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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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The "Miramichi Advance", having its 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,
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The Water Cure

The weather had been some atrocious, and what with that and a close application to business, I had got a bit out of sorts. So I determined to run out of town for a while and try country life. My relatives and friends are always complaining that I am too exclusive, too retiring. I ought to be kinder and more sociable, and here was a good and fitting opportunity. I would go and spread myself on Murphy, a cousin of mine, who has a house out in the wilds of Essex. It would do Murphy good—possibly; anyhow, it would be a change for me, and knowing Murphy pretty intimately, I had a sort of idea that after a day or two of this remedy for my complaint I might come to prefer the complaint.

So I sent him a line, and he replied with a warm invitation to come by all manner of means. I went by the Great Eastern Railway, that being the handiest and the only means — but of course Murphy did not mean it in that sense.

Mrs. Murphy and family were away; but my cousin thought he could fix me up comfortably, and promised me a "nice, enjoyable time." Just what sort of a "nice, enjoyable time" I did get I'll tell you presently, for I am a man with a grievance—a strong, healthy, robust grievance that rears up on its hind legs, so to speak, and clamors for publicity—and I don't care who knows it!

"This is your room, old chap," Murphy said, as he showed me in. "I think you'll be all right. Goodnight. You needn't get up till you want to."

This was most kind of my relative, and I appreciated it, for if there is one thing more than another I do detest it is the having to get up at a specified time, especially on winter mornings. I prefer to consult my own inclinations, and to rise just when I feel that I have had sufficient of bed for one go.

In this particular case I rose long before I had had sufficient bed, and without consulting my own inclinations; in fact, it seemed to me at the time that I had barely blown out my candle, and adjusted the pillow, when Murphy commenced a furious fusilade on the door. It must have been longer than this, because I had gone to bed at twelve, and it was striking four when I sat up and tried to recall my wits.

"Do come and give us a hand, there's a good chap," I heard Murphy petition, in quavering accents that suggested chill night air and scanty attire.

"What's up?" I yelled, turning out and unlocking the door. Ugh! it was cold.

"A pipe's burst in the bathroom," replied my cousin. "There's a regular river flowing down into my bedroom."

Good-nature and a capability of quickly grasping things are amongst my nobler qualities.

"'Flow on, thou shining river,'" I quoted, "meanwhile I'll get into some clothing, and you run down and bring a hammer, old chap. We'll soon stop this frolic."

Murphy departed to do my bidding, and I went upstairs to take a preliminary survey of the work in hand. I was thoroughly awake by that time, and in a fairly contented frame of mind. I whistled cheerily to myself, and stepped jauntily along the passage on my mission of rescue. Two seconds later I stopped whistling, I had walked into a pool of clear, cold water, that reached up over my ankles; and as I scrambled back to my room again after a candle I began to realize that the job in hand contained a few possible elements of discomfort, and sobered down accordingly.

Did you ever walk unexpectedly into a pellucid puddle outside your bedroom door at dead of night? It is a queer sensation, and one that I can recommend to blase individuals who complain of ennui. It will give them something more satisfying to complain about, and is calculated to rouse them into an activity that cannot be too good for their health.

By the time I had finished talking to myself anent the matter, Murphy came up with the hammer, and, not being selfish, I resolved to share my late experience with him.

"It will freshen him up," I reflected. "The poor fellow looks worried, and a little tonic effect of that nature will divert his thoughts."

Moved by this unselfishness that could spare a thought for another at such a moment of personal discomfort, I suggested to Murphy to lead the way, and picked up the candle to follow. I arrived on the landing with the light about the same moment that Murphy started to mop up the floor with his foot gear, and, for a respectable family man of good standing, I must confess his remarks were strongly to be deprecated. He stood upright in the stream in the pride of his manhood and strength and scanty attire, and inveighed against the owners and builders of dwellings generally, and of his own in particular, in a way that made me shudder — as much as I could for laughing that is. It was a matter of some little surprise to me that the whole tribe of jerry builders didn't wilt and dry up at the roots, and be utterly swept from off the face of the earth, so powerful was his denunciation.

