Board Works

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 24. No. 51. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 3, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR
TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if, space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefore with the publisher.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having it's large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham. N.B

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J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.
Chatham, N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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E. A. STRANG

STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

Author of "Little Hodge," "Lord Bantam," "Ginx's Baby," &c.

CHAPTER I—(Continued.)

"No, I am not an experienced traveller. I never was at sea before," said the other, carelessly.

"Yes," persisted the man; "it's a sheer bit of humbug. I've seen fellows sitting up there I shouldn't care to associate with. There is always such a lot of snobbery about these things. I prefer to come to this end of the table. It's the most independent, and I think the most respectable.

At this moment an elderly gentleman opened the door which led into the saloon from the passage, and stepping aside, made way for two ladies, who leisurely sailing in, instantly attracted all eyes at both tables. The first to enter was a large, over-dressed, haughty-looking woman, whose features no longer handsome, were nevertheless striking, and expressive of a powerful character. As she stepped through the door, she brusquely lifted her gold eye-glass, and with a sweep round the saloon, took in the whole company, deliberately, from the captain's end round to the purser, and from the purser round again to the captain's seat. Then she turned to her companion, a young girl, hereafter to be described, and beckoning to her to take the place to the left of the captain, herself secured that at the post of honour on the right. The elderly gentleman, who also carried and used sharply a pair of gold glasses, seated himself next to the younger lady, on an imperative nod from the other. We have said that several seats were unoccupied. The lady again raised her glasses and read the name on the card placed next to her own. She then reached over for the card beyond, and perused it carefully. By a quick impatient movement she ordered the gentleman to hand her the cards which were in corresponding relation to him on the other side; and when she had studied these, and returned them, she applied herself to her soup, One card only remained uninspected. It was the fourth on the captain's right. That one apparently escaped her.

The card at her own right hand bore the name of Mrs. Carpmael, the next one that of Mr. Carpmael. On the opposite side, near the elderly gentleman were the names of Mr. and Mrs. McGowkie.

"Of Toronto," the gentleman, had said, in answer to an interrogatory raising of the lady's eyebrows. "Dry goods."

"Captain's friends, I suppose," she said carelessly.

"Yes. No doubt. McGowkie is making money—he's a good man of business."

"Humph! Well, here he is, I dare say," said the lady, as the Scotchman, entering first, dressed in his rough tweed suit, was followed by his pretty wife, who had mounted a bright coquettish little cap, which the thrifty storeman had selected for her from a wholesale lot at the Wood Street Warehouse Company's, in London.

Mr. McGowkie nodded to the elderly gentleman, neither familarly nor rudely, but with a certain sedate assurance. He allowed his wife to take her seat next to the knight—for the party at the head of the table was in fact that of Sir Benjamin Peakman—and seeming not to notice the fact that both his wife and himself were being mercilessly ogled by Lady Peakman, McGowkie said:

"Sir Benjamin I beg to introduce you to my wife, Mistress McGowkie. She's ower fresh as yet to matrimony, and to sailing, too; but she'll get experience in time."

Sir Benjamin thereupon shook hands with Mrs. McGoowkie, with the air of a nobleman condescending to this housekeeper.

"I congratulate you, Mr. McGowkie," he said, glancing at Mrs. McGowkie's fresh bright face. "May I say that you are evidently a fortunate man? It is not every one who is so successful in his investments as you always appear to be."

And the knight's eye wandered a moment across to his lady, who was now looking at him through her glasses. She seemed amused. Pretty Mrs. McGowkie blushed finely, and then asked for soup; and then, suddenly seeing that ther fish was on the table, said she would not take any soup; and then, getting quite crimson, sat pouring over her plate for a full five minutes, with her silly little heart throbbing, throbbing, like a mill-wheel.

Nothing of all this, except the words, had escaped the eyes of the red-faced man at the foot of the table, who had in truth been staring with all his might. Neither had the young gentleman been entirely blind, though he took his observations with an indolent ease and affection of indifference peculiar to him. Hee asked no questions.

"Do you know who that old boy is?" said the red-faced man, a little nettled by the young man's indifference.

"I do not," replied the other, bending over his turbot.

"It's Sir Benjamin Peakman, one of the new knights, they've made to the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He's a wealthy old fellow from Quebec—was prime minister there four years ago; and, for all his airs, was once a ploughboy."

"Really! I think the better of him, then," replied the young gentleman, slowly sticking a glass in his eye, and for a moment or two glancing at the knight.

The red-faced man was encouraged. It was his nature to bait his company. He hated men who were impenetrable, and by fair means or foul, by cunning or sheer rudeness, he was wont to force his way over any guard, however practised, strong, or skillful. He was one of a dozen thick-skinned commercials such as you may find any voyage, travelling from Liverpool to Quebec or Portland.

"That swellish-looking old woman," he added, "with the great pile o' ribbons on her head, and the gold lorneyetts, is Lady Peakman. She's a strange woman, she is. They call her in Quebec the leader of society. No one knows who she is or where she comes from, but folks tell some queer stories about her. Sir Benjamin Peakman picked her up, they say, somewhere on the continent, long ago, when he was travelling there on business as simple Mr. Peakman. He's her second husband, I believe. At least, so they say. That girl's the only child they have, and a mighty pretty one, too, only she looks too stuck up. Coming aboard, I saw her lift her dress, and she had on fine silk stockings, all pink colour, like a ballet girl's."

"Humph!" said the young man, taking no notice whatever of the girl to whom his attention had been directed. "You see sharply, you might be a haberdasher, sir," looking keenly at his tormentor. Then, with great nonchalance, he proceeded to discuss the stewed kidneys, which had now reached the table.

The red-faced man grew redder for an instant, for the youth had hit him, by some extraordinary chance, squarely and accurately. He was Mr. Twopenny, hosier and haberdasher, of West Notre-Dame street, Montreal. He relapsed for awhile upon his food, and waited for another opportunity. After a hasty struggle with a large plate of kidneys and potatoes, he glanced up the table again.

"La! there's the Carpmaels come in" he said. "That man, sir, has the biggest law business in Montreal. There ain't a lawyer in the province can touch him. That's his wife, with the thin nose and nut-cracker face. They say she's distantly connected with the nobility. I believe she was over with Lady Blogden, when Sir Antony was governor."

The young man having finished his entree, and no doubt feeling called on to say something in acknowledgment of the garrulity of his vis-a-vis, said, with a studied drawl, "Ah, you appear to know everybody on board."

"Well, I do know a good lot," replied the other, with unconcealed pride, "but not all of 'em. Now," he said, leaning his arm on the table, and stretching forward confidentially, "there's an elderly man I saw go into the captain's cabin upstairs. I guess he has taken it for the voyage. He has a man-servant with him. He ain't here to-night, and I fancy his seat is the empty one near Mr. Carpmael. I don't know him, and nobody on board seems to know him. His name is Fex. I saw it on the boxes. A queer name, ain't it? No one I've spoken to ever heard the name before. Did you?"

"No," said the other. "I never heard the name before."

He yawned ostentatiously, and turned to address a question to the mild-looking gentleman beside him, who was dressed in a dark tweed suit, and wore a black necktie. This gentleman had been an attentive listener to the loud talk of their vis-a-vis, and to the mild responses of his neighbor, but had not uttered a word except to the waiters. He might have been an actor, or a pedagogue, or a parson, or a dissenting minister. His quiet answers attracted the young man, and the most determined effort of the rougher traveller opposite failed to break up the conversation, which was carried on in a tone that scarcely allowed a word to reach him. So the red-faced man turned to his neighbor, who happened to be the little governess, Miss Beckwith.

CHAPTER II.

While the saloon passengers were spending their hour and a half at dinner, and in that gossip and general canvas of each other's names, appearances, and characters, which always takes place at the first symposium on board an outgoing steamer, the three or four hundred persons in the steerage were trying to settle down in their more humble quarters. A strange medley is the so-called "steerage" of a great ocean packet. Walk a hundred feet forward from the saloon cabins, by the port or starboard ways, past the thin wooden partitions which screen in the throbbing, quivering movements of the Titanic machinery; past the scullery and the galley, where white-turbaned boys and cooks through all weathers carry on their skilful labour in concocting dishes that are not eaten, or many a time, if swallowed, never digested, the visitor from the after portion of the ship reaches, just abaft the huge foremast, the large square hatchway, around which in glorious confusion circulate men, women, and children, of many nations and conditions. It is a stirring scene. Sailors passing to the deck from the forecastle bunkers, or idly lounging about; scullery boys pushing to and fro huge basket-waggons of dirty plates, or washing and preparing the vegetables for the saloon and steerage meals; laundry-men with the soiled table-linen for the daily wash; the baker's assistants bringing up the flour for the bread of a thousand people from the storeroom far down on the main deck below the forecastle at the extreme bow of the ship; rough women chaffing rougher men; children swarming in and out; in fine weather a lively mob of bantering, laughing and gesticulating folk of all countries; in stormy weather, often a scene of abject misery, illness and squalor.

Descend the iron ladder of the hatchway into the quarters on the main deck. You drop among a mass of humanity, occupying a great space between decks, about seven feet high, and extending from the fore part of the vessel back for about one-fourth of her length to a point where the main bulkheads shut in the huge area devoted to the coal and machinery, and to a score of varied uses in the ship's economy. The only light this space can receive is from the hatchway down which you have descended, or from the round ports in the rough cabins which line the sides of the vessel, and this only at times when their doors can be left open by the inmates. The cabins from door to sidelights are about twelve feet deep. On either side of the narrow passage, which runs athwart the ship, are great bunkers, one below and one above, divided by rough boards—except in a case where whole families wish to sleep together—into berths about two feet and a half wide and six feet long—very like coffins with the lid off. Into this chamber, where air can never enter during the whole passage, except through the door and from the space between decks outside, which itself depends for fresh air upon windsails passed down the hatchway, for the port-lights are only a few feet above the water-line and cannot be opened during the voyage, there are crowded twenty persons. Twenty persons in a cabin twelve feet long fifteen feet wide, and seven feet high, with sixty-three cubic feet of what is called air to each person, when the hatches are battened down during a gale, is not according to Richardson's gospel of hygiene. Families claim the right to go together. Fathers, mothers, boys, maidens, and infants, huddled into these troughs, with their mattrasses and blankets, manage as best they can to reconcile the exigencies of physical life with the decencies prescribed by instinct or good feeling. Every day, however, these places are carefully cleaned out, and inspected by the doctor, and not unfrequently by the captain, if he be a good one. Further along the deck, in the darkness there amidships, where a lanthorn is always necessary to enable you to pick your way, you may find the quarters of the single men—narrow berths hastily but firmly knocked up with rough deal boards, when it is found by the owners that living freight is for that voyage to take the place of dead weight. For the single women, a curious mixture of poverty-stricken respectability and indescribable immorality, one or two of the larger cabins are set aside; and, if the officer in charge does his duty, they will be kept free from the intrusion of men.

The conditions are the very best that can be attained for sea travelling at six guineas a head. The air in this place, even in the early morning, is on ordinary occasions by no means foul. But when the safety of the ship necessitates the closing of all openings, it is likely that the steerage is a trifle worse off than the saloon.

To maintain order in the motley assemblage, to preserve young people from the vilest contamination, to watch a society so various and so rudely cast together, you may as well admit is an impossible task. It is however attempted, and as well done as it can be by some of the steamship owners—by the owners of the Kamschatkan and her sister ships. And happily for human nature there are rarely wanting among these reeking crowds persons, who, skilled in benevolent work and taught by experience something of the temptations and evils of life, and also of blessed antidotes, give themselves up to the task of mitigating the horrors, the abominations, the perils, of these intolerable circumstances.

The confusion in the gangway, and on the middle and lower deck, upon the first night out of the Kamschatkan was indescribable. A gang of men under the direction of the fourth officer and the steerage steward were trying to clear away and stow in the luggage-room a quantity of boxes, baskets, bags, and bundles which still lay about, and which the owners cherished the impossible hope of retaining in or near their sleeping-places during the voyage. Loud quarrels, objurgations in half-a-dozen different languages, the commanding voice of the officer, the chaff of the disinterested onlookers, the movement to and fro of bodies of people, groups of friends, large families, fathers and mothers seeking lost children, and squalling younglings looking for vanished parents, altogether produced an effect such as might be imagined from a combination of Babel and Bedlam. In the middle of it here and there might be seen a few groups of persons who, regardless of the noise and commotion, sat at the rough tables which were fixed across the deck at its widest part. Some of these groups were finishing the tea and bread which had lately been served to them upstairs on the main deck, in their tin cups and on their platters of the same metal. Others were drinking off their small stores of ale or spirits, brought on board in defiance of the rules, and which they desired to get rid of at one bout, before the officials had had time to observe them. Towards one of these groups—which was particularly noisy and uproarious, and in the middle of which there was going on, with the aid of the lanthorn that swung from the beam above them, some game of cards—the man with the wide-awake hat and Jewish face was pushing his way through the stirring crowd. A buxom young girl of about sixteen or eighteen years of age, turning hurriedly out of the cabin in which she had been aiding her mother to arrange the family bunker, ran against him.

