

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

THE COMMODORE'S VIEW.

WHAT MR. J. L. STEWART THINKS OF OUR RACES.

He Talks About Yachting in St. John now a Compared with Former Times and Gives Some Valuable Advice to the St. John Yacht Club.

Among the things the new St. John has reason to be proud of is the fact that it has risen to be an important factor in the yachting world. The old St. John though it loved aquatic sports, had no yacht club and very little racing among sailing crafts. It had a sailing race, once in four or five years, in which small boats and big ones raced against each other on equal terms, and nothing more.

I remember one of these events some years ago, when the little Alice, now one of the least of your yacht fleet under another name, out sailed all the harbor boats and then beat a big fishing sloop from Campbell, on board of which she could have been easily stowed, over the same course. But now you have a large and enthusiastic yacht club, dignified with the prefix of Royal, and a fine fleet of cruising and racing crafts.

And better still, you have a number of Corinthians who sail their own or their friends yachts, instead of having professional boatmen at the helm as was the custom in the early history of yacht racing in your waters. One who owns a racing craft and hires a professional to sail her for him, gets as little fun out of it as the Prince of Wales or the Earl of Dunraven out of their big yachts—yachts on which they are cabin passengers because they foot the bills. It is ideal yacht racing when amateurs handle tiller and sails. I would rather be beaten in every race of the season, with myself at the helm than to call in a professional helmsman, and I prefer amateurs to professionals before the mast every time. A handy youth from workshop or store, after he learns to attend strictly to the duties assigned him, is better than any sailor and usually refrains from giving unasked advice to the skipper. He is more watchful, more interested, and readier to obey orders. You will in a few years lessen the professional element in your yacht racing and the sport will be improved by so doing.

The Royal Kennebecasis has one old-fashioned rule that so progressive a club ought to change before next season, and that is the time start. It allows five minutes for yachts to cross the line without being handicapped, according to the system in vogue years ago, and the racers struggle over the line in a ragged way. It seemed to spectators of the exhibition races, this year, that the yachts were trying to see which could get over last, the start was deprived of all the interest that a race should have from start to finish. There was no hurry, and no need of hurry, because they had five long minutes, after the gun was fired, to get over the line. Any one who had seen a yacht race in Halifax, or anywhere else where a one-gun start is the rule, must have thought the start a very tame beginning for a race. This time start is out of date now. It is no longer practised in other live clubs. It is unnecessary. The preparatory signal gives the yachtsmen time to get ready and get up to the line, and then nothing is needed but the signal to go. The yacht that is not in a position to get over promptly should lose by her tardiness and not be credited by it. This rule develops a smartness of handling and an accuracy of judgment in balancing distance and time, that yachtsmen must be strangers to who use the time start. The Royal Kennebecasis will make a big step forward by changing this rule.

One of the drawbacks to the sport is the tendency of builders to look for victory by building larger boats than they are to sail against, or by building smaller ones with the idea that the time allowance to be received will be worth more to them than size. Ideal racing requires the contestants to be of the same racing measurement or rating, or that the first boat to cross the finishing line will be the winner, and the best clubs are striving earnestly to attain this ideal.

The Royal Kennebecasis, instead of making progress in this direction, has scarcely two boats that race on even terms, and it is time its leading sports began to make an effort to have this changed in the future. The club ought to legislate to this end. Very little can be done at once, of course, because vested interests must be

considered, but a foundation may be laid for improvement hereafter. The club might, for example, make a rule that boats to be built in future shall not be entitled to time allowance in club races, and the result would be that new yachts would be built to the top limit of one or other of the classes.

The Canada, the largest yacht in the fleet, is fully as large as the club ought to admit to its races, because the sport will be killed if made so expensive that only rich men can indulge in it. Take her measurement, say, for the first class, and then have two smaller classes, and builders would have no excuse for not getting at the top of one of them. Many of your present fleet, from trifling changes of sail and ballast, would be able to increase or decrease measurement in such a way as to get these alone, and allowances might be continued and to existing yachts that cannot be made to fit into a class without being handicapped by lack of size and sail. Without legislation to prevent it builders will go on producing misfits and odd sizes, without regard to class limits, and build bigger and bigger boats. The Canada is without anything near its size except the Maple Leaf, to sail against, and a still larger yacht will be built in a year or two by some one who want to beat her. The club should legislate in such a way that builders would have to look to better models, and not to increased size to beat her.

I respectfully commend these three improvements—the one-gun start, the encouragement of Corinthian handling, and legislation looking to the abolition of allowance in the future—to the consideration of the bright intellects and genial spirits of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club.

J. L. STEWART.

CATTLE QUEEN OF MONTANA.

Mrs. Nat Collins Continues to Boss Her Ranch—Travelling With Cowboys.

The city of Minneapolis has within its gates to-day a notable guest, no less a personage than Mrs. Nat Collins, who is known throughout the Northwest as "the Cattle Queen of Montana."

Mrs. Collins presents a picturesque figure of the rare and perfect Western type which is fast giving way to another order of things. She is the product of the conditions which prevailed upon the Western plains many years ago, and a history of her eventful life is about as interesting as could possibly be painted by the greatest living novelist.

Mrs. Collins is en route to Chicago, and she came to this city with a trainload of cattle—thirty-two carloads—all her own property. She makes this trip each year and accompanies the stock from the point of shipment in Montana to this city, the last feeding point before reaching Chicago. From here she takes the regular passenger train and travels as befits, her condition as mistress of a great fortune. The cattle are directly in charge of six of the cowboys from her ranch, and they are with the stock from Montana to Chicago.

Mrs. Collins although a married woman, is master of various ranches in her name in Montana. This property is located in the vicinity of Choteau, a little town which lies north of Helena and is about sixty-five miles from Great Falls, which is the nearest large town. Choteau is about twenty-five miles from her ranches, and is also thirty-five miles from the nearest railroad. Thus it can be seen that the cattle queen is located remotely enough almost to rival Robinson Crusoe for isolation.

Mrs. Collins has had a romantic career, although not devoid of what would be considered greivous hardships by the average American woman. She is now about 55 years of age, and is just as lively and vigorous as any young woman in the twenties. She is an industrious worker, and is of that nervous temperament which must find employment to keep the mind at rest and the heart satisfied. She began her Western experience at the age of ten years and have lived upon the plains ever since. It is her boast that she went through Denver when that great city of today contained but one log cabin and a few tents. Long before she was 20 years old she had made ten trips across the plains between Omaha and Denver, acting in the capacity of cook in the wagon train of which her brother was wagonmaster.

Later on the spirit of adventure which had begun to dominate her disposition impelled her to remove to the new mining fields of Montana, at the time of their first opening. She visited Bannock and many other points, and was the first white woman in Virginia city. She was at Helena before there was such a place, and it was at Helena some time later that she wedded Nat Collins, a well-known and respected miner. The marriage occurred about thirty years ago, and shortly after the ceremony the young couple quit the mining camps and went into the northern part of Montana and established themselves in the stock-raising business, to which they

have clung persistently and with great success ever since. They have but one child, a daughter, 16 years old.

They began ranching with about 450 head of stock. The animals were turned loose upon the plains and allowed to increase and multiply as they would, and to day Mrs. Collins say it would be utterly impossible for her to give even an estimate of the number of head of cattle upon her various ranches. No effort is made to count them. Each year they round up as many as they care to ship, and the others are unmolested.

The cattle queen has well earned her reputation. Probably no one person in Montana has larger cattle interests than she. Her success has been due to her own interest and exertions, for her husband is one of those quiet individuals who prefer to take life with as little trouble as possible. When Mrs. Collins began to ship her stock to the Eastern market she found herself confronted by railway rules and regulations which expressly stated that no woman could ride in the cabooses attached to the stock trains. She immediately put in a protest, and as the agent could give her no satisfaction she carried the matter to the division superintendent. That official found himself powerless, and finally James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern, was appealed to. Mr. Hill reluctantly refused her the desired permission, and by so doing raised a storm of indignation about his luckless head. In a few days he was fairly smothered with letters from prominent ranchmen and cattlemen of Montana, demanding that he accord the customary privileges of the road to Mrs. Collins. In a few days threats began coming in, the writers declaring that if he did not accede to Mrs. Collins request they, the principal cattlemen of the West, could refuse to ship another hoof over his road. Mrs. Collins got her pass and has had one each year since, and is to-day the only woman so favored.

One would suppose that with the management of several large ranches upon her shoulders Mrs. Collins would find plenty to keep her busy, but such is not the case. She declares that there is any quantity of time which she finds it almost impossible to dispose of, and she finds vent for her surplus energy in various ways. Recently she visited the new mining region near St. Mary's Lake, Mon., and while there invested in several fine copper claims, and located a town site upon the banks of the lake.

True Conscientiousness.

My second cousin, Jabez, remarked Enoch Sogback, in a reminiscent way, was a man who always believed in being truthful, to the very letter. If a neighbor met him and said that it looked like rain, Jabez

never answered 'yes' or 'no' till he had scanned the whole heavens carefully, to see exactly what the prospect was. When he took dinner at anybody's house, and the hostess pressed him to eat more, saying, as good housewives often do, that he had eaten hardly anything, he would gravely enumerate every item of victuals he had eaten. When his first wife died, he was inconsolable for a time, and went and had these words carved on her tombstone: 'The light of my life has gone out.' Well, about a year later he married again, and he promptly had this line cut on the tombstone, just below the previous announcement: 'But, fortunately, I since have struck another match.' That was the kind of a second cousin Cousin Jabez was.

A Literary Curiosity.

It is not often that persons with a literary fever who are bent on writing can be turned from their purpose, no matter how hopeless the outlook may be for them. A London editor, however, records a case of an ambitious aspirant for literary honours who was induced to see the error of his ways and engage in an occupation better adapted to his natural gifts. He sent an atrociously poor story to the editor, and said in the letter accompanying it:

'I desire to engage in literator if you think I have talent enough to make it pay. Let me know your candid opinion, for I ain't got no time to fool away, an it literator ain't my fort I want to know it so I can ingage in what is.'

The editor wrote frankly to the would-be author that 'literator' was not his 'fort,' and earnestly advising him to 'ingage' in something else.

Three months later this reply came to the editor:—

'I thought I'd drop you a few lines to let you know that I took your advice and let literator go to thunder. So I have ingaged in the saw-mill business and am making big money at it. There ain't no glory in it, but I reckon the returns are stidder and bigger than they are in literator, so I am much obliged to you for heading me off in the way you did, and if you should ever come out this way, drop in an' see me, an' I'll treat you as best I know how.'

This is probably the only instance of a 'headed-off' writer who cheerfully or gratefully, as well as wisely, accepted the decision of an editor and profited by it.

Unexplored Territory.

Throughout the entire world there are about 20,000,000 square miles of unexplored territory. In Africa there are 6,500,000 square miles; arctic regions, 3,600,000; Antarctic regions, 5,300,000; America, 2,000,000; Australia, 2,000,000; Asia, 200,000, and various islands, 900,000.

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE,
Office of Official Analyst,

Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS,

Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S.,
Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.