

# Of Interest to Women

## EASTER DECORATIONS FOR YOUR PARTY

### Ducks, Bunny Parades and Chickens

Ducks are easiest to make—just assorted candy eggs, candy corn (jelly-beans instead of eggs for the smallest quacks) toothpicks, whole spice and a few little gumdrops to make wings and feet. In choice of colors be conservative. The handsomest fowls are the all-yellow ones, though yellow heads on white bodies with yellow wings look well enough, and a few orange floaters are permissible. But stay clear of the lavender, green or pink varieties. They look like tropical birds escaped from the Zoo.

Lay a candy egg flat side down (most of them have one flattish surface) and in the top of the thickest end pierce a small hole with the scissors. Take a small egg and pierce a hole about the center of the flattest side, then fasten the eggs together with a piece of toothpick. Be sure the small "head" egg is placed point-end forward. Now with the scissors make a small gash across the back-end of the head and push in a grain of candy corn for a bill. Don't be too heavy-handed or the egg will split.

Cloves make the eyes. Pierce a hole in the egg with the scissors before trying to push in the spice. Circles of gum drops, cut thin as thin, do for wings. Clear as soap bubbles they look. Half circles make flat feet to tuck under the squat body. Only land ducks need feet, however. Those made to float on a looking glass pond must keep themselves flat to the glass. For the smallest ducks, use tiny jelly-beans for heads and omit both bills and eyes. Something else that makes marvelous heads for the little fellows are the hard gumdrop fish sold in the five and ten cent stores. Fasten them on tail-first for the duckiest duck heads ever seen.

Tall standing ducks are the aristocrats of duckdom. They are made almost the same as the floating variety except that the "body" egg is fastened big end down onto the gumdrop base, exactly as for rabbits. The duck's head is fastened to the up-point of the egg. Gumdrops circles make the wings.

**All Afloat**  
These three flavor designs can be put to a world of decorative uses. For an "All Afloat" table, take a good-sized mirror and make a lake for the ducks. At one end, place a low bowl of jonquils and narcissus or any spring

flowers in yellow and white. Cover the edge of the mirror with moss. You can buy a roll of this from your florist for 35 cents. Bring the moss all around the mirror and up over the flower bowl; tuck it in, among the flower stems as the blossoms should appear to be growing naturally at the shore edge. Now arrange the ducks, some swimming, others grouped on the bank. Remember that in swimming formation, big ducks lead the line with the tiny quacks on the tail end. Don't forget, only the ducks on the bank have feet. The ones in the lake must sit flat to the water.

**Carrot Tops**  
Carrots scrubbed until they glisten, then laid root end out to form a three-tier wheel make a colorful centerpiece for a bunny parade. The illustration shows how the carrot tops make a feathery green. After fashioning three or more layers, alternating the carrots and the greens, finish off the top by sticking in carrot plumes to hide the stem ends. In the center of this greenery, place a tall rabbit to overlook the table. Now set big and little rabbits in gossip groups between the carrot points. Have some of the larger rabbits pushing wee wheelbarrows made of match boxes, button molds and toothpicks, and filled with jellybean eggs. At each guest's place, stand a single bunny carrying a jelly bean or a carrot under his candy arm.

**Chickens Just Hatched**  
For a table centerpiece of chickens, try a "Just Hatched" grouping. Fill a deep platter or wide low bowl full of Easter eggs, concealing the bowl edges in paper nest straw. Among the eggs arrange big and little chickens with the biggest, cockiest chicken of all perched on tip top. Tiny ladders, taken from an inexpensive toy or made out of pipe cleaners, may be propped against the nest, with two or three descending chickens fastened to the rungs. A row, alternating big and little chickens, march around the outside edge of the nest.

At each guest's place, have individual chickens, standing with wide-spread legs on gumdrop feet, their heads turned slightly to one side for that coy look. Tiny chicks may be used to top a fruit cocktail or the ice cream. They are clever too with their feet planted in the white frosting of cup cakes. One trick, you will find, leads to another.

## LIFE IN THE SEALING FLEET

(By Captain "Bob" Bartlett)  
It is unusual for a sealer to be destroyed by an explosion, as was the Viking lost recently (1931). Usually they meet disaster by being crushed in the ice or wrecked in storms. But anything can happen to a sealer; there is hardly any misadventure man encounters in the ice which has not caused loss of life on ships among the Northern flocks. There have been many tragedies in the history of Newfoundland sealing, and even more on the east coasts of Greenland and in the White Sea, where the Norwegians and Russians go sealing. Every year sees a sealer or two lost somewhere, and even when ships are not wrecked members of the crew are swept away on ice floes in blizzards or lost in the fog.

It was even harder in the old days of the sailing ships, which had no power to enable them to force their way into the slush ice and escape storms. And there were no laws then governing the hours of sealing. Skippers are compelled now to put their men on the ice in the morning and take them in at night, which is often risky enough; but years ago men were left for two or three days on the ice while the ship went on to pick up skins left on another bit of pan. They were hard men and took chances. And sealing is still a hard life.