He instantly threw his arms around her, crying out, "Now, my dear, not so quick. You're pretty fast at wooing, you are."

The girl's face grew crimson as she struggled to get free, and finding the man's arms were powerful and his manner determined, she gave him a sharp slap in the face, which left the marks of her rosy fingers even on his pallid complexion.

"D— you!" said he, throwing her off violently. "I'll pay you off for this before we get ashore."

"Yo will, eh, maister?" said a long, slouching, broad-chested fellow, who, stretched out, would have been six feet one, to an inch, but whom the bending influence of labour had brought down a few inches. "Yo take my caounsel, wull ee, and leave she aloan."

Looking up and down the rough-clad dimensions of the fresh-looking Norfolk giant, who owned to a friendship with the girl, the Jew-faced man seemed inclined to avoid trying conclusions, and wished to laugh it off.

"Oh! my friend," he said, with an affectation of good humour, "it's all right. I was only chaffing." And he passed rapidly on. At the same time he said to himself, "I'll remember you young man, and take it out of you, too."

"Chaffen, weer ee?" said the tall youth, looking after him suspiciously. "Then oi zay doant ee chaff no muore that way. Oi zay, Meary, he han't a hurt ee, have he? Oi'll crack the skull ov 'im naouw ef he have."

"O no, Zacky," said the girl, "I'm all right."

"Yo cum and tell me, Meary, ef ee goes on to try any muore of his tricks wi ee; do ee zee? Yo just cum to me, an' oile pitch im into the zay; oi wull, zure as my name's Zachary Plumtree."

Meanwhile the object of Zachary's wrath had reached the place where, with the scent of a sleuth-hound, he had judged that there was some gambling going on. A circle of eight or ten people of different nations, were watching four men who were playing the American game of euchre. Shading his face carefully with the broad flap of his felt hat, the new comer keenly took stock of the company—then of the players—and lastly addressed himself to the play. In two minutes he picked out the pigeon and the escrocs. Satisfied with his inspection, or disgusted with the smallness of the stakes, he soon went away.

To Be Continued.

HIS WONDERFUL SKULL.

On It Ferrum Gigas Blasts a Rock With Dynamite.

The most wonderful skull in the world is that possessed by a man who calls himself Ferrum Gigas, and is now exhibiting in America. On it a rock weighing over one hundred pounds can be blasted to bits with dynamite. Gigas begins his performance with three exhibitions that lead you up by degrees to the climax or rock blasting. He first bends an iron bar one and a quarter inches in diameter on his naked skull. When Gigas does this a surprising phenomenon is noticed by anyone who happens to stand at his side. The bone bends and forms a sort of groove or furrow in the top of the head. Next comes his great performance. The huge rock is brought in. It is drilled through the top and charged with dynamite. A quick-burning fuse protrudes from the drill-hole. The rock, thus charged, is placed in a heavy wrought iron cage, with solid top and bottom. The sides of the cage are surrounded by a strong steel wire netting, to prevent the splintered rock from flyingr out at the explosion. The rock and cage combined weigh over 300 pounds. Four men lift it to Ferrum Gigas' head. The fuse is lighted, and begins to splutter. Then the crash comes, and his whole frame is shaken with the shock. Dynamite explodes downwards as well as upwards, and any ordinary man's head would be shattered like the stone by the shock. But not Gigas'. He turns quickly and throws the cage on to a table, swings the cover down, and the shattered granite falls out on the floor.

A STRONG HINT.

Whenever a girl tells a young man that her dress is made of material that doesn't rumple, that ought to be sufficient.

APPLES, CHEESE AND EGGS

THEIR SAFE CARRIAGE TO THE MARKETS OF BRITAIN.

Information Issued by the Department of Agriculture—Ventilation of Holds and Other Matters of Importance.

The following important information on the safe carriage of Canadian apples, cheese and eggs to the British market has been issued from the Dominion Department of Agriculture, over the signature of Prof. J. W. Robertson:—

For the carriage of late fall and winter apples without any deterioration it is necessary that the hold in which they are stowed be cooled and thoroughly ventilated, so that the heat generated by the fruit itself will be carried off and the air of the hold be renewed by fresh, cold air from the outside. When apples or other fruit are carried at a temperature above 45 degrees Fahr. they go on ripening or they go toward decay. Both of these processes generate heat. The warm condition of the fruit caused in that way makes it ripen still faster.

It is desirable that the surface of the apples should be bright, dry and firm when they are removed from the steamship. Ventilation by cool, fresh air will ensure that.

In view of the foregoing it is highly desirable that apple-growers and apple-shippers should put all apples in ventilated packages. If barrels are used, special provision should be made for ventilation. Two or three small holes, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, should be bored through both sides of the barrel, or through the staves around the barrel, about three inches from the ends.

To meet the requirements of the markets of Great Britain, Canadian manufacturers have been of late years making cheese of rather softer quality. If such cheese are cured, stored or carried in the steamship at a warm temperature, anything over 65 degrees, a heated flavor is produced that reduces their value very much. In many cases the home make of English and Scotch cheese is displacing the Canadian because of the milder flavor which it possesses. That is due almost entirely to the lower temperature at which the cheese are cured, and to the fact that they escape the heating above 65 degrees in the carriage to market. When even one lot of the cheese is landed with the butter-fat oozing from the sides of the boxes, and in a heated and softened condition, it has a very depressing influence on the markets. Buyers hold off for bargains. The general market is injured a hundredfold more than the amount of any reclamation which may be paid by the carriers for delivery in a heated or damaged condition.

If every 'tween-decks or hold of a steamship in which cheese is carried be thoroughly ventilated by a current of fresh, cool air, the cheese will be landed in a much better condition as to quality and flavor, and with a very much better surface appearance.

Eggs may be carried safely in cold storage so far as the quality is concerned. Receivers in Great Britain sometimes object to eggs coming from cold storage in the steamships, because they are so cold that they cause a condensation from the warm, moist atmosphere to settle on their shells. That gives them a wet and darkened appearance, which reduces their value. The carriage of Canadian eggs in thoroughly well-ventilated spaces in the steamships would let them be delivered in Great Britain with a fine appearance of shell, which would gain for them a still better place in the markets.

The interests of the owners of steamships are closely identified with every effort made to cause the products they carry to be landed in the very pink of good condition.

THE KAISER OFF DUTY.

Insight Into the Private Life of the Emperor.

The imperial family have been leading a delightfully quiet, unconstrained life at Wilhelmshohe, rare enough event, and just what the kaiser and his wife enjoy. His majesty has even been wearing civilian's dress, a thing he hardly ever does. He wore alternately a black serge suit and a knockabout pepper-and-salt jacket suit of rough tweed, with a collar a la Prince of Wales, and a large navy plastron tie. The kaiser sported a plain straw hat with black band generally, but occasionally chose a small soft black cloth hat, and in this every-day attire he was frequently passed in Cassel, unrecognized, to his intense amusement.

Almost at break of day the German ruler and his family were up and about. The kaiser only allowed himself twenty minutes for his toilet, and punctually at 7, all met for morning coffee in the dining-room, the kaiserin pouring out for her husband and sons like any other hausfrau. After breakfast the kaiser rode with his sons, or took a long walk till luncheon.; then his majesty superintended the swimming or riding lessons of the younger boys, frequently standing in the center of the riding school with a long whip, a la circus manager, to assist in taking the jumps. In the afternoon the kaiser and his wife went arm-in-arm around the farm, where her majesty fed the chickens and pigeons with the assistance of princesschen, inspecting the dairies and tasting the butter. The young princes looked for eggs, helped to gather fruit and enjoyed their holidays like any farmer's sons home from school.

Dinner was at 6; before and after the meal the kaiser retired to his study for an hour or two to settle the affairs of the fatherland, while the kaiserin drove her pony carriage, with her small daughter at her side, into Cassel, where she did shopping. Every evening was devoted to music. The kaiserin, who is a very fair pianist—though not the magnificent performer the women's papers say she is—played Wagner and Bach to her husband, and accompanied her eldest son, who is becoming an excellent violinist. At 10 o'clock the eldest boys retired, and by 11 o'clock all the lights were extinguished in Schloss Wilhelmshohe.

A MEAN MAN.

Mrs. Suburban—I'm afraid to stay here alone all day. So many tramps have been seen around this part of town lately.

Mr. Suburban—Well, if any of them come to the house, get rid of them the best way you can.

Mrs. Suburban—But suppose they decline to leave?

Mr. Suburban—Oh, well, if the worst comes to the worst, just ask them in and give them some of your angel cake—then telephone for the undertaker.

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