

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

FROM DOVER TO CALAIS.

HOW IT FEELS TO CROSS THE STRAIT IN ROUGH WEATHER.

A Graphic Description of the Experience a Traveller Gets in Crossing the Channel—The Discomforts Which Cannot be Avoided.

LONDON, Dec 19, 1892.—I pray all of you who are to follow after in European jaunts, never to cross the English channel between Dover and Calais save by day. It has always been my gruesome fortune to make the passage by night and in storm.

It is pleasant surely from the time our train leaves the grim London house-tops, all the way in the evening gloaming through the lovely shire of Kent; but the roar of the sea is always louder upon the great stone quays than the din of our fast night-mail, as we rush in upon quaint old Dover town.

A moment at the station, and then we creep along the docks and come alongside the royal mail steamer; hustled out of our wheeled, half-lighted cells and driven like unwilling cattle down the slippery descent and up over the gangway which seesaws with desperate suggestions of danger; and are finally hauled aboard the rocking craft like the faint-hearted land-lubbers we are.

“First class aft! second class fore!” Sorting us like sheep, we are at last huddled aboard the “Foam”—most appropriate name, for even here at the docks the sea is so wild that its spume is dashed over us; the luggage and continental mail are somehow taken on; and, with a great lurch from which the steel-ribbed though dimunitive and shell-like craft only recovers to be hurled violently in another direction, our steamer fairly began its ricocheting across the channel.

Behind us, nestled in one of the most charming ravines in all England is another Dover town, with its lights winding away to the westward and blinking from the sides of the cliff; while the great Dover light house flames out upon the channel and brings into weird outlines the stupendous castellated fortifications upon mighty Dover Heights.

You are instantly plunged into the plain, old fashioned misery of sea-sickness. You do not go in-doors, for all those nice people who must be quite as used to a channel boat as a ferry would surely notice you were becoming ill. On the other hand all the terrors of the deep and of approaching physical helplessness, are resultant from your enforced acrobatic feats upon deck. Between humiliation and possible death, in sheer desperation you choose disgrace. Your hand is upon the cabin-door but seems palsied. No you will seek the second class cabin, “for’d.” They will be less critical there. Its door is but fifty feet away, but where is braver pilgrimage than this? It seems an age until you have been able to throw yourself down the winding stairway into the strange triangular cabin below.

Ugh!—the odor of the place, its subtle dread and subtle qualms will always possess you whenever your crossing of the English channel returns as a hateful blot upon your memory.

Under the stairway, from behind a crescent-shaped bar, two Tom Thumb like tiny old boys, attired like men-of-war’s men, are dispensing liquors and ales at a lively rate. Every male in the cabin is smoking, some at the same time munching food at the sloopy lunch table, where the dishes click and slip with a greasy grind with the lurching of the vessel. Through the noxious vapors, and as far away and in an oppressive dream you see, at either side of the cabin in tiers, each beyond and slightly higher than another, in amphitheatre form of arrangement, capacious bunks. Each is provided with a leather-encased cushion, a serge-covered pillow and a sunken cupside; and nearly all of these bunks are occupied by men and women in every imaginable attitude of human suffering, or of preparation against torturing experience.

Over there is a party of Americans, evidently an entire family. They are cursing everything outside of America, and struggling with each other as their physical convulsions increase. Beyond are several friars of brown and gray, perhaps from some of the French cloisters beyond Amiens, sober and grave in their rough habit and cowls, bearing their misery with wonderful fortitude. Opposite are stolid commercial travellers, silent Jews and Frenchmen full of antics in their torture, with Frenchwomen, graceful and pretty even in this most remorselessly leveling of all human ills, an English channel sea-sickness.

The horrible air and scenes of this cabin force you with others back upon deck, where the steamer’s rail at one side catches you in its banging grip to hurl you to the iron netting embrace of the other. There is no escape. All bravery, resolution and supreme will power are of no avail. You recall in an ecstasy of hopelessness that no channel steamer was ever lost. With this thought all possibility of relief is abandoned. For a good hour every aspiration and ambition of life is swept away. You grovel and slide and slop as limp as a strand of

cold macaroni upon the night mail steamer’s deck; for utter exhaustion has come.

But at last the bracing storm which has whipped the channel into foam pounds new life into you. The salt spray dashes into your face and revives you. You crawl to where the four grim wheelmen are, for in the cutting wind there is a faint odor of the land. The chief wheelman comforts you with,

“Doan’t mind it, mon. The best there be doan’t be able to stand on their legs hereabout!” Away to the right is now seen the light at the French cape of Griz Nez. Soon your steamer begins skirting the coast. Here and there are glintings and glimmerings of light from the coastwise villages, where the late revel or vigil is being kept. The pier-head light at Calais grows and glows. Over the looming quays where the sea plays mad havoc is a continuous wreathing of flashing phosphorescence. Speedily now your steamer literally gallops into port.

Here at one side are the fantastic fishing-craft and the belling “lighters.” At the other, as the bedraggled passengers crowd to the gangway opening, are rows of French porters, bowing and scraping and chattering glibly. The wierd cresses flare over the picture strangely; and a flavor of decaying, salty things of half-digested Cognac and of penetrating garlic is over all.

And what a din is there! With a swash and a bump the “Storm” is finally made fast. Then the perilous midnight ascent to the docks, the keen-eyed customs officers, the skirmishes and more serious engagements with porters, the cries of the guards, the miserable entanglements and wild-eyed sorties, and finally the mad haste to the different trains for Paris, for Vienna and for Berlin. In half an hour everything has come to rights, you have met with an hundred “pardons!” and “remercies!” been hustled into one carriage only to be hustled out of this into another; and at last you are locked tightly within one which has got you safely for a little time.

Then certain of still being all wrong, the train moves away from the docks,—weaving and swaying past where red-shirted French boys play through long summer days on golden sands; past frowning battlements; past quaint old rookeries of the seaport town; underneath the shadows of the great Calais lighthouse; past out-jutting roofs and underneath overreaching balconies and hood-like arches; until at last, with a bump that brings you to your feet, you are within another raging din where trains are made up for all parts of the continent.

Here porters with blue blouses and red-rimmed caps, guards with gold lace and itching palms and gens d’armes with bow legs and Quixotic stiteliness, again hustle you; tear your tickets from you; throw your baggage after you; commiserate you; wheedle you; take your pourboire and hurl you, as from a catapult, into a carriage compartment; where, sick in body and demented in mind, you sink exhausted into perturbed sleep as the hour of 1 is tolled from the ghostly towers of the Calais churches; haunted by dreams of Brobdingnagian, gaudily dressed guards continuing infinite tortures through compartment windows, supplemented by invisible choruses of

“Je vous remercie!”—“Pardonez moi!”—fitted to the staccato of the wheels upon the rails; ever after carried in the memory like some infernal realization of a witch-wailed Walpurgis night.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

ARE WINTERS COLDER? It Seems So in Europe, While Ours Are Growing Warmer.

It is often asked, regarding the seasons, whether they alter from year to year, whether there is a positive change in climate from century to century.

The general opinion seems to be that the springs and summers are cooler than they once were, and that the winters are less cold.

The records of thermometrical observations show that the temperature of the month of May is diminishing, but that the temperature of the year, taken together, rather tends to increase.

Taking into consideration a period of fifty or sixty or more years, there has been observed an actual diminution of the mean temperature in the climate of France. But observing a longer period—comparing, for example, the earliest centuries of French history with the present time—no sensible difference of the seasons can be established.

For example, the Roman Emperor Julian was very fond of living at Paris, and about A. D. 360 he made several long sojourns in that city. In his Misopogon he relates that he was greatly surprised one fine morning to see the Seine stopped in its course and its waters changed into blocks of marble.

So we see that there were at that time, as well as to-day, winters severe enough to freeze the rivers, and that the climate has not changed much if any.

Perhaps the men of the present time have a more sensitive epidermis than had their hardy ancestors.

Carlyle’s Generosity. One day a gentleman visiting Carlyle noticed two golden sovereigns exposed in a little vase on the chimney piece, and asked what they were for.

Carlyle looked—for him—embarrassed, and gave no definite answer.

“Well, now, my dear fellow,” said the visitor, “neither you nor I are in quite the position to waste sovereigns; what are they for?”

“Well, the fact is,” said Carlyle, “Leigh Hunt likes better to find them there than that I should give them to him.”

PICKING A PRESIDENT.

THE ACTUAL ELECTION OF ONE IN THE UNITED STATES.

It Did Not Take Place in November, But Will Be in January—How It Is Done—Reasons Why the Law Has Been Altered in Recent Years.

On January 9 says the N. Y. Press, the presidential electors in every state in the union will meet at their respective capitals and cast their votes for President and Vice President of the United States. When congress assembles on the second Wednesday in February, 1893, the two houses will meet in the hall of the house of Representatives and proceed to count the votes so cast, and the result will then be “officially” declared for the first time.

The congressional count will be made under the law that was signed by President Cleveland on February 3, 1887. That statute was passed to obviate some of the difficulties which arose as a result of the Hayes-Tilden contested election of 1876.

Under its provisions the president of the senate presides over the joint convention of the two houses. It orders that the electors of each state shall meet in the place prescribed by the legislature on the second Monday in January following the November election and give their votes. The second section is especially designed to do away with contested returns from any state, and to furnish a means for congress to dispose of them if any are made. It enacts that if any state shall have provided by laws enacted prior to the presidential election for the final determination, by judicial or other tribunals, of any contest concerning its electoral vote, and such determination shall have been made at least six days before the meeting of the electors, that decision shall govern the vote of the state.

But in spite of this precaution there are contested returns from a state, sections 3 and 4 aim to meet the emergency. They make it the duty of the governor of each state to transmit the result of the election by certificate to the secretary of state at Washington, and to deliver to the electors the same certificate in triplicate, which they are also to send to the secretary of state. If there shall have been any contested returns settled in the state the governor shall transmit notice thereof to the secretary of state, who shall publish it in any newspaper he may designate, and at the first subsequent meeting of congress he must transmit to the two houses copies of each certificate.

Let us suppose the two houses assembled in the hall of the house of representatives with Vice President Morton presiding. There are two tellers for the senate and two for the House. Mr. Morton begins calling the roll of the States in alphabetical order, and opens the certificates of the electoral vote of each, handing them to the tellers, who make a list of the votes as they appear from the certificates, and deliver the result to Mr. Morton, who announces the vote. This announcement is deemed sufficient declaration of the election of president and vice president.

So far all is smooth sailing, but what if there are contested returns from any state or objections are raised to the reception of a certificate? That is where section 4 comes in. Under it one senator and one representative may state their case against a single certificate, whereupon the two houses will separate and each in its own chamber will consider the objection; but no votes from any state which have been lawfully certified shall be rejected unless the two houses, acting concurrently, shall agree that such votes have not been regularly given by electors whose appointment has been properly certified. In case of contested returns from any state, the two houses, acting separately, must concur as to which shall be counted as having been adjudged valid by the state tribunals, and in case there shall have been no decision by state authority the two houses must concur in counting or rejecting the disputed returns. But if the two houses shall disagree in respect to the counting of such votes, then the votes of the electors whose appointment has been certified by the governor of the state shall be counted.

The new law seeks as much as possible to refer the decision of all contested electoral votes to the states in which the contests occur, and further provides that when the states shall have neglected that duty, the consent of both houses of congress is required to throw out any return. This policy was adapted in view of the conflict which arose when the count of the election of 1876 came to be made. The republicans claimed the election of Mr. Hayes, the democrats that of Mr. Tilden. The issue hinged upon the electoral votes of Louisiana and Florida and one in Oregon. The democrats did not claim that the republicans had not carried the latter state, but that one of their candidates for elector was ineligible. Both parties contested the other two states.

Here occurred the perilous question of who was entitled to count the electoral votes and declare the result. Conflicting sets of returns had been sent from Florida and Louisiana, and the democratic Governor of Oregon had certified to the election of Cronin, one of the democratic candidates for elector. The republicans argued that the President of the Senate, a republican, had the sole authority to open the returns and declare the count, while the democrats maintained that only the joint body of the

CONCERNING MEN’S DRESS.

Facts and Philosophic Observations that Instruct and Entertain.

The winter fashions for men are only ultra in their forms, and it is an evidence of the keen perception that governs the launching of the various topcoats and undercoats that their greater length is the one dominant touch which is remarkably manifest. The counter-balancing taking care to ward off, in any and every manner, embellishment of detail from the vogue, and absolutely keep in subjugation the slightest decoration, even in stitching, does much to lessen the accentuation which these garments would take on therewith, and thus afford the conservatives a chance for cavil.

The votaries of fashiondom’s shrine recognize the sufficiency as an innovation of the various new shapes, involving as they do an *ad hoc* in construction that cannot fail to adduce the admiration of all well-dressing men. As an instance of this adept quelling of all garbishment, upon the new single-breasted, long-tailed frock there is not a button visible on the coat—it being fly-front to the waist line, and having crow’s feet at the junction of the tails with the waist line at the back, and the usual buttons absent from the coat sleeve. The long-tailed frock generally adopted by the American gentleman has none of the caricature length of the pronounced English garment. It is below the knee, and the native prototype has more snap to it than the English model.

There was a time when all-linen shirts were generally worn by the rich men of the town, and there are a number of the old guard, and many of the younger men of the town, that pay so much as \$12 each, or \$144 per dozen, for their all fine white linen shirts. These are with and without collars and cuffs. The laundry men do not get a chance at them. Some old-fashioned retainer handles them tenderly, and gets the homelike dull finish on the starched shirt front. It is a curious fact that the men of middle age that will pay willingly the high price for all linen shirts will seek to strike an average on his outlay by going into some dry goods store and purchasing an assortment of fifty-cent neck scarfs.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Thousands of Lilies.

In a little village in Sussex, England, there is a veritable milky way of lilies, where thousands of white blossoms shed their perfume, and where women gardeners tend and pack and ship the fragrant product. Twenty-five years ago a single lily bulb was given to Mrs. Bates a farmer’s daughter, who tended the gift with the devotion women bestow on flowers, and when sixteen bulbs had resulted from the original one, and Mrs. Bates, finding that her children, as she called them, had outgrown the sunny window where they grew, she planted them in the corner of the garden. Ten years ago a daughter of Mrs. Bates, inspired by the enterprise of the time, sent some blossoms to the London Market, and now in the association with her sisters, has made the Bates lilies famous for their beauty and perfection. The daughters are keen business women, interviewing their buyers at the 6 o’clock market, selling without the interference of agents to private customers, florists, and commission merchants. The average product is 600 dozens a week, which are packed by women in the gardens. Women are taking up floriculture to a considerable extent in England, and at the Horticultural College landscape and kitchen gardening are taught by lectures, demonstrations, and practical work. It is an interesting fact that applications are received at the college faster than women can be trained.

“Shall” and “Will.”

There is probably no more confusing part of the English language than that which regulates the use of “shall” and “will.” The teaching of the grammarians is that “shall” in the first and “will” in the second and third persons are to be regarded as simple declarations, and that both in all other cases convey a threat. The same idea is conveyed in the following old verse:

In the first person simply shall foretells; In will a threat or else a promise dwells; Shall in the second or third doth threat; Will simply then foretells the future feat.

Diplomacy.

“Johnny,” said his mother, “do you know who ate those cookies I left in the pantry?” “I do, mamma,” replied the noble boy, his eyes filling with tears. “but it would not be manly for me to tell.” And that is how it came that Johnny’s brother received two undeserved spankings—one for the cakes he did not steal, and another for his truthful denial.

Good Night.

There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. “Good Night!” The little one licks it as, gowned in white, with shining face and hands and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish: parents and children; friends and friends. Familiar use has robbed it of its

“Sweet Revenge.” “Mamma,” said little Willie, “I don’t like that Jones boy. He swore at me awful this afternoon. Oh, he said terrible things.” “And you came right away and left him, didn’t you, Willie dear?” “Yes, mamma; but I hit him with half a brick first.”

EVENING WEAR. BALL DRESSES.

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Hosiery, Gloves, Flowers and Feathers, Ribbed Silk Undervests, low necks, in Pink, Cream and Sky. White Skirts, Gauze Corsets and Corset Covers. Cream Cloth Serge for Evening Wraps.

Fans, Fans, Fans.

Feather and Incandescent Trimmings.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

two houses could declare the result. Out of the bitter conflict the Electoral Commission was born, and the law of 1887 is designed to prevent another such contention.



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Get a good one, Scovil, Fraser & Co.,

Corner King and Germain Streets.

HE WAS TOO WITTY.

A Grocer Who Lost a Customer by His Wit and Imprudence.

It is not profitable for a merchant to be too witty; at any rate, he should not try to be witty on every occasion. Not long ago, in a country town where there are two groceries in the same street, a very green head, timid looking young countryman came into one of them one afternoon, at a time when half a dozen villagers were grouped around the stove. The storekeeper was waiting upon some one, and paid no attention to the new comer.

Presently the timid young man said, in a half frightened voice: “Do—you—keep—sweet p’tters?”

“No,” said the storekeeper; “we don’t keep ‘em. We sell ‘em just as fast as we can.” Then he winked at the company around the stove, who snickered appreciatively. The green young man said, “Oh!” and went up to the stove and spread out the palms of his hands. The storekeeper went on waiting on his other customer, and used up about fifteen minutes in doing so.

Then he stepped toward the green young man, who was still warming his hands at the stove, and said, brusquely: “Did you say you wanted to buy some sweet potatoes?”

The young man turned slowly about and answered, “I—didn’t—say—I—wanted—to—buy—none; I—jest—ast—ye—it—ye—kep ‘em.” He then warmed his hands a few minutes longer. Then he walked slowly out of the store, remarking as he went: “I—guess—I—ll—go—daown the street—an—buy—me—some—sweet p’tters!”

The laugh around the stove was not at the expense of the greenhorn this time.—Youth’s Companion.

Fortunes in Europe.

The average of European fortunes is below that of England and this country. Prince Schwartzberg, the richest man in Austria, with 170 square miles of territory, was said to have left \$55,000,000 when he died a few years ago. There are now two or three noblemen in Germany who own over 100 square miles, but the largest German income is Herr Krupp’s, of \$1,090,500, and the next, a little smaller, is the income of the Berlin Rothschild. The Orleans family is said to have a fortune of \$150,000,000. If the Orleans were poorer, the chance of seeing one of them on the throne would be better. The Duke of Galliera, a Franco-Italian railway magnate, left \$55,000,000 in France and \$15,000,000 in Italy in the past decade, and this is by far the largest personal fortune mentioned in Latin Europe. Ten years ago M. Leroy Beaulieu, a high authority, estimated that in Paris, with its 2,500,000 people, only 8,000 persons spent over \$10,000 a year. There are probably thrice this number in New York.

Good Night.

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OUR BEST DRESSES. From today you shall have your choice of all Colored Dress Goods in stock (navy excepted) for 45 cts. per yard. Six yards make a dress; many get a dress from five. The cost in the first case is, - - \$2.70 In the latter but 2.25. We offer a choice from the stock of Black and Navy at the same figure, excepting Cashmeres and one line of Serges. George H. McKay.

significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are, as voyagers, putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our barks of life set sail and go onward into the darkness; and we asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do awake and journeying by daylight. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilance watches over us, but it is the vigilance of one stronger and wiser than we, who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root, are the same in meaning. “Goodby” is only “God be with you.” “Good night” is really “God night” or “God guard the night.” It would be a churlish household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say “Good night.”—Hallifax Bazar.