The sealers go north early in the Spring during the stormiest part of the year, so as to be on the ground when the baby seals are born about March 15, for the new white seals are the most valuable ones. For this reason the sealers encounter all the dangers that come from huge ice fields breaking up under the influence of the warmer weather and the currents, and every time a captain sends his men out on the ice he knows that some of them may not come back. He tries to avoid letting them go when there are storms; but it is hard sometimes to decide to play safe when there is money in sight, and in the north snowstorms and fog come up so suddenly that when men are only a short distance from the ship they may be cut off. When that happens only those with cool heads survive; if they begin to mill around they fall overboard and somebody is sure to be lost. Sealing is a business that requires good judgment as well as nerve.

During the first part of the season the men go out on the ice, hundreds of them. Later when the ice has broken up, they use small boats to reach the seals. Yet even with boats, they are not always safe. Take the Deerland's crew, for instance. Her men were sealing from boats and the ship had come some distance away. A storm came up and the men in the boats decided to make for the ship. It was a grave error, for when they bore down toward her the captain could not see them in the storm and heavy sea, and he passed them. When he got to the edge of the ice where he had left them, they were not there. They had got behind a big island of ice, but in the storm it began to roll around so much that they had to get away. The boats became coated with ice and filled with water and several of them sank. Of the forty men who were away from the ship, twenty-seven perished.

At the opening of the season, a ship will force her way into the ice as far as possible, so as to get in the midst of the seals. Then the men, 200 or more, each with his knife and gaff, rope slung over his shoulders, jump to the ice and scatter in pursuit of the seals. They knock them on the head with the gaff, split and skin them—a good man can skin a seal very quickly. They work all day, munching, when hungry, on biscuits they have put in their pockets. It is hard is a large one they will keep on as long as they can work, knock off for a few hours' sleep and go at it again. The skins are dragged together in various spots and the piles marked with flags.

Now suppose, as often happens, that while they are at work a storm comes up. The captain probably sees it coming and calls his men in; but they may be so scattered that they cannot all get to the ship before the storm breaks. There are stragglers far apart; and they are caught in the blinding drift. Here is where the man who uses his head has the best chance to survive. When he sees that he cannot make the ship he will stop milling around and try to make for himself some sort of shelter. This can't always be done, but he may be able to use a skin or two, and with snow blocks cut with his knife make some sort of protection from the storm. He can make a fire from the wood of his gaff and eat the blubber or meat of a seal. In this way he can survive for many days, and the chances are that when the storm subsides the ship will find him.

There are other pitfalls. When the ice opens up a little way the cracks often freeze, become covered with snow, and the men are likely to fall through without seeing where they are stepping. This happened some years ago when a whole fleet was on the floes. Then the blizzard broke and the ships were so jammed in the ice that they could not get to the

sealers. Leads of water opened between ships and men, and many fell through cracks and were lost. The others who were found later were frozen stiff; they were carried aboard as if they were logs of wood. If the men had kept together and tried to build fires they might have lived through the storm.

When a ship is stuck in this way and her crew are drifting off on broken ice, their condition is often hopeless because of the strong currents. They may drift so far that they cannot be rescued before the ice breaks up and they are washed off. This has happened near islands on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, when a ship has been jammed inshore and the ice begins to drift past it to the south. If there are men in the crowd who know their business they will not try to make the ship or land by going directly toward it, but will walk in a slanting direction across the current so that they can have a chance of getting in. This happened to me once, when I was on the ice as a youngster. We didn't know whether to try to make the land or the ship, but we tried the land. We saw we couldn't make that and by hustling managed to get to the ship.

Men often fail to get back to their own ship, but are later picked up by other sealers, for there are many ships at the sealing grounds at one time. There have been instances of their staying on the ice for days in this way, and I have heard of some Norwegians who were eleven days away from their ship in the White Sea. They had boats with them and dragged them across the ice from one lead to another. Then had biscuits and seal meat and blubber, and got fresh water from the ice; so they managed to live. But they were in bad shape when they finally reached a ship, and two of them died from exposure after falling through soft ice. After falling into an icy bath the thing for a man to do is to strip, wring out his clothes and put them on again. If he will borrow a bit of warm clothing from the others—a jumper and a pair of pants—his wrung-out garments will dry after a time from the heat of his body. But at best, getting those clothes on is a tough job.

The ships are sometimes crushed by being jammed in the ice between pans in a gale. Sometimes a ship will lift and then drop back again when the ice opens, but if she is heavily loaded there is not much chance of her rising, and her sides are vulnerable. The Grand Lake was caught this way and sunk with her cargo, but the crew escaped over the ice to another ship. There have been ships which have been stove in so quickly, however, that some of the crew were crushed when the ice rolled over her. It is impossible to tell what will happen when a ship is stuck in the ice. Many a time the crew have taken their gear and food out on the ice, waiting for the ship to give way and sink, only to have the ice ease up and relieve her.

