

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28 1901.

When Royalty Travels.

A trip around the world is a less wonderful exploit nowadays than it once was but under certain conditions it is still unusual enough to attract a great deal of attention. Thus, if one chance to be a hardy seaman he will win a measure of fame for himself by circling the globe in a forty foot sloop, or if he be a duke his passage over the same waters in a royal yacht will awaken intense public interest both in himself and his journey. The sea man, however, sails for the glory of the thing; the duke sails for a more imperial purpose. His journey means something, and even his own pleasure is not without a sense of public duty. Thus the colonial tour of our future Prince George of Wales and the Princess Victoria Mary is in itself an event of importance because it is a very extensive tour, and doubly so because of the fact that our Prince of Wales to be will some day be our king.

House-Keeping On the Ocean.

But aside from all that such a tour as this means in an imperial and political way—for a royal visit within the bounds of the British empire is always a bond of union, so intended and recognized—there is much interest centring in the details of the journey itself. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, do not travel quite as other people do, although the same kind of steam power puts them on their way. Here is the situation; the heir apparent of the British throne and his gracious consort start on an ocean voyage of some thirty thousand miles; accompanying them is a party of two score lords, ladies, titled and untitled personages, and a servant list of twenty-seven; the trip is to last from the middle of March to the first of November, and some seven or eight colonies are to be visited; once on shore at any of these colonies, the royal party are to be guests of the King's faithful subjects, but provision must be made at home for the sea voyage. This is to be no ordinary journey, and preparations must be in keeping. The distance to be covered necessitates so long a time upon the water that the question resolves itself into one of housekeeping proportions, and for all practical purposes the ship is to be for half a year a royal residence afloat, with its own details of furnishing, cuisine, and social entertainment. This was the problem that faced the committee of arrangements—to put it in popular phrase, and how well they succeeded with it may be seen from a description of the floating palace that brought the royal party on their way to Canada. Millionaire yachtmen have furnished dainty crafts before this and made extended tours in them, but never before was such a vessel as this put upon the ocean.

Fitting Up a Royal Yacht.

When it had been definitely decided that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York should make a colonial tour, the good ship Ophir was selected as the means of transit. She arrived home from a trading voyage shortly before Christmas, was docked, and an army of eight hundred men set about to transform her from a mercantile marine to a royal yacht. In eight weeks' time the metamorphosis was complete. The great black bulk had been changed to a dainty boat of white and blue, and her funnels to a light buff. Even the cordage was replaced by new. But the greatest change was inside, where the ship was practically re-made, and specially decorated and furnished from stem to stern. The Duke and Duchess interested themselves largely in the designs, and made many suggestions concerning the fittings and choice of colors. It was their special desire that everything should be delicate and refined in the different decorative schemes, and that British materials and British labor should be employed in every part of the vessel. Artistic simplicity was the keynote of the furnishing scheme from first to last, and a delicate green is the dominant color throughout the royal apartments. Everything is of the best British make; there is nothing in the ship on which foreign labor of any kind has been employed, and, consequently, the Ophir is

a travelling proof of national artistic taste and ingenuity.

The drawing-room of the Ophir is a beautiful apartment, 1,200 square feet in area, situated on the promenade deck, and is approached from either the private suites of the dining room. This room is panelled in rosewood and satinwood exquisitely inlaid. The satinwood furniture is upholstered in a special design of blue silk damask, with a white pattern, which was selected by Her Royal Highness. The two shafts that pass through the room have been covered with engravings, and round the sides are hung a choice selection of black-and-white pictures sent from York House and other Royal residences. One of these, which is placed immediately outside the apartment, is of particular interest, and has, it is stated, never been copied. It is a beautifully-drawn crayon portrait of Queen Victoria, showing her late Majesty as she appeared in the early years of her reign with the ribbon of the Order of the Garter. The soft camel-coloured Saxony carpet, of quite new design, was specially woven.

