

AN ENGLISHMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Tried His Luck at Milking Cows With Disastrous Results

(London Field.)

Between five and six thousand miles from your home and friends, never having done a day's work in your life, and your resources reduced to a few shillings less than three pounds is not the most pleasant sensation in the world. Such was my experience in the late summer of 1899. Leaving England in August, I found myself on Sept. 15, as stated above, in British Columbia. I had arrived at a small mining town then on the "boom," and was looking for a job. Like all booming towns in British Columbia, or, for that matter, elsewhere, there were a dozen men for every job, and the fact of my being an Englishman, or, as they expressed it there, a "chappie," haven't earned a reputation for hard work in British Columbia. So, as my resources were rapidly diminishing, I concluded to leave this El Dorado, which had cost me all my money to reach and where I had hoped to make my fortune. Down-hearted and disgusted, I determined to look for a new field where living expenses were not so high and where the English "chappie" was more respected and his valuable services were in greater demand. I accordingly put what clothes I thought I would require into a sack, and, storing my trunk in the basement of a hotel, I left. Being short of funds, I decided to walk and carry the sack, with my few belongings, on my back. The sack was not very heavy, as I only brought a change of underclothes, a spare pair of boots, and a light blanket. Thus I left town with no more idea of where I was going to lay my weary head than night than a hog has about Sunday school. Luckily it was a fine, cool day, so I didn't mind my tramp; the only time I felt at all tired was when the mail stage, loaded down with passengers, passed me on the road.

After I had tramped steadily for about four hours, I came to a small creek which crossed the stage road. Feeling somewhat hungry, I concluded to make this a halting place. Luckily I had provided myself with a few sandwiches, which, with the aid of some good fresh mountain water, furnished me with a fairly good lunch. Finishing my meal, I proceeded to fill my pipe, but before I had time to light it, I noticed a figure in the distance coming towards me. As this person came nearer, I found it was a "partner in distress." This gentleman also had his worldly belongings on his back, and, as far as I could judge, was also looking for work. After the customary greeting of "Hello, pardner!" which way are you headed for?" we settled down to a comfortable chat. Of course it didn't take my acquaintance long to find out that I was looking for a job, so he tackled me.

"Suppose you ain't out here for your health?" he asked. "No," I replied. "I wish I was. As a matter of fact, I am precious hard up, and am looking for a new job. I suppose you could not give me an idea of the best direction to go in?" "Well," he said, "would you like to work on a farm?" "Yes," I said. "I think that would suit me better than anything else." He then proceeded to tell me of a farm owned by some Dutch people, about a mile distant, where he knew they were short handed, and was certain I could get work, but he was a miner, and followed that calling entirely. Thanking him very much for his information, I told him I must be moving along, and would try and get the job at the Dutch farm. "Good-bye," he said. When he had gone about 70 yards he stopped, and called back. "Of course, you can milk?" "Milk? What did I know about milking? I'd never milked a cow in my life. No," I said. "I'm afraid I can't milk." "Oh, well," my acquaintance replied, "if you can't milk, you had better not try for that job, because they must have someone that can milk."

It was rather bad luck having my hopes dashed to the ground this way. However, it was no good stopping there brooding over my misfortune, so I trusted on. The more I thought of this Dutch farm, the more I wanted the job. After all, I thought, it must be an easy matter to milk; I'd seen lots of men and girls milking at home, and it looked easy enough. The more I thought the matter over the more I wanted to try. Even if I did say I could milk, any then found out that I couldn't, surely they couldn't hang me for it. The worst thing they could do would be to give me the sack. I would be no worse off than at present, so I determined to try.

After a few minutes' walk my goal came in view. The first impression was not a very favourable one, but as I got nearer I saw that the place wasn't so bad. The farmhouse looked very small, but it was clean. Situated at the foot of a high bank in

a grove of willows, with a running spring at the back, it was quite picturesque. Standing close to the door was a long lanky, raw-boned woman, quite the opposite to my idea of a Dutch woman. I always figured a Dutch woman as breadth without length, but this must have been the exception that proves the rule. From the way she was ordering some Chinamen about, it was perfectly evident that she was the "boss," and, as such, I approached her. Raising my hat, an honour I afterwards found out she was quite unaccustomed to, I asked her if she was in need of any help. She informed me that she was short handed, as her husband had injured his knee. She stood there looking me up and down, and I could see the fatal words coming. Slowly but surely they came. "Young man, can you milk?" Hardly had the words left her mouth than I pretended to be seized with a bad coughing attack, during which I managed to gasp out in jerks, "Yes, mum. I was considered—a first-class-milkman—at home." This was the only way I could break this startling news to her. I couldn't calmly look her in the face and make such a statement. "Very well then," she said, "you can commence your duties this afternoon. I shrank from it—I was a coward. How could I attempt to milk a cow before this woman after the statement I made. I must get out of it somehow, so I told her I was very tired after my walk, and if she had no objection, I would commence my duties on the following morning. To my delight, she agreed. My idea for thus postponing my start was to get up very early in the morning and have a little practice with the cows alone. This might have worked admirably, but, alas! I was doomed to disappointment. My walk had made me very tired, and 4.30 a. m. saw me in bed sound asleep and the old lady knocking furiously at the door, fully dressed and ready for the day's work. What a wretched hole I had put myself in. I wondered how it was going to turn out. I dressed quickly and went down to the kitchen, where the old lady was waiting for me with a cup of coffee. When I had drunk it she told me she would help me carry the milk cans down to the corral. Then I was really tempted to shrink back and confess all, but I thought I might as well see how I got on, and if I turned out coming down to see me start. I was a failure I could confess then. We walked to the corral together, where she introduced me to seventeen cows, real wild, and woolly B. C. cattle. I shuddered at the idea of entering that corral. I didn't like the way those cattle looked at me at all, but I must play my hand out, so I went like a lion tamer into the lions' cage with a stool in one hand and a milk pail in the other. It had been raining all night, and the corral was 6 in. deep in mud. I know it was 6 in. because I was shortly to have the pleasure of measuring it with my face. I approached a cow, a savage-looking brute, but I chose her because she had her horns cut off. I thought she was safer. I sat on the stool placed the bucket between my knees, grabbed a teat with each hand, and went through a performance which was something between tolling a church bell and playing a piano. I also learned later that I was sitting on the wrong side of the corral. The result was disastrous. I was precipitated several feet and stopped head first in the middle of the corral. That is how I know the mud was 6 in. deep. The stool was transferred into matchwood and the bucket was performing a series of cannon's off one cow's back on to another's. My curses mingled with the rattling of the bucket, caused a panic, and it was only by sheer dint of good luck that I managed to crawl out over the side of that corral.

The Dutch lady, who had watched the whole performance, was waiting for me on the other side of the corral fence. "I thought you told me you could milk?" she said. I said "Yes." "Well," she said, "allow me to tell you, you can't." I didn't feel like arguing the point. She told me to go to the house and get my breakfast, and she said she would do the milking herself afterwards. So I proceeded to the house, where I found breakfast waiting for me. When I had finished the old lady came in, so I remarked in a casual sort of way that I didn't suppose she would require my services any longer. "Oh, yes," she said, "a man with as much cheek as you've got must be good for something. I've got a job for you which I know you can do, and I will pay you \$1 per day and give you your board and lodging. It will last you about three weeks, and you can come out to the field, and I'll show you what to do." I spent the next three weeks digging potatoes.

JOHN H.

pod by one very close to the family. The exact time of the robbery is not known but it occurred while the family was in the city and, although the police and detective forces were immediately notified, the matter has been kept under cover until the present time.

The jewels are said to be some of rare value gathered by Mrs. William Thaw in her travels and include strings of pearls, diamonds of great cost and perfect color, and silver plate that was convenient for the robber to take away. Heavy pieces of plate of cumbersome bulk were left behind.

A Streak of Good Fortune.

Bunker-Bloomer is looking pretty well lately. Has he had any luck? Hill—Why, haven't you heard? He married a widow, and her former husband's clothes just fit him.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Parents of Mr. John Mavor of this City Fifty Years Married. The Celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Mavor, respected residents of the Scottish settlement, Kintore, Victoria County parents of Mr. John Mavor, of this city, celebrated their golden wedding on the 21st inst. Mr. and Mrs. Mavor on that occasion entertained a large number of their relatives and friends at their residence, to a picnic and supper. The tables were set on the lawn, with canopies erected over them, while a large flag waved in honor of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Mavor are in good health and are only a little over seventy years of age. There was a family of twelve, nine of whom are living. Several of their sons are prominent railroad contractors and on account of their present contracts could not attend but will celebrate the occasion later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Mavor have fifty-seven grandchildren and three grand-grandchildren. Thirty-one grandchildren were present at the anniversary and were distinguished by their golden yellow trimming on their attire. The baptizing of the youngest grandchild being a feature of the affair.

After a bountiful supper had been partaken of, followed by ice cream and light refreshments, all adjourned to the house, where the Rev. Gordon Pringle addressed Mr. and Mrs. Mavor as bride and bridegroom and gave a most pleasing speech, followed by B. Kilburn, who closed his address by wishing that the couple would be spared to see their diamond wedding.

At the close "God be with us till we meet again," and "Auld Lang Syne" were sung.

BLACKVILLE NOTES.

June 27.—Mr. James A. McKenzie has been appointed superintendent of roads.

Mr. John Keogh has returned from St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, with the degree of B. A. Mr. Keogh, who is also a graduate of the Provincial Normal School, is making good success along educational lines.

At the annual school meeting held recently compulsory attendance at school was adopted. This will apply to pupils between 7 and 15 years of age.

Mr. Jacob Layton has resigned from the position of school trustee after faithful service, and Dr. McManus has been appointed in his place. The doctor takes a great interest in all village affairs and should make a good trustee.

Miss Frances McCarthy, who has been several terms in the superior school here, has resigned, much to the regret of parents and pupils.

How Webster Spoke.

Webster said a full, clear, resonant voice that could be heard by 10,000 people at once. His style of delivery was impressive, and his tricks of oratory were inimitable. Whenever he was about to make a telling point he would pause for what seemed a long time in order to secure the full attention of his auditors.

ACCUSATIONS OF PREJUDICE.

Spirited Defence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier Against Tory Accusations.

Toronto Globe.—"Last year it was Sbarretti; this year it is Shearer!" And both accusations were born in prejudice and unreason. It had been the hope that class feeling might be aroused against Sir Wilfrid Laurier and work to his political hurt. Where direct and open statement would not serve the purpose of the political slanderer recourse has been taken to suggestive innuendo. What they dare not say openly they whisper in the ear in secret places. What the rules of Parliament forbid, and what the press cannot do, is entrusted to the underground agents that ply either the Church or the lodge, as occasion may require. In words that truth cannot follow or check, the Prime Minister is falsely and maliciously accused of being in league now with a Beelzebub of one type and now with a Beelzebub of another. "Last year it was Sbarretti; this year it is Shearer," this year it is Shearer. Nothing more disgraceful in itself, more discreditable to those who carried it on, or more insulting to religious feeling and political decency was ever known in Canadian politics than the "Sbarretti" campaign against Sir Wilfrid Laurier last year. The worst that malice could conceive was done in the name of civil and religious liberty. The changes were rung on "the hierarchy," "the Papacy," and "the Italian priest," and the coarsest appeals were made to Protestant prejudice. Those who are the facts and who protested against the decency with which the name of the Ablegate was used were assailed as sycophants or poisoners, and for weeks the firebrands of jealousy and suspicion were cast about among the inflammable materials of class and race and religion. "Last year it was Sbarretti; this year it is Shearer." Because the Prime Minister has set himself resolutely and with the highest national ends in view to put the statute book of the dominion for the first time a Federal law safe-guarding the weekly day of Rest, he is being malignantly by his political opponents the puppet of the Rev. J. G. Shearer, the secretary of the



AN ATTRACTIVE GOWN IN LINEN.

There is often a question in the mind of the home dressmaker as to how that effect of smartness which is seen in the creations of the fashionable modiste may be realized in her own modest attempts. It is due largely to the old adage—"Practice makes perfect," yet in some instances the home dressmaker may reach that height of style in her gowns because of the designs chosen. One of these is portrayed here. The fashion for hand embroidery was never more intense than at present and it is so dainty and attractive that few will be without some of it in their gowns. The gown shown is simply made and well adapted to development by the home sewer. The body portion of the dress may be of linen or batiste with the all-over embroidery to match and adorn the skirt and waist front. These may be edged with a narrow frilled lace or be left plain. In the medium size the pattern calls for 7½ yards of 36-inch goods for the entire gown. Two patterns: 6177—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.—6301—sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist. The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE FREDERICTON HERALD.

Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name.....
No.....
Town.....
Province.....
Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....
Age (if child's or miss' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful so send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postal order or stamps.

In this matter it must act on its own responsibility. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is sincere and convincing in his course, and now that the Privy Council has laid the obligation of Sunday legislation on the Federal Parliament, having disproved the authority of the Provinces in this matter, it is his earnest desire to pass a law which will at once grant reasonable liberty, give reasonable protection to important interests, and safeguard as a boon to humanity and a sheet anchor to Canadian social and moral life the one day of rest in each week of consuming stress and toil. It is difficult to frame such a law for a half-continent, but the honest effort and conciliatory spirit of the Prime Minister ought to command the admiration of all true Canadians and are themselves sufficient rebuke to the trifling or envenomed partisans who last year sneered about "Sbarretti" and this year sneer about "Shearer."

Bottled Water.
Before drinking bottled water as a beverage pour it several times from one pitcher to another. This will aerate it and remove the insipid taste.

A Very Evident Truth.
Old adages are often right.
For instance, you will find The dude who dresses "out of sight" Is also "out of mind."

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GRAND PILGRIMAGE TO St. Anne de Beaupre, July 3rd.

"The people of Fredericton desirous of joining the Pilgrimage, presided by His Lordship, The Right Rev. Bishop Casey, may do so by taking the regular morning train, and thus make connection with the Pilgrims at Chatham Junction.

The Pilgrims train shall leave Moncton at 3 p. m., reach Chatham Junction towards 6.30, and on the 6th return to Chatham Junction towards 10 a. m.

Tickets can be obtained at the Convent, in Fredericton, from June 10th.

PRICE OF TICKETS, \$7.50.

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Work done at the lowest figure.

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This Week's Specials

\$16.00 Suits,	Best in Town	for \$12.00
1 2.00 Suits,	"	" \$8
17 5	Tailor made Trousers	" \$5.15
\$5.50	"	" \$3.15
\$3.50	"	" \$2.00
75c.	Soft Fancy Shirts.	49c.
35c and 40c.	Pretty Ties	" 25c.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 24th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed train for Chatham, Loggieville, Campbellton, St. John and Halifax	5.00
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville	17.00
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville	6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.15
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville	15.00
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville	18.25
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville	21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville	12.05
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville	16.30
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville	8.15
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	13.25
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville	18.20
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, June 20th, 1906.

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