

Christmas at Sea.

Could any man standing shadowless under the sun on December 25th, no matter in what part of the earth, be able to realize that it is Christmas day? Could any sailor, who had used the sea for forty years, of which he had spent thirty-five Christmas Days upon the ocean, gather into his understanding the shore-going significance of December 25th, as Christmas day? On what should he base his memories and expectations? On a handful of currants for his dark and greasy duff? There is no element of festivity in the harness cask. The beef is as hard and bitter on Christmas Day as it was on Good Friday. Still does the weevil, even on Christmas day, write in its repulsive of biscuit. It is true that in some of the mail lines a sort of plum duff is served out to the sailors, and the freezing compartment may supply the captain with an excuse for giving the men, on Christmas Day, something more than 'Harriet Lane'.

What is 'Harriet Lane'? asks the land-lubber. A woman of this name was murdered in Liverpool, and the sailors to this hour, hold that her remains are still served out to them in the shape of canned meat.

But when we talk of the sailor we must think of the merchant steam tramp. The second mate of a tramp of fifteen hundred tons told me the other evening that he had crossed the Atlantic in mid-winter in quiet almost warm weather throughout the passage, though it had blown with hurricane force before the ship started, and blew with hurricane force very shortly after her arrival. I said to him:

'No difference was made in my time in the Christmas fare of the forecastle, unless it might have been a cupful of raisins for the crew pudding. How do you fare now on Christmas Day?'

'Not so well as you did, he answered, 'because rum was served out to you, and that is denied to us.'

'You got no extra rations, then?'

'No, nor extra time below, relieved the bridge at eight bells in the forenoon watch. It was Christmas Day. I sat down, put on my palm, and began to stitch at a weather cloth. Four D-gos and two Fins formed our crew. Three in a watch! It was mild weather for that time of year, and a Fin was at the wheel, and two D-gos were painting the bulwarks. When I had done with my weather cloth I left the bridge, took a pot and paint-brush, and painted the bulwarks along with the D-gos.'

'Who looked after the ship?' said I.

'She looked after herself,' he answered.

'Hard work, I suppose, all day long?'

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experience of the same thing by the landman that it may be doubted whether it is a sailor saw a grain of beet he would know what it was.

But does the sailor miss much by the shipowner's omission of Christmas Day as a few hours of festival in the forecastle calendar? What Christmas Day signifies to us who live ashore, we all know. The boys are at home, and the house is chaotic. The cook gave notice last month, and the housemaid prepares the Christmas meal with the help of the charwoman and half a bottle of gin. Tradesmen dream softly in church of the little accounts they are going to render shortly, and our dreams of those accounts are not so soft. If Jack goes without his plum-pudding he, at least, likewise goes without the obligations of the plum pudding. He is not waited upon by the water company's man; the postman does not expect from him the annual tip. It is never rent day with the sailor, and the tax collector need not call twice for the poor rates.

I have passed several Christmas Days upon the wide waters, and never realized that it was Christmas Day, or even thought of it. Why should I have thought of that which could not come without excitement of memory? Had the Captain called all hands aft and addressed them thus:

'My lads, to-day is Christmas Day, and I mean that you shall celebrate it just as though you were all ashore, living in first-rate homes. The steward has my orders to serve out plenty of flour, raisins and suet, and some of the best cabin eatables. I have also ordered the butcher to kill a pig for you, for, as I cannot give you roast beef, you shall have plenty of roast pork, and I trust my lads, you'll enjoy the crackling. Half a bottle of rum will also be served out to each man. Now, my lads, go forward and enjoy yourselves.'

Had such a festive passage as this occurred on Christmas Day it would have sharpened to my understanding the dull perception that it was December 25th, and therefore, Christmas Day at home. But these breaks of idealistic sea-life happen only on board whalers, which were held in such contempt by sailors in my time that you will find Dana, in 'Two Years Before the Mast,' feebly apologizing to the people of New Bedford for the disgust he expresses in his immortal book for the whaleman as a sailor.

In the first voyage I made, my Christmas Day happened in the Kingdom of Christmas—at least, in the Southern realms of the white-haired old monarch. We were hoisted off the Horn, and our latitude was 58 deg. S. The longitude does not make much difference when the South Shetlands are not far off. We had ice ahead, and ice astern, and ice abeam, and ice abeam, and ice astern. Ice like huge tombstones. Ice like the Turkish mosque, like the spire under which we worship, like the Lion's Ramp at Fable Bay. We were hoisted to under a close-reefed main-top sail, and fore-topmast stay sail, and the ship soared and sank, and King Christmas roared with laughter in her shrouds, and we had plenty of daylight in which to see the rushing snow, to feel the bars of the ice lance, and to watch the majestic altitude of the Pacific surge. The galley fire was washed out. The cook could do no business, and lay drunk and harmless in bed on a pint and a half of rum which he had stolen from Heaven knows what or where. What did I get for my Christmas dinner? We had been hoisted to for three days, and all this time the galley-fire had been washed out, and we had eaten up every vestige of cold remains. My Christmas dinner, then, was a ship's biscuit honey comb-d with worms, on which I pasted some salt butter and this butter I sweetened with foot-sugar. There was no cold tea even, nothing but cold water, the stinking water of the scuttle butt. My people at home, no doubt, eating roast beef and plum pudding, drank to the safe return of the absent little midshipman, and the dear old mother would, of course, believe that, like herself, he was faring very well indeed on this same Christmas Day.

Of course, it was supposed to be midsummer with us off the Horn. Ask the sailor what he thinks of midsummer in latitude 58 deg. S., or if he is a steamboat man and cannot answer, let the reader follow Commodore Wilke's narrative and turn the pages of Churchill—Hakluyt probably being a little too venerable and untrustworthy when it comes to wonders, such as rainbows and ice mountains, and the manatee mermaid.

Many are the delusions which fill the page of the sea book, and none is more delusive than the landsman's idea about Christmas Day at sea. And yet sailors enjoy delusions which do not, in any way, refer to Christmas Day. One of the delusions is that a sailor's personal narrative of what he has seen and done and heard, whether in a steam tramp or in a sailing ship, will excite wide sympathy and interest, and be devoured in particular by the ladies. I am an old hand, and beg to caution Jack. If he wants to be interesting he must not be too nautical, and he must seize the petticoat to the fore-lift, and keep that signal flying, or his book, superior to anything by Marryat, Cooper, Herman Melville and Michael Scott, will go the way of many other books, profoundly accurate, full of extraordinary descriptions, and unreadable ashore.

Adventure With a Lion.

In his work on the 'Zoology of Persia,' Major St. John describes a thrilling adventure with a lion. The major was riding down the hill leading to the plain of Deshti arjeen, on the road to Shiraz, when suddenly he saw a lioness some thirty yards in front. Having only a small revolver, he cracked his whip and shouted at her thinking she would bolt.

The lioness charged, sprang, and came down under his foot. With so small a pistol it would have been useless to fire, so he

spurred his horse, which, however, would not move.

The lioness stood on her hind legs and began clawing the horse's hind-quarters. The major leaped to the ground, but not before getting one scratch from the brute's claw.

The horse plunged and reared, knocking over the lioness on one side and the man on the other, and then bolted. The lioness stood staring at the horse. St. John then fired two shots over her head to frighten her, but without effect; she sprang again on the horse's hind-quarters, and both were lost to view.

St. John made his way to a small hamlet not far distant, where he spent the night. The next morning the horse was found quietly grazing. His quarters and flanks were scored in every direction with claw-marks, and one wound was so deep that it had to be sewed up. In a week the horse was as well as ever, but he bore the scars for the rest of his life.

Not a General's Egg.

The freshness of eggs is carefully graded in this country, but our distinctions are surpassed in delicacy by those long since in vogue among the British residents of India.

Soon after Arthur Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington, was appointed a major-general for his great services in India, he happened to stop in Calcutta. At breakfast the hero was served with boiled eggs. He took one, broke the shell, and dropped it with an air of disgust.

'Laurell,' he cried to his valet, 'what do you mean by giving me a bad egg?'

The valet hurried to his master, and examined the egg with the utmost seriousness.

'I entreat your forgiveness,' said he, 'but it's all a mistake. The stupid servant has gone and given you an side-decamp's egg by mistake.'

The Point of View.

'Magnificence' may signify one thing to one person and quite another thing to another person. It is related that a gentleman went to a dentist and asked him to 'take a look at his teeth.' The dentist did so, and seemed full of admiration.

'What do you think of them?' asked the patient.

'Magnificent! magnificent!' was all the dentist could say.

'Then you don't find anything to do to them?'

'To do to them? Why, there are four to be pulled, six to be filled, and three to be crowned!' said the dentist.

'Well,' said the innocent bystander to the man whose automobile had exhausted its battery 11 mi. from the nearest charging station, 'you might get out of the difficulty by taking Emerson's advice.'

'What's that?' asked the one who was in trouble.

'Hitch your wagon to a star.'

BORN.

Amherst, Nov. 18, to the wife of Abner Smith, a son.
Bridgewater, Nov. 23, to the wife of John Egner, a son.
Kempt, Nov. 22, to the wife of Mr. Melvin Tully, a son.
Taro, Nov. 26, to the wife of Mr. Newton Hopper, a son.
Taro, Nov. 24, to the wife of Mr. Wm. Ferguson, a son.
Wentworth, Nov. 21, to the wife of Justice Warner, a daughter.
Hantsport, Nov. 24, to the wife of Mr. Angus Gunn, a son.
Dartmouth, Nov. 23, to the wife of O. Bertram Stubbs, a son.
Dufferin Mines, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Sterling Conrad, a son.
Gaspereaux, Nov. 14, to the wife of Mr. Fred M. Davison, a son.
Upper Rawdon, Nov. 18, to the wife of Mr. Perry Whelley, a son.
Selwood, Hants, Nov. 15, to the wife of Mr. Joel Sparling, a son.
St. Stephen, Nov. 27th, to the wife of Parker Grimmer, a son.
Windsor, Nov. 27, to the wife of Mr. Hadley B. Tremaine, a son.
Berwick, Nov. 23, to the wife of Mr. Michael Bent, a daughter.
Windsor, Nov. 22, to the wife of Mr. G. Howard Shaw, a daughter.
Port Dufferin, Nov. 24, to the wife of Mr. George Hinch, a daughter.
Pictou, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Frank T. Condon, a daughter.
Dayspring, Lunenburg, Nov. 23, to the wife of Albert Harris, a son.
Bridgetown, Nov. 23, to the wife of Mr. Frank Fowler, a daughter.
Molega, Queens, Nov. 22, to the wife of Mr. George Little, a son.
Windsor Plains, Nov. 23, to the wife of Mr. Benjamin Caldwell, a son.
Windsor, Nov. 21, to the wife of Mr. Wallace Armstrong, a daughter.
Chester Road, Hants, Nov. 11, to the wife of Mr. Lewis Lums, a daughter.
Lakewood, Kings, Nov. 23, to the wife of Mr. Harmon O. Linsley, a son.
Three Mile Plains, Hants, Nov. 27, to the wife of Mr. Geo. Whitchard, a son.
Little Rochester, A. Co., Nov. 26, to the wife of Alice McDonald, a daughter.
Dayspring, Lunenburg, Nov. 20, to the wife of Solomon Conrad, a daughter.
West Northfield, Lunenburg, Nov. 21, to the wife of Obed Dauphine, a daughter.
Sixteen Island, New Brighton, Nov. 29, to the wife of Mather Almon Abbott, a daughter.
South Branch, St. Nicholas River, Kent Co., Nov. 16, to the wife of Mr. David Cochran, a son.

MARRIED.

