

## AMONG NORWAY PEOPLE.

WAKEMAN DESCRIBES A VISIT TO NORWEGIAN LANDS.

The Wonderful Scenery Which Equals That of Switzerland—The Hospitality of the Inhabitants and an Interesting Description of a Trip Around the Coast.

LONDON, Oct. 21.—At the outset of these brief sketches of Norwegian scenes and folk, there is strong and irresistible impulse upon me to make the sort of confession few travelers in foreign lands are very willing to do. I have no Norse blood in my veins. I am not an Norse scholar. I have not had the time to even casually read the scant literature of travel in Norway. I never possessed a guide-book to that country. I have acquired only a few hundred words and a few score sentences of the Norwegian language, and those compulsorily through temporary exigency; and my wanderings in this land of wondrous sterility and marvelous fertility, of dreadful heights and awful depths, of savage grandeur and sunniest nooks, have only comprised three short runaway trips from the British side of the North sea.

Yet so much can be seen in so little time in Norway; its scenic wonders are so impressively and startlingly massed; its government and social systems are so plain and simple to the stranger; and above all its people are so responsive, hospitable and kind, and so like a good book set open before your eyes for the reading; that out of the little opportunity I have had for observation and association, when I look back to the stern north land and its crags, valleys and homes, there is such a sense of panoramic completeness of sight, scene and feeling, the task of reminiscence has in it something like the tender pleasure of telling about olden scenes and friends.

This is no doubt true for two reasons. One is that Norway's scenery is as tremendous, if that word may be used, as that of Switzerland, being vaster in extent and infinitely more varied. When you look upon snow-capped mountains above the clouds, a few thousand feet of altitude more or less, in particular instances, are almost incomprehensible to sight or mind; and nearly all of these majestic presentments of inert nature in Norway have that added powerfully weird fascination of immediate contiguity with a fierce and thunderous sea. Indeed, I am not sure but it would be a true statement that, considering the many often soundless fiords piercing her entire western coast almost to the Swedish boundary as arms of the sea, which they truly are, there is no portion of Norway's measureless and transcendent scenic glories which is not intensified in charm and sublimity by this peculiar marine influence and effect. Because of this, in whatever land you may have stood in awe before the uplifted, ragged ribs of our good old globe, these Norway mighty heights and chasms remain clearest, sharpest and longest in the ever-changing photographs of the traveller's memory.

The other reason is a purely ethical one. You cannot be among the people of Norway, know them even a little, and leave them, without having gained the most blessed of all consciousness to the traveller, of having come upon a place in the universal human allotment which is sturdy, genuine and true. There is a directness without affect, a simplicity without ignorance, a sturdiness without niggardliness, an honesty without assumption, a geniality without effusiveness, a hospitality without truckling, and a piety without pretence, about these folk, minute, specific and universal. Your liking for them grows with every new experience. In the Latin countries the sunshine of entrance dazzles you with anticipation ever fading to the darkest shadows of insincerity. In Norway the greeting is as quiet as the silence of its land-locked fiords; but every successive experience is as lightful and assuring as each new scene from the strong stone ways leading to her glowing upland dalen. And so your heart takes root where your feet have trod.

My first visit to Norway was made from Hull to Bergen, and thence on a Norwegian coasting steamer in and out of the fiords along the wonderful coast to Vadsø. The next gave me time for interior wanderings in the Bergen and Hardanger districts; and the last afforded opportunity for knowing the scenes and people round about Thordhjem; while some considerable land journeys were made towards the Osterdal from the north, and into the Hallingdal from the west. When the coast tour was made, I had no intention of ever seeing Norway again, and every islet, crag, fiord, town and landing was an object of eager interest. I am not sure but this method of visiting Norway has superior advantages to the traveler whose time is limited, as his diversity of observation is extraordinary; while at the same time he is practically at ease within, or upon, his floating inn.

In the first place you are certain of most intelligent and interesting company. Nearly all the officers of these coast steamers speak English, and a more kind-hearted, loquacious and almost benevolent set of sea-faring men are not to be found. You are constantly agreeably surprised by the pleasant character of your fellow-passengers. English "outers" are predominant, and these are the very cream of the English people;—hard worked editors on a brief vacation, sensible quiet fellows who doze and dream and beam as though the slight

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surcease from the bickerings of Grub Lane were all but an earthly heaven; beives of splendid, peachy English girls fresh from some seminary and accompanied by teachers not a bit ashamed to be gay and young again; grave naturalists broadening their vision from the gullies of Hampstead Heath and the hollows of Epping Forest; actors and their wives who are varying the usual run over to Paris to a lark among the dalen and fiords, and genuine London actors and actresses are among the finest-minded folk you will meet in any journeyings; wise old and young geologists, who, instead of forming the hard human strata you would imagine, are the simplest, sunniest and most sympathetic of men; substantial Americans who care to see something of the world outside of New York, London and Paris, to whom, besides them for their quick impressiveness, everything is "Wonderful!—wonderful!—wonderful!"

