

SHIP OWNER TO SKIPPER IN 1743  
Instructions From a Liverpool Merchant  
When War With Spain Began.

About 150 years ago Great Britain and Spain got into a war, and, of course, British merchant ships were liable to capture by Spanish men-of-war, and vice versa. In fact the vice versa side was much the more important. Noa, in Liverpool in those days lived Mr. Foster Cunliffe, a pillar of the town and church. He was the head of a firm of shipowners and merchants which did a large business in more than one way. Among other ways was the profitable one of dealing in slaves. That was a very popular form of business in Liverpool then and later. It may be recalled that George Frederick Cooke, the actor, then ordered by a theatrical audience to apologize for coming on the stage drunk made the amende honorable in these words: 'Apology! from me! Take it with this remark: There's not a brick in your infernal town which is not cemented with the blood of a slave! This was Cook's last speech in Liverpool, by the way.

To return to Mr. Cunliffe: When the war broke out, being a good and careful shipowner, he gave careful directions to his masters about their voyages, and one of his letters, has been published recently by the Corn Trade News of London as showing the way trade was managed in those days. This is the letter:

"LIVERPOOL, Sept., 9th, 1742.

"Mr. Thomas Woodward:  
"You being Master of the Ship Lyon, we give you these directions to be observed.

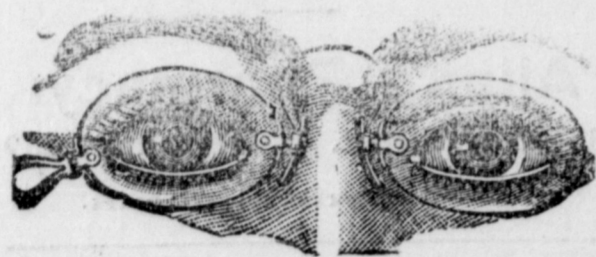
"As we are now at War with Spain, and are likely to have a War with France, we would advise you, after you leave Cork, to keep to the Northward as much as you can, be sure you keep a good Look out, and speak with no Ship at sea if you can possibly avoid it, or if you have an opportunity of Convoy, or good Company from Cork in a little time, after you are ready, we think it advisable you should stay for it. When you have done your business in the West Indies, make the best of your way home, coming North about Ireland. If it should be your misfortune to fall into your enemies hands, we direct you to ransom your Ship (Cargoe if you can do it upon reasonable terms, and what we mean by reasonable terms is, if you can do it at not exceeding one half of the value of the ship and cargoe, and whoever goes for hostages, we hereby oblige ourselves to redeem, or to pay his or their ransom (charges and wages, as if they came home in the ship, gett them to take your 2nd mate and one of the men before the Mast, for I doubt they will insist upon two, but if you can persuade them to take one only, the charges will be less, you must take care if you are taken in your homeward passage, it must clear until your arrival home.

However, if this, will not be granted, you must take care to gett so much time allowed you as you judge reasonable to compleat your arrival either in the West Indies or home, you'll do well to draw out an Invoice depreciating the value of your Cargoe, which you may shew your enemy with our orders for ransoming of this date, which probably they will take with them, in order to oblige us to make good whatt bargain you make with them, but this letter and your real Invoice you keep out of their way, make all possible dispatch at all places you come att, and miss no opportunity of advising us fully of your proceedings by every opportunity, and be sure to keep a proper command amongst your men. We wish you your health and safe return. Yours truly,

FOSTER CUNLIFFE."

"For the Lyons Cargoe—50 Barrells of best Old Beef, 150 Barrells of best New Beef, 10 Barrells of Pork, 20 Halt Barrells of Pork, 16 Halt Barrells Neat Tongues, 200 Forkins of Best Rose Butter.

"For the ships provisions—20 Tierces of



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"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out."

MRS. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario.  
"I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I would not be without it." MRS. G. I. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.  
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Beef, 1 Barrel of Pork, 3 Forkins of Butter, 1 Forkin of Tallow, 2 Boxes of Candles, 1 Hamper of Red Wine, 1 Hamper of White, 20 Gallons of rum."

There was no sentiment in that letter; everything was strictly business, though entirely fair except the suggestion about the false invoices.

Mr. Cunliffe died in 1758, in the seventy-third year of his age, having been Mayor of Liverpool three times—in 1716, when only 31 years old, in 1729 and in 1735.

A HAREM DINNER.

How the Ladies of a Turkish Family Entertain a Guest.

Mrs. Ramsay, who accompanied her husband on his archaeological tour in Asia Minor, once spent a whole day in a harem. She describes the incidents of the visit in her book, 'Every-Day Life in Turkey, from which we condense the description of the Turkish dinner. The ladies of the house, the mother of the master and his two wives, warmly welcomed the stranger, and introduced her to several guests. Coffee and cigarettes and slices of melon were handed round shortly after. Then, it being noon, two of the older ladies veiled themselves, and on prayer-carpets spread toward Mecca, spent a quarter of an hour in devotion, while the other ladies smoked, laughed and chatted. Some of the women went into the garden, where they romped like schoolgirls at hide-and-seek.

At four o'clock preparations began for dinner by putting a table-cloth of patchwork under the table, and placing on it a four-legged stool turned upside down. Upon it was laid a large, round metal tray three feet in diameter, round the edge of which was piled bread. A basin, ewer and napkins were carried to the guests that they might wash their hands, and several of the more devout, calling for prayer-carpets and veils, said their prayers before dining. Pillows were placed round the table and the guests took their places, sitting Turkish fashion. A narrow napkin, many yards in length and with embroidered borders, encircled the table, lying in loose folds on the knees of the diners. The first course, served in the earthenware pot in which it had been cooked, was called pishmish and was composed of rice, onions, sour milk, cheese and fat. The pot was placed in the middle of the table, and all the guests supped as much as they wanted with neat black wooden spoons with colored beads set in their handles.

The second course was a calf,—entire from head to hoof,—boiled until the bones fell out, and smothered in a mass of finely shredded gartic. It was eaten with the fingers of the right hand—the tips of two fingers and the thumb. What remained of the second course—a little garlic and the bones—was removed, and a huge cream tart was placed on the table. The flaky pastry and the fragrant, rich cream having been beaten, the dish that had contained the cream pie was replaced by another piled with dolmaches—a mixture of minced meat and rice wrapped in vine leaves.

That was succeeded by a great bowl of cherries cooked in honey and eaten with an ivory spoon. Mrs. Ramsay, although she had eaten to repletion, made a show of enjoying the sweet, lest her refusal should cause the removal of the dish untasted by hosts too polite to eat what their guests had declined.

A kid, roasted whole and stuffed with pistachionuts, followed the cherries, and that was succeeded by another dish of sweets. Then came fowls, vegetables, meats and fruits, and last of all a pilau. 'Now,' said Mrs. Ramsay's left hand neighbor, with a sigh and a smile, 'if you are done we may retire from the table.' She had been done for three long hours, and the rest with grunts and sighs arose. The basin and ewer were again banded round, and then cigarettes and coffee.

'What about the Indiana woman who is going to kiss every man who votes for her for mayor?' 'I shall have to see her before I can tell whether she is working for her party or against it.'—Chicago Record.

SENSIBLE ARRANGEMENT.

How an Affair of Honor was Settled Once in Halifax.

What Sir Daniel Lysons believes to have been the first case of a settlement of an 'affair of honor' on the Duke of Wellington's plan is described by him in his 'Early Reminiscences.' It occurred in Halifax about the middle of the present century.

One day Captain Evans came to me boiling over with wrath and indignation. He said he had been grossly insulted by Captain Harvey, the governor's son, and begged me to act as his friend. I agreed, provided he promised to do exactly as I told him. He consented.

I called on Captain Harvey's friend, Captain Bourke, and we agreed to abide by the Duke of Wellington's order about duelling, which had just then been promulgated at Halifax.

We carried out our intention as follows: We made each of our principals write out his own version of what had occurred. We then chose an umpire. We selected Colonel Horn of the Twentieth Regiment, a clear-headed and much respected officer. With his approval we sent him the two statements, and he directed us to come to his house the following morning with our principals.

At the appointed time we arrived, and were shown into the dining-room. We bowed formally to each other across the table, and awaited the appearance of our referee. Colonel Horn soon entered, and addressing our principals, said:

'Gentlemen, in the first place, I must thank you for making my duty so light. Nothing could be more open, generous or gentleman like than your statements. The best advice I can give you is that you shake hands and forget that occurrence has ever happened.'

They at once walked up to each other and shook hands cordially. They were the best of friends ever after.

MUSIC TO ORDER.

The Great Composer Served a Very Faithful Apprenticeship.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has always had a capacity not only for clever, but for exceedingly rapid work. When a very young man, he desired some training in the composition of operatic music, and with characteristic energy, determined to learn something of the technique of the stage. He thereupon obtained a position as organist for the opera in Covent Garden, where his musical facility at once came in to general request. On one occasion he was admiring the "borders" which had been painted for a woodland scene.

'Yes,' said the painter, 'they are very well, and if you could support them by something suggestive in the orchestra, we could get a pretty effect.'

Mr. Sullivan at once wrote into the score some delicate arpeggio work for flutes and clarinets, and every one was quite happy. Next day, perhaps, the machinist would say:

'Mr. Sullivan, the iron doesn't run as easily in the slot as I should like. We must have a little more music to cover it. I should like something for the 'cello. Could you do it?'

'Certainly, Mr. Sloman,' the composer would reply, gravely, 'you have opened a new path of beauty in orchestration.' He at once laid sixteen bars for the 'cello alone. No sooner was this done, than a solo dance was required, at the last moment, for a danseuse who had just arrived.

'What on earth am I to do?' asked the poor musician, of the manager. 'I haven't seen her dance. I know nothing of her style.'

'I'll see,' he said, and took the young lady aside. In less than five minutes he returned.

'I've settled it all,' he announced. 'This is exactly what she wants. Tiddle-iddle-um, tiddle-iddle-um, rum-tum-tum. Sixteen bars of that. Then rum-tum, rum-tum heavy, you know, sixteen bars. Then finish up with the overture to 'William Tell,' last movement, sixteen bars and coda.'

The composer sat down to his hurried task, and in less than a quarter of an hour, the work was ready. These were base uses, perhaps, for genius; but they constituted an apprenticeship.

Some Desirable Ends.

Life cheerfully accedes to the request of a number of the Bergh Society to publish the suggestion that, when Uncle Sam finally dickers with Spain for a cessation of hostilities, he ought to stipulate against the continuance of bull-fights.

Conversely, if we are locked, here's hoping that Spain will not let up on us until we have pledged ourselves to throw over yellow journalism, stop smoking cigarettes, and maybe, abolish intercollegiate football. If the war can be made instrumental in bringing to pass reforms, there may be something in it, even for us.—Life.

His Discovery.

'A man who has lived as long as I have,' remarked the Koback Philosopher, apropos of nothing in particular, 'is bound to observe a good many peculiar things in the course of his existence, if he makes a practice of settin' up an' takin' notice of the happenstances surroundin' him, as I

have usually done. I have noted a great many queer traits in the human nature which has passed, as you may say, in review before me, an' have learned some great truths, but I don't know as I have ever had anything more forcibly impressed upon me than the fact that there seems to be only one end to some women's talk, an' that is the beginnin'.'—Puck.

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF SLEEP.

No Man Knows When the Moment of Unconsciousness Comes.

There is a remarkable fact connected with sleep which must not be overlooked. The sleep of a human being, if we are not too busy to attend to the matter, always evokes a certain feeling of awe. Go into a room where a person is sleeping, and it is difficult to resist the sense that one is in the presence of the central mystery of existence. People who remember how constantly they see old Jones asleep in the club library will smile at this, but look quietly and alone even at old Jones and the sense of mystery will soon develop.

It is no good to say that sleep is only "moving" because it looks like death. The person who is breathing so loudly as to take away all thought of death causes the sense of awe quite as easily as the silent sleeper who hardly seems to breathe.

We see death seldom, but were it more familiar we doubt if a corpse would inspire so much awe as the unconscious and sleeping figure—a smiling, irresponsible doll, flesh and blood, but a doll to whom in a second may be called a proud, active, controlling conscience which will ride his bodily and mental horse with a hand of iron, which will force that body to endure toil and misery and will make that mind now wandering in paths of fantastic folly grapple with some great problem or throw all its force into the ruling, the saving, or the destruction of mankind. The corpse is only so much bone, muscle, and tissue. The sleeping body is the house which a quick and eager master has only left for an hour or so.

Let any one who thinks sleep is not a mystery try to observe in himself the process by which sleep comes and to notice how and when and under what conditions he loses consciousness. He will, of course utterly fail to put his finger on the moment of sleeping, but in striving to get as close as he can to the phenomena of sleep he will realize how great the mystery which he is trying to fathom.

WITH MISS CLOUGH.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Woman Principal of Newnham.

Many things combined to make intercourse with Miss Clough, the first principal of Newnham College, a source of satisfaction and pleasure. Her sympathy, her varied interests, her suggestiveness and her quaint little oddities of speech and manner made her always entertaining. Her sayings were repeated all over the college, and many of the girls would declare that a day was dull in which they had not exchanged some word with her. In her 'Memoir' some of her sayings are recorded.

I went once with her to stay for a few days with some people whom we had neither of us met before. My first impressions were decidedly unfavorable. When we were left alone in our rooms, I expected Miss Clough would make some comment on our new acquaintances, but she remarked:

'Well, we shall be able to sit a good deal in our bedrooms.'

Miss Creak reports the following bit of conversation concerning a fellow-student:

'My dear, do you remember Miss A.?' 'Yes, Miss Clough.'

'Well, my dear, the poor little thing has got a lot of tiresome relations, and as soon as she gets a little money they come round her and get it away from her, so I have got her a post in Timbuctoo.'

'Yes, Miss Clough?' more doubtfully.

'And then, my dear, when has got them all over there, she can come back to England and leave them.'

Who but Miss Clough would have said, when some of her students failed to reach the heights expected of them in certain examinations, that "Mathematics was a deceiving subject?"

A Policeman.

The Golden Penny tells an amusing story—some readers may think it improbable—concerning the examination of a young man who desired to be appointed a member of the Hampshire County (England) police.

He put in an appearance one morning, accompanied by his mother, and was taken in hand for examination by the inspector. This progressed satisfactorily until the inspector observed:

'Of course you're aware you'll have a lot of night work to do? You are not afraid of being out late, I suppose?'

Before the candidate could reply, his mother electrified the amazed official with the statement:

'That'll be all right, sir; his grandmother's going round with him the first two or three nights until he gets used to it!'

A Peculiar Problem.

The Longbow gives some amusing pieces of Lewis Carroll's humor from the forgotten pages of Oxford pamphlets. During

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SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

the election at Oxford in 1865 he gave vent to the following Euclidean definition:

'Plain superficiality is the character of a speech in which, any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly, with regard to those two points.'

A note is also given on the right appreciation of examiners: 'A takes in ten books and gets a third class, B takes in the examiners and gets a second. Find the value of the examiners in terms of books; also their value in terms when no examination is held.'

Old Inscriptions.

Over the triple doorway of the Cathedral of Milan, there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend:

"All that pleases is but for a moment."

Over another is sculptured a cross, and these are the words underneath:

"All that troubles is but for a moment."

But underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription:

"That only is important which is eternal."

How Much He'd be Missed.

'Henrietta,' said Mr. Meekton, 'do you think you'll miss me?'

She looked at him in surprise and queried:

'When?'

'When I have gone to war.'

'Mr. Meekton,' she answered, 'I have had reason for resenting a great many things, but I am willing to own that if Spanish marksmanship is such that you are missed in the war as often as I will miss you at home there won't be any risks for you whatever!'

Effectual.

'I may be detained at the club late this evening, Maria,' remarked a husband of somewhat convivial habits, as he put on his hat to go down-town after dinner. 'If I am not here by eleven o'clock don't sit up waiting for me.'

'I won't, James,' replied his wife. 'If you are not here by eleven o'clock I shall put on my wraps and go after you.'

James was at home at eleven.

The Literary Movement in America.

'You should join our book club. Why? last winter I read over a hundred books by giving five minutes a day. I read Nansan's 'Prisoner of Zenda,' Hall Caine's 'Quo Vadis,' Allen's 'Christian,' Julian Hawthorne's 'Choir Invisible,' and Hope's 'Farthest North.'

'How charming!'—Life.

Although Napoleon slept very few hours in the twenty-four, he had the faculty of going to sleep whenever he wanted to. 'That's nothing,' said Clarence. 'I can do that myself.' 'Well, supposing you go to sleep now, just to prove it.' 'I don't want to.'

Mamma (putting her little girl to bed): 'Why, Dorothy, I thought you were going to run a race with yourself!' Dorothy (undressing very slowly): 'Yes, mamma, but I'm the one that don't beat, you see.'

Excursion

.... TO ....

Hampton

MAY 24th.

The Star. Clifton will run an excursion to Hampton and return on Queen's Birthday, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, at 9 a. m. local, calling at Moss Glen, Clifton and Reed's Point, returning will arrive at Indiantown 7 p. m.

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