

LITTLE SCARES AT SEA.

THE MOST OF THEM ARE CAUSED BY TRIVIAL THINGS.

Not a Difficult Matter for Passengers to Get Excited Without the Presence of Real Danger—Incidents which Show How the Scares May Come.

If a demonstration of the ability of the modern passenger-carrying ocean liner to withstand rough weather needed a demonstration it could have found several in the last few years. There was the accident to the Paris, when with three compartments full of water she rode out a storm and got into Queenstown with everybody safe. There was the Spree, which went through a frightful storm, with the tail shaft broken and the after compartment filled. There was the Umbria, which lay for a week with nose held up to the winter gales by her sea anchors while her engineers patched up the broken thrust shaft. There was the Ems, which lost her screw and drifted around for ten days before she was towed into the Azores with all on board sound and well. And there was the Gasconne, last winter, which got into New York eight days overdue, having been out in the worst storms of a particularly stormy season, and not under control for a week because of a broken piston. These things lend force to the statement that most of the frights which the passengers on the big liners get every winter are trivial or causeless. Every time a ship gets in and reports any such experience it is certain that the passengers will spin yarns to their friends ashore which would put an able sailor-man to the blush. There things also lend point to the story one of the most popular captains of a big American liner sometimes tells when a good friend visits him in his room up on the bridge deck.

It was a long time ago, when this captain was in command of the old City of Chicago, whose bones lie on the old Head of Kinsale, close by Daunt's Rock. The voyage was to the westward, out from Liverpool. It was in the early fall, and the first cabin was full to overflowing with the first home-comers of the summer European tourists. The weather had been superb all the way, and the ship's company were congratulating themselves on an unusually quick and pleasant voyage. It happened that one morning about 2 o'clock the captain went upon the bridge to look around. He has made now nearly 600 voyages across the North Atlantic Ocean, and he has seen the ocean in every phase. Never, he says, has he seen such a sight as that which lay before him on this occasion, when he got to the bridge. The sea lay perfectly still, its surface unbroken by even a flaw of wind. Except for the occasional long heave of a heavy swell, the last memory of some long-gone storm, that rose and fell so gradually as to be perceptible only to the practised eyes of an old sailor, no motion of the water could be discerned. The sky was perfectly cloudless, a faint pale blue in the light of the full moon. The captain leaned against the rail of the bridge and watched "the old lost stars wheel back again" in the flat northern heavens. Somewhere, behind him, a long way off, there floated up from below the music of the engines, singing, "Rigidity, rigidity, rigidity, unvarying, unflattering rigidity." He heard it without listening, and caught the rhythm of it unconsciously. A long strip of gleaming silver lay on the glass-like surface of the water. It buckled ever so slightly once in a while as it caught the heaving swell, and it led clear to the horizon, where it vanished suddenly in a wild leap up to the moon.

The captain forgot the ship and the ship's company. He did not remember the thousand and more human beings in his care. The responsibility slipped off his shoulders and he was lost in contemplation of the wonderful spectacle of the ocean. Then suddenly the music from the engine room stopped. The great machines ceased their singing and a tremor ran through the ship as the screw quit making the time of a song. The captain came back to himself with a start and swung round to see what had happened.

"Something is wrong in the engine room, sir," said the officer in charge on the bridge with that peculiar garbality which always manifests itself in such superfluous speech.

"I know," answered the captain shortly. He walked briskly back along the bridge deck to the engine hatch and called down to the engineer on watch and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing at all, sir," was the answer. "We'll be going again in a minute. She's thrown an oil cup and the new one is almost in place."

The captain turned and started back toward the bridge, then something he saw stopped him short. It was the figure of a woman in a long, flowing robe of white. Her heavy hair hung loosely down her back, and in her arms she carried her clothing loosely together, just as she gathered it up when the sudden stopping of the engines had awakened her with a start that sent her leaping from her berth with a frightful clutching about her heart and the awful cold fear that some terrible accident had befallen the ship. Opposite the captain as he stood on the bridge deck at the corner of the engine hatch a lifeboat swung on its davits. Under the boat a boy's head was washing down the deck. The woman saw the men at work there and she turned away from the forward companionway, and she turned with all her speed.

The captain, watching her closely, saw that she was one of those who sat at his own table in the saloon. In the flood of moonlight her face was a ghastly white. Her eyes were wide open and staring, and her expression was one of blank terror.

The captain stepped forward to call to her, then a better thought came to him and he stepped back partly out of her range of vision. As she ran toward the boy's head she saw that the men were not clearing away the life boat, but that they were leisurely and peacefully cleaning up for the morning's game of shuffleboard. But she did not slacken her speed. Not a thing was in her way. The deck of the old City of Chicago was broad and clear, unobstructed by stanchions or ventilators, or the fixed settees that spoil the promenades of the newest liners. There was nothing to hinder her flight, and without swerving from her course in the slightest degree the frightened woman fled down the deck at top speed and vanished down the after companionway. The brief fifteen seconds that it took her to run the length of the deck sufficed to give her a conception of the magnitude of the night. She never stopped to find out what had frightened her. She only knew that she had been fooled, and with a woman's quick wit, she made the best of it. The boy's head stopped their work in astonishment as she swept by. The captain chuckled as he went back to the bridge.

Next morning at breakfast she faced the captain unflinchingly. Perhaps she had not seen him, but it was she who did not betray herself by so much as the drooping of an eyelid.

"It's curious," said the captain to one of those at the table, "what little things sometimes frighten people at sea."

She looked up at him quickly, but he did not seem to notice it, and went on, without looking at her.

"On our last voyage this way we had a bit of rough weather one night. My chief officer was on the bridge, and I went down through the ship to see if any one was stirring. In one of the alleyways I met an Englishman and his son. They had their clothing in their arms and were running for the deck. We had shipped a little sea and it had smashed a ventilator. That frightened them. I said, 'Sh—h, some sea will see you' and they both ran back to their rooms."

ENGLISH AT DINNER.

Some of the Old Time Feeding Habits of the Sons of Britain.

The old English had three meals a day, of which the chief meal was taken when the work of the day was finished. The first meal was at 9, dinner was about 3 o'clock, and supper was taken just before bedtime. The Normans dined at the old English breakfast time or a little later, and supplied at 7 p. m. In Tudor times the higher classes dined at 11 and supped at 5, but the merchants seldom took their meals before 12 and 6 o'clock.

The chief meals, dinner and supper, were taken in the hall both by the old English and the Normans, for the parlor did not come into use until the reign of Elizabeth. Breakfast did not become a regular meal until quite lately, and Dr. Murray, in the Oxford Dictionary, gave 1463 as the date of the earliest quotation in which the word occurred. The meal did not become recognized until late in the seventeenth century, for Pepys habitually took his draught of half a pint of Rhenish wine or a dram of strong waters in place of a morning meal. Dinner was always the great meal of the day, and from the accession of Henry IV. to the death of Queen Elizabeth the dinners were as sumptuous and extravagant as any of these now served.

Carving was then a fine art. Each guest brought his own knife and spoon, for the small fork was not introduced into England until Thomas Coryate of Ocombe published his "Crudities" in 1611. Pepys took his spoon and fork with him to the Lord Mayor's feast in 1663. The absence of forks led to much stress being laid upon the act of washing the hands both before and after meals and to the rule that the left hand alone should be dipped into the common dish, the right hand being occupied with the knife.

The perfect dinner at the best time of English cookery consisted of three courses, each complete in itself, and terminated by a sublety or device, the whole being rounded off with pyracas, after which the guests retired to another room, where pastry, sweetmeats, and fruit were served with the choicer wines. The English were essentially meat eaters, and it was not until the time of the Commonwealth that pudding attained its extraordinary popularity; indeed, the first mention of pudding in the menus of the "Buckfast" at St. Bartholomew's Hospital did not occur until 1710, and in 1712 is an item of 5s. for ice.—London Times.

The Touch of a Leap Year Hand.

At nine o'clock last Saturday evening Algeron stood at the front door of the house of the girl he loved, but to whom he dared not say the word.

For a long time he had been sparring for points, but to the bashful things do not appear in a clear light, even though they clearly exist.

He had rung the bell once, twice, thrice, but there had been no answer.

Nervously he stretched forth his hand to ring again when the door was opened by the one being in all the world who had made his life worth living.

"Why, Algeron?" she exclaimed, "if I had thought it was you I wouldn't have kept you standing out in the cold so long."

He thought of how long he had been standing out in the cold and wondered when the courage would come to him to go in out of it.

"You know," she continued as she drew him inside and closed the door, "that the servants are out tonight, and some of the family have to answer the front door bell."

He thought he made a chance to make a start in the right direction without alarming her. That had been the trouble all the time with Algeron; he was in moral terror of frightening the girl by some emotional precipitancy or other, and thus destroying his hopes forever.

"Why, Miss Dora," he said in tender, insinuating tones, "don't you know my ring yet?"

She looked down at her empty fingers, where no jewelled setting shone, and then looked up into Algeron's face.

"No, Algeron," she said, blushing, "I do not. But don't you think it is almost time that I did?"

STYLE ACROSS THE SEA.

HOW IT WAS SHOWN AT A RECENT ENGLISH WEDDING.

Particulars of the Costumes Worn by the Bride and Bridesmaids—The Gowns in Which the Guests Appeared—Points for People on This Side of the Water.

The bride wore a gown of rich white satin, the bodice draped with antique Brussels lace, the ends of which formed a sash and fell down the left side of the skirt with trails of orange blossoms, which came across the corsage, says the London Court Journal. The bodice was cut square at the throat and edged with orange buds, and the full skirt had a long round train. It was a charmingly simple dress, and suited the youthful bride to perfection. A small spray of orange flowers was arranged in the hair under a delicately fine lace veil, fastened in front by a diamond butterfly, which, with a long string of fine pearls, was the gift of Lady Henry Somerset. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of white exotics.

The bridesmaids were in white Oriental satin, with frilled fichus of white chiffon, forming almost a square yoke, and satin sashes tied round the waist with a bow and long ends on the left side. The pretty sleeves were made with a satin puff to the elbow, tied round near the centre with a smart wired bow, the lower part being of chiffon with a frill at the wrist. Their hats, of white velvet, had crowns of white embroidered gauze, with plumes of white ostrich feathers on one side and two La France roses on the other. The youngest bridesmaid, the Countess of Dudley's lovely little girl, made an exquisite picture in a long white satin frock falling straight from an embroidered yoke, and a small cap of delicate lace on her hair. Her ladyship walked between the two eldest bridesmaids.

The bride's travelling costume was of white cloth, with white satin sash and collar, over which was worn a handsome pelisse of sapphire blue velvet, lined with white satin; and a toque of white satin lace and clusters of white violets completed her attire.

The Duchess of St. Albans (mother of the bride) wore dark blue fancy striped silk with revers of dark blue satin edged with jewelled galon, and small vest and collar of white chiffon. Under the revers was arranged a dark blue chiffon fichu, the ends of which fell partly down the skirt and were confined at the waist with a deep blue satin band fastened on each side with three buttons; the back of the gown was cut en princess, and the front opened to show a petticoat of blue satin. Her Grace wore a charming bonnet trimmed with feathers to match her gown. Lady Henry Somerset (mother of the bridegroom) wore an elegant princess gown of mouse-colored velvet, richly embroidered in a design of true lovers' knots in pearls and gold. It opened in front over a vest draped with old lace. Her ladyship's bonnet of embroidery was trimmed with upstanding ostrich tips of the same color as her gown, and a white osprey. She carried a velvet muff embroidered to match her gown, and arranged with Brussels lace. Adeline, Duchess of Bedford (aunt of the bridegroom) wore a white cloth gown with a black velvet mantle, having an ermine collar and a black bonnet. Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, was in black velvet, with a cape trimmed with sable tail, and toque ensuite, and Lady Louise Loder (sister of the bride) looked very distinguished in a black velvet pelisse, with white cloth gown and large black hat; and Lady Sybil Beauchamp (another sister) wore dark blue velvet and a black hat.

Among the gowns in the trousseau were: A visiting gown in pale biscuit-colored cloth, the bodice arranged with a collar of cream guipure over white satin, terminating in front in a broad pleat to the waist; with this is to be worn a pretty cape made of the same cloth lined with white satin, trimmed with many rows of biscuit and brown triangular braid; the cape is pleated on the shoulders and fastened with pss-ementerie buttons to match the braid, and a white lace tie. A black corduroy dress, trimmed with white satin; the coat bodice has a white satin vest and collars, applied with black guipure embroidery, the short basque lined white to match. A tea gown in white Oriental satin, with a sacque back, has a fichu of Limerick lace and lovely sleeves of white miroir velvet, slashed so as to show a full soft under sleeve of the satin. A dinner gown in opal satin duchesse, tied on the shoulders into bows of its own satin, opening back and front over a bebe bodice of cream chiffon and a high Empire slash of pink crepe de chine, fastened in front with long ends falling to the feet, through the knot of which a posey of pink shaded rose is carelessly passed. Another evening gown in palest blue satin, with bodice and sleeves in blue crepe, has a lovely silver embroidered belt. And a white brocade dining gown has an Empire bodice of rare old Brussels lace, the front of the skirt draped with a priceless veil of the same.

