

THE RIGHT STUFF IN HIM.

Fourteen Hours in the Sea With Only a Life Preserver.

With nothing but a life preserver between him and certain death, George Moore of Bristol, Eng., spent 14 hours in the Atlantic ocean, off Cape Henry, on Sunday, July 22. Moore's case, which was brought to the attention of Commissioner of Immigration Delhanty yesterday by Capt. Wiley of the schooner Cactus, is both remarkable and pathetic. Moore had the misfortune to lose his mother when but 16 years old. His father was then, and is now, an inmate of one of England's insane asylums. Moore is now but 18 years old. When he lost his mother there was no one to assist him but an older sister. As she was not blessed with a large share of this world's goods she could not do much for him. Moore desired to work and earn an honest living, and so with pluck, ambition and hope he started out to obtain employment in the land of his nativity. Without a trade, or experience in the world, and with but a limited education, he found it impossible to secure constant employment, and finally concluded to try his luck in the United States. He left Bristol and worked his passage as a deck hand on one of the steamers between Bristol and Belfast, Ireland. On reaching Belfast he secured a little work. The money received was carefully saved, and after the work gave out young Moore went to Londonderry. Upon reaching that place he purchased a steerage ticket to New York, and sailed on the Bolivia in February, 1893.

He passed the inspectors of immigration at New York without difficulty and at once proceeded to look for employment, which he soon obtained in Camden, N. J., on a farm, but was discharged on the second day. He then worked his way to Baltimore and after failure to find employment in that city shipped on one of the Donaldson line freighters to Glasgow, as a cattleman. For the trip from Baltimore to Glasgow he was promised 15 shillings. Upon reaching the Scottish port and securing his wages he proceeded to London. His disappointments in the United States had merely intensified his desire to desert this country for his home.

In London he met his sister, and she gave him money enough to pay his fare back to New York. Upon reaching Gotham the second time he failed to secure employment, and shipped for the second time as a cattleman. This time he sailed to Liverpool. He failed to secure work, and decided to steal his passage back to America. Procuring a few crackers and a limited supply of water, Moore secreted himself in the hold of the steamer Templemore of the Johnston line. Here amid the suffocating heat he remained in hiding for nine days. He was discovered by one of the sailors when three days out, but instead of informing the captain the sailor took pity on the youth and gave him some bread and water when possible. Moore's rations, however, were short, as the sailor did not dare to run the risk of being caught in the act of offering succor to a stowaway. When nine days out one of the engineers discovered the stowaway and quickly informed the captain. When Moore was brought before the captain he was threatened with imprisonment when the ship reached Baltimore; also with the treadmill upon being returned to England. The thoroughly frightened youth was finally set to work and given some bread and water.

Possible imprisonment in two countries was not a very desirable outlook for the young Briton. At first there seemed to be no way of escape, but as the Templemore stood off Cape Henry in the early morning of July 22 Moore mistook the headlights on several sailing vessels for lights on the coast. Being a good swimmer, he concluded that he could escape by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. To think was to act. He hunted the deck over until he found a life preserver. He next took off his shoes and tied them to the preserver. Quickly getting his head and shoulders through the preserver he jumped fearlessly into the ocean. Instead of swimming toward the shore he went in the opposite direction, and when daylight came there was nothing to be seen of land.

His position was perilous in the extreme; death at any moment seemed certain. The sea was rough, and wave after wave rolled over his head. His endurance was remarkable considering the fact that for nine days he had had barely food and water enough to sustain life. He swam and floated on and on for 14 hours, until at last, when it seemed as if every moment would be his last, he was seen by the lookout on the schooner Cactus, bound from Baltimore to Boston. Capt. Wiley of the Cactus lowered a boat and sent four men to the rescue. Moore was completely exhausted, and fainted when placed in the bottom of the boat. His head, face and neck were badly scorched, as he had no protection from the July sun.

Capt. Wiley is proud of Moore's achievement, and is so well pleased with his pluck and endurance that he has shipped him before the mast, and says he will give him an opportunity to become a captain.

Moore looks none the worse for his experience. Several good nights' rest and substantial food have put him on his feet, and

he now laughs at what would have been certain death for one with a lower stock of vitality.—*Boston Herald.*

PRESIDENT CARNOT'S FUNERAL.

A Graphic Account From a Paris Correspondent.

