

ON THE IRISH COAST.

A FORMER CAPTAIN TELLS OF HIS WRECK AND STORMS.

To Experience a Real Storm One Must Visit the East Coast of Ireland—Western Cyclones are Mild Squalls Compared With Those Experienced There.

'People talk of big winds here,' said the Captain of a brigantine, who was once in charge of a coast guard station in Ireland, 'but if they want to know what a real storm is like they should experience some of the big blows on the east coast of Ireland, along the Irish Sea north of St. George's channel. I have never yet experienced anything like them in this country, though I am told of Western cyclones that tear up big trees by the roots and carry houses and occupants through the air.'

'But for a good blow give me the east coast of Ireland when there is a storm. I have sometimes found it impossible to keep my feet along the shore and the lanching of a life-boat at a coast guard station there during a storm is a big job. The worst storm I ever remember occurred when I was chief officer or chief boatman, as it was called, in a coast guard station at a watering place called Newcastle, which lies along the base of the Mourne Mountains in County Down, just opposite the Isle of Man. The village faces the sea in the centre of a small bay and is so near the sea wall that when there is a big storm the spray leaps over the wall and comes down the chimney of the houses nearest the sea, putting out the fires.'

'At the north of the village is a long stretch of sand beach called Cut Throat, which shelves off very gradually. When a vessel is driven ashore at Cut Throat there is no hope for her. She always sticks until she is beaten to pieces by the waves. The storm I refer to came up from the southeast in the afternoon. Some hours before a big storm, the Isle of Man, which is invisible in good weather, is seen distinctly; even the waves can be distinguished breaking on its shores. The day before the storm the weather was unusually fine and there was nothing to be seen but sea and sky from the shore of the bay. Toward evening the Isle of Man appeared almost as suddenly as if it had risen from the water. I never saw it so distinctly from the shore before and it meant a big storm within twelve hours.'

'When the storm arrived the next day the rain came down in sheets, but was blown in a horizontal direction in spray, so that if you were out it was impossible to see before you. It was dangerous to be out, as alates blown from the roofs of houses were flying in all directions and every now and then a chimney would be blown down, I watched people from my window trying to go from one place to another, but strong men were blown about like feathers, and I saw men who had to be out catching hands to steady one another. The storm increased until I was going to bed, when a knock came to the door, and a coast guard clad in tarpaulins staggered in and said that a vessel was ashore at Cut Throat.'

'I had just been reading a letter from my brother, who was coming from Wales on a schooner, and hoping he was not at sea in the tempest, and the news that a vessel was ashore scared me. I put on my tarpaulins in a hurry and went out, but the wind met me in the teeth when I went out and blew me down. The coast guard pulled me up, and band in hand we went to Cut Throat, which was about three-quarters of a mile away and had a lifeboat station. The noise of the storm was terrible. It was roaring and shrieking in my ears like a sound of a thousand fiends fighting. The rain struck up the street horizontally, and though the night was not very dark, we could see only a short way ahead owing to the blinding spray. The wind was on our backs and blew us along, so that we seemed to fly rather than walk. Now and then one or the other was blown down. We collided helplessly with lamp-posts and occasionally were thrown against men who were trying to get home in the teeth of the wind knocking them down.'

'At Cut Throat we had to reach the beach by crossing a succession of low sand hills covered with grass. There the wind got at us in its greatest fury, blowing us down every minute or two. As fast as we would get to the top of a sand hill we would be blown down to the bottom on the other side, thus getting ahead faster than we intended. When we reached the lifeboat station a large crowd of people had already collected and were cowering in the lee of the boathouse. To my surprise there was little surf, the wind having the effect of beating down the waves near the shore. The lifeboat was manned with myself as one of the crew, and several hundred people caught the ropes and tried to launch it. I could see the stranded vessel, a schooner, dimly now and then through the spray by the light of rockets