The bridegroom's present to the bride comprised a tiara of diamonds, a necklace of the same stones, a turquoise, pearl, and diamond brooch, gold curb bracelet with pearl and diamond centre, and sapphire links set in diamonds. Lady Henry Somerset's gifts to the bride were a diamond

butterfly, a long string of pearls, a sable cape, set of Brussels lace, and diamond and gold Mizpah ring. The Duke of St. Alban's present to his daughter was a dressing case with silver gilt fittings, and the Duchess's gifts included a turquoise, pearl, and diamond brooch, a ruby and diamond marquise ring, and a fitted travelling bag.

**ROUSE, AND
BE READY!**

**Deadly Foes
Surround us.**

**TYRANTS' CHAINS
ARE CLANKING.**

**Will it Be Victory
or Death?**

**DO WE DESIRE NEW LIFE
OR CONTINUED SUFFERING?**

**Paine's Celery Compound
Banishes All Our Enemies.**

**GLADNESS AND JOY
INSTEAD OF MISERY.**

**The Great Compound the
Best of all Prescriptions**

**THE ONLY SPRING MEDICINE THAT
TRULY 'MAKES PEOPLE WELL.'**

Beware of Substitutes!

Now is the time that we should rouse and make ready to battle against the deadly foes that surround us. The tyrants' heavy chains are already clanking, and cries of misery and woe are heard on every side.

Will it be victory or death, new life or continued suffering, for those who are now fighting with nervous diseases, impure, and poisoned blood, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, and heart disease?

While there is time, we should save ourselves by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, nature's true remedy that speedily banishes every form of disease. This great compound, the best of all modern preparations, possesses marvellous restorative and strengthening powers. Now is the time to rid the system of the vile impurities that have accumulated during the winter season. Paine's Celery Compound does the good work by invigorating and cleansing the blood and toning the nervous system. Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can truly be depended on to "make people well and happy."

Remember well that disease neglected at this season means continued and increased sufferings and certain death. The trial of one bottle will soon convince every doubter that Paine's Celery Compound is a true life-giver.

Beware of the substituter. Refuse all medicines that the dishonest substituter would have you try instead of Paine's Celery Compound. He is looking forward and working for profit. You are seeking health, and nothing but Paine's Celery Compound will perfectly restore you. See that the name "Paine's" and the "stalk of celery" is on every bottle and carton.

The Prudent Virgin.

"I hope Jennie, that you have given the matter serious consideration," said the lady to a servant girl who had "given notice" because she was to be married "that day two weeks."

"Oh! I have, ma'am," was the earnest reply. "I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign book, and dreamed on a look of his hair, and been to one of those astrologers, and to a medium, and they all tell me to go ahead, ma'am. I ain't no to marry reckless like, ma'am."

DEADLY KIDNEY DISEASE.

The Only Way to Avoid the Great Destroyer.