A Magnificent Saloon.

The dining room is lighted by large square windows at the side and a lofty dome with stained glass. The dome has an outer roof of pierced steel, and between the inner and outer roofs are electric lamps fitted to give a very effective and subdued light. Under the arched space at each end of the dome are the shields of Great Britain and the Australian colonies, supported by figures representing English and colonial industries. The floor is covered with the finest of Turkish carpets. The mahogany dining tables are designed in the Renaissance style, so planned that they can be arranged with one centre table to seat twenty-six of the Royal party, or joined together, and set out in horseshoe fashion, to accommodate fifty-six. They are also made to slide in or out, so as to enable their width to be increased to four or five feet, as may be desired. The armchairs at the main table have been made from an old richly carved Chippendale model, and are upholstered in red port-wine leather, as are the other thirty chairs and the lounges on either side of this large and handsome apartment. The walls are hung with a number of interesting pictures, and the decoration is in white and gold. This saloon also serves as concert-room and theatre, and the transformation can be effected in less than an hour. The after-part is admirably suited to the stage, which has been constructed in recesses; curtains are handy, ready to be hung at the shortest notice; the trunk of the dome forms an excellent proscenium; there is a gallery for the band; and thus there are present all the essentials for a place of entertainment, with exits giving direct access by two stairs to the main deck cabins.

The Private Suites.

The most interesting parts of the ship, however, are the apartments devoted to the use of the Duke and Duchess themselves, particularly as these rooms were arranged especially under their own supervision. Each of these suites consists of sitting, bed, dressing, and bath-rooms, and simplicity, elegance, convenience are their main features. For the Duke there is a bed-room with a white swing cot, above the head being a portrait of the Duchess and another of Queen Alexandra and Prince Edward of York, with the inscription 'Grannie and baby' and in his private sitting-room, furnished in oak, are many pictures, including a good portrait of her late Majesty. The dressing room, with its onyx basin, and the bath room are

models of purity and comfort.

The Duchess's bed room is in white. Her Royal Highness has her own clock dial, with watch mechanism behind, which can be illuminated by her from her bed by electric light at a moment's notice. The bedstead is of silver plated metal; the hangings are of chin's in delicate tones. In her dressing room, again, the basins and the ewers are of onyx, curiously translucent and beautiful, and there is no end to the little contrivances by of additional comfort. Her boudoir, which is perhaps the prettiest room of all, is in a subdued tinge of green, with walls and ceiling enmeshed in white and finely figured satin-wood furniture. Each room has an electric fan in the centre of the ceiling. All the private rooms are covered with Saxony carpets, of soft delicate green, with a simple marginal band of darker tint. They are laid upon a foundation of thick native cork, and the combination of the two semi-elastic surfaces produces a most agreeable and restful impression. The furniture in these apartments was specially designed and manufactured.

Servants' Room and the Kitchen.

On the bridge two cabins are fitted up as a sitting room for His Highness, the remainder of the bridge house being devoted to the captain, the commander, and the navigating officer. So much for the royal apartments; of those set aside for the querries and suite, it need only be said that they are adequate and that the servants are suitably accommodated so as to be readily within call.

The kitchen arrangements of the Ophir are of the best, and the workshop of the chief cook and his staff is fitted up in a way that would make envious almost any housekeeper on shore. The stock of provisions that was laid in at London, and replenished from time to time en route, was of course on no such extensive scale as the larger equipment of a great passenger steamer, but it was selected with special care, and in this respect the house-keeping arrangements of the Ophir are of a model kind. Perhaps not the least important feature of the ship's furniture are the stalls on one of the upper decks which were erected for the accommodation of two cows, in order to provide fresh milk during the voyage.

In short, the Ophir is inside and outside 'a picture of a boat.' She is an ideal craft for the purposes of a royal tour, and her decoration and furnishing, as described above, make her quite unique among the ships that sail the sea. The entire trip is, indeed, unique; the world has never before seen just such an event as this, and its real significance will be appreciated at some future day. Just now, loyal Britishers are taken up with the picturesque side of it.

The Ophir's Passengers.

The party which accompanies Their Royal Highnesses of Cornwall and York on their tour of the colonies is a most distinguished one. It numbers nineteen altogether, with about twenty-seven servants. There are three ladies in waiting, one lord in waiting and head of the household, a private secretary and an assistant private secretary, two querries, four A. D. C.'s, a representative of the Colonial Office, the naval officer commanding H. M. S. Ophir, two artists, a domestic chaplain, and a medical man.

Prince Alexander of Teck, who travels with the royal party, is a brother of the Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Lady Mary Lygon, one of the ladies in waiting, is a sister of Earl Beauchamp. She was appointed to the post she now holds in 1895. Lady Katherine Coke, another of the ladies in waiting, is wife of the Hon. Henry J. Coke who is a brother of Earl Leicester. She is a daughter of the Earl of Wilton. The Hon. Mrs. Derek Koppel, the third lady in waiting, is a daughter of the second Baron Safford.

McKINLEY AND HIS CIGAR.

How He Got a Smoke In a Town of the Strictest Morality.

Oberlin, Ohio, in the centre of the Connecticut Western Reserve, is probably the most puritanic spot in the entire United States. A large university gives the town its being, and so jealously have the college fathers guarded the morals of their young people that not only is the sale of liquor prohibited in the village limits and for miles around, but the tobacco, whether for smoking, chewing or snuffing, is unknown in the stores, with

playing cards are even scarcer than the proverbial hen's teeth.

Once Mr. Monroe, formerly a Congressman from the Oberlin district, was the leading Republican of the village, and usually entertained political orators of the party when they visited 'the city.' During Mr. McKinley's first gubernatorial campaign Prof. Monroe had the pleasure of entertaining the candidate. After dinner on the evening preceding the address Mr. McKinley took a cigar from his pocket, and casually remarked:

'You don't mind if I smoke, do you, professor?'

Mr. Monroe was aghast. He didn't wish to appear inhospitable, yet dreaded the almost certain social ostracism due to following the discovery of a smoker on his piazza, even be he the prospective Governor of the great State. He compromised by conducting Mr. McKinley to the second floor, through a long hall to a back balcony where, safely screened from public view, the weed was enjoyed. As the smoke curled upward instinctively Mr. McKinley looked about him for a cuspidor.

'There isn't such a thing in town,' said Prof. Monroe.

A coal bucket was finally impressed in to service as a compromise.

Two days after the Oberlin meeting Mr. McKinley spoke at East Liverpool, the great lottery centre. Chancing to mention the Oberlin experience to his friend Col. John N. Taylor, the proprietor of one of the big lotteries, he said:

'By the way, Taylor, just for a joke send a gross of your china spittoons to Prof. Monroe. Don't tell him where they came from or he'll suspect I had a hand in it.'

Following the suggestion Col. Taylor rated up an assortment of really beautiful chinaware and sent it to Oberlin. A year later Mr. McKinley was again Mr. Monroe's guest. Forewarned and consequently forearmed with a liberal supply of good Havanna, he again sought the vine-clad balcony. Lighting his cigar, he said, with a twinkle of his eye:

'You haven't a cuspidor in town yet, have you, Monroe?'

'It's mighty funny,' was the response, but a few days after you were here last year some one sent me a whole crate of those things. Of course, I hadn't any use for them, and they were such nice china and so prettily painted that my wife used them all for flower pots. There isn't one about the house not in use.'

HE DRANK ALONE.

After Pledging His Seat—Not to Yield to Temptation.

He got on the train at a way station and sat down beside me. He long, was lean and lanky. First he looked out of the car window and then at me. Settling deeper into his seat he suddenly remarked:

Dry day, eh?

I merely nodded my head affirmatively.

Do you drink, young man?

I said I didn't mind if I did.

