

TO EUROPE ON A CATTLE BOAT A DORCHESTER MAN'S TRIP

Morley Swart Describes His Experiences—Saw Many Points of Interest in Great Britain and the Continent.

For the benefit of those who may have desired to visit England and other countries on the continent of Europe, but who, because of the supposed cost and the time it would require, have failed to take the trip, the experience of Morley Swart, who has just completed a journey to the lands beyond the Atlantic might not be without interest to readers of your paper.

Leaving Belmont on May 17 in charge of three carloads of cattle, I arrived in Montreal at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, and spent several hours before my citizens had stirred from their slumbers in viewing the sights of the city.

As the C. P. R. steamboat, The Month, on which I was to cross the Atlantic was not due to leave until the 24th, I had ample time to visit all the principal points of interest in the city, and I must say as a Canadian I feel proud of the great city that I call home.

On the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, I have seen Paris, the Eiffel Tower and have looked over much of London, but in my opinion there is no grander view to be obtained than that of Montreal from Mount Royal. Standing on an elevation 700 feet above the St. Lawrence, the whole city lies stretched out beneath you, and the view is certainly an entrancing one.

Among the places one should not fail to see in visiting Montreal are Notre Dame, the largest Roman Catholic Cathedral in Canada, and which contains the largest bell in America; St. James' R. C. Cathedral, St. James' Methodist Church, the C. P. R. general offices, Dominion Square, the Windsor Hotel and the Place Des Armes.

Leaving Montreal on May 24, Quebec was reached at midnight, and after a brief stop to take on some stores, we found ourselves well out in the gulf the following morning. The voyage to Avonmouth, the port of Bristol, occupied thirteen days, and passed uneventfully. As there were only fifteen cattle on board, the crew was not busy and we were able to go ashore for a short time on the way over. On the 3rd of June we first sighted land on the south coast of Ireland, and on the 5th docked at Avonmouth, where the ordinary cattleman would find off at the rate of the shillings apiece, and where I secured a return ticket by the Montezuma from London.

From Avonmouth I proceeded by rail to Bristol, passing under the famous Clifton suspension bridge on the way. The old city of Bristol, where I spent a few hours, is built on hills, scarcely any of it being on level ground. It possesses a splendid museum, a grand old cathedral and a fine monument to the memory of John and Sebastian Cabot.

From Bristol I journeyed to London by the Great Western Railway, stopping once at the pretty town of Bath and passing within sight of Windsor Castle. The distance between Bristol and London, 120 miles, was covered in a little over two hours, or at an average speed of 60 miles an hour.

I will not attempt to describe all that I saw in London during the ten days that I spent there. The sights of that marvelous city have been described by pens far more gifted and graceful than mine. But as I traveled from Paddington to the Bank of England, and saw the endless procession of vehicles and the surging streams of humanity I realized more fully the meaning of Tennyson's lines, "Here in streaming London's central road."

Among the places that I visited during my ten days stay in the British metropolis were St. Paul's Cathedral, the scene of so many notable gatherings, with its mighty dome and whispering gallery; Westminster Abbey, where lie the ashes of many of England's noblest and greatest; the Tower of London, the Jewel Room, ablaze with golden crowns and scepters set with stones of priceless value; Madame Tussaud's, with its wonderfully lifelike figures of famous people; the National Gallery, the most beautiful of botanical gardens in Great Britain; Hampton Court, once a royal residence, with its great hall and picture gallery; Greenwich, a suburb of London, with its observatory and seamen's hospital, founded over 200 years ago, where are found interesting relics of Lord Nelson and Sir John Franklin; the British Museum, where one could probably spend a week seeing the many interesting exhibits; City Road Chapel, founded by John Wesley, and behind which the founder of Methodism is buried; the National Gallery, with its numerous rooms devoted to the work of English, French, German, Dutch, Flemish and Venetian painters; the Zoological Gardens, with their great variety of animal life, and last of all, Buckingham Palace.

There seems to be an opinion generally held by Canadians that it is a difficult matter to gain admittance to the British House of Commons, especially when the House is sitting. I did not find it so. On the day after arriving in the city I went to Lord Strathcona's office on Victoria street, and without difficulty secured a ticket signed by the Speaker, good for a seat in the Strangers' Gallery on the following Tuesday. I was fortunate enough to be present during an interesting debate on the education bill. There were a large number of members in attendance, and among those who took part in the debate were Churchill, Chamberlain, Balfour, Dillon and Redmond, the Irish leader. The latter impressed me as being one of the best debaters in the House any visitor to

London should not miss is the trip down the Thames from Chelsea to Tilbury. The fine stone bridges, the number and variety of steamers, scows, barges and sailing boats, the floating docks and the splendid buildings along the shore make this a never-to-be-forgotten trip.

On the occasion of the King's visit to St. Paul's I was fortunate enough to get a good place on the Thames embankment and saw both the King and the Prince of Wales as they passed that way in closed carriages, escorted by detachments of the Grenadier Guards.

Taking advantage of a very cheap excursion rate I took a run over to Paris, and spent a day in the gay French capital. The route taken was by way of Newcastle and Dieppe, and I took from 9:30 Saturday night to 7:30 Sunday morning to make the journey. While in Paris I visited the Luxembourg Palace, the Place des Invalides and Napoleon's tomb, Notre Dame Cathedral, and the Arc de Triumphe, and ascended the Eiffel Tower.

The return journey from London to Montreal was made by the way of Antwerp, where our boat went to take on steerage passengers, most of whom proved to be immigrants bound for Canada and the Western States. An interesting part of this journey was the trip up the River Scheldt, which forms the boundary between Belgium and Holland.

Three days were spent in Antwerp, the largest city in Belgium. It is a great commercial port, and alongside its docks and wharves are found vessels from every part of the globe. It possesses a splendid cathedral, the sprit of which is one of the highest in Europe. It has the unsavory reputation, however, of being one of the most immoral cities in Europe, and in many parts of the city there is little to be seen but saloons and dance halls. There

Dorchester, