

What I Saw Across the Sea.

BY S. M. BOYER.

NO. 22.

My last letter ended with an unfinished account of a storm at sea. The gale increased in fury and for three days and nights the wind never slackened. Often a huge wave broke over the vessel and for a few minutes she trembled from stem to stern. Often the decks were covered with three inches of water. After the first day the passengers were all ordered below to their rooms. Nearly all the passengers were very sick and the cooks, stewards and waiters had their hands full in caring for the sick. We were beat about in our berths for two day and nights and scarcely took any refreshments other than a cup of beef tea or a little fruit. From our berth we could hear the cries of the children. "Oh dear, oh dear," I over heard one woman say to another, "How far are we from land or how far from the bottom." We were constantly shouting for the doctor. Our faithful steward tried to encourage us every morning by saying, gentlemen, the wind is falling. I carried the marks on my back for three weeks after the storm, we were so tossed about in our berths. At such times as this you are glad always to feel the motion of the propeller and know the engines are working all right. There was not much cooking required for the passengers but after the storm was over they made up for lost time by increased appetite. I remember distinctly going to bed the next morning after the storm; my clothes seemed out of proportion to my form and my watch and a few sovereigns was as much as I wanted to carry. Our passenger list was about 1000 persons, 500 in steerage, and during the storm as I learned afterward, was something fearful, as that part of the vessel was very rough. One of the steerage passengers was thrown against the side of the vessel during the storm, with his pipe in his mouth, and forced the stem through his cheek. When the passengers got on deck they looked as if they had passed through a fever. The ship's officers all this time never left the bridge only for a short time to relieve each other. Ropes were strung along for the sailors to grasp going from one part of the vessel to the other. I have seen heavy gales on land, but never knew what it meant at sea. During the storm some days the steamer made less than one hundred miles. After the storm had passed and the passengers began to get on deck and were soon cheerful again and as we had fair weather all sought to amuse themselves in various ways. In the cabin mock parliaments were held and different subjects debated and stories told to amuse. One very interesting subject was debated in which the ladies took part, the subject was "are girls entitled to as much of the father's estate as the boys." Some of the ladies waxed eloquent and pled hard for the girls. As we became acquainted with persons from various places going home, some who had spent three months on the continent, we would gather in groups in different parts of the vessel and relate incidents of what we had seen in the countries of Europe. I had made the acquaintance of a gentleman from St. Catharines, Ont., who told me many things he had seen in France and Italy. In visiting the city of Marseilles France he took his bicycle out for a spin in the country and witnessed the peasants prepare the soil for grapes. In one case he saw two women harnessed to a small plough drawing it through the soil while a third woman guides the plough. The women in addition to drawing the plough had each a basket strapped to their necks filled with fertilizer, and with their hands scattered it in front of them as they walked, others brought up the rear using rakes to mix the soil. I did not doubt this man's story as I had seen things myself to equal this. Another gentleman told me he had seen both in Italy and Belgium women yoked up alongside of a goat or donkey and drawing vegetables in to the market. Women of America, think of this, and thank God you live in a land where women's rights are respected and accorded their true position. We now sight the Island of Bell Isle and not very long before we enter the straits which I gave a description of on my outward voyage, having sailed through the gulf we reached Rimouski. The steamer slows up to take on the pilot to Montreal. Soon we are steaming along towards the mouth of the river and sight the Gaspé coast. All are delighted to see the land again. In due time we reached Grosse Isle, 166 miles from Montreal. Here is the quarantine station, the steamer stops and a tender is sent out with the doctors to inspect the passengers. Only the steerage are examined. One emigrant woman who had not been vaccinated was told by the doctor she would have to be put in quarantine or be vaccinated before she could proceed any farther. She utterly refused and kept the officers waiting twenty-five or thirty minutes. At last the captain ordered her luggage brought up from the hold. When she saw this she submitted. We could see from the deck of the steamer one of the Allen Line boats, the Corinthian, from Glasgow, with 800 passengers on board quarantined for fourteen days as there was a plague in Glas-

gow when the steamer sailed. After the doctor gave a clear bill of health we were allowed to proceed, glad enough we were not put in quarantine. Nothing of importance occurred until we reached Quebec. The emigrants are all discharged from the steamer at Point Lévis and take the Grand Trunk for their new homes. The steamer discharged part of her cargo at Quebec and soon we were sailing up the beautiful St. Lawrence. In due time we arrive at Montreal, spend one day in the city, and take the C. P. R. for home glad to get on Canadian soil, believing from what we have seen of the old country there is no place on the globe where a man can carve out a home and live so independent as in this noble land of ours, and we breathe an air of freedom that is not felt in many of the countries of Europe. No tipping of your hat to your landlord, but in this country Jack is as good as his master if he behaves himself. I had supposed the old countries in all the arts were far in advance of us. In some things they are, but I was surprised to see how far America, U. S. A. and Canada, are ahead of the old countries in farm machinery. Our implements are made of steel and light, while theirs are heavy and clumsy to use. Agents from this side are doing a thriving business in most of the countries of Europe selling farm machinery. I had an opportunity to judge at the fair in Paris. America leads. I did not see in any of the large shipping ports on the other side of the water one grain elevator. All the work is done up hand. I am as true a Briton as ever stood under the flag, but I must confess that in my opinion the United States is destined to lead the world in trade and commerce. The recent deal of the Morgan syndicate and other trusts goes to show the great wealth of the United States. I have travelled by tourist ticket at easy stages through sixteen states of the union and observed the manufacturers and the agricultural districts, and predict that she is destined to lead the countries of Europe in manufacture as she has every variety of climate and her people are a mixture of all the countries of Europe, and have got the snap the Europeans have not. All you have to do to see the difference is to visit Boston, New York, Chicago and other American cities and see people move on the streets. In the cities of Britain people move as if there was no hurry. An American will eat his meal in ten to fifteen minutes, an Englishman must have his hour. And now about Canada. From what I know there is not five and one-half millions of people anywhere on the globe as smart and enterprising, and her postal and banking system and many of her laws are the best in the world and who is there that does not predict for her a great future. All we need is the right class of emigrants. I have visited two World's Fairs and have looked into the faces of most of the peoples of the earth, and I must say the Anglo Saxon race are head and shoulders above any of the races. The Asiatics are most of them sullen and downcast and possess a low order of intelligence. And now I bid my readers adieu, and beg your pardon for my tame account of what I saw across the sea.

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Something Like a Wind.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the frank blue eyes to his friends, "some people would be disposed to doubt some of the stories that you have been telling about the freaks of a wind storm. But I don't. The man who told how the wind took the roof off his own and a neighbor's house, exchanged and nailed them down, has my unlimited confidence."

"It's every single word true," remarked the individual referred to.

"I have no doubt of it. I have had an experience which will not permit me to be sceptical."

"What was it?"

"I wouldn't tell it in any company but this, where I know it will be appreciated."

"Did you have a house blown down?"

"No. That wouldn't be anything extraordinary. I hadn't any house to be blown down. I have been living at an hotel, waiting for my new residence in the country to be completed. All the materials were lying out in the fields and the plans were in a tool-house near by. When I went to look at the place this morning I found the wind had broken open the tool-house, secured the plans, built the whole house, cleaned the windows, and started a fire in the kitchen range!"

They were talking of the vanity of woman, and one of the few ladies present undertook a defence.

"Of course," she continued, "I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But, by the way," she suddenly broke off, "the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is up under his ear."

She had worked it. Every man present put his hand up to his neck.

Gen. Meade and Col. Parsons.

Col. E. Bloss Parsons of New York was brevetted general for distinguished services during the war, but characteristic modesty forbade the use of that title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was the hero of a remarkable ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg was fought, Gen. Meade had an important message to send to Gen. Harding, one hundred miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The commander was in doubt regarding a suitable messenger. He summoned Gen. Davis to headquarters.

"General, who is the hardest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man, in the service?" asked Meade.

"Col. Parsons, sir," was the prompt reply. "Send him to me at once."

It was six o'clock on a Monday night when Gen. Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to Gen. Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer.

The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy and they led through the enemy's country.

Exactly at noon on the following day Col. Parsons entered Gen. Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage and he ripped out a string of oaths.

"Is this the way you obey orders?" he thundered. "What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with Gen. Harding by this time."