He said he would mind, though. Furthermore, he continued, I am surprised that a man of your modest appearance, with eyes denoting Christian breeding, a forehead denoting good moral character and a mouth too pure to withstand the taint of intemperance, should be willing to indulge in the flowing bowl.

I could only squirm about in my seat and prepare myself for an 18-carat temperance lecture about to be thrust upon me.

'And, young man, do you know that hundreds of homes have been devastated by strong drink?'

I knew.

'Do you realize that the idols of manhood have been shattered and wealth squandered by liquor?'

I realized.

'Are you aware that wine is a mocker and drink is the national curse?'

I was aware.

'Are you cognizant of the fact that every glass is the foundation stone of intemperance?'

I was cog.

'Do you know that wines, liquors and cigars are the advance agents of insobriety? And young man, for the sake of your parents, and the good of your wife—'

if you have one; for the respect of your children—if you have any. I want you to make me one promise—'

'And that is?' I hurriedly interrupted, willing to promise anything, for his words had aroused me, and I knew I had been grovelling in the dark and that every drink was a blot on the sunshine of my home.

'I want you to promise me that you will not let another drop of liquor pass your lips.'

'I won't,' I almost shouted, extending my hand as a seal to the faithful adherence to my promise.

'And you will not yield to temptation?'

'I will not.'

'And you will not ask for a drink should you see some one else imbibing?'

'I give you my word of honor I will not.'

'Thanks, young man, thanks,' and with that the grovelling, contemptible, long, lean, lanky hypocrite put his hand to his side pocket, brought forth a pint flask of whiskey and drank to his heart's and stomach's content, while I sat up like a bunced commuter amid the giggling occupants of the train.

MILLARD'S HOODOO VOTES.

Has Voted for But Three Presidents, and Still Were Assassinated.

Thomas Millard, a Boston travelling man, says that never again will he vote in a Presidential election. He considers himself a 'hoodoo.' Mr. Millard and two or three other travelling men, all bound for St. Louis, were waiting at the Seventh St. station, Louisville, for their train. In talking of the assassination of President McKinley, Mr. Millard said:

'In all my life, and I am 60 years old, I have voted for only three Presidents, and, gentlemen, I swear to you that I'll never vote for another.'

'What's the matter? Can't you pick winners?' laughingly queried one of the crowd.

'I voted for Lincoln and he was assassinated. The next man I voted for was Garfield and the same thing happened to him. McKinley was the last one, and you know what befell him.'

Everybody seemed interested and the travelling man continued: 'That is only half the story. I never have cast but three votes. When Mr. Lincoln was first elected I stayed away from the polls. Then I joined the army of the North and was wounded. When he was elected for his second term I cast my ballot for him. He was assassinated. Well, I didn't vote for several years after that. There was always something that didn't suit me. One time the platform was wrong, another time I didn't like the candidates. But when Garfield was nominated I was enthusiastic. He was a personal friend of mine and I went to the polls early. That night I was the proudest man in the country; it tickled my vanity to know that my friend was elected. Then he was shot. I began to think. Only twice had I voted and both times my favorites were murdered. Of course I didn't hold myself responsible.

'On the day of the next Presidential election I was out on the road. The next time I was displeased with something or other and did not vote. So it went until last November. Things were pretty warm all over the country and I thought I'd give McKinley a little lift. Then I thought of what had befallen my two other candidates and I debated a long time whether I would vote, but I finally decided that I was a fool to think of those things and I voted just to show myself that I had overcome my superstition.

'And the first thing I said when I heard that the President was shot was: Don't you vote again.'

To Starve Is A Fallacy.—The dictum to stop eating because you have indigestion has long since been exploded. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets introduced a new era in the treatment of stomach troubles. It has proved that one may eat his fill of anything and everything he relishes, and one tablet taken after the meal will aid the stomach in doing its work. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

Buctouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Batlin or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Saltpetre Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY