

WAKEMAN IN NORWAY.

NORWEGIAN LIFE BY MOUNTAIN, KLEV AND FIORD.

Mighty Stone Roads—Drammens Vei of Bergen—The Famous Zigzag Descent of Stalheimskylet—Norwegian Ponies and Carriages—Postings Stations.

LONDON Nov. 2.—Travel in Norway has some unusual and many exceedingly interesting phases. It was a surprising thing to learn that more than one hundred thousand tourists now visit this northern land every summer. The country possesses comparatively few miles of railway. Consequently all routes of travel are practically by highways and waterways. More than a quarter of a century since it was seen that tourists, and particularly European tourists, in search of scenic marvels, were tiring of Switzerland: were turning their faces towards the midnight sun; and were ever penetrating to the most remote fields and glacier-fields. Norway immediately set about making travel within her rugged boundaries not only possible to all by extensive road-building, but systematic and reliable as between all carriers and landlords and the tourist public.

This road-building, involving enormous expense and many splendid feats of engineering, has had much the same effect upon the people of Norway as in Austrian Galicia. Not so many years ago Austria built nearly 2,000 miles of stone highway up and down and from end to end of Galicia, or Austrian Poland. Previous to that time, materially, a no more wretched, God-forsaken land existed on the face of the earth. In less than ten years' time, these roads did more for the 6,000,000 people of Austrian Poland in material and social advancement than all the churches, all the books, all the newspapers, all the battles, all the railways and all the governments had ever accomplished for them from the days of Miecyslaw and Boleslas to the day these roads were done.

The insulation of the Norwegian peasantry was never so universal as that of the Austro-Polish peasantry. They have ever had their many and mighty fiords; while a semi-seafaring life always provided diversified resources and the beneficial friction of change. And yet until this road-building on a mighty scale was begun, it often happened that the peasant folk of one hamlet, or in the valley district, were as remote from those of another dal not ten miles distant, where totally different resources were relied upon and wholly different traditions and customs were in vogue, as though the Tatras or Atlas mountains stood between.

This later almost universal means of intercommunication over these grand stone roads combined with the fiords, has made Norwegian folk more homogeneous; developed the scanty resources of this stern north land; and more than all else intensified the traditional longings of these fine sturdy folk for complete national liberty and independence. Combined with the surpassing scenery and interesting peasant life, it also brings millions of dollars to Norway each year, distributed in city, hamlet, "station," and even in lonely mountain saeter by a vast horde of tourists, whose methods of travel over mountain, through valley and over fiord are alone a most interesting subject of study.

The grand Norwegian roads, while they are more numerous and expensively built in proportion to population, than those of any other European country, have not that particular sentimental interest attaching to the highways of many other European regions, and to be found in all the Latin countries. They possess no road-side shrines; nor are lowly pilgrim bands ever seen upon them. The pilgrimages here are to nature's mighty shrines. Three examples will indicate their stupendous character and added impressiveness from winding along, or within some of the most beautiful and majestic scenery all Europe affords.

The Drammens Vei (or Drams Way, because built from the revenues from liquor licenses,) of Bergen, is one of the finest roadways in the world. It is cut out of the sides of the mighty Fletchfield rising above the city. Five tremendous bends are required to reach the summit. For its entire distance, where not blasted from the solid rock, the bed consists first of heavy boulders, then huge slabs of granite, and finally a thick covering of cement and gravel. The escarped sides are of solid masonry, often twenty, thirty and fifty feet high along their facades, to secure sufficient roadbed above; and the outer edges of nearly the entire Vei are protected by huge pointed rocks set upright at regular intervals. The outlook from any of its bends, comprising the red roofed city, the frozen heights to the north, the bay, the seaward countless islands and the thunderous ocean beyond, is not surpassed in Europe.

Near Bjerkager, in the Trondhjem district is another wonderful roadway. For its entire length of several miles it has been blasted from solid rock. The necessary dislodgements were often so great as to give the appearance of some mighty convulsion of nature. The steep mountain slope rises thousands of feet above you to the one side, while below you, at the other, is a tremendous gorge, nearly a thousand feet in depth, with a wild torrent, raving and howling on its way to the distant fiord. At the outer bends of the road overlooking the gorge and torrent, the scenery is indescribably sombre and grand. Huge up-

right masses of rock are set in masonry along the outer edge. And it is along such gruesome ways as these that the little Norwegian ponies clatter at break-neck speed, as you breathlessly cling to your rickety carriage.

Descending from the upland ride, from Vossevangen, through the famous Nerodol to Gudvangen, the last few miles of our journey will bring you to a still greater combined marvel of road building and magnificent scenery. The head of the valley is walled by mountain masses about two thousand feet high. From this altitude mountain tops of five and six thousand feet high are reached by gentler slopes. The great cliff or klev, called here the Stalheim, is the head of the chasm or valley gorge which finally opens out upon Gudvangen and the Næroifjord, the famous somber branch of the Sogne. The lower level of this chasm is reached by a splendid feat of engineering. The road is carried on *schelle* down the face of the cliff from a height of 1,500 feet in twenty-six zig-zag angles, of wide and easy sweep at the angles of return. As each corner of this road is rounded, there is alternate views not only of this grand defile and snow-capped mountains behind and above, but of those famous waterfalls, the Stalheimos and the Svitelos; the former falling without a break for over 1,000 feet, and the latter for a tumble of nearly the same distance. When you have reached the bottom of the Stalheim gorge, an enormous cone of gray tephra, the phantom-like Jordalsmyt, lifts its cowed head 4,000 feet into the cloud-mists above.

The universal mode of travel along these Norwegian roads is by carriage. In all my own excursions on foot into the interior districts, I never saw tourist or native walking upon the highways, as you will see them in England or Switzerland. The only exception was where groups of peasants were making their way from one gaard or farm-house, or field or saeter, to another. Travelers never walk; and the bonder or farmer and nearly all the peasant folk do most of their necessary travelling in the carriage or stoll-cart. Both are Norwegian institutions distinctively. The carriage is something like a combination of the American "sulky" and the English trap—perhaps more like a "one-horse shay." It is two-wheeled, low, and its long shafts, terminating just back of the axle, form springs for the seat which is in front of the axle. The seat is low; you are compelled to straighten out your legs, as though you were sitting upon the floor; and your feet thus just reach a stout little dash-board. This has the advantage of landing you upon your feet, in case of a break-down, instead of upon your head, as when a dog-cart or trap goes to pieces. The vehicle is nicely balanced and has but one seat. Consequently you must be passenger and driver in one; though a little projection behind the axle serves for a place upon which to strap your luggage, if it be as modest as a Norwegian traveller's should be, and also for a perch for the sunny-faced, garrulous lad, the "skydgut" or post-boy, who accompanies you between "stations," to return your carriage and pony to its owner.

The Norwegian ponies which carry these carriages, or are used as saddle horses in the roadless mountain districts, are worthy of a chapter to themselves. They are little, cream-colored and stocky, with fine crests and fore-arms, and are most reliable and intelligent. They are as strong as the "sheltie" or the Curshendal pony, and quite as nimble and long-suffering, as the Cuban pony or jacks. I never saw animals in any country better cared for; and they respond to the almost affectionate treatment they receive by splendid speed on level stretches of road and an almost startling pace down the steepest of mountain ways. Their comprehension of the ethics of travel is, however, often far more acute than that of their foreign drivers. I have often seen them stop and turn about, facing the carriage passenger, as a bit of pluck, climbing as plainly as words: "Kind sir, you are now in Norway. Will you not dismount and walk?"

They are grazed like sheep among the cliffs and crags, and will bound about among the rocks like the chamois. When wanted for posting relays they will scamper at call, like an obedient dog from the hill-side to the gaarde or station. They are positively companionable in their natures, and seem to have the Teutonic qualities of strength and endurance with the Celtic strain of versatility, vivacity, and genial enthusiasm. You cannot travel in Norway without coming to place the Norwegian ponies, in the panorama of your experiences and friendships, as among the most agreeable of your acquaintances.