No matter whether the multitude waited patiently for hours to march past the laying-in-state of the remains, or passed the eve of the funeral sitting on the flag-ways of the streets along which the procession was to pass, there existed the same feeling of pity for the president's death, as well as admiration for his faultless life. There was no official sympathy, all was spontaneous and sincere. The environs of the city contributed their thousands, and the provinces and foreign countries their tens of thousands when the funeral started, and it was organized on the plan that succeeded so well with the MacMahon obseques. Seven mortuary vans were piled with costly crowns. The most gigantic came from the Czar—it was 25 feet in circumference. The next the eye sought, was that forwarded by the Emperor of Germany, a combination of art and delicate allusion. First, and at the same time third, was the crown contributed by M. Casimir-Perier, but which was eclipsed by his own presence; despite all the rules of etiquette, M. Perier walked next in row after the members of the deceased's family, and only left when the speeches had been determined at the Pantheon. That attitude the people admired. Everywhere along the route, that sitting, standing, perching, or clinging room could be secured, it was occupied, and the crowd was 34 human unities deep. When the captain in command of the protecting escort of M. Perier, fell out of his saddle from a sunstroke, it took exactly fifteen minutes to open a passage through the crowd to place the sick man in a neighboring house. There were 625 cases of sunstroke, three were French admirals, and 173 accidents of broken limbs, cracked skulls, crushed chests. It was akin to reaching an oasis in a parched desert, when the procession arrived at noon, after a dead march from the Elysee Palace, before the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It was the first break in the cortege as hundreds, after undergoing two hours roasting beneath a perpendicular dog-day's sun, declined to fall in and proceed to the Pantheon.

All that the Church could do in the way of pomp, pagentry and circumstance of obituary glory, had been effected. Perhaps the most remarkable sight was the army of clergymen, from Archbishops and Cardinals, down to parish priests and curates, all in gala conicals. Six officers carried the coffin from the hearse to the catafalque, when the musical mass commenced. It was impressively simple amidst all the dazzling surroundings. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris then read his oration—a very poor composition. The absolution given and the *Requies cat in pace!* pronounced, there was an ugly rush to leave the Cathedral and obtain some refreshments in the lowly taverns close by. General Gallifet was sitting on the corner of a billiard table, with a mug of beer and an old crust of an army loaf; a leading minister was cutting a round of sausage on a famine slice of bread, and guarding his glass of milk and water, as if it were his portfolio. The procession crept together again and moved on to the steps of the Pantheon, where the secular burial took place—the delivery of ministerial and parliamentary orations over the bier. And very poor specimens of eloquence they were indeed. Oratory did not shine at the funeral. Next the coffin was slowly lowered into the subterranean corridor leading to the vault, where one of the eleven niches will be occupied by the remains of the late president, contiguous to those of his grandfather, Lazare Carnot.—*Ec.*

From "The Churchman."

A special correspondent to the New York Churchman, writes, an interesting letter, dealing with the last meeting of the Church of England Synod and D. C. S. The following extracts are given:—Formerly, these meetings were held alternately at Fredericton and St. John. On this occasion the meeting was at Woodstock—a bright stirring town, with the loveliest surrounding country. For many years the Church has been strong in this locality, and this strength has been gaining under the rectorship of the Rev. Canon Neales. Many readers of The Churchman, and especially those in Canada, will be interested in the following statement with reference to the diocese of Fredericton. The bishopric is endowed for all time with an income of \$5,000 a year. In the principle towns and parishes there are considerable endowments from grants of land originally made by the Crown. There are about 70 clergy in active work. The Diocesan Church Society provides an annuity of \$200 a year for the widows and children of any deceased clergyman connected with the fund, which is now more than \$25,000. From a special Widow and Children fund provision is made to supply \$150 by way of gratuity to the widow of any clergyman in the diocese at the time of his death. The Incapacitated Clergy Fund now amounts to nearly \$30,000 by which a pension of \$400 is provided. A fund to aid in the education of the children of the clergy amounts to over \$3,000. For aid to young men preparing for the ministry, \$500 a year is yielded by vested funds. The vested fund for home missions, growing chiefly from bequests to the society, is about \$70,000.

This state of things has been brought about during the lengthened Episcopate of the late

lamented Bishop Medley—Metropolitan of Canada—by his zeal, his teaching and his example, so that the society and what it has done is, in one way, a memorial to him. It may be interesting to know how by other means his loved memory is to be perpetuated. The clergy have erected a monument over the grave, which is under the east window of the cathedral at Fredericton, designed by Mr. Butterfield in England, and is most satisfactory. Another fund has been raised chiefly by laymen in the diocese and elsewhere. A tomb and effigy, provided by an English sculptor, are to be placed in the transept of the cathedral, and the balance of the contributions is to form a nucleus of a fund for the support of a canon missionary, to do, at any time, needed missionary work in the diocese. It is earnestly hoped that additions will, from time to time, be made to this fund, by which, more than in any other way, the wishes of the bishop may be carried out.

Here and There.

A fanatic is one who dares to live up to his beliefs.

A crank is a specialist in a line in which you are not interested.

An atheist is one who has the courage of an unhappy convict.

It is doubtful if culture will ever be able to make a man stop snoring in his sleep.

A sentimentalist is one who dares believe in the best things in life—love and beauty.—Lucile Hewett, in Kate Field's Washington.

After the spanking—Mother: Now, Johnnie, I don't want to ever catch you in that jam closet again. Johnnie (sobbing): An' I don't want you to, nuther.

The bill that finally passes will not be the Wilson bill, but the Gorman bill or the Hill bill, if it be not the Bill McKinley, Jr.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Punch, in its issue of May 6, 1893, had a cartoon in which "Little Simkins," looking depressed, laments:—"Nearly all our best men are dead! Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot!—I'm not feeling very well myself!"

Two clerical gentlemen went on a picnic one fine day. First Cleric (who discovers that the salad-dressing has been upset all over a very carefully-considered lunch).—I wish we had a layman with us to make a few appropriate remarks!

"Why, Bridget!" exclaimed the housewife, "I can write my name in the dust here."

"Deed, ma'am," replied Bridget, admiringly, "thot's more nor I can do. There's nothing loike education, after all, is there, ma'am?"—Boston Home Journal.

According to the latest announcements of Hebrew scholars, the human race before the flood was of giant proportions. Adam is said to have been 123 ft. 9 in. in height, Eve 118 ft. 10 in., while Noah stood a mere 27 ft. It is nice to have the particulars with such precision of detail; but on the face of it, it is pretty tall talk, isn't it?

Only the other day Wales went to the House of Lords, of which he is by birthright a member, and voted against the bill changing the law so that a widower could marry his deceased wife's sister. Having performed that pious duty, he went, presumably, to call on his second son George who married the girl his first son Clarence, George's elder brother, was to have married and would have married if he had lived a month or so longer, all the arrangements for the wedding having been made.—*Terre Haute Gazette.*

They talked of Medora, Aurora and Flora, Of Mabel and Marcia, and Mildred and May; Debated the question of Helen, Honora, Clarissa, Camilla and Phyllis and Fay.

They thought of Marcella, Estella and Bella; Considered Cecilia, Jeannette and Pauline, Alicia, Adela, Annette, Arabella, And Ethel and Eunice, Hortense and Irene.

One liked Theodora, another Lenora; Some argued for Edith, and some for Elaine, For Madeline, Adeline, Lilly and Laura; And then, after all, they decided on Jane.—*Judge.*

A patient in an insane asylum imagined himself dead. Nothing could drive this delusion out of the man's brain. One day his physician had a happy thought, and said to him, "Did you ever see a dead man bleed?"

"No," he replied.

"Did you ever hear of a dead man bleeding?"

"No."

"Do you believe that a dead man can bleed?"

"No."

"Well, if you will permit me, I will try an experiment with you and see if you bleed or not." The patient gave his consent, the doctor drew out his scalpel and drew a little blood.

"There," he said, "you see that you bleed; that proves that you are not dead."

"Not at all," the patient instantly replied; "that only proves that dead men can bleed."—*Yankee Blade.*

It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored, and in the international yacht races now in progress in British waters, it makes, in the eyes of the American newspaper reporters, even greater difference whose side suffers defeat. Take the reports, for instance, in the St. Albans Messenger. In Saturday's issue of that paper we have the account of the Vigilant's second victory out of eight heralded in big type as follows:

"ANOTHER VICTORY. VIGILANT WALKS AWAY FROM BRITANNIA. WIND WAS LIGHT, BUT THE YANKEE BOAT HELD HER OWN."

The next day comes the defeat of the Yankee craft, and this is the way in which the same paper makes the announcement:

"ANOTHER FLUKE. VIGILANT LEADS BRITANNIA TO HOME STRETCH. THE WIND LEAVES HER AND SHE IS BEATEN."

Thus, it will be seen, what is a glorious victory in one case, is a miserable fluke in another. The typically Yankee newspaper man cannot take defeat gracefully—much less manfully.—*Ec.*

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A new method of using maple sugar, which originated in the sugar making districts, has proved so popular there that it will, doubtless, meet with favour in other quarters. Make an ordinary soda-biscuit dough, and when ready to roll out stir in a generous cupful of maple sugar which has been cut into the size of peas. Cut the biscuits of the usual shape, and let the whole process be as rapid as possible. Bake in a quick oven and serve hot. The syrup cooks out somewhat in baking, and forms a syrupy coating which is very agreeable. Any that may be left over will be liked cold next day, and will also be found a pleasant addition to the children's lunch basket.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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