I told him he must have been an ass not to have seen the water, and tried to explain that it was risky for such a delicately nurtured individual as he to go in for cold baths in the winter time.

But Murphy wasn't in a fit state to listen to reason then, so I mounted to the bathroom, and, on opening the door, was met by a stream of water that swamped me in an icy flood.

Then Murphy laughed. He's got a nice taste in humor, has my cousin, and I tell him that to discover anything mirth-provoking in such a case argued a weakness of intellect on the part of the discoverer that, as a relative, I was sorry to observe in him. I told him a lot more besides this, but my half sorrowful and wholly indignant expostulations were met by more and more violent outbursts of the most insane chuckling it has ever been my misfortune to listen to. I got quite wild with him at last, and suggested that perhaps he had better go and get another light, for I had dropped the candle in my great surprise, and let us finish the job, unless he would prefer to have the water go frolicking round his drawing-room, in which case I would get back to bed again and wait there, in comparative comfort, until reason — his reason, what there was of it—should have once more mounted her throne.

"It isn't much to brag about in the way of dynasty," said I, scathingly, referring to the "throne"; "but in your saner moments you are a tolerable idiot. Just at present you are a helpless, hopeless, incurable ass, and the spectacle of your folly makes me feel sick."

That sobered him; or it may have been the casual reference to his drawing-room, and a thought as to the view Mrs. Murphy would be likely to take of the sodden carpet, and the damp destruction around her cherished apartment, that straightened him up. At the best my language was figurative, and he knew well that any spectacle I beheld could only be mentally, for it was too dark to see a hand before your face in the ordinary, rational, everyday manner, through the medium of one's eyes.

But whatever the cause, the result was the same, and satisfactory. With an ejaculation of dismay, Murphy dashed down the stairs, and I had the satisfaction of hearing him go "flap, splash, flap, splash," through the rushing torrent, on a pilgrimage after matches, while I stood above, drenched and shivering, and thought evil things of all that appertained to jerry-built houses in the winter season.

In a marvellously short space of time Murphy was back with the matches, and using more precaution this time, we managed to locate the leak.

Then Murphy started to tinker at it with the hammer, while I held the light and endeavored to dodge the fountains that played around us. If it hadn't been so cold, I could have almost laughed to see Murphy tap-tapping with his delicate little four-pound coal hammer.

He did wonderful things with that pipe, and the water, and himself. First, he closed the pipe from underneath, and sent the jets upwards over the ceiling. Then he banged it down again, and played it round his feet—and mine. Not satisfied with this, he tried once again, and this time received a shower in his bosom.

"Go it, old man!" I remarked to encourage him. "Now give us a zig-zag and a catherine-wheel finish. Hadn't I better go and get a raft or something? We shall need it if this is going to last much longer."

"Confound the thing!" he replied, testily. "I can't stop it. You have a try."

I did! Taking the hammer, and, bidding him stand clear, I raised it and struck. My idea of plumbing may have been crude; but just then I didn't hanker after a neat and showy job. What I really pined for was to get back to a condition of warmth and dryness.

All the same, the man who built those houses ought to be ashamed of himself. The next door people were burning a gas jet in their bathroom — probably with the idea of keeping the frost out of the pipes —and when I managed to get the hammer out of the wall it—the gas I mean, not the hammer—served to illuminate both apartments.

"Oh! whatever will the landlord say?" groaned Murphy.

"Hang the landlord, with my compliments and regrets that I couldn't do it myself," I yelled. I was irritated a bit by having missed the pipe after all, and still more so by diverting the stream over myself. "Take that, and that, and that!"

"Don't, Bob, don't!" my cousin petitioned.

