

IN VERY HOT QUARTERS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF STOKERS ON THE ATLANTIC LINERS.

Hard Work Which Sometimes Kills the Men—Yet Stokers Are Always to Be Had—Tricks by Which the Tolerable Are Stimulated to Great Exertions.

No man, I think, works harder than a fier on one of the crack Atlantic liners, is the statement of "one who has tried it," and who tells his experience in an English paper. He has under his charge three fires, one of which is cleared out every watch. On these he throws coal—Welsh on the outward journey and "Yankee slack" on the homeward. As soon as he has filled the third furnace he has to begin "slicing" or breaking up the fire, so that it will burn freely, at the first furnace; and as soon as he has done slicing he has to rake the fires, after which he throws on coal as before. Thus he is kept continually going for four hours, when he is relieved and rests eight.

On paper it does not seem a difficult job, but in reality it is. I have seen dozens of men come down to work, and go back again in less than ten minutes. I have seen thirty-six men at the doctor's door of a morning, waiting to get a certificate. Some of them, I admit, were skulkers—fellows who signed on, not to work but to get a good feed. But no man with any respect for himself is likely to sham illness. If a stoker is off from one watch, and the surgeon does not certify that he is ill, he is "logged," which means that he loses two days' pay for that four hours' idleness.

Many men leave their ship at New York, these being mostly those who have taken a "pier-head jump" at Liverpool. When a boat gets into the Mersey she may be short of stokers; sometimes thirty or forty of those who have signed on do not turn up. Then men are taken on "as they stand" at the Landing-Stage, and it is customary for the ship to allow these soup and to lend them a bed and two blankets.

They can also, like the more regular stokers, buy a jacket, a pair of pants, a pair of boots, and 1lb. of tobacco, for which 11s. is debited against them. If they walk off at New York they of course take with them the clothes and whatever tobacco they may not have used, and that is all they get for their work. When a coal trimmer is promoted to a position thus vacated he gets the absconder's wages, less the amount advanced in kind.

But there are, unfortunately, yet sadder facts which illustrate the history of life in a stoke-hole. The heat is so intense, the air so impure, that men sometimes become ill, and not infrequently "go clean off it," as the saying goes.

One man that I worked with got overheated, and in his madness tried to put himself in one of the roaring furnaces. He did burn his back, and was then knocked down by one of his mates, and afterwards taken to the hospital. Then I have known many men, unused to the work, attempt to jump overboard. I have even stopped some myself. I caught hold of one man just as he was about to plunge into the sea.

That firemen have succeeded in taking their lives is well known; and it is said, but for this I do not vouch—that some reported as having left ships at New York really made a grave for themselves in the Atlantic when they were returning home. I remember, too, that a coal trimmer died through being overheated, and a short time back a stoker came to a similar end. He was going to the hoist when the second engineer stopped him and said—

"No skulking here!"

"I am overheated," the man replied, "and I can't work."

"Well, you shan't go up," said the second chief.

I don't know whether he honestly thought the stoker was shamming; but the poor fellow died in the stoke-hole.

Bad as our work is as a general thing, it is much worse when the captain of the ship is making a dash for the record. I was on board one crack boat the first good trip she made. At one stage of the voyage every man in the vessel that could be spared was crammed in the stoke-hole to help us make steam.

On another occasion this same ship took on what they called "fire bobbies"—men who did nothing but clear fires. Three of them were allotted to each watch, and all that we did was to throw on coal and treat it as I have described. All this trip it was nothing but, "Now then, my lads, shake her up!" and we went at it like demons. I was more pleased than I usually am when that voyage came to an end.

I think no landsman can form an idea— and I am sure I cannot convey one—of the great strain put upon everybody in the engine-room and stoke-hole when an attempt is being made to lower the record, to beat the best time hitherto made in a journey across the Atlantic.

Keeping to my own work, I know that everything possible is done to urge us on. The usual pay is £5 a month, and you get that in any case. If a fast passage is made you get a bonus and grog in addition. The extras depend on whether your watch can get above a certain number of revolutions per minute out of the engine. When you are working about as hard as men ever did work, one of the engineers comes round.