These stations or "akystations" as they are called in Norway, are subsidized by the state and are under strictest government control. There are two classes, "fast-stations," where a stated number of carriages, stoll-carts and ponies are required to be kept by the master, and the "disigelse" or "slow stations," which are not compelled to furnish any more conveyances or ponies than can be conveniently kept, or procured from neighboring farms. The slow stations are also known as "forbud" stations; because the tourist is liable to be detained for hours, and perhaps days at these, unless he sends a "foregoer" literally a "foregoer" or messenger, on in advance to bespeak his requirements. This "forbud" is the Norwegian courier, but is a far less imposing and costly one than he who provides the chief bane and expense of travel in Switzerland and the Latin countries. The "forbud" may be a gentle old man, a lively lad or a robust barefooted lass; and in any case the insignificant fixed fee and the trifling gratuity you may add, are received with such profusion of bowing, hand-shaking and "Mange tak!" (many thanks!) that use of the "forbud" invariably proves a convenience and pleasure.

All of those posting stations have what is called a daybook (dagbog) always lying upon the common-room table. On its first page is the actual contract made between the government and the station master. It shows how many beds the station shall be provided with, the tariff for the same, the number and character of vehicles and the number of horses to be in use, if a fast station, as well as the extra charge for prescribed mode of conveyance to the next station, each way. As the average official rate of posting does not exceed three cents per English mile, the tourist can himself ascertain the exact expenses from one station to another. You are also protected against imposition in the tendency of land-

lords to detain and retain their guests for profit. The handy daybook stands sentinel against this. Each traveler, or representative of a party, before leaving a station must write his name in the daybook and state the exact number of conveyances engaged; so that any one following after may know if the absent vehicles fill the required quota.

It is creditable to these sturdy Norwegian folk that when a party arrives at a "fast" station only to find that there is not a sufficient number of conveyances, though the legally required number is in use, that good breeding rather than bullying and bribes will universally secure some sort of relief from your dilemma. A Norwegian station-master is very seldom a truckling landlord. He is almost always a bonder, that is, a proprietor of large lands about the station, and a farmer on a respectable scale, who has been required by the government to provide posting and entertainment facilities. In several instances coming under my observation he is the schoolmaster and I know of two who are clergymen. These men all have a certain pride in their individual possessions, their position or character. Recognize this, and you will lead a charmed life upon the roads of Norway. Gracious behaviour will bring a score of ponies from the hills, and stoll-carts from the outlying farms, if you require them; but if you intend being a boor or a cad among these quiet, proud-spirited people, you should bring along your own conveyance and supplies. They will not wrangle with you. They will simply let you go so much alone that you might better be cast upon a desert island.

The station daybook has other important and interesting uses. You are privileged by law to set down in black and white, before the station master's eyes, any complaint you may feel it is your duty to record. These data are also retroactive. If the preceding station master has given you a reckless post-boy, or a dangerously weak carriage, or has overcharged, you have sure means of reprisal through the daybook. At stated periods the Lensmand, a circuit-riding official, visits each station. This semi-magistrate is the avenger of wronged travelers. If their complaints are well-founded the offenders never escape adequate punishment; and I know of no other country where such unflinching protection to strangers is given. Intermingled with complaints, praises and posting data, are very many curious travelers' written memorials of comparison, of tamarindade, of wit, of pithos, of ill-spirited taint and stain from that class which sours and bedclouds all place and companionship. And one sentence I saw at a mountain station in the Haland district which read, "I must record in this day book that Norway would be altogether sublime, were my little absent darlings with me!" told more to me the last—that one cannot get on so remote a place on this round, huge globe, that there are not still shining clear and bright and sure those slender but mighty strands of human love which hold all the world together.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A CHATEAUGUAY MIRACLE.

PHYSICIANS PRONOUNCED RECOVERY IMPOSSIBLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. L. Jos. Beaudin of St. Urbain—His Friends Called to his Supposed Deathbed—How He Regained His Health and Strength—A Public Acknowledgement of His Gratitude.

(From La Presse, Montreal.)

There has appeared in the columns of La Presse during the past two years, many articles bearing witness to the great good accomplished in various parts of the country by a remedy the name of which is now one of the most familiar household words in all parts of the Dominion. And now comes a statement, from the county of Chateauguay, over the signature of a well-known resident of St. Urbain, which speaks in positive and unmistakable language as to the value of this wonder-working medicine.

MR. BEAUDIN'S STATEMENT.

"I feel that I owe my life to your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I desire to make grateful acknowledgement and to give you a complete statement of my illness and cure in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other sufferer. About the middle of October, 1891, acting on the advice of an American doctor whom I had consulted, I left home for the north to invest in farming lands with the intention of cultivating them myself. I had been afflicted with a species of paralysis caused by the rupture of a blood vessel over the right eye, and which stopped the circulation of the blood on the left side. I was at that time employed as a book-keeper by Messrs. Lacaille Bros. Lawrence, Mass. The doctor had advised a change of work so as to have less mental and more physical exercise. This I resolved upon, but delayed too long as I did not leave until the following October. Arrived at my destination I perceived symptoms of my previous illness making themselves felt once more. I went at once to a local physician who declared himself unable to understand my case. However, he gave me some medicine to ease the pain I felt in my head, particularly at night. This afforded me relief for a few minutes, and sometimes enabled me to get a little sleep, but the awakening was always worse than before. On the last of October I went to bed as usual after taking my medicine as directed, and slept the whole night, but the following morning on trying to rise I found myself so weak that I could not stand and could scarcely speak. My wife, surprised to see me in such a state, ran to a neighbor's and requested him to go for a doctor and the priest. The doctor arrived almost immediately, but could not afford me the slightest relief. The priest then arrived, and seeing the condition I was in, told me my case was critical and to prepare for death. On the following day both the priest and the doctor advised my wife to telegraph to my friends, as they considered death approaching, and two days later my two brothers arrived. The doctor then asked if I preferred that he should hold a consultation with another physician, and on my replying in the affirmative, he telegraphed to a doctor living at a distance of about fifteen miles. They both came to see me, asked some questions and retired for consultation. The result of this was that my wife was told that I could not possibly get better. Said the doctor to her, "with the greatest possible

care he cannot live a year." When my wife told me this I determined to pay the doctors and discontinue their services. It cost me about \$30 to hear their verdict. Two or three weeks passed without any improvement in my condition and I was so weak I could barely move around the house with the aid of a cane. One day I noticed a parcel lying on the table wrapped in a newspaper. Having nothing better to do I began to read it, and after a while came across an article headed "Miraculous Cure." I read it, and the longer I read the more interested I became, because I saw the case of the person referred to resembled my own in many respects. When I finished the article I saw that the cure had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It seemed as though there was a struggle within me between the facts I had read and my own incredulity, so small was the faith I had in medicines advertised in the papers. I read the article and re-read it several times. I seemed to hear the doctor's words "he cannot live a year," and then I saw the effects of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case I had just read about. The result of these reflections was that I decided to give Pink Pills a trial, and I immediately wrote the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. for a supply. On their arrival I commenced using them according to directions, and before the first box was done I found they were helping me, and it was not long before I was able to walk to the village, a distance of half a mile, without the aid of a cane, and I was rapidly gaining health and strength. At the time I was taken sick I weighed 212 pounds, and at the time I began the use of the Pink Pills I was reduced to 162 pounds, a loss of 50 pounds in a little more than a month. I took the pills for about three months and in that time I gained 40 pounds. To-day I am as well as I ever was in my life, and my recovery is due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills and I cannot recommend them too highly to those who do not enjoy the blessing of perfect health.

Yours gratefully,

L. JOS. BEAUDIN.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

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