which the crew were firing, and the thought that my brother might be on board made me wild to get out. Four times the lifeboat was launched and as many times driven back again. The people pulled the boat out until they were up to their breasts in the water. It was impossible to hear any directions given owing to the roaring of the wind, which filled our ears. The fifth time the boat was launched we were able to keep it from being thrown back and by degrees reached the stranded vessel. The crew consisted of eight men, and my brother was on board as a passenger. The schooner had come from Cardiff, in Wales, and was bound for Belfast, but was blown ashore at the place where she stranded. We took the men from the schooner and lashed them to the seats in the lifeboat, as we were. It did not take us long to get back. The crew of the schooner were cared for at the coastguard station, and I walked home with my brother with the wind in our faces. It was like wading shoulder deep against a strong tide with the wind in your face. It took us two hours to reach home, as we were repeatedly blown down before we arrived there. That was the biggest blow I ever remember, and I never experienced anything like it in this country. During the next day or two there was nothing but tidings of wrecks from every part of the coast, and more people lost their lives on that occasion than in any single storm I ever remember before or since.'

TATTOOED WHILE HE SLEPT.

True Story of a Painful Episode in the Life of a Troop A Man.

There is nothing in the cavalry regulations which deals with tattooing, and as there was lots of time to spare on board the transport which brought up some of the Troop A men, it was not strange that the troopers should engage the services of the negro tattoo artist who happened to be aboard. This artist's name was George Washington Jones, and his distinguishing characteristic aside from his color and his skill in tattooing was his unquenchable thirst for stimulating drinks. One of the troopers was an old football man with a splendid arm for the display of George Washington Jones's skill, but he steadfastly all offers to have it decorated. Mr. Jones pricked in a realistic picture of the Maine for \$3, a pierced heart with the initials of the piercer for \$2.50, and three plain initials for \$2, which, considering the fact that he had a monopoly of the business on the transport, was very reasonable.

The football player who turned trooper might have been named Jack Brown. 'None but the criminal classes resort to tattooing,' was Brown's invariable reply to Mr. Jones's offer to do a good job for him. The second day out was warm and some one from somewhere produced alcoholic drinks, of which not only Trooper Brown

but Artist Jones drank freely. Alcohol caused Brown to do the very things when 'slightly elevated,' as he expressed it, that in his normal condition he detested. As a sober man he not only did not smoke cigarettes but he chamefully abused everyone who did. When stimulated his first request was for a cigarette. Thus it happened that on the second day out, when Brown had quenched his thirst, he hunted up Jones and gave him an order to tattoo the initials 'J. B.' on his arm near the shoulder. Selecting a shady spot on deck, Brown rolled back his sleeve, stretched out and went sound asleep. George Washington Jones's delight at the job was so great that he begged just one more drink before going to work. Then he settled himself on the deck beside Brown.

Jones had such a bad memory that his patrons usually wrote out for him the initials to be tattooed. Brown had neglected this little precaution. The gentle rock of the transport, added to the alcohol, made Brown sleep soundly. He shook nervously when Jones began work, but did not wake up. It was two hours later when Trooper Brown awoke. As his consciousness developed his language became profane. He accused a trooper near him of having burned his arm with a lighted cigarette; 'all that the miserable things are good for, anyway,' he added. This was an indication that Brown was sober.

'Nonsense,' said the accused man; 'you have had your sweetheart's initials tattooed on your arm. They are well done. What is her first name, Jack 'Gracie'?

'Not by a long shot,' said Brown, twisting his head around to see the letters on his arm. As he saw the letters G. W. J. tattooed there his remarks became sultry. Who the devil is G. W. J. and why are those initials on my arm? Here, Jones, you scamp, who put up this game on me? If you don't tell me the truth I'll kill you sure.'

'It was just this way. Massa Brown,' said Jones. 'I recollect now, You see sah, I have a powerful bad memory, sah. I clean forgot youah initials, and I remember my own, and I put them on. I am awful forgetful and—but Jones's conclusion was a yell of fear as Brown started for him. The trooper raged and swore and scrubbed his arm until it began to swell, but it was of no use. The G. W. J. resisted bravely. It happened that he was and is engaged to a girl who initials are not G. W. J. and he wondered how he could explain his tattooing. He said nothing about it. It was an unpleasant task and shirked it. When the right time came he would tell her the story. For the rest of the trip on the transport and since



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landing the other Troop A men have insisted on calling him George Washington Jones.

Brown is an enthusiastic handball player and when he gets an opponent worthy of his skill he rolls back his sleeves and plays for all he is worth. He was playing in this fashion in a Brooklyn court one morning last week when the young lady whose initials are not G. W. J. called to see him or a moment. Brown came rushing out to see her with his sleeves up, and she began. 'Jack I just want to tell you'—Then came a pause, and she changed her tone and her style and continued. 'Mr. Brown who is G. W. J.? Don't speak a word to me! Who is she? Tell me at once.'

'Heavens!' said Brown fiercely. 'I didn't want you to see that.' 'Of course not, Mr. Brown,' said the young woman. 'They are the initials of some of those horrible Porto Rican people. G. yes, Gonzales, that's what it is. Don't tell me, sir. I know something about Spanish names. Gonzales! I hate the name! I never want to see you again,' and out she flounced.

Brown thinks slowly. Two days later he called at the house of the young woman whose initials are not G. W. J. and with him was a colored man who confessed to those initials. Moreover, Brown brought affidavits from ten Troop A men describing the way in which the initials happened to be on his arm. A protocol was arranged and this was followed by a definite truce. The negro who had been in at the protocol pocketed \$5,00 and returned to the livery stable, where he has worked for ten years. The young woman has told all her friends about the way in which the initials happened to be on Jack's arm and Jack smiles and says, 'Yes, that's right,' every time he hears it told. She really does tell the story much as it is told above. The Troop A men, after signing the affidavits, said they had done their duty by Jack, and, moreover, they had nothing more to say about it.

Picture, Not Fact.

The recent discovery of Turner's first exhibited picture has set going a Turner story that has hot been spoiled by much telling. An art patron one day came into Turner's studio when the artist was already famous. He looked at a picture, and ask-

ed what was the price. The artist named the sum he had set upon it.

'What?' exclaimed the buyer, 'all those golden sovereigns for so much paint?' 'Oh,' replied Turner, 'it's paint you are buying? I thought it was pictures. Here,' producing a half-used tube of color, 'I'll let you have that cheap; make your own terms,' and turning his back on the astonished patron and went on painting.

CASTING IT.

The Inspector seemed to know the Tune of 'Rule Britannia.'

Music as it is sometimes taught in elementary schools in rural England, if we may judge by the following story found in an English magazine, is not altogether calculated to 'mend the choir above.'

A school inspector descending a hillside toward a village school on a summer day, was saluted by an outburst of music which at first bore some resemblance to 'Rule Britannia,' but afterwards broke away into the most bewildering discord. He made a mental note not to ask the children to sing 'Rule Britannia,' and went on his way. He was met at the door by a farmer-manager grinning from ear to ear.

'I reckon, sir, we've sunnat to please you this time,' was his opening remark. 'I'm glad to hear it; and what may it be?'

'Don't you mind what you said about the youngsters learning rounds or catches, as it were so good for the discipline?'

'Oh yes, I remember. Have they got one up?'

'That they have, sir. You never heard anything to come up to it.' The inspector, glad in this way to escape 'Rule Britannia,' at once called for the catch. The schoolmistress, came in hand, led off the first class with the first strain of 'Rule Britannia.' As they began the next strain the second class repeated the first with startling effect, and finally the last section broke in with it when the first and second divisions were shouting the third and second strains against each other. When it was all over the manager turned to the inspector with, 'Well, sir, did you ever hear anything come up to it?' 'No, I never did,' gasped the paralyzed official, 'and I don't think I ever shall.'

Very Humane.

Dr. Gruby, a physician of Paris, was famous for his efforts to protect animals from cruelty. He went beyond those who are humane simply as far as four-footed creatures he was logical enough to include insects in his mercy. He was however a little nervous, and when one day, in his parlour, a big blue fly buzzed uninterruptedly on a window-pane, the doctor's patience became a little worn, and he called his manservant.

'Do me the kindness,' said the doctor, 'to open the window and carefully put the fly outside.'

'But, sir,' said the servant, who thought of the drenching the room might get through an open casement, 'it is raining hard outside!'

The doctor still thought of the fly and not of his cushions.

'Oh it is?' he exclaimed. 'Then please put the little creature in the waiting-room, and let him stay there till the weather is fair!'

A Way Out.

'Harry: 'I say, I'm in a most horrible fix.'

Dick: 'What's up?'

Harry: 'I've gone and got engaged to two girls. How ever am I going to get out of it?'

Dick: 'Oh, that's easy enough. All that you need do is to contrive to get them together so that they can compare notes.'

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