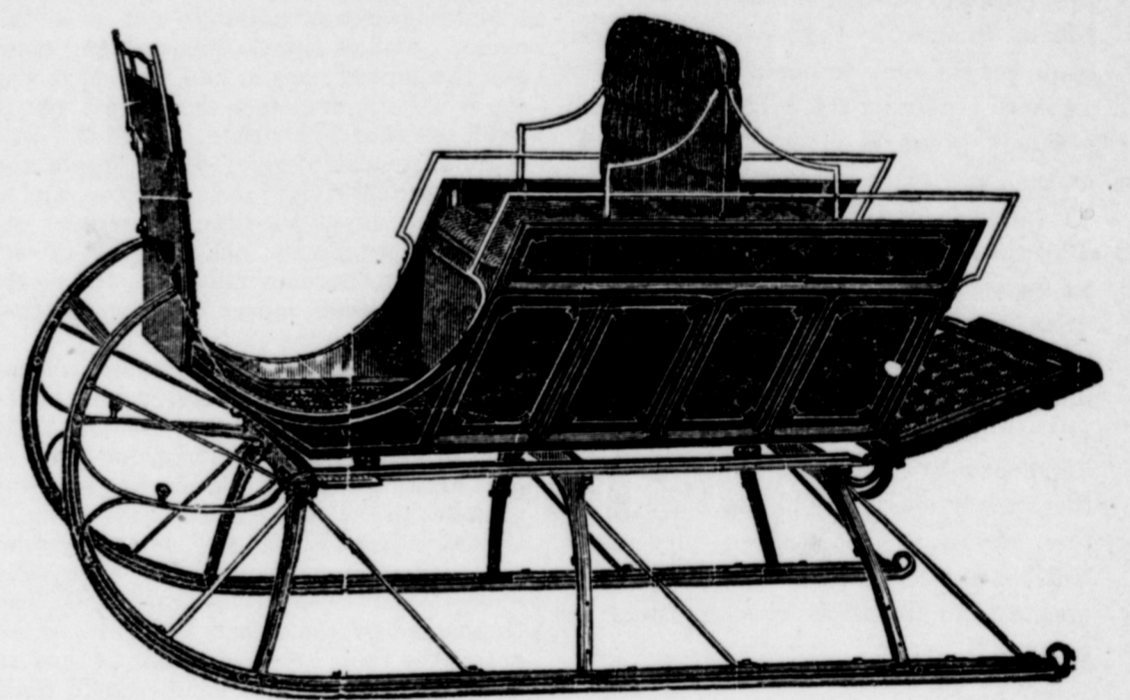
Once clear to the individual that kidney disease is a result of uric acid and oxalate of lime, which have their place in the human system, hardening and forming into stone-like substances, and the folly of treating such a disease with any medicine other than a liquid, and one that will dissolve these solids, there will be little trifling with pills, powders and remedies of this character, which cannot possibly effect a permanent cure. The success of South American Kidney Cure is due to the fact that as a liquid it immediately reaches the diseased part, and dissolves these alkalies and hard substances. It never fails. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.



Merry Sleigh Bells.

The Finest Winter Turnouts in the Country

HAVE YOU GOT A NICE SLEIGH?



If not, just look at this Family Cladstone, Neatest and handsomest turnout made.



And then on this Sleigh. Just the thing for Comfort and for Fast Driving, Strong and Durable.

For prices and all information apply to

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,
Fredericton, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE RY.

BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

On and after Monday, Oct. 7th, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

STEAMSHIP PRINCE RUPERT.

Daily Service.

Lve St. John 7:40 a.m.; arr. Digby 12:00 p.m.

Lve Digby 1:00 p.m.; arr. St. John 5:10 p.m.

DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leave Yarmouth 9:30 a.m.; arrive Digby 12:20 p.m.

Leave Halifax 7:00 p.m.; arrive Digby 12:45 a.m.

Leave Yarmouth 3:30 p.m.; arrive Digby 6:30 a.m.

Leave Digby 8:30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 3:15 p.m.

Leave Halifax 6:00 a.m.; arrive Annapolis 5:30 p.m.

Leave Annapolis 6:00 a.m.; arrive Annapolis 6:15 p.m.

Leave Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 5:15 a.m.; arrive Yarmouth 11:45 a.m.

Leave Annapolis daily at 7 a.m.; arriving Digby 8:20 a.m.

Leave Digby daily 3:30 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 4:40 p.m.

For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 111 Prince William street, St. John; 126 Hollis street, Halifax; 228 Washington street, Boston.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr.; K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00

Express for Montreal..... 12.30

Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 14.30

Express for Sussex..... 16.40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 19.50 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.30

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30

Express from Moncton daily..... 12.30

Express from Halifax..... 14.30

Express from Pictou and Campbellton..... 16.40

Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

What is a

Tourist Sleeping Car?

A Tourist Sleeper is a thoroughly built car for long distance passengers, holding second class tickets, it is upholstered in Leather or Corduroy and is fully supplied with Mattresses, Pillows, Blankets, Sheets and Pillow Slips, Towels, Bath Curtains, etc., and is run on regular passenger train in charge of a competent porter. A small berth rate is charged occupants.

Montreal-Seattle

Tourist Steeper leaves Montreal at 9.50 a.m., every Thursday. For tickets and all information apply at Company's offices, Chubb's Corner and at Station.

D. MCNICOLL, Gen'l Pass't Ag't, Montreal. A. H. NOTMAN, District Pass't Ag't, St. John, N. B.