Bridgewater, Nov. 22, Stephen Rafuse, to Gertrude Himmelman.
Tanook, Nov. 15, by Rev. H. S. Erb, Wm. Cross to Elsie Lums.
Liscomb, Nov. 19, by Rev. A. Land, Seth Lang to Viola E. Rudolph.
Yarmouth, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. Free, Abijah Rankin to Lizzie Kenny.
Taro, Nov. 18, by Rev. J. Falconer, James Ross, to Arabella McKay.

CARBO, Nov. 15, by Rev. F. Beals, Fredrick Horton to Mary Hadley.
Havelock, Nov. 16, by Rev. F. Snell, Will Perry to Bessie Cummings.
Taro, Nov. 29, by Rev. R. Strathie, Robinson Ellis to Jane McKay.
Burlington, Nov. 18, by Rev. W. W. Rees, Chas. M. Weeks to Amy Sanford.
Pugwash, Nov. 16, by Rev. C. Haverstock, Percy French to Hattie Hells.
Roxbury, Mass., by Rev. Joshua Gil, Isaac Harper to Cora McCormack.
Grand Manan, Nov. 22, by Rev. Wm. Hunter, Wm. Thorton to Anne Latta.
Yarmouth, Nov. 21, by Rev. Fr. Hamlin, Maryweeney to Wm. Griffin.
Calais, Nov. 25, by Rev. S. A. Bender, George Maron to Hattie Currie.
London, Eng., Nov. 8, by Rev. J. McDonald, J. W. Pipes to Lucy Folkes.
Upper Richmond, N. Y., 22, by Rev. F. Roop, Edgar F. Her to Florence Welch.
Amherst, Nov. 28, by Rev. W. Harris, F. H. Carmichael, to Evelyn Wolfe.
Port Maitland, Nov. 4, by Rev. E. Allaby, David Harkell to Alva Saunders.
Woodstock, Nov. 30, by Rev. J. Clarke, Harry Estoracos to Lucy A. A. A.
Pugwash, Nov. 3, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Daniel Tied to Gertrude Willis.
Fugaw, Oct. 14, by Rev. C. Haverstock, George McLellan to Yvonne Rushion.
Digby, Nov. 29, by Rev. Byron Thomas, Jas. A. Rogers to P. Scilla L. Harris.
Bear River, Nov. 8, by Rev. E. A. Allaby, Harcourt Bain to Emma Dalrymple.
Pugwash, Nov. 18, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Wm. McLeod to Julia VanBuskirk.
Moncton, Nov. 29, by Rev. W. Loize, Stanley Goggin to Miriam M. Taylor.
Grand Manan, Nov. 15, by Rev. Wm. Hunter, Hugh Bell to Nellie Lampert.
Gore, Hants Co., by Rev. W. McKay, Wallace Butler to Emma Dalrymple.
Riverside, Gt. Britain, N. Y., 16, by Rev. G. Day, Lily May Ross to John Seiler.
Fugaw, Nov. 22, by Rev. C. Haverstock, Joseph Hunter to Jennie VanBuskirk.
St. John, Nov. 23, by Rev. A. S. Morton, Daniel Moore to M. S. Magge Brown.
Halifax, Nov. 27, by Rev. F. DesBarres, Edwin H. Higgins to Grace E. Dauphiney.
Bridgetown, Nov. 26, by Rev. F. Young, Rupert Marshall to Laura A. Marshall.
Aylesford, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. L. Read, Charles Palmer to Anna L. Mappinback.
Nictaux Falls, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. Brown, Thomas Keillor to M. S. Magge Brown.
St. Stephen, Nov. 20, by Rev. T. Marshall, Coleman Shields to Agnes McDonald.
Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 24, by Rev. J. B. McLean, Chas. Johnson to Mary Patter on.
Grand Manan, Nov. 28, by Rev. Wm. Hunter, Percy Taton to Helen Burnham.
Bridgewater, Nov. 14, by Rev. H. Burgess, Edmund Meisner to Sarah A. Fahey.
St. Margaret's Bay, Nov. 27, by Rev. H. MacKenley, Lydia Dauphiney to Wm. Westhaver.

DIED.

Halifax, Richard Grant, 68.
St. John, Hugh Glasgow, 95.
Taro, Nov. 23, Jacob Walsh, 40.
St. John, Dec. 1, Wm. Finley, 79.
Windsor, Nov. 26, Mrs. Wm. Co., 40.
St. John, Dec. 4, Wm. Johnston, 72.
Moncton, Nov. 29, Eleanor Casey, 75.
Boston, N. Y., 23, Stanley J. Leskey, 18.
Moncton, Nov. 29, Fabien O'Brien, 60.
Boston, Nov. 19, Joseph A. Canavan, 35.
Westbrook, Nov. 24, J. A. Fullerton, 61.
St. John, Nov. 30, Chas. A. Hughton, 32.
Taro, Nov. 26, Mrs. A. T. Dalrymple, 63.
Bridgetown, Nov. 21, John Doneaghy, 75.
Lunenburg, Nov. 25, Sarah Ann Veinot, 69.
Kings Co., Dec. 3, Joseph A. Whelpley, 32.
West Leicester, Nov. 26, Sarah B. Shipley, 3.
Wellesley, Mass., Nov. 13, Wm. V. Lawrence.
Everett, Mass., N. Y., 27, Isaac W. McLellan, 39.
Keap Shore, Hants, Nov. 26, John Mosher, 63.
New Annan, Nov. 9, Mrs. Christina A. Byers, 80.
Halifax, Nov. 30, Mary E. wife of Hugh Baxter, 32.
St. John, Dec. 4, Maggie M., wife of Joseph Wright, 14.
Port Lorne, Nov. 23, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Darmonth, Nov. 27, Alice, wife of O. Bertram Stubbs.
Halifax, Nov. 28, Jane Strachan, daughter of Azor Stevens.
Halifax, Nov. 29, Ida B. wife of Clifford A. Greenwood, 82.
Halifax, Nov. 24, Frank, son of Jonas and Louisa Farrell, 3.
Lyons Brook, Nov. 19, infant son of Peter and Isabella McFalls.
Halifax, Nov. 25, Mary Josephine, daughter of Wm. and Elsie Mantion, 2.
Upper Grandville, Nov. 23, Francis L. infant child of Rupert and Winifred Parker.
Brooklyn, Hants, Nov. 18, Albertina Clare, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rose.
Glouce Bay, Nov. 17, Gladys Anna Widdson, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. K. Ball.
Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 28, Mary Mabel, infant daughter of Dr. C. W. and Mrs. Edwards.

STEAMERS.

1899 1899.
THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO.,
LIMITED,
For Boston and Halifax
VIA,
Yarmouth.

Shortest and Most Direct Route.
Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.
Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston

STEAMERS "BOSTON" and "YARMOUTH"
One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dom. Atlantic Ry. trains from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Ry. and all coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers.
The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO" leaves Yarmouth every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.
Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S. or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 143 Hollis Street, or
L. E. BAKER,
President and Director.
Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.)

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.05
Express for Sussex..... 16.40
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.30
Accommodation for Moncton, Taro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Taro and Halifax.
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 7.25
Accommodation from Moncton..... 12.05
Express from Halifax..... 16.40
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 17.30
Accommodation from Moncton..... 22.10
All trains are run on Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notice.

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Nov. 13th, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.
Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arrive Digby 9.30 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.30 p. m., arrive at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

Steamship "Prince Arthur"

St. John and Boston Direct Service.
Leave St. John every Thursday, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Boston every Wednesday 10 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arrive in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arrive Digby 11.43 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arrive Halifax 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.50 a. m., arrive Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., arrive Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
P. GIFFINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. S.

STAR Line Steamers

For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

JAMES MANCHESTER,
Manager, Freeport.

Change of Sailing.

On and after Monday, Nov. 6th,

STEAMER

.. Clifton

will leave her wharf, Hampton, Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 7 a. m. for Indianown. Returning will leave Indianown on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trip as at present.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager