

ABOUT THE ISLE OF MAN.

A SERIES OF CHARMING PICTURES OF ENGLISH SCENERY.

The Wonderful Coast as it Appears from a Sail Around The Island—Some History of one of the Most Historic Spots of England—The Contented Islanders.

Ramsay, Isle of Man, Nov. 26, 1892.—You will always have the Isle of Man clearest as a series of charming pictures in your memory after you have sailed around the island. It is only a little journey of 75 or 80 miles. The steamers bring you from Douglas to Douglas again in only six hours' time. Pleasanter still is it to engage a smart little craft and alone or with friends idle along at will with wind or tide, gaining much Manx color and feeling from your grave and serious skipper's tales, and coming close to the fisher life of the countless half hid coves and bays.

Besides, in this way with a good marine glass you can scan every square foot of Manxland. There is nowhere a greater distance than six or seven miles from highest mountain peak to edge of circling sea. The beautiful topographical configuration of the island is thus made memorable. From a mile or two at sea, off Douglas, which shines from its crescent bay with almost the brilliancy of Naples, the chief mountain range shows at its best. It extends three fourths of the island's length, almost as centrally as a line could be drawn.

And every one of these pleasant Manx mountains is in full view. There is South Barrule, the southernmost. Then comes the Cairn and Greeba. Between these is the great valley pass, leading from Douglas, the maritime eastern capital of Man, to ancient Peel, its western port, a fine old fishing town, reminding of Cornish St. Ives. A flood of light seems to break each way through this deep, wide pass. Between the Cairn and Greeba is the famous Manx Mecca of Druidic origin, Tynwald Mount, where all the laws of Manxland are still annually proclaimed.

Colden, Sartfell and Beinn Phott group closely to the north, and then comes Snaefell, mountain monarch of Manxland, his only northern rival, giant North Barrule, which breaks into savage Maughold Head, by pleasant Ramsey Bay. It is a strange feeling that you can see half the homes of the entire Manx nation at a glance. From the top of Snaefell you can see them all. Besides, from the same place you can look far into Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales.

Coasting to the north, the ever changing panorama of mountains constantly in view, first comes Laxey bay and village, the latter at the entrance to a witching glen, surrounded by noble hills, whose sides are thickly dotted with stone monuments left by the earlier island races. Here is also found a great cairn called King Orry's grave, which tradition and dim Manx history assign to the bones of the Danish prince who more than a thousand years ago gave the Manxmen free men's rights. Older than Orry's bones are the Laxey mines, the only ones of importance in Man, which possess the famous Laxey overshoot water-wheel, said to be the largest in the world.

Perhaps six miles farther to the north, and your craft will be abreast of Maughold Head. It is a weird and grand old headland, and the vicinity has for ages possessed a reverential awe to all seafaring folk. This has been due to the miracles wrought at its holy well, and to the odor of sanctity left upon the place by St. Maughold. The latter was in his early life a gay and wicked Irish prince. Converted by the preaching of the good Saint Patrick, he determined to renounce the world. He put to sea in a wicker boat, giving himself up to the mercy of the winds and waves. He was driven ashore here on the most inaccessible coast of Man. The holy well or fountain burst from the spot where he first gained safe ground.

Then followed the wonderful conversion to Christianity from paganism of the Manx people. The very walls of the curious old St. Maughold church were built by this evangelist; and one of the strangest and most venerable crosses in Britain, the cross of St. Maughold, still standing in the ancient churchyard, was erected to commemorate the Saint's deliverance from the sea and his conversion of the Manx people. One side of this remarkable relic contains a carving of St. Maughold; another of the Virgin and Child; and a later embellishment on a third side depicts the crucifixion, to which is joined the arms of Man—the three bent legs with the brave motto: "Whichever way thrown, (or cast), it stands." The entire district is a bit of unchangeable antiquity, bound by primitive customs, enmeshed in the strangest superstitions. Illustrative, the parish clerk is still elected by the votes of only those parishioners who "put out smoke," that is whose habitations possess a chimney; and a near Runic cross by the roadside is a profane old female wool-carrier who, for cursing at the wind, was turned to stone.

When Maughold Head is rounded, the long reach of Ramsey bay, extending nine miles to Point of Ayre, the northernmost head land of Man, gives a scene of unsurpassed beauty and interest. The red cliffs trace an almost vermilion short line between the blue of the sea and shimmering gold of the upland gorse. At the centre

of the bay is the fine old town, its ancient walls and roofs contrasting strangely with modern ways and facades. A sleepy yet bright old face has Ramsey, like some nodding grandam whom boyden children have stolen upon in her sleep to bellow and beribbon and who, on waking, has as much mischief in her glad old eyes as in the merry hearts that made the frolic. To the right and left, villas and villages innumerable; and behind, but a mile on two away, the golden gorse is blended with the purples and mists among the heights of North Barrule.

In rounding the Point of Ayre your skipper will cease his tales and attend closely to his little craft. It is a dangerous way. The meeting of the tides causes almost a maelstrom, "the Streem," or strite, contention, the Manx call it. All around the northern coast, which is low, from sea to sward are strange terraces of sea cobbles; small, polished stones as round as cannon balls. They are constantly changing their position from the action of the waters, and are as treacherous to the foot as quicksands. Between Ayre lighthouse and the northern base of the mountains, perhaps an eighth of the total area of Man, is an almost level plain. It is called the "Curragh." The most primitive of the Manx peasantry are found here; and Celtic affinities are most pronounced. In more than a hundred tiny hamlets like the "auld clachans" of the Scottish Highlands you will find fully nine tenths possessing the Celtic appellation *Ball* (town), as Ballavarkish, Ballakinnag, Ballaheaney, and the like.

All along down the west coast your interest will be divided between glimpses of strange old Manx hamlets peeping from the mountain bases where flashes of foaming streams tremble like the gorse tops upon the hills, with the splendid mountain views behind and above, and the plainly discerned Irish coast where the Mourne Mountains through the distance cover with purple their emerald green. But at last here is ancient Peel, Thistle Head and St. Patrick Isle. Miles of white strand thread along the coast to the brown old nest upon the rocks, like a shining way of faith leading unflinching to a dateless antiquity. No cobweb lover will be disgruntled that a broom of progress has modernized Peel. Everything is old and mellow and dim. The hundreds of fishing craft forming with their old masts an antique tracery before the town seem to belong to a forgotten age. Dark are its walls, narrow its streets, tiny its windows, grave and silent its people.

Gray and old and more forbidding than all else is its once mighty castle at the harbor mouth. It stands on Patrick's Holm, or St. Patrick's Island, seven acres in extent. Venerable, haunted and hallowed all. Hollowed and venerable for St. Patrick himself raised the beginnings of the church on whose the half ruins of a great cathedral are now found. Haunted because of inexpressible cruelties and foul murders in crypts and castle here. Through these lofty pillars, bending arches, hollow galleries and by these dismantled altars one can stride from the nineteenth to the fifth century. In the saddening echoes of the sea calls he can hear the moanings of imprisoned Eleanor, the curses of Stanley, the triumphant "Alleluia!" of Germanus that put to rout the Saxons in the bloody Flintshire fields. Haunted, more than all else is Manxland mind, because it is the abiding place for all time of that most terrible of Manx powers of darkness, the black and dreadful "Moody Dhoo."

Back at Douglas again from such a contemplation as this of the "dear little Isle of Man," and I warrant you are a score of years and an hundred books in advantage over him who enters Manxland at the sea gates of its splendid town, and views its form and folk through the false perspective of fine hotels, crowds of summer or winter idlers, and the misleading gay activities comparing with those of our own Bar Harbor or Newport, or an English Bournemouth or Brighton.

Here of course is some true Manx color in the strange old closes and wynds of the city; but Douglas is essentially a fashionable watering place the whole year round. You must leave Douglas behind to completely know Manxland. This is no venturesome task. You can walk to the remotest portion of the island in one day. There never were finer roads. There never were lovelier views. There never were quainter more comforting old inns. And there never were more simple, genial, hospitable people than in Man. In most countries I have visited the peasantry are vacuous and listless, or suspicious and resentful of him who comes to spy into their ways and poke among their shrines. The Manx talk take it as an honor. The Manxman is proud of his ancestry, his history, his independence, his changeless customs and laws. Indeed I often think that much of his goodness to the stranger comes from pity that the stranger was not born in his fair, liberty-loving island.

And after all the real pleasure of knowing any strange land is in getting close to the heart of its common folk. That is easy here. You will be thrilled by Manxland scenes of mountain and coast. It is a wonderful little land for foaming torrents, flashing streams, entrancing valleys and shadowy glens. There is not another so tiny a bit of earth where you may come upon so many curious and impressive monuments of a heroic past. Fishertalk and Highlanders, each with their distinct centuries-old, changeless ways, are close together. The murmurs of the sea can almost be heard from highest mountain peak. Contrast is everywhere mighty and close. But it is because Manx folk themselves are more winsome and grand than all fine sights or scenes, that a loving, contented sense of exultation gladdens every step of your progress through all these pleasant island ways.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

UNGAR'S NEW BUILDING.