"Now then, lads, shake her up! Grog and a bonus!" is his cry, and it stimulates the stokers to superhuman exertion. They throw coal on and slice and rake until the ship shakes beneath them; and when their time is up the whole thirty-six of the watch crowd round the engine-room door to have a peep at the indicator, feeling sure that they have gained the prize. Imagine the chagrin of the men when they find they have just failed—failed, perhaps, by only three points of a single revolution! Then there is no grog.

When you go on again you are naturally a little sulky and will not work, and as any slackening of effort is soon seen in the engine-room, the second junior comes round and encourages you with: "Now, boys, you are three points ahead over the last watch!"

This is often only a trick; but the cry urges you on once more, and when you stagger away you feel so certain of success that you take your can with you. A glance at the indicator is enough. "Sold again!"

Fog brings no respite to the stokers when an attempt is being made to break the record. It is true that, as soon as the ship is enveloped, the order goes down to the engine-room: "Half speed!" But that is

done only to allay the fear of passengers. Many times the engines do not make three revolutions less a minute at "half speed" in clear weather.

I was on one boat when an emigrant was buried at sea. Time was so precious that the captain would not stop the ship while the young woman was cast beneath the waters; all that he did was to slow her. Such being the case, it is obvious that only something very serious is allowed to justify the taking of speed off an Atlantic greyhound.

I remember that I was once leaning over the side smoking my pipe, when we were tearing through the fog, and it sent a shiver through me to see us dash within three yards of a barque, while the crew looked up at us in horror.

The life of a stoker is, however, worst of all in bad weather. Shovels, rakes, slices, and coal are thrown about and tossed from side to side, until one sometimes feels that a spell at the galleys would be an agreeable change.

Apart from the work, a stoker on one of the liners has nothing to complain of. He gets plenty of good food—as much, in fact, as he cares to eat. The only thing which is really scarce, according to my experience, is water. When I have come out of the stoke-hole covered with coal dust, I have sometimes had to wait a couple of hours before I could get enough to wash myself.

The companies, too, do all they can to encourage strong, steady men to remain with them. On the Inman and the White Star lines it is a stoker makes ten trips in a year, he is given a present of £5, on production of his discharge notes. This seems a liberal arrangement; but not many men can avail themselves of it, though I know some who have done nothing but stoke ships for over twenty years.

HINTS ABOUT EATING.

The Stomach is an Organ That Must be Treated Tenderly.

The time at which the principal meal is taken is not, within limits of such great importance if certain essential conditions are complied with. The selected hour should be adhered to; for the stomach acquires the habit of getting ready at the usual time—if it is disappointed, either the appetite fails or indigestion follows, says the Commercial Advertiser.

The food last taken should not have been too recent, nor should there have been too long a fast. The diner should not be overtired otherwise the stomach will share in the general exhaustion. If the stomach has been fatigued by efforts to digest too recent a meal, or by too long abstinence, or partake of the general exhaustion of its proprietor, it will be unable to form the juices necessary for digestion.

To his principal meal a man should bring his body fresh and vigorous and a stomach refreshed by rest after having done work within a reasonably short period. Dinner should never be bolted and hurried over. The food should be well masticated. The material should be the best obtainable, the meat good and the vegetables fresh. The cooking should be carefully and properly done. Indigestible things, or those which disagree with the individual, should be eschewed.

After the meal the diner should rest or have some light occupation for an hour, or still better, two. He should neither undertake active physical exercise—not even moderately rapid walking—nor should he study, think over business, or occupy his mind seriously in any way. It is well to remember that a piece of beef remains in and engages the stomach for about three hours, a piece of salt beef or pork four and three-quarters hours. Nor is it right to sleep for some time after a meal. During sleep digestion is suspended; the food remains in the stomach and undergoes improper changes; digestion is deferred till the sleeper awakens, and then takes place imperfectly. Indigestion and nightmare are the consequences.

Finally, do not eat too much. It is better to eat too little. The rule to get up with an appetite, though hardly an inviting one, is not without reason. Habitual repulsion is much to be deprecated. If people would or could always attend to these simple directions the benefit to health would be enormous. The gain in economy, too, would be greater than many of us think. It is astonishing how little food a man requires to do hard work and remain in health, if that food is proper in quality and properly taken. Improper food improperly taken is not only to a great extent wasted, but will, in the end, lead to serious disaster.

The Lemon in History.

Who ever thought of connecting such a commonplace article of diet as the lemon with the romantic history of ill-fated Anne Boleyn? Yes, indirectly she was the cause of its first introduction into England, and so into popular notice. Henry the Eighth—who, if he rid himself of his wives like a brute, certainly won them like a prince, says "Kate Field's Washington" gave such splendid feasts and pageants in honour of the coronation of Anne and of their previous nuptials as had seldom been accorded to queens of the blood royal. These kingly entertainments were in turn followed by the great civic feasts of London, for which the whole world was searched for delicacies to add to the splendor. At one such banquet, graced by the presence of the royal pair, a lemon was introduced as an elegant novelty. To an epicure such as Henry the acquisition of a castle in France would have proved less acceptable, and such was the importance attached to the discovery—so says an old biographer—that a special record was made of the fact that the cost of this precious lemon was six silver pennies!

A British Soldier's Outfit.

Besides rifle, knapsack, waistbelt, gaiters, great-coat, and shako, the British soldier receives a serge tunic (renewed every year), a cloth tunic (every two years), one pair of cloth trousers (with an extra pair alternate years), two pairs of boots, a pair of worsted gloves, Glengarry cap, comb, razor and shaving brush, knife, fork, spoon, brass button-stick, polishing brush for badges, box of blacking, two boot brushes, clothes brush, sponge, tin canteen, rough canvas bag, Bible and Prayer-book, bound up with Hymns Ancient and Modern.

A Healthy and Delicious Beverage.

Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of Chocolate by addressing C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, and get free samples with directions.

NEW YORK STATE MIRACLE.

A YOUNG LADY'S GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF A TIMELY RESCUE.

Miss Lillian Sparks Restored to Health and Strength after Medical Aid Had Failed—Her Condition that of Thousands of Other Ladies who may take Hope from Her Story.

From the Hornellsville, N. Y. Times.

Painted Post is the name of a pretty little village of one thousand inhabitants, situated on the line of the Erie Railroad, in Steuben County, two miles from Corning, N. Y. The name seems an odd one until one learns the circumstances from which it was derived. When the first settlers came here from Pennsylvania, all this beautiful valley was heavily wooded, and abounded in many kinds of game, and was a favorite hunting ground for the Indians, who then claimed exclusive right to the territory. An object which attracted the attention of the first settlers and excited their curiosity, was a painted post which stood prominently in a small clearing skirted by great spreading trees. It was stained red, as some supposed with blood, and evidently commemorated some notable event in Indian life. And so from this incident the place naturally took its name. The city of Baton Rouge (which means "painted post"), La., also took its name from a similar circumstance.

But the main purpose for which your correspondent came here was to learn the particulars of a notable, indeed miraculous, cure of a young lady, and her rescue from death by the efficacious use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Your correspondent only knew that the name of the young lady was Lillian Sparks, daughter of Mr. James W. Sparks. On enquiring at the post-office for her father's residence, we learned that he lived on the road to Hornby, five miles from Painted Post village.

"And," said a young man who overheard the conversation with the postmaster, "it is his daughter who was so sick that the doctor gave her up, and she was cured by Pink Pills." And the young man volunteered to guide me to Mr. Spark's home. The courteous young man was Mr. Willie Covert, a resident of the place, organist in the Methodist church, and formerly organist for the Young Men's Christian association of Rochester. So, getting a horse we started in the storm, with the mercury ranging at zero, for a five-mile drive over the snow-dripped roads of Hornby Hills. When we reached our destination we found a very comfortably housed family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, one son and five daughters. The oldest of the daughters, Miss Lillian, twenty-two years old, is the one whose reported wonderful cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, your correspondent had gone out there expressly to verify by actual knowledge. This is the story told by Miss Sparks to your correspondent in presence of her grateful and approving father and mother, and is given in her own language.

"Yes, sir, it is with pleasure that I give my testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was ill for four years, doctoring nearly all the time, but without any benefit. I had six different doctors: Dr. Heddon, Dr. Purdy and Dr. Hoar, of Corning; Dr. Butler, of Hornby; Dr. Remington, of Painted Post, and Dr. Bell, of Monterey. They said my blood had all turned to water.

I was as pale as a corpse, weak and short of breath. I could hardly walk, I was so dizzy, and there was a ringing noise in my head. My hands and feet were cold all the time. My limbs were swollen, my feet so much so that I could not wear my shoes. My appetite was very poor. I had lost all hope of ever getting well, but still I kept doctoring or taking patent medicines, but grew worse all the time. Last September I read in the Elmira Gazette of a wonderful cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I thought I would try them. I did so, giving up all other medicines and following the directions closely. By the time I had taken the first box I was feeling better than I had been in a long time, and I continued their use until now, as you can see, and as my father and mother know, and as I know, I am perfectly well. I don't look the same person, and I now can enjoy myself with other young people. Indeed I can't say too much for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I am sure they saved my life. I have recommended them to others who are using them with much benefit, and I earnestly recommend them to any one who may be sick, for I am sure there is no medicine like them. I am perfectly willing you should make any proper use of this statement of my sickness and cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." In further conversation Miss Sparks said she felt away during her sickness so much that she only weighed 80 pounds, while now she weighs 107.

"I suppose," said her father, "that it was overwork that made her sick. You see we have 400 acres of land, keep 35 cows, and there is a great deal to be done, and Lillian was always a great worker and very ambitious, until she overdid it and was taken down."

The facts narrated in the above statement were corroborated by a number of neighbors, who all express their astonishment at the great improvement Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have worked in Miss Sparks.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale sallow complexion and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system and in the case of men they effect a radical cure, in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealers for Dr. Williams'

Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The 300th anniversary of Izaak Walton's birth occurs on August 9 this year, and Dr. A. Henschell, in charge of the United States Fishery Commission's exhibit at the World's Fair, proposes that the day be especially commemorated with a fly-casting tournament, for the winners in which gold and silver medals shall be provided.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair. Mrs. CHAS. ANDERSON, Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth. Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

Assimilable Phosphorus is the brain and nerve food, *par excellence*. One bottle of Putnam's Emulsion contains more of this invaluable element than a gallon of the much vaunted stimulants, Liquid Beets, etc., of the day.

M. Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, believes that great climatic changes are going on in Europe, and that France, the United Kingdom, Spain, Belgium, Italy, Austria and Germany have temporarily, at least, lost several degrees of temperature.

Good Queen Bertha.

The picturesque little village of Payerne, in Switzerland, not far from Lake Neuchâtel, possesses a unique curiosity in the shape of a saddle which belonged to Queen Bertha, the founder of the Benedictine abbey, which has since been transformed into one of the best educational institutes of Europe. This saddle, which is more than 900 years old, is of peculiar antique shape, having an aperture for the knee in the pommel. Queen Bertha was noted for her zeal and industry, and in order to set a good example to her subjects she always rode from one place to another to gain time.

Dun, Wiman & Co.

NOTICE is hereby given that by mutual consent, the connection of Mr. Erastus Wiman with the business of Dun, Wiman & Co., has been terminated. The style hereafter will be

R. G. DUN & CO.

New York, February 20th, 1893.

R. G. DUN & CO.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething, for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.



SEGEE'S OINTMENT

—IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR—

Piles, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, Ringworms, Chapped Hands, Chills, Scalds and Burns, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc.

For sale at Drug Stores, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50 cts. per Pot), by addressing

JOHN A. SEGEE, Manuf., DURHAM STREET—North St. John, N. B.

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CERTIFICATES.

The following have been selected from the vast number of persons who have been cured by the use of SEGEE'S OINTMENT:

FROM

ST. JOHN,

N. B.

ROBERT MCCUEN, St. John, N. B., writes:

This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of SEGEE'S OINTMENT. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was.

Full

of Steam.



It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work.

A TEAKETTLE

of HOT WATER

and

SURPRISE SOAP

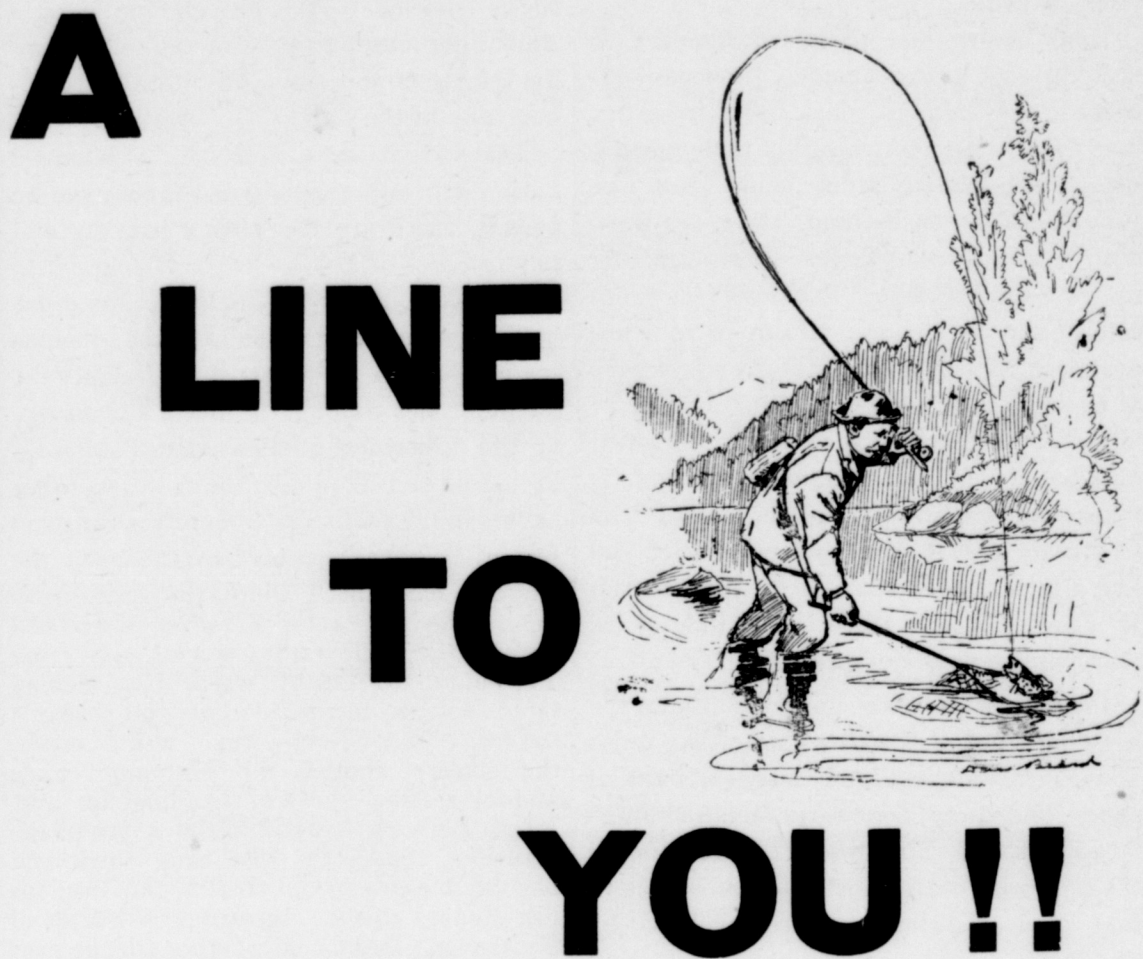
used according to the directions

on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion.

The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner than when washed the ordinary way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect satisfaction. Why don't you?

SURPRISE is good for all uses. Every cake is stamped **Surprise**.



Have you started house cleaning? Spring is coming, and coming fast. Those curtains, though new last year, look faded and grimy. Now is the time, before the rush comes, to send them to UNGAR. He does them up as good as new.

Same with clothing. Everybody wants their clothes cleaned or dyed in the Spring. So do you. Look over your wardrobe now. No sensible man or woman leaves a thing to be done at the last moment.

ARE YOU SENSIBLE?

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 68. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

UNGAR'S.

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THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE.

THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY.

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