

DESCRIBES A TRIP ACROSS SWEDEN TO THE BALTIC BY WAY OF GREAT GOTA CANAL.

(Robert Mountsier in New York Sun.)

Stockholm.—The world has four great canal trips—he Panama, the Suez, the Corinth and the Gota. Totally different in what they have to offer the eye, these canals attract tourists from every country, and the one that has been doing it longest—for almost 100 years—is Sweden's Gota Canal.

A marvel of engineering work when completed in 1832, the fifty-four mile Gota Canal has given its name to the 300-mile stretch of canals, rivers, lakes and sea across Sweden between Gothenburg on the North Sea and Stockholm on the Baltic. Not merely an extraordinary sight-seeing proposition, this famous water route has sixty-four locks, which make it possible to go up to the land in ships and back down to the sea in them. The ships carry cargoes of wood in all forms, paper, steel and other products; special steamers carry passengers on regular schedules and in the summer months they start daily from Gothenburg and Stockholm with an amazing variety of international groups.

Log of the Trip.

To give an idea of the unusual character of this canal-lake-river-and-sea trip, here are some of the high lights—and low ones—the three-day panorama of scenes and impressions which constitute a part of this traveler's Sweden.

Tuesday.—Ten o'clock, and we're off on our three-day voyage across Sweden. Yesterday, the big motor ship Gripsholm on the North Sea; today the sturdy little Baltzar von Platen, steaming up the Gota River.

Leaving behind Gothenburg, world port, with long quays, dotted with crates of American automobiles; big warehouses containing goods in transit to and from all parts; the "first harbor" and the "free port"; busy breweries and manufacturing plants; many churches, hospitals, museums and parks, one of them that nineteen-letter park, Trädgårdsforenigen, which goes to waste here, so far as cross-word puzzles are concerned, for Sweden hasn't taken to them.

Over there's a gas tank, just like a New York one, except in size.

Schooners with timber, steamships with cargoes of lumber, spar buoys with brushwood tied on their tops, frame houses and barns, sea gulls in the fields, an oatmeal factory, trees and woods, woods and trees—fir, spruce, birch. The picturesque ruins of the castle of Bohus, dating from 1380, on a forest-clad island, which has seen a lot of dead men in its centuries—fighting Swedes, Danes and Norwegians.

When it Comes to Food!

Twelve-thirty and luncheon. We all line up at the buffet for smorgsbricka, Sweden's national dish, or rather dishes—of fishes, cold meats, salads, radishes, boiled potatoes and the best baked fish dish we ever tasted. And all that is only a starter! Hulda, blond and with a manner all her own, serves us with food, food, food. Poor Hulda and poor untrained American tummies!

So far miles of hills of rock on our right, farms and fields and woods on our left. The farmhouses and barns are all built of wood and almost all of them are red. The color is put on as a red "whitewash," the mixture containing water and rye flour, according to a Swedish-American painting authority aboard.

A series of paper factories, with great piles of pulp wood.

Then Trollhattan's imposing stairway of four big locks, each raising our steamer twenty-five feet on its upward way through walls of rock. A detour by automobile to the falls, but the falls aren't working very hard because the big hydroelectric plant is, the water, representing almost 200,000 horse power, roaring down through a huge hole in the rock to the great generators below, to make electricity for farms and factories, Gothenburg and towns and villages in this section of Sweden.

To the quay in Trollhattan, where the Baltzar von Platen is loading freight and a picturesque old sailor is patching a sail near a fishing boat carrying the sign, "Malmorgs Sill-Fiskaffar." The boat is only a floating fish store, selling salted, smoked

and canned fish. "I'm 70 years old," says the owner in the best of English, sailor's English, "and I've been all over the world. I once had a chance to buy 2,000 acres of what is now a part of Vancouver for \$40."

Different Than America.

We're off again, passing the iron ship Berta of Hamburg, a four master, American rigged. Next, from the narrow Trollhattan Canal into the sea like Lake Vanern, the third largest of Europe's lakes.

Dinner, a glorious sunset, and so to bed.

At this point—2.30 in the morning—there enters Capt. Victor Jacobson, Swedish-American master of the lumber carrier Ed Harlon and the life of the party on the Baltzar von Platen. He and the missus are returning for the first time in twenty-five years to their old homes on Oland Island, and according to the captain there are no places in the world like Oland, California, and Garibaldi, Wash.

He is intent on getting everybody up for the fine view as the boat leaves Lake Vanern and enters the Gota Canal proper.

A cuckoo cuckoo in the beautiful birches much like a strong cuckoo clock, and the Swedish-Americans on board get a great kick out of hearing the first cuckoo in many years.

Five o'clock and we see a thatched log barn and an American tractor. Two dogs, which prove that dogs in Sweden are regular dogs by running along the canal for a mile to bark at the strangers. There are a few dogs on Swedish farms, for "kronor" are not spent for dog taxes and food isn't wasted on canines.

Long, narrow and beautiful Lake Viken. "It looks like a part of Lake Superior I used to go to just because it looked like Sweden there," said a Swedish-American. "It reminds me of the eastern bank of Lake Champlain," commented the Columbia graduate of '95, on his way to Stockholm, with his Swedish wife to visit her people.

Here on this inland lake are sea-gulls, with nests on rocks. The steamer passes near enough for us to see the eggs in the nests and mother-to-be gulls sitting on nests in a tree.

The town of Forsvik. Here we see an old-time dirt cellar—"cold in summer and warm in winter"—and take on two rowboats, which cost about one-third of what they would in the States, according to Capt. Jacobson, who priced them. And here we put ashore the old plumber from Jamestown, N. Y., who was going back to his old home for the first time since he left it forty-one years ago. "Things don't look the same to me," he had lamented as we came through Lake Viken. "I knew every inch of this lake when I was a boy, but I can't recognize places now."

The Pride of Sweden.

Lake Vattern, Sweden's second largest lake, which the Swedes think the most beautiful of the country's biggest bodies of water. Adolph Anderson, who has seen a lot of other painters die in Fairmount, Minn., is getting ready to meet his wife's family in Vadstena for the first time. He sits down and sings a Swedish song, which he takes out of his suitcase, but he doesn't change his celluloid collar. "The first time I been back to Sweden since I left thirty-six years ago," he says. "I tell you a feller knows how to like a trip after all that time."

With an hour in Vadstena we admire its mediaeval castle, built for King Gustavus Vasa, with large halls on the second and third floors supported by huge Swedish oaks, and the church of the nunnery of St. Bridget, celebrated for her revelations and the founding of the Bergittine order. This 500-year-old Kloster church contains many mediaeval relics, including two saints' skulls and several hundred feet of electric heaters. The guide book informs us that lace making has helped to make the town famous, and we see little frames of lace in the windows of homes as we return to the steamer.

Into a Busy Town.

Our next stop is Motala. It is a busy town, being a commercial and traffic centre. Here we see a runaway horse, a window full of large size shoes for ladies and slot machines that contain oranges, apples,

bananas, chocolate—any one for 25 ore, or about six cents. We price everything from salt herring—two for seven cents on the "fish store" boats—to two-masted schooners. We could have got a good, sturdy schooner for \$5,000. "Cost you over twice as much on the Pacific coast," said Capt. Jacobson. Said our Australian passenger who has made a fortune in copra: "If you had that schooner out in New Guinea you could sell her for \$15,000."

Out of Motala "harbor" into a beautiful stretch of canal, lined with avenues of trees, past the grave of Count Baltzar von Platen, builder of the Gota Canal, and down a series of locks to Lake Vatter.

Well, even Swedish girls will wink as the boat is pulling out. Black cotton stockings, by the way, don't seem to belong with blond hair.

A mile walk into the ancient town or Soderkoping while the steamer negotiates a series of eight locks. It's a beautiful morning; the sun is shining and the birds are singing. On the quay stand twenty big cases of the Swedish national firewater—"Absolut Rent Brannvin"—and there's nobody guarding them. We're sitting on a case as the steamer ties up, and Capt. Jacobson wisecracks from the deck, "Looks as if you got something on both hips."

Off again, more beautiful views, and a team of oxen plowing, afraid that we would consider Sweden a backward country because of these oxen, a Swedish passenger insisted he had never seen oxen in Sweden before in his life.

On to Stockholm.

Islands, islands, islands. Most of them green with fir, spruce, pine. One of them a great barren rock on which Capt. Gronvall says a light-house keeper raised nine children in the course of thirty-five years. And the Captain is a fine reliable Swedish gentleman. Nobody but a reliable captain could navigate the waters and negotiate the locks of this three-day trip, which is now coming to an end.