—English country curates, Highland free kirk ministers, rubicund-faced Catholic clerics, all the best of friends in these picturesque waters, and vieing with each other in those true and good human amenities which their walled in Christian pulpits forbid. Then there are real and make believe artists, the genuine ones working earnestly at outlines which are put modestly away in their portfolios, the others telling you all about what wonderful work they will have when they get time to "fill them in;" amateur photographers with wrinkled brows and faces of frozen importance and weariness; schoolmasters from America and England bound to work off musty epochs of history upon the polite if not enthralled listener; Lapp merchants from Vadsø, packing the deck as if choked in the too sultry climate of the lower Norway coast; those most lonesome and woe-begone people you can ever meet in foreign lands, the cyclers in faded knickerbockers and drooping visors, and one always feels like privately asking into apartment or stateroom to accept a change of clothing; rural Norwegian deans, on visits to ailing communicants in lonely coastwise parishes; and scores more from many lands and climes in astonishing variety of nationality, station and character; but all in the grandest good humor and cheerily alive to the mutual gains from commonality and good fellowship.

It is only the fringe of Norway that can be thus threaded bit by bit, but what a mighty fringe it is! Did the reader ever think for a moment what the actual coastline of Norway must be? The subject came up on shipboard, and some people capable of close calculation, and who think before they venture opinions, conceded it might be from 2,000 to 3,000 miles. My curiosity led me to speak to the captain about it when opportunity offered.

"Well," he replied, cautiously, "the same question has been repeatedly asked me ever since I have been in the coast service. The main coast line is upwards of 1,200 miles long. There are nearly a thousand islands in the 'Skjærgaard' (outer coast protecting islands) with fully 4,000 miles of coast line, from Bukken Fiord to the North Cape and around to Waranger Fiord, in the Arctic Ocean. The fiords cutting into mainland, some from 80 to 100 miles in length, each with smaller fiords, some shorter, some longer, reaching in every direction from the larger fiords, must have as great a coast line as the 'Skjærgaard.' We don't know as we are right, but we never have been able to figure Norway's actual coast line at below 9,000 miles."

That is nearly one-third the distance around the globe. In this summer-time trip along the Norway coast—for there is practically no night in June and July—the traveller's sight may fairly be said to rest upon coast scenery one-half of the length of this vast distance. The entire course is one of ever changing scenes of desolation and grandeur, quaintness and beauty. Nothing could be quaintier in the Netherlands than the red-tiled city of Bergen which good King Olaf founded, reaching out to commerce and the sea its long, low rows of huge-roofed warehouses, its narrow streets, its odd-looking red homes, its peaked roofs and gable ends, all climbing the steep hills and forming a warm, almost Flemish picture against the hard old mountains behind.

In a moment almost it is shut from sight, and then the interminable maze of islands again. Now we are at the very edge of one of those verdureless top and ragged teeth could be leaped upon from shipboard. There a little archipelago is threaded where folk live by fishing and farming; the nets and gear lining the rugged shores; tiny strips of grass or grain showing here and there between black angles of rock; and low, strongly built habitations, often with sod roofs, are clustered wherever place to set them can be found. Here men, women and children are barefooted, bare-legged, bare-breasted and bare-armed. They seem

content, and as we pass they wave their hands and smile.

More than once we pass through channels so narrow between upraised faces of island walls that it is shadowy and dark upon the steamers deck. Myriads of sea-fowl dip and plunge at us, as if to descend upon the ship, and shriek deafeningly for the momentary intrusion. Some are gulls, with their hoarse, strangled gurgle; and men and women standing aft against the sail excitedly throw pieces of bread for the famished fowl to wrangle over in mid-air, laying wagers as to the greatest numbers of "throws" taken by the gulls before the bread touches the water; the sport often awakening almost bitter rivalries and becoming dangerous to purse and person. Again we sail close beneath a beetling shore-side cliff, whose leaden-colored wall rises sheer into the air for more than two thousand feet, and whose edge cuts the sky above apparently as level and sharp as the edge of a dressed block of black marble. Seaward, countless islands rimmed with foam form purple reliefs in settings of spotless white.