When a ship is caught on the windward side of the ice in a gale there is only one way of escape: that is to ram the pack and force a way into safety. In the old days of sailing ships this was not always possible and a ship would hang up on the edge of heavy pack and be pounded to pieces. But with engines there is a chance of escape. The captain, coasts along the edge of the ice till he sees a place where the ice seems thinner and heads for it with his sails drawing and engine going full speed. He hits the ice hard, big growlers rush up alongside him on the waves and threaten to topple over on deck or smash his sides; but generally he can dodge them and force his way inside the edge. Then after going in a short way he will stop his engine so as not to endanger his propeller, and, with sails drawing, let his ship wiggle her way further in until she is heaving gently in a mild swell. Then he can ride out the gale safely.

Not all the excitement of sealing is in the dangers of the ice. Competition for seals is pretty keen and rival crews do everything but deliberately shoot each other when they are trying to be first to the herd. There were two sealers once on each side of an ice tongue on which was a big herd of seals. They each put over boats and started, and as soon as they got within range began to shoot. Between taking pot-shots at the seals they would pop shots in front of each other, splashing the water up as a warning not to go too fast. It became a question of who had the most nerve, and could outbluff the other fellow. Neither of the crews would be bluffed and before they got through bullets were whistling over both boats and one of the gunners was shot through the knee.

That is an extreme case, of course, but in the excitement and anger of being beaten by the other fellow a lot of promiscuous shooting is sometimes done. There was even more of it years ago. Men who are good friends, who go to church together at home, will take pot-shots at each other. You must remember that sealing is a tough game, that only men who do not know what fear is can be successful at it.

## DR. GRENFELL'S EXPERIENCE

The hardy and heroic Labrador Doctor reports a perilous experience on the coast this spring. He was crossing a lonely bay with his dog-team and sled when the ice broke into very small pieces. The dogs had to be released from their sled and harness, and after a hard struggle he got them on an ice cave which was 12 by 24 feet and only about a foot thick. The wind was driving him out seaward.

Nevertheless, the missionary was not the sort of man idly to surrender his life to a hopeless despair. His ingenuity and experience taught him means of protecting himself which would scarcely have occurred to any one else. He had to have better defense from the cold than his water-soaked clothing, and the pelts of his dogs were his only resource. He stabbed three of them. Even in this grim necessity of life or death the doctor's sympathies did not congeal, for of the first dog he killed he writes: "He was a faithful, loyal, gentle, affectionate, hardworking friend, and he gave his life for me at last." The skins of the dogs woven together with strands of their harness, made a coat which saved Dr. Grenfell from freezing to death; their bodies—save for portions fed to the other dogs—served usefully as a windbreak, and their legs the doctor spliced together in such fashion as to make a staff for the flag of distress which was seen from shore next morning—his only shirt.

During the night that followed the doctor fell asleep twice on his icy bed. When morning dawned, the sun rose clear and warm. Of his rescue Dr. Grenfell gives no details, but observes simply that it was a sheer miracle. He regrets that he did not realize how severely his hands and feet were frozen, for he allowed himself to be taken immediately to a warm fire-side instead of insisting first on a snow bath. This error cost him considerable pain, but it does not appear that any permanent effects are to be feared. That he stayed half a day in bed appears to have gone farther to make the occasion a memorable time in the estimation of his associates than did even his adventure. Nobody could remember when Dr. Grenfell had lain abed in daylight before.

He writes: "It has been an invaluable experience. I had a look into old death's face which is going to stand me in good stead, I hope. It made me estimate the practical value of faith, and how much it really counted with one. There seems an odd, unreal feeling still as I'm called on to decide what must be done here, there and everywhere; I had got it so fixed in my head that my responsibility in all these things was over. One of the hardest things to a sentimentalist like myself has been the expression of love and sympathy from all the shore. I've had a lump in my throat many times since I landed, as the strangest of visitors have come and shaken hands, and I've seen the tears roll down their cheeks when they couldn't speak. I tell you it makes it feel worth while, and makes material honors and possessions take their proper place."

DEDHAM, Mass., April 9—The inscription on a \$12,000 Great War monument which inadvertently dedicated it to Germany, was ordered removed and \$400 was appropriated to change the inscription.

Action to remove the inscription was taken after Attorney John W. Burke, a war veteran, pointed out the Latin inscription on the monument dedicated it to Germany. The monument bears the inscription: "Pax Victis"—Peace to the Conquered." It was voted to change the inscription to read: "Pax Victorious"—Peace to the Victors."

They do things in the heat of competition which seem quite different in the telling from what they seem in the doing. I have even known relatives to shoot at each other's boats, or ahead of them. And I shall never forget how once when I and others beat another ship to some seals the captain of that ship cut a lane through the ice between us and our own ship so we could not drag our seals home. He was literally jumping up and down with rage and I was madder than he was.

A ship has been known to steal another ship's skins, take her flag off and push it through a crack in the ice and then lug the seals aboard. That is the reason why captains sometimes take a long chance and leave their men on the ice for a day or two while they go back to a pile of several thousand skins to get them before some other fellow who has not been lucky comes along and steals them. This is what often causes loss of life. Sealing will always be dangerous, because the seals, having no natural protection against man, have been protected by the nature of their dwelling place. No ship can stand against some ice conditions, and there is no more treacherous weather than that of the North in the Spring.—New York Times Magazine.

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