

A VANISHED INDUSTRY

MONCTON PRIZES ITS REFINERY WHEN IT IS GONE.

The Great Loss That Will be Borne by all who Were Directly or Indirectly Connected With It—the City's Attitude Towards the Sugar Refinery.

It has so often been asserted that blessings brighten as they take their flight, that we are forced to believe it true. I think the people of Moncton are digesting this fact in a particularly unpleasant manner this week, and every time a citizen lifts his eyes and gazes at the gaunt ruins of the Moncton Sugar Refinery which was burned down a week ago last Sunday evening the truth of that saying is borne in upon his mind with very disagreeable force. A little over a week ago we had the sugar refinery, and we had possessed it for so long that we no longer appreciated it. The fact that we might lose it some day never entered our minds; so we rested secure, and grasped for other worlds to conquer—cold storage, for example.

Now all this is changed, we have nothing left of that flourishing industry but the barrel factory, a few warehouses, and some gaunt and tottering walls. Consequently we are metaphorically digging our knuckles into our eyes, and howling lustily to get it back again.

For some years past the city council have apparently been doing their very best to crowd this valuable manufactory to the wall, and have seemed to be using their best efforts to force its removal from the city. They have raised the water rates, burdened it with taxation, and utterly failed to give it any encouragement or foster it in any way. Where other civic corporations would have been only too anxious to offer every inducement to any company to keep such a valuable industry in the city ours has shown a lofty indifference to all mercenary considerations and a disposition to oppress the goose which laid the golden egg. Well it is killed now by an accident, and Moncton has awakened to the knowledge that a clear 70,000 dollars which was paid out every year in wages in the city will be no longer forthcoming. That about three hundred of her tax payers have been suddenly thrown out of employment, and probably have to seek work elsewhere, and that a little revenue of about two thousand dollars, which the company were wont to pay into the municipal treasury, has suddenly ceased. Consequently even the cold storage scheme about which we were so eager last month, has sunk into absolute insignificance beside the importance of getting the sugar refinery rebuilt as soon as possible, and the more remote the prospect appears, the more utterly essential to our well being it seems, that we should have the lost industry again.

The reasons for this uncertainty are weighty, and they may prove sufficiently so to prevent the Acadia Sugar Refining Company from ever rebuilding here. In the first place the tariff policy of the present government is still unknown, and a great deal will depend upon that in the second, the city authorities will have to offer very liberal inducements before it will be the company's while to rebuild, and they may not care to make the necessary concessions.

When the Moncton sugar refinery was first built some seventeen years ago, the company were given exemption from city taxes for ten years, and their water supply cost them but twelve hundred dollars a year. But in the last few years all this is changed. For five or six years past they have been paying close upon two thousand dollars a year in city taxes, in addition to heavy county taxes, and since the water works were expropriated by the city the water rate has been raised to the enormous sum of three thousand dollars a year the city council issuing orders that unless that rate was paid the water supply should be shut off at once. Under these additional turcas it is scarcely to be wondered at that the probability of removing the plant of the Moncton refinery to Halifax should frequently have been discussed, and if the industry is irrevocably lost to Moncton the city council will have only their own policy of oppression and obstruction to thank for it.

When the question of a cold storage warehouse to be built in Moncton, came up in the City Council last month, so eager were the city fathers to secure the advantages which they fancied would be gained by such an enterprise, that the committee appointed to deal with the matter recommended that Mr. Johnson of Montreal, who represented the New Brunswick Cold Storage Company, and his company, should be granted the following concessions—exemption from taxation, free water, free electric light, and one thousand dollars in cash to purchase a building site. Rather more generous than just, one would be inclined to think, in view of the very opposite treatment accorded the Acadia Sugar Refining Company, especially when it is taken into account that the former would be of very doubtful advantage to the citizens at large, having the effect of very materially increasing the already ridiculously high price of living, in Moncton, while dispersing a comparatively small sum of money in the city.

The refinery not only gave employment to 150 men, but the barrel factory in con-

nection with it paid out nearly \$15,000 a year to the farmers in the vicinity for wood to be cut up into barrel staves, and the I. C. R. carried an average of 200 tons of freight every day to and from the refinery. I believe the City Council have recognized the advantages the city derived from this large industry, and the larger it is in of losing a revenue of nearly five thousand dollars a year, so they have authorized Mr. J. L. Harris one of the original promoters of the refinery, and now a director of the Acadia Company, to lay before the other directors the claims of the city to have it rebuilt and their willingness to grant every concession in their power, as regards water, taxation, and light. It is greatly to be hoped that their efforts in this direction will be unsuccessful, and the Moncton Sugar Refinery rise from its ashes again like the Phoenix.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

A CALLING THAT ENTAILS SUCH HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE.

One Case in Which the Exposure Brought on La Grippe and Serious After Troubles—How the Victim Secured Renewed Health.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Rockport is but a small hamlet, but it has achieved a wide reputation owing to the fact that it is situated in the very heart of the far-famed Thousand Islands, and for this reason attracts during the summer months hundreds of pleasure seekers. Among the residents of the village none is better known than Wilson A. Root. During the summer months he follows the occupation of an oarsman, and none knows better than he the haunts of the gamey bass and pickerel. In the winter and spring months Mr. Root follows the occupation of trapping and his pursuit requires one to be out in all sorts of weather, and in the water frequently at a time of the year when the water is none too warm. As a result of a wetting Mr. Root took a severe cold which developed into the grippe, which took such a firm hold upon his system that for a time he was unable to leave the house. His kidneys became affected, and he suffered from severe pains across the back. There was a feeling of continuous tiredness, which no amount of rest or sleep seemed to relieve. The appetite was fickle, and there was an indisposition to exertion or work. A number of remedies were tried, one after the other, but without any beneficial results. At this juncture a friend strongly advised that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be given a trial. They had cured thousands of others, and why not he? Acting on his friend's suggestion Mr. Root procured a single box of the Pink Pills, and before all were used felt an improvement. This encouraged him to persevere with the treatment, and after the use of a few more boxes of the pills Mr. Root found his health fully restored, all the pains and aches had disappeared, and with their disappearance came renewed strength and activity. Mr. Root says:—'I firmly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be unsurpassed as a medicine, and I advise any who are ailing to give it a fair and honest trial.'

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Catching Sharks.

The business men at the south end, whose families are summering at Monmouth, Onset and other resorts, vie with each other in telling tales of their skill in angling after the weary creatures of the briny deep. Every day a fresh yarn is told, and in the second day's story does not put that of the first in the shade it is because the imagination of the story teller is a little duller. Here is one of a series; One well known gentleman disdains fishing for cod and mackerel. They are not large enough prey for him. He wants sharks or nothing. This is the way he catches them; He has a hook made of steel, about fifteen inches long, rows out to where the water is forty feet deep, baits the hook with a piece of pork weighing ten pounds, ties one end of the line to the stern of the dory and sinks his bait. Then he sits amoket till the sharks gather, and he watches them as they play with the bait. Soon one big fellow is sure to grab it. Then the patient fisherman takes his oars and rows in, towing his prey. When he reaches shore he draws in the fish, to the wonder and astonishment of all smokers. He frequently, on opening the fish finds tin cans, kettles, buckets, etc., which the shark has swallowed.—Brockton Times.

When Adam was a Boy.

This was years ago, for Adam has been dead quite a while, though to be sure he has left a progeny that keeps up pretty well the family characteristics. There are wise men to-day who delve in the misty past and tell all sorts of things, but they are silent on those events that would make Adam interesting to the modern man. What did Adam do when he ran a sliver under his finger nail? Had he to take measles and whooping cough? If he had corns did he cut them off with the razor or did he stretch forth a hand in the future and get a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Putnam's is the best, is sure, safe, painless and acts in twenty-four hours.

THE SEAWEED CONTINENT.

Plant and Animal Life in the Unexplored Sargasso Sea.

The currents of the sea, its winds and tides, its islands and ice floes, animal and vegetable life, and unexplored regions of both north and south, have from time immemorial furnished subjects of never ending interest to the scientific and those filled with the love of adventure. Among the mysterious forms of nature concerning which knowledge has been sparingly diffused is the Sargasso Sea. It will be found on the maps of the world, marked on the Atlantic ocean and located due east of the southern portion of the United States about midway between the eastern boundaries of the American continent and the Azores. It is a sea floating upon a sea. From the meager book knowledge upon the subject it is ascertained that it has not changed its relative position since the time it was first discovered by Columbus on his first westward voyage of discovery.

The Sargasso Sea is a great mass of seaweed, miles and miles in extent, and of such density that navigators report that the progress of vessels through it has been greatly retarded. The fact that it has held its present position for such an incalculable length of time, and the fact that vegetable life in the form of gulf-weed, together with all manner of drift wood, is always found there, calm and undisturbed, are unaccounted for by those who have theorized upon the subject as resulting from the set of the ocean currents which sweep around it, as it were, the centre of a vast circle.

M. F. Maury, a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, writing on the subject of physical geography, back in 1855, touches upon the Sargasso Sea, and speaks of it in this manner; 'Midway in the Atlantic, in the triangular space occupied between the Azores, Canary, and the Cape Verde Islands, is the Sargasso Sea, covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi valley. It is thickly matted over with gulf-weed (Fucus ratans.) To the eye at a distance it seems substantial enough to walk on.'

Of the botanical and animal life existing in and about this mysterious body comparatively little is known. Gulf-weed predominates. It lives upon air and water, having no connection with the soil. In fact, from the great depth of the ocean at this point, any other form of vegetable life but water plants would be out of the question. Of this species there are only a few varieties. Fucus ratans and Fucus nodosus, are botanical names applied to gulf-weed of the Sargasso sea. The course of the Challenger in 1873, from the Bermudas eastward, skirting the edge of the Sargasso sea, passed through the Azores and thence to Madeira. Observations were made daily by the British scientists on board. The winds, currents, surface appearance of the water, animal and vegetable life, were all subjected to scrutiny and observation. Sir Wyville Thomson, one of the party, wrote an account of the voyage which was published under the title 'Voyage of the Challenger.' In this work is found a brief description of the results of their examination of the peculiarities of the Sargasso sea. He says:

'Some gulf weed was passed from time to time of the species fucus, either Fucus nodosus or a very nearly allied form, evidently living and growing and participating in the wandering and pelagic habits of sargassum. The floating islands of gulfweed with which we had now become very familiar, as we had now nearly made the circuit of the Sargasso sea, are usually from a couple of feet to two or three yards in diameter, sometimes much larger. We have seen on one or two occasions fields, acres in extent, and such expanses are probably more frequent near the centre of its area of distribution. They consist of a single layer of leathery bunches of the weed (Sargassum lacciferum), of matted, but floating free of one another, only sufficiently entangled for the mass to keep together. Each tuft has a central brown, threadlike branching stem studded around with air vesicles on short stalks, most of these near the centre dead and coated with a beautiful netted, white polyzoan. After a while vesicles so incrustated break off, and where there is much gulfweed the sea is studded with these separate little white balls. A short way from the centre, toward the end of the branches, the serrated, willow-like leaves of the plant begin, at first brown and rigid, but becoming further on in the branch paler, more delicate, and more active in their vitality. The young fresh leaves and the air vesicles are usually ornamented with stalked vases of a campanularia. The general color of the mass of weeds is thus olive in all its shades, but the golden olive of the young and growing branches greatly predominates. This color,

however, is greatly broken up by the delicate branching of the weed, blotched with the vivid white of the incrustated polyzoan, and riddled with reflections from the bright-blue water gleaming through the spaces in the network.'

Some of the form of life existing in the Sargasso Sea were observed by the party on board the Challenger. These observations were restricted to the surface inhabitants and disclose some peculiar and interesting facts. On this point Sir Wyville Thomson says: 'These islands have inhabitants peculiar to them and I know of no more perfect example of protective resemblance than that which is shown in the gulfweed fauna. Animals drifting about on the surface of the sea with such a scanty cover as a single broken layer of seaweed must be exposed to exceptional danger from the sharpened beak of birds hovering over them and the hungry fishes searching for prey beneath, but one and all of these creatures imitates in such a wonderful way, both in form and color, their floating habitat, and, consequently, one another, that we can well imagine their deceiving both birds and fishes.'

'Among the most curious of the gulfweed animals is the grotesque little fish, antenarius marmoratus, which finds its nearest ally in the fishing frog (Lophius piscatorius) often thrown up on the coast of Britain and conspicuous for the disproportionate size of its head and jaws and for its general ugliness and rapacity. None of the gulfweed antennarius which we have found have been more than fifty millimetres in length, and we are still doubtful whether such individuals have reached their full growth and size. It is this singular little fish which constructs the singular nests of gulfweed, bound in a bundle with cords of viscid secretion, which we have mentioned as abundant in the path of the Gulf Stream. Scilicet pelagic, one of the shell-less mollusca, is also a frequent inhabitant of the gulfweed. A little short-tailed crab (Neutularius minutus) swarms on the weed and every floating object, and it is odd to see how the little creature corresponds in color with whatever it may happen to inhabit.'

'The gulfweed animals, fishes, mollusks, and crabs do not simply imitate colors of the weed; to do so would be to produce suspicious patches of continuous olive. They are all blotched over with opaque white, the blotches sometimes irregular, but at a little distance absolutely indistinguishable from the patches of membranipora on the weed. Mr. Murray, who up-riided our surface work, brings in curious stories of the little crabs. He observes that while everything floating on the surface is covered with them they are rarely met swimming free, and that whenever they are dislodged and removed a little way from their resting place they immediately make vigorous efforts to regain it. The other day he amused himself teasing a crab which had established itself on the crest of physalia. Again and again he had picked it off and put it on the surface at some distance away, but it always turned at once to the physalia, struck out and never rested until it had climbed up into its former quarter.'

It is probable that the Sargasso Sea will remain in its present locality for all time to come, or at least until the winds and ocean currents shall have changed their course. That a more thorough investigation into its botany and zoology has not been made is somewhat strange in view of the many peculiarities existing there. Some day a special expedition may be made and a more exact and scientific knowledge obtained.

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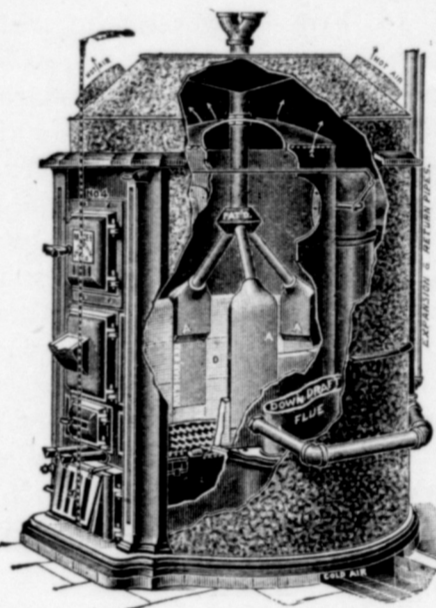


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