Throughout the trip we have been passing lights without keepers. Many of these have been the so-called Aga lights, which function automatically. Lighting themselves in darkness or fog and extinguishing themselves in daylight, they blink their particular signals for the vessels that sail, steam or motor the waters of lake and sea, river and canal, on this trip. The invention of Dr. Gustaf Dalen, who was blinded while making preliminary experiments, these lights can operate for two years without being touched by a human hand. They burn highly compressed acetylene gas, and a contrivance highly sensitive to light and darkness turns them on and off. They are also used in Swedish cities for warning and "stop" and "go" traffic signals.

Islands, islands, islands. The sixty-fifth and last, and by far the biggest rock of the trip between the sea and Lake Malar.

The King's Hat, a metal hat on the top of a pole, a reminiscence of the good old saga days. The story is that King Erik Vaderhatt, pursued by his enemies, rode his horse over the cliff and succeeded in escaping by swimming to the opposite shore.

More of the islands with which Lake Malar is studded, one of them Long Island—in Swedish Langholmen. The lights of beautiful Stockholm, the pride of every Swede, no matter where he happens to be in this wide world today.

ST. JOHN MAN NOT A SUNDAY SPORTSMAN

Fredericton Junction, Oct. 15.—A Saint John sportsman was up before Stipendiary Magistrate George W. Smith yesterday on complaint of the game warden, charged with carrying a rifle on Sunday. It appeared in the examination that he had taken his rifle out of his auto and laid it on the grass for fear the children would be injured by it, when just at that moment the warden appeared. The sportsman was able to show that he had not hunted or purposed hunting that day.

The previous Sunday two residents of Blissville parish were brought before Magistrate Smith and each fined \$25 and costs for violation of the game laws.

NEWARK MAN DIES WHILE ON A HUNTING TRIP

Yarmouth, N. S., Oct. 16.—The body of Frederick W. Ball, arrived in Yarmouth from Caledonia, N. S., this afternoon and were forwarded by the liner Yarmouth, this evening to Boston. Ball, a wealthy Newark, N. J., business man, died very suddenly at Long Lake, Queens county, Sunday afternoon.

Ball, in company with George Beardsley, of East Orange, N. J., arrived in Yarmouth from Boston on Friday last and proceeded immediately to Caledonia on a moose hunting trip. They remained at that town until Sunday afternoon when with guides they started for their camp to spend two weeks in the woods. Ball had just finished paddling a canoe across Long Lake, a distance of a mile, and landed when he complained of feeling ill. A few minutes later he passed away.

He was prominent in the affairs of Newark and for several years held the presidency of the Board of Education of that city. He was 49 years of age and leaves his wife and two sons in Newark.

QUEBEC CLERGY WILL ATTEND CONSECRATION

Quebec, Oct. 16.—His Eminence Cardinal Rouleau of the Roman Catholic church in the province of Quebec will be represented at the consecration of Most Rev. W. M. Duke at Saint John, N. B., by Mgr. J. O. Plante, auxiliary bishop of the diocese of Quebec. For that purpose Mgr. Plante left for the New Brunswick city this afternoon.

Most Rev. Father Duke was recently appointed bishop coadjutor to His Grace Archbishop Casey of Vancouver, B. C.

The consecration of Most Rev. Father Duke is scheduled to take place on Thursday.

R. G. Whitmore of Woodstock is in the city.

LITTLE GIRL RUN OVER AND KILLED

Corinna, Me., Oct. 16.—Sylvia, the four year old daughter of Isaac Hamm a farmer was killed today in a peculiar accident. She and a little playmate had buried themselves in a pile of leaves in the driveway and her father drove up with a load of potatoes. Not knowing the child was there he drove over her. Her skull was crushed by the wheels and death followed in a few minutes. The other child escaped injury.

THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT

A recruiting sergeant with an eye to business approached a smart looking lad who was on a milk round in the neighborhood of Buckingham Palace.

"Well my lad and how would you like to serve the King?"

The lad also had an eye to business and promptly replied:

"Fine sir. How much does he take a day?"

Her Father—What? More money? Didn't I just set your husband up in business?

Daughter—Yes daddy but now he wants you to buy him out.

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