"It's done now," I replied, soothingly. And it was. There was an extra yard or two of hole in the wall, it is true; but the pipe was nicely flattened together, and the leakage was stopped. "There!" I said, proudly; "that's the way to fix a job of that sort. 'Plumbing Made Easy; or, Every Man His Own Plumber' I call that."

Murphy looked thoughtful; but, seeing that the damage was done, he only sighed sadly, and proposed going back to bed again.

It was a quarter to twelve when I got down to breakfast. Murphy was waiting for me, and the result of the night's frolic in him was apparent to the most casual observer. He had got a violent toothache, which I couldn't see, and a swollen face, which I could. He smiled a welcome as I entered the room, and the effect was something awful. A face and a half is not adapted for smiling purposes, and I advised him to drape it with art muslin or something, and to keep it quiet for a while.

The man next door came round while we were at breakfast, and made a most absurd fuss over the hole in his wall. Murphy tried to point out that it was healthier that way.

"You often hear of people being smothered in bathrooms just simply for want of a little ventilation," he said kindly. "Besides, we've got a vested interest in the hole as well as you, and we don't grumble."

The man wouldn't listen to reason, however, so I advised Murphy to smile over him a bit. Murphy did so, and the man fled horror-stricken from the house, and I crept under the table and waited for the show to close.

I had an awful bother with Murphy that morning. It wasn't altogether his fault, perhaps, but rather that I couldn't quite make up my mind which way I liked him best. When he sighed and grew sorrowful over the memory of the wreck upstairs, the effect was simply ghastly, and I had to beg him to cheer up and look happy. And then, when he recollected his duties as host, and, in response to my appeals, assumed a genial aspect, I would think I preferred the other way best. It was very trying—for Murphy.

Early in the evening an attack of influenza manifested itself as my perquisites from the night's entertainment, so I arranged that Murphy should take a course of sick nursing, and went to bed for the remainder of the week. I put in the other on the sofa in the breakfast room.

Once or twice Murphy remarked that he thought I should find my visit dull and monotonous, and tried to drag me out to look at the neighborhood, and places of local interest; but he didn't get me on, and the one and only time I left his house was to take the train back home.—Pearson's Weekly.

Piles
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

THE RESTORATIVE POWER of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Illustrated in the Case of Mrs. Turner, Who Was Thoroughly Restored By the Use of This Great Food Cure.

The human body is composed of certain elements, such as iron, potash, lime, soda, magnesia, etc., and nature replaces wasted cells and tissues by extracting these elements from the food we eat. Consequently errors in diet, insufficiency of food or failure of the digestive organs to properly perform their work are among the most usual causes of disease.

Once the system is weak, run down or exhausted the natural process of reconstruction is tediously slow, usually slower than the wasting process, and the end can only be physical bankruptcy and collapse.

It is just at this point that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves its wonderful power as an assistant to nature. This great food cure contains in condensed pill form the very elements required by nature to revitalize and build up the system. These immediately enter the blood stream, and through the medium of the circulation of the blood and the nervous system carry strength and vigor to each and every organ of the body.

Mrs. F. Turner, 336 Aylmer Street, Peterborough, Ont., and whose husband is employed at the Hamilton foundry, states:

"For some months past I found myself growing very nervous, and gradually becoming a victim of sleeplessness and subject to frequent attacks of nervous headache. About six weeks ago I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and cannot speak too highly of this medicine. I can sleep well now, the headaches have entirely disappeared, and I believe that my system generally has been much improved by the use of this treatment."

Nervous prostration and exhaustion, headaches, dyspepsia, dizzy and fainting spells, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, feelings of weakness, depression and despondency are readily overcome by this treatment, working, as it does, hand in hand with nature. Though gradual, the results are all the more certain and lasting, and by noting your increase in weight you can prove to your satisfaction that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food fifty cents a box, six boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipt book author, are on every box.

About the ....House

VARIOUS RECIPES.

