets of sky scrapers and are not content with ordinary portraits, was the somewhat bitter observation of Guy Weadick, manager of the Calgary Stampede, who returned to Canada recently from participating in Tex Rickard's radio in Madison Square Garden, New York. "They wanted real action for photographs," he said, "and we had to lasso policemen from the top of busses on Fifth Avenue to please them."

Grain storage facilities of the harbor of Vancouver, B.C., which now exceed 10,000,000 bushels, will be largely increased next season, it is believed, in view of the fact that storage bins are already nearly full and the westward flow of grain may have to be reduced in consequence. It is being reported currently that the Alberta Wheat Pool, the Midland-Pacific Terminals and other groups will add storage capacity to existing terminal houses.

Over 175,000 trees have been planted along the main highways of the province of Quebec during the past two years by the Roads Department, in following out its embellishment scheme, which includes co-operation from residents along the roads. "Since the beginning of the season," states an official bulletin, "the Minister of Roads has been insisting on the importance of beautifying roadsides. Tourists can now travel throughout the province on modern and perfectly maintained roads."

Teacher—And the codfish lays nine million eggs a season.

Willie—Do they stop to cackle after each egg?

She—You're sure I'm the first girl you ever loved?

He—Absolutely. In fact, I've only told three girls that—and I didn't mean it in any case.

JOB PRINTING

All Work Guaranteed Finest Quality and  
Artistic Workmanship  
The Largest Plant in the City

We Aim To Satisfy The Most  
Exacting Customer

LETTER HEADS  
PROGRAMMES ENVELOPES CIRCULARS  
BILL HEADS WEDDING INVITATIONS  
REPORTS POSTERS CARDS BOOKS  
BUTTER WRAPPERS HONEY LABELS  
LEGAL FORMS AUCTION SALE HANGERS  
and all other JOB PRINTING WORK

Come in and see our samples of any of the above  
Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to

No Job too large or too small to receive our  
immediate attention

Mail Printing Co.  
FREDERICTON, N. B.