Countless fiords are passed. Some have wide low-lying mouths. Others show close, black walls reaching to the clouds. Through the latter a sheen of light carries the eye to the purple, almost shadowy haze above the soundless waters beneath; and so far as can be seen there are here but the waters beneath, the mighty encircling walls and then the clouds and the firmament above. But through many, most tantalizing glimpses are caught. Strange, pointed boats are plying across the silent waters of the fiord. A village seeming to rest upon the water itself shows beneath the face of a towering cliff. An upland flat entrance is indicated by the pinkish mist which, showing above the fiord edge, hints of deep, swift streams or slumberous, silent lakes beyond, with pleasant valley life around. A great stone road winds in and out like some huge scaly serpent, but always upward. Upon its outward reappearing curves tiny chalets seem poised. Far in some faintly-seen pocket recess is a tint of green. The red and brown splashes upon it are mountain-side peasant homes. That puff of white like a mammoth fleece of wool, ten, twenty perhaps thirty, miles away, is where a river leaps from an indiscernible gorge. A thousand feet higher, but nearer on the fiord side, is a penciling of wavering white—a waterfall pounded by the air's resistance into hesitant waving folds of mist hundreds of feet before they touch the rippling fiord where they fall. Above and beyond all this, blending into indistinguishable threads and lines of sky and cloud, are ranges of eternal ice and snow.

And so, on and on and almost endlessly on challenged by these strange wild and beautiful scenes, you may go tirelessly, habitation, comfort and pleasant companionship, all yours; past sturdy old Thordhjem, the northernmost city of importance in Europe, with the wild and racing Nid, tearing and bounding from the mountains in majestic waterfalls, outlining its curious almost island site, and its crumbling old cathedral towering above its red roofs and peaked gables; past Bodo with its sod-roof huts and barn-like modern buildings; past Torgbhattan with its world-famous rocky tunnel; past the marvellous "bird-mountain," Svaerholt, a strange, weird, perpendicular promontory of clay slate where millions of white sea-fowl cluster like wreaths and strings of pearls; past the far north Lofoden Islands around which huddle countless Norwegian fishing-smacks, and where more than twenty million of cod are annually taken; round the bleak, black, drear and dreadful North Cape, its mossy back strangely lighted by the yellow light of the northern sun, and finally sweeping past measureless heights of brown, bare stone, ever backed by glacier fiers untrodden by foot of man, and the vast mouths of Poranger and Tana Fiords, black and dun and awful as the entrance to Vathek's Ebbs, you skirt the desolate peninsula of Wariak-Niag, and sailing from the east out of the Arctic Ocean float gently through the sombre Waranger Fiord, dropping anchor before Vadsø, the northernmost inhabited place in Europe.

Here are perhaps 2,000 souls who subsist almost wholly upon the industries connected with the whale-fisheries. You will find Finns and Lapps in abundance, but all the commercial dealings of the place are carried on by Norwegians. The entire country roundabout differs little in appearance from the eastern shore of Labrador, as I recall it. Everlasting stone in every conceivable formation, stretches back in forbidding mountain reaches to the frozen silences of Nowhere. Humans squatly or thin are clad like animals, have faces like animals, and habits like beasts. Here and there are seen tufts of sickly grass, brittle moss, and trees gnarled, stunted, tempestblown and frozen into utter insignificance. Everywhere is the nauseating stench of fish in every stage of omnipresent offensiveness. But over all the often burning rays of the sun which here, in its brief days of fadlessness, seems more torrid than deadly than I have ever felt its power in Cuba or Algiers. True, you have actually seen the Midnight Sun. To me the spectacle seemed a sorry show, and not

halt the glory in it of a sensible, timely sun of the zone of homes sinking behind the landscape of a gentle English shire, or a sweet New England vale

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## A FARMER'S HARD LUCK.

MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT FOLLOWED BY PAINFUL RESULTS.

Mr. N. B. Hughson tells a Story of Years of Suffering and How he Found Release—The Circumstances Familiar to all his Neighbors.

(From the Chatham Banner.)

A Chatham Banner reporter while on news-gathering rounds a few days ago dropped into the well-known drug store of Messrs. Pilkey & Co., and overheard scraps of conversation between customers, in which the words "Pink Pills" and the name "Hughson" were frequently repeated. With a reporter's instinct for a good news article, he asked for some particulars, and was told that if he called upon Mr. Hughson he would probably get a story well worth giving publicity. Mr. Hughson does a snug feed and sale stable business on Harvey street and thither the reporter repaired, and was somewhat surprised to find the very antipodes of an invalid. Mr. Hughson is a man of medium height, about fifty years of age, born with a good constitution, and who until some three years ago only knew the meaning of the word sickness from the dictionary. Mr. Hughson is a stationery engineer by trade, and a good one, but some six years ago getting tired of that calling quitted it and rented a farm in Harwich. While returning from town one day on top of a load, one of his horses tumbled, and Mr. Hughson was pitched head foremost to the hard, frozen roadway. When he got home and the blood was wiped away his external injuries seemed trifling, but the grave trouble was inside, and took the form of a violent and almost constant headache. A week later he went into the bush to cut wood, and felt at every stroke as if his head would burst. He worked for half an hour and then went home, and for eight weeks his right side was wholly paralyzed and his speech gone. After a time this wore off and he was able to go about the house, though he could not walk. All this time he was attended by a physician, whose treatment, however, seemed of but little avail. In the following June he had a second stroke and was not out of bed for several weeks and was left very weak. The belief that he was doomed to be a burden on those near and dear to him, that he was unable to take his place as a bread-winner, added mental to his physical anguish. But relief was coming and in a form he had not expected. He saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and asked his physician about them. The latter said he had not much faith in these remedies, but they would do no harm, and Mr. Hughson got a supply which he began taking according to directions. At the outset his wife was also opposed to them, but before he had taken them long she noticed an improvement in his condition, and then was quite as strong in urging him to continue their use, and even took them with good results herself for heart weakness following la grippe. Continuing the use of the pills, Mr. Hughson found his terrible headaches leaving him and his strength returning, and soon found he could do light work on the farm near his house. He still continued using the Pink Pills, until he had taken fourteen boxes, and found himself fully restored to his old-time strength. Mr. Hughson's old neighbors in Harwich never expected to see him on his feet again, and are astounded at his recovery, so much so that the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has spread far and near throughout the township, and are the standard remedy in many households. Mr. Hughson can be seen by any of our citizens and will only too gladly verify the foregoing statements.

The reporter then called upon Messrs. Pilkey & Co., at the Central Drug Store. They do not, they informed him, make a practice of booming any proprietary medicine, so that the lead taken by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is not due to persistent puffing but to irresistible merit, and on all sides their customers speak of them in terms of warmest praise.

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 headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scurvy, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions 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.

Bear in mind 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. Ask your dealer

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, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

## WATCHING BURGLARS AT WORK.

A Constable's Experience of a House-Breaking Incident—How it was Done.

"Only once in the whole course of my experience," said a police-constable to the writer recently, "did I actually see a burglary begun and carried on. Several times I have found burglars in the place where the crime was committed, but I never knew exactly how they went to work until I saw it done. It was one Sunday evening, some three years ago, that I was walking along my beat with a fellow-constable who was doing extra duty in the district. We were close to — Street, when we noticed a man sink into a doorway with that particular caution that betokens the practised criminal, and of course we made ourselves as 'scarce' as possible consistently with keeping a tolerably close watch on what was going forward. We then saw that there were two men in the street. Our suspicious friend had been met by a companion, and the two walked rapidly along the street. Then they turned round so suddenly that we found it hard to jump out of the light of the street lamp in time to avoid their particular attention, for which we were by no means anxious. We determined to see the thing through. The pair walked eastward, but paused when they reached the doorway from which they had originally issued. It was the entrance to a large house, let out in flats, one of the windows of which immediately adjoined the doorway. The man whom we had seen first, a tall man in a long overcoat, walked into the general passage, the doorway of which was on the jar, but his partner passed quickly on for a few houses. Then he turned back, and as he reached the door gave a whistle. The door opened a few inches and then the man on the pavement wrapped his arm in a cloak or shawl which he produced from under his coat. We stood in a shadow where we were invisible and watched the whole proceeding. The door opened a few inches more, when the shawl was fully wrapped round the arm, and then the man outside touched his hat with his hand as a signal. Neither of the pair spoke a word as far as we could hear. The man in the hallway slammed the doorway with a crash, and at the same moment the man on the pavement dashed his arm through the window of the room. The slam of the door completely smothered the noise of the breaking glass, and as soon as it was done the pair again walked west a short distance, and then one of them returned to the hallway. The other stood at the corner of a street and leisurely sauntered back. As soon as he reached the broken window he pushed his arm through and undid the fastening; the window was opened and they entered. There was nothing to indicate that anything was wrong except the broken window. We caught both the men at last, but we had a sharp tussle before they gave in."

A bald headed man fainted the other day, and was very indignant, when he was coming to, at hearing a cockney exclaim:—"Give him hair! Give him hair!"

He (pleadingly): "Would you love me if I were rich?"  
She: "I can't say as to that, but I'd probably marry you."

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