Salt Cod Fish.—Wash the pieces and soak for several hours, over night, if it is very dry. Put the skin side up to let the salt escape more freely. Change the water and set on the stove where it will not boil for at least an hour. Increase the heat gradually after the flesh begins to be tender, and let simmer for ten minutes at the least. Half an hour before serving lift the fish from the water and cover closely to keep hot until wanted. Return the water to the fire and use it for cooking 'Sconset potatoes.

'Sconset Potatoes. — Scrub and pare the potatoes and lay them in cold water for two hours before cooking. Drop them into boiling water from which salt codfish was taken, and boil gently until tender, about 30 minutes. Try them with a sharp pointed knife, it will not break them like a fork. Drain off all the water and sprinkle with a little more salt. Dry off on a hot plate for two or three minutes before serving.

Egg Sauce. — Cook two tablespoons flour and two tablespoons of butter till well parched. Add one pint of boiling water; beat well and boil five minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste and just before serving as much butter as will blend, about three tablespoons. Add three boiled eggs coarsely chopped and serve at once.

Carrots in Lemon Butter.—Scrape the carrots, cut in one inch sections and soak in cold water till crisp. Cook in six times their measure of boiling salted water till tender enough to pierce with a broom straw. Drain and return to a hot place with one tablespoon butter, one-half saltspoon salt, one teaspoon sugar and a dust of pepper for each pint of carrots. Let it simmer covered until the butter has been absorbed. Pour over one tablespoon lemon juice and one teaspoon chopped parsley just before sending to the table.

Ginger Pudding. —One-third cup butter, well creamed, with one-half cup sugar, whisk in one egg well beaten, mix and sift 2½ cups flour, 3½ level teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, two teaspoons ginger, one cup milk, and one cup dry preserved ginger, cut small. Steam two hours in a buttered mold.

Spiced Currants.—These form one of the most delicious meat relishes that the garden affords. Take two pounds of sgar, one pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful each of mace and cloves, and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of allspice, and a small piece of ginger root. Use the ground spices and put them in a muslin bag with half a dozen peppercorns, and then put them into the boiled and skimmed vinegar and sugar. While hot, put the currants in and allow them to cook gently for about ten minutes. Then put all into a stone jar, cover it and put aside to cool. The next day drain all the liquor from the currants, heat it and pour it (boiling hot) over the fruit again. Do this for six consecutive days, boiling down the liquor the last time till there is just enough left to cover the fruit.

BLUEBERRY BAKINGS.

Blueberry Muffins.—Sift well together three cups sifted flour, three level teaspoons baking powder, one heaping teaspoon sugar and one scant teaspoon salt. Beat one egg until light, and add 1½ cups milk. Make a hole in the center of the flour and gradually pour in the liquid, mixing in the flour slowly. The batter must be kept very smooth, and should be about as thick as cake batter. Add two level tablespoons melted butter, and lastly stir in two cups floured blueberries. Bake in muffin rings. Serve hot with plenty of good butter.

Blueberry Shortcake. — Sift together one quart flour, one scant teaspoon salt, two level teaspoons baking powder, and one tablespoon sugar. Rub in three tablespoons butter, and add enough milk to make a soft dough. Mix quickly and put it into a buttered baking tin. Bake in a quick oven. When done, split the cake in halves, do not cut it, butter quickly, and spread a thick layer of sweetened blueberries between the two halves. Heap the berries over the top, and smother the cake in whipped cream flavored with lemon. Serve at once.

TO LIGHT A DARK HALL.

A woman who has long found the narrow hall of her house dark, and difficult to treat in any way that made the entrance to the residence attractive, has transformed it to its great improvement, by letting in a mirror from the floor to the ceiling on one side. This opposite the parlor door and the light from that apartment, falling on the mirror, is reflected back into the hall, to its much better lighting, while the apparent size of the little place is greatly increased. The mirror is, of course, unframed, and is fitted in between cornice and baseboard, and finished at the sides with a flat moulding that seems a part of the woodwork. The value of this treatment is not realized until it is tried. Often a blank stretch of wall that seems a hopeless shutting in of space may offer the transforming opportunity. Care must be taken not to overdo the treatment in such a way as to create the effect of a hotel corridor or public hall; but judiciously used under the care of a good architect, the plan is to be commended.

TWO WHEAT MEAL DESSERTS.

Mix ¾ pint milk with ¼ pint water. Pour half of this into a saucepan and boil. Mix four ounces wheat meal with the remainder of the mixture of milk and water, and make into a batter. Add sugar and any kind of spice to taste. Pour this into the boiling milk and water and cook for five minutes. Then pour into a mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Serve when cold with any stewed fruit.

Fruit Mold. — Stew well any kind of summer fruit, rub through a sieve, thicken with wheat meal, allowing four ounces meal to each pint of fruit juice. Add sugar and boil five minutes. Pour into a cold, wet mold.

FOR A FEW CENTS.

As pleasing and dainty a piece of fancy work as can be made for the trifling sum of 12½ cents, is a lambrequin, for the foundation of which 1¼ yards of good unbleached muslin are used. The goods should be evenly divided in the middle and then sewed together so as to form a long scarf. Begin on one side and draw out the threads until about 6 inches of the muslin are left; then decorate with sprays of flowers drawn with inks made from dyes. Violets are especially pretty on the cream-colored background. Tie the fringe into fancy knots and it is completed.

TO KEEP ICE

ior the sick, cut a piece of clean flannel (white is best), about ten inches square. Place this over the top of a glass pitcher or fruit jar, pressing the flannel down half way or more into the vessel, binding it fast to the top with a string. Put the ice into the flannel cup and lay another piece of flannel folded several times upon the ice. Arranged thus, it will keep many hours.

LOST IN THE GRASS.

An Englishwoman's Terrible Adventure in Japan.

There is surely no country half a world away in which the Occidental traveler expects so much delight and so little danger as in Japan. Yet Mr. Ernest Foxwell has recently related a tale of terrible adventure experienced in Japan by an Englishwoman but a few days after her arrival. She was staying at a little country village among the hills, and had gone out in the morning to gather flowers. The path ran across the uplands, where there is a wild and lonely stretch of country extending for several miles; and the beauty of some wild flowers growing in the tall grass led her to leave the trail unthinkingly, and press farther and farther into the waving tangle. She was a short woman, and it reached above her head.

"If I had been a foot taller," she said, in telling her story, "I should have laughed and been out in a minute or two; but those few inches buried me alive.

"Almost instantly I felt sick, as you do at the beginning of an earthquake; for although I must have been quite near the path, yet with the grass all round above my head there was no knowing what would happen. I might be going right away at that very moment, and the possibilities came like a shock. I believe I lost my head at once. I could not think, so I kept moving one way, then another. But merely pushing through this tall, tough grass is very tiring work, even if you are on sloping ground and can judge where you will come out; and when it is level all round, the heart is taken out of you from the feeling that every step is probably burying you deeper. It was like being drowned."

It was until sunset, after a whole day in the blazing sun, without food or water, constantly wandering, constantly pushing and tearing at stems so stiff and serrated that they quickly make the hands bleed, that she walked suddenly out on to open ground and fell fainting in a heap. When she recovered, stars were shining, and she was alone on an unknown mountainside. She slept from exhaustion, and the next day followed a winding mountain torrent over rocky land, her shoes and then her stockings worn from her feet, only to find, at sundown, that it had led her to a narrow gorge, without one inch of foothold or shore. The stream dashed through in a torrent that hopelessly barred the way.

Light-headed with terror, hunger and weariness, she crouched for a time in despair. Then she suddenly waded into the stream and stood until after dawn waist-deep in water, while a rain-storm pelted upon her from above. Whim or instinct, she believed that by the cool rush and sting of the water her reason and strength were preserved.