"I have just returned from Gen. Harding, sir."

"You lie!" exclaimed the exasperated General.

Parsons's face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. "Gen. Meade," he said in a voice that ill-concealed his anger, "if you were not my commanding officer I would knock you down for that insult."

Without the formality of a salute, he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterwards made an ample apology.

Col. Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For eighteen hours he was not out of the saddle. —[Bangor Commercial.]

A quarrel recently occurred between two maiden ladies.

Said the younger one: "I wonder if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get your age."

The elder one: "You will be lucky if you do."

Assistant: "Here are more dispatches about the battle in the East."

Editor: "What do they say?"

Assistant: "It appears that both sides were greatly outnumbered, but each defeated the enemy with severe loss."

Country Policeman: "Look at the luck of that Mulrooney! He's been transferred to the mounted police."

Friend: "What advantage is that?"

"When there's trouble see how much quicker he can get out of the way than a feller on foot!"

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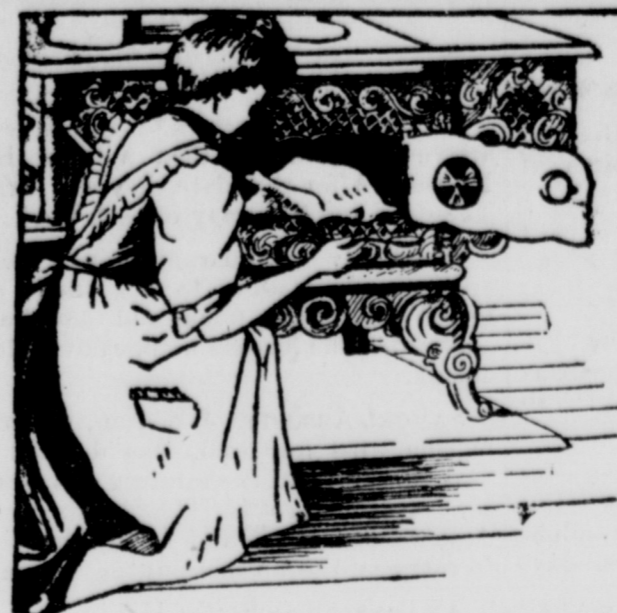
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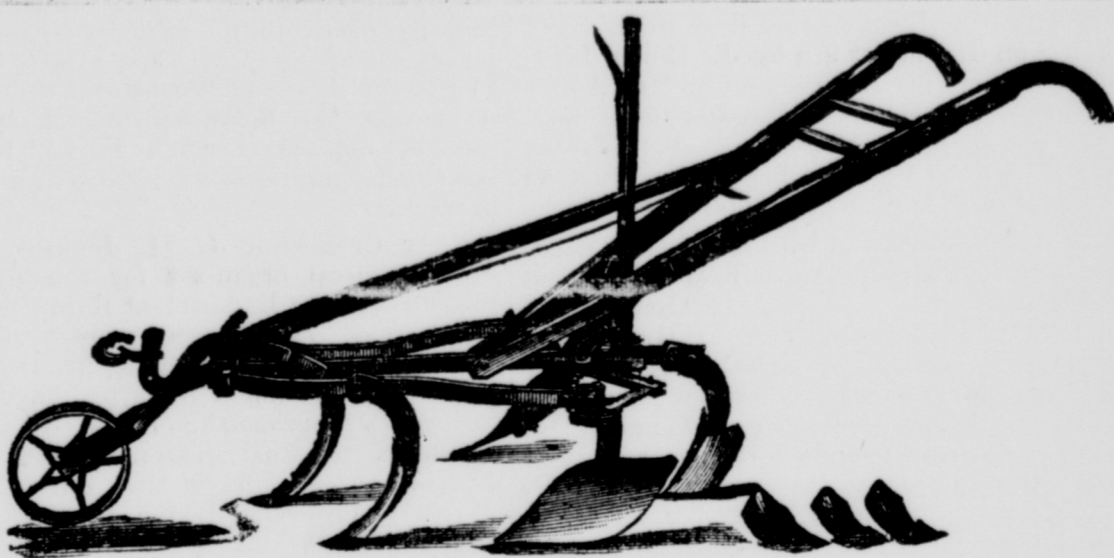
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