A STRUCTURE COMMENSURATE WITH HIS GROWING BUSINESS.

A Handsome Office and Immense Wash Room—How Many Hands Are Employed—Why the Business Has Increased to This Extent.

The office of the building is a busy place. It is fitted up very neatly yet perfectly commodious for even more than the amount of work that is passed through it. A visitor passing along finds himself in a very large room some forty by fifty feet in dimensions, in which are the large washers, wringers and starchers, all being driven by steam. In the same department are twelve

large stationary washtubs with hot and cold water attached, at which are a number of women at work washing woollen goods. Mr. Ungar explained that by washing woollens quickly and drying in less than an hour it was utterly impossible for them to shrink, and it was for this purpose that these large washtubs were there. When the clothes that are to be starched are passed through the starch they are sent to the next floor in an elevator and placed in the drying room for about an hour, from which they are taken perfectly dry, after which they go to another floor to receive the finishing touches.

This is one of the busiest departments of the building. More than thirty women are employed there ironing, although the bosoms, wrists, collar and bands of the shirts are done by rollers run by steam power, each roller being heated by gas in its hollow centre. Collars and cuffs are ironed by the same process, while the finishing touch is put on by hand, each woman having a gas stove at her table to heat her irons.

On the same floor is an immense mangle, also run by steam, which presses and dries sheets, towels and such like direct from the wringer. In the basement will be found the power that drives all the machinery in

THINGS OF VALUE.

Fancy having one's wearing apparel regulated by law, even though that law be wise and rational. First it is the length of one's skirt that the diet is called upon to consider, and now it is corsets that factory women are bidden by law to discard through the German officials at Spandau. How the free-born and much-laced American factory girl would wave the banner and shout the Declaration of Independence at such interference from legislators.

PELEE ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891. FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT FOR 1891 ON ROBERT BROWN'S "FOUR CROWN" BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 gallons of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whisky, taken by myself on the 9th inst., from the Bleeding Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whisky of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

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That string on my finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

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Other Cough Medicines have had their day, but Puttner's Emulsion has come to stay, because, its so nice and so good.

Like a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked path looks straight as we approach the end.

No more rubber waterproofs worn in England. Everybody wears Rigby now.

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better. Culture, merely for culture's sake, can never be anything but a sapless root, capable of producing at best a shrivelled branch.—John Walter Cross.

We Are All Fallible.

Even great poets sometimes make blunders. Tennyson himself was once guilty of a mistake—perhaps it was only poetic license to which his attention was called in a somewhat startling letter.

It is said that he received the following letter from the distinguished arithmetician, Babbage, shortly after the publication of one of his most famous poems:—

"Dear Sir—I find in a recently published poem from your pen the following unwarrantable statement:

Every moment dies a man
Every moment one is born
"I need hardly point out to you that this calculation, if correct, would tend to keep the sum total of the world's population in a state of perpetual equipoise; whereas it is a well-known fact that the said sum total is constantly on the increase. I would, therefore, take the liberty of suggesting that in the next edition of your excellent poem the erroneous

the establishment—a forty horse power boiler and engine.

Mr. Ungar says that now he is in his new and larger building he is in a position to do laundry for the whole of Halifax and the surrounding country if necessary. A large number of families have given him their washing to do regularly and find it is much cheaper and more satisfactory than when done at home. All necessary repairs on garments are also done without extra charge, a convenience that all the bachelors seem to appreciate.

The agencies of the laundry can be found in all the principal towns in the province and the orders that come the first of every week from the surrounding country is a large business of itself. It may be added that the work is done for people in these outside towns at the same price as in the city. In connection with his laundry Mr.



Ungar has a large dyeing and cleaning establishment, where anything and everything from the most delicate fabric to an overcoat or a dress can be dyed to suit the most fastidious. The success of his laundry business in Halifax Mr. Ungar attributes mainly to one thing, namely, that the people appreciate good work and liberally patronize a man who does his best to please them. This applies equally to St. John as to Halifax, where no doubt he does the larger portion of all the laundry work.

calculation to which I refer be corrected as follows: Every moment dies a man, And one and a sixteenth is born "I may add that the exact figures are 1 167, but something must, of course, be conceded to the laws of metre. I have the honor to be, sir, yours, sincerely, C. BABBAGE."

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