The next day she retraced her weary way along the water-course back to the heights; thence, fixing anew the point to which she must direct her steps, she successfully made her way back to civilization. When at length she reeled into the hut of a kindly Japanese woman, she had been four days lost without food, and had walked till her feet were so torn and inflamed it was thought she must have them amputated; but she fortunately regained her health uncrippled.

"Yes, sir," said the man in the cell, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses." "And what brought you here?" "They caught me coming out."

FRANCE IN THE SAHARA.

The Oasis of Figuig on the Edge of the Desert.

The French Governor of Algeria went, a few weeks ago, on a mission to the little oasis of Figuig, a green spot on the edge of the Sahara, belonging to Morocco, a few miles west of the Algerian frontier. Being so near the French possessions, France has for years exerted some influence over Figuig. The Governor was therefore very much astonished when he and his escort reached the hills overlooking the oasis to be received by the natives with a fusillade. He had not provided for this kind of reception and retired in good order, but with his official dignity very much ruffled.

The Algerian Government at once sent 5,000 men by rail from Oran to punish the natives who had thus insulted the French flag. The railroad took the troops to within short march of the oasis and it was attacked, the natives were put to flight, and they are now expected humbly to sue for peace.

The oasis is very small and has only about 15,000 inhabitants. They have had a great reputation for prowess and had held the belief that if it came to blows they could whip the French. The fact that France had not seized the oasis contributed to their conviction that France would not dare to attack it. They have been undeceived.

The despatches have been a little confused with regard to the nomenclature of this small district. There is no settlement called Figuig, the name being applied only to the oasis itself. The largest of the nine settlements is Zenaga, at the southwest corner, which is the seat of the local government, and the large mosque, now destroyed by French guns, was a very

CONSPICUOUS OBJECT.

It was upon Zenaga that those guns were turned and, according to all reports, the other settlements were not molested.

The oasis occupies the worst possible position for defence. It is entirely surrounded by hills, and as the natives had not occupied any part of this wall which looks down upon their verdant area they were of course wholly at the mercy of any aggressive and well armed troops that might climb the hills. These elevations completely enclose the plain covered with date palms, which lies from 600 to 1,300 feet below the hill crests. The oasis is less than three miles in length and not much over a mile in width at its broadest part. Scattered over this little space are about 200,000 date palm trees which constitute the wealth of the little community.

The business affairs of the oasis are administered by the general assembly of all the villages, which usually meets only four times a year. The mosques and schools are famous throughout the southern Sahara and are frequented by students and the pious from far and near.

As the oasis lies close to the Algerian frontier, it has for years served as a refuge for rebels and deserters from the French cofony, and thus acquired a political importance out of all proportion to its size and population. It is not very likely that the French will annex the oasis, for they are now currying favor with the Moroccan Government. They are very eager to have influence in the political affairs of that country and to build a railroad through the great east and west valley of Morocco into Algeria. They have, however, taught the natives a lesson, which the latter are not likely soon to forget.

CONSCIENCE.

"Look here! are you the man I gave a square meal to one cold, bleak February morning?"

"I'm de man, mum."

"Well, do you remember you promised to shovel all the snow out of my backyard, and then sneaked off without doing it?"

"Yes, mum, an' me conscience smote me. Dat's de reason I tramped all de way here t'rough de blazing sun to finish de job."

Tommy—"How does Jimmy like his job?" Johnnie—"Oh, he says there's nothin' the matter with it except the pay, an' the hours, an' the work."

BRITISH TRAINING SHIP

EXPERIENCES ON BOARD THE PRESIDENT.

How the Seamen for His Majesty's Navy Are Put Through Their Facings.

A correspondent of the London News writes: I took an omnibus from Fleet street to the West India docks for the purpose of looking over the new Royal Naval Reserve drill ship, the "President," late "Gannet." I found her moored to the wharf at the extreme end of the south dock. Sending my card on board, I was courteously invited by Lieut. Morrison, the officer in charge, to cross the gangway and have a look around for myself.

The new drill ship was hardly fit for the reception of visitors, as she is not yet out of the hands of those who are fitting her up for her new duties, and it was therefore an act of great courtesy on the part of Lieut. Morrison to allow a journalist to set foot on her decks, for your seaman does not love a landsman near his craft when all is not spick and span. Before I went aboard I had a ramble along the wharf, and this gave me ample opportunity to note not only the new ship, but the old one, which was moored close up. The contrast in make and shape was very great. The old ship, built some time in 1827, looked more like a clumsy tub than a smart ship of war, yet in her day she was supposed to be a perfect model of all that a warship should be.

THE NEW DRILL SHIP

was built in 1879, partly of wood and partly of iron. She is known to naval men as a composite vessel, and at the time of her launching was supposed to be a masterpiece. But compared with one of the latest products of our dockyards she looks like a nightmare of the deep, comparing badly in appearance with the latter-day products of His Majesty's navy. One might as well compare an ancient Queen Bess musket with a modern Mauser.

The new "President" (she has taken the name of the ship she supersedes) has been fited up with all the latest guns. These look strangely light and handy in comparison with the general clumsiness of her make and shape. Her armament is not for use against an enemy, but for drilling purposes, and the hour I spent on board plainly demonstrated that this is to be no mere hotbed for idlers, but a home for workers. She is a three-decker, comfortably housed in, and upon all her decks the business of her calling was being carried out in a thorough and workmanlike manner. Old salts from the Naval Reserve, with seamy, battered faces, were moving round with mere youngsters who had only just joined. I stood alongside and saw half a dozen young fellows sign on, and saw them a little later come forward with their new uniforms, but it takes something more than a uniform to make a man-o'-war's-man.

On one deck an officer was drilling a number of smart-looking fellows in the use and handling of revolvers.

IT WAS A TREAT

to hear him give his orders. No bullying, no browbeating, no bluster; yet every word fell from his lips crisp and clear. He spoke like a man who knew his business and meant the others to know theirs before he had done with them. On another deck an officer in charge of a squad of men was instructing them in the use of a gun similar in every detail to that used by the Naval Brigade at the Agricultural Hall during the tournament, a sprinkling of old "salts" mingling with the new fellows. The ship is fitted with two 4-inch, two 4.7, two 5, and two 6-inch guns. Two Maxims and one five-barralled Nordenfeldt, besides the gun first mentioned, rifles, bayonets, and all the usual small arms are on hand. The discipline is perfect, the appointments are good, and the officers are men who have for the most part worked their way upward step by step by sheer merit. Judging from the manner the young fellows were hanging around the wharf waiting to get an opportunity to glean information from the newly joined men, it seemed safe to argue that the "President" is in for a successful career, and it will be a pity if this is not the case, as the young men in the vicinity of the West India docks will gain far more in manners, appearance, physique and morals than by following the usual life of the place.

HOW HE KNRW.

Landlord—"I've called to collect the rent."

Little Boy—"Please, sir, mother's out, and forgot to leave it."

Landlord—"How do you know she forgot?"

Little Boy—"Because she said so."

Landlord—"In one word, when are you going to pay your arrears?" Hard-up Author—"I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished, which I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."

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LAUNCHING A BIG SHIP

A TOUCH FROM A BABY'S FINGER MAY DO IT.

How This Great Triumph of Engineering Skill is Performed.

If anyone wishes to know how much sensation can be crowded into a few seconds, let him for the first time witness the launching of one of our mammoth men-of-war or ocean greyhounds, and he will remember the experience to his last day, says London Tit-Bits.

Let us picture for a moment, one of a densely-packed crowd numbering perhaps 10,000 people, gazing upward at the enormous vessel that towers threateningly 60 ft. or more above his head, with its overwhelming sense of ponderous strength but little diminished by the graceful curve of its lofty bow. The supreme moment has come; the chaplain has uttered the last solemn words of his dedicatory service, 10,000 pairs of eyes are glued as by an irresistible fascination on the motionless bulk, and 10,000 hearts almost cease beating in the supreme tension of expectation. Above him, on the raised and crowded platform facing the bow, a fair hand swings a flower-decked champagne bottle, which crashes against the newly-christened ship and sends its golden showers trickling down its sides.

A second later the same hand presses a tiny button; the huge ship, 7,000 tons of dead weight, shivers and begins to move—at first almost imperceptibly, then quicker and quicker still she glides, like a monster waking to life and to all the gladness of motion, away down the slope through the black avenue of onlookers with white, upturned faces, until she leaps into the ocean's arms and glides swanlike

OVER HER NATIVE ELEMENT.

Then the stillness, the almost awful suspense, is broken with a crash of brass instruments in some patriotic air, and the launch is an accomplished fact.

Of all the mechanical marvels of our day surely none is quite so wonderful as this—that the mere touch of a woman's hand should release a bulk of 7,000 to 9,000 tons dead weight, a burden 100,000 strong men could barely raise, and send it skimming down to river or sea. Even a baby's finger has wrought this marvel, for was not the Ardent launched a few years ago from Messrs. Thornycroft's yard at Chiswick by an infant—the builder's little grand-daughter—only six months old?

To explain in technical detail how this miracle is performed would fill columns and would, no doubt, be tedious; but the process, which is intensely interesting, can perhaps be indicated. When once the hull of a new ship is complete, even to the painting, the work of preparing for her launching begins. The first step is to lay the "rails" on which the vessel is to glide down to the sea, and these "rails" take the form of two "standing ways"—long platforms about four feet wide, built of solid timber and running parallel to the ship and a few yards distant

ON EACH SIDE OF IT.

To carry the vessel on these smooth broad "rails," which are securely fixed to the earth, two similar "sliding-ways" are prepared and firmly secured to the hull on each side of it by heavy upright timbers, in which the ship is held as in a cradle. At this stage the upper sliding-ways are not in contact with the ways on which they are later to run; and for launching purposes both pairs of ways are now thickly smeared with tallow to facilitate the sliding of the ship.

Little remains now to be done; the standing-blocks on which the hull has hitherto rested are removed, with the exception of a few under the bow, and there is not much to prevent the vessel starting down the slope on her own account. To prevent this a few "brakes" are put on her in the shape of "dog-shores," short pieces of wood placed between the standing and sliding-ways; and suspended over each of them is a heavy weight which, when released, strikes them away and allows the vessel to move.

At the moment of launching the rope suspending these weights is cut with a chisel, or the weights are electrically released by pressure of a button;

THE SLIDING-WAYS,

on which the ship now rests in her cradle, comes in contact with the lubricated ways or "rails" underneath, and, under the impulse of gravity, the vessel glides down her rails to the water.

This brief description is necessarily imperfect; but it, perhaps, sufficiently outlines the ingenious way in which ships are launched. But, in spite of all precaution and skill, hitches do occasionally occur, often through the hardening of the tallow, and when the vessel refuses to budge the shipbuilder has a very bad time. It may then be necessary to do all the work over again; or, happily, a little assistance from hydraulic jacks may be all that is necessary to overcome the obstacle.

In some cases, where the available width of water is insufficient for a launch lengthways, a ship is launched broadside instead of stern first; or when she has been built in a dry-dock it is only necessary to let in the water and float her out. How enormous are some of these vessels which a touch of the finger can consign to the deep may be gathered from the fact that the Campania's launching-weight was about 9,000 tons, and a first-class battleship ranges from 6,000 to 8,000 tons.

Bismuth and nickel-steel have both the curious property of expanding when they cool instead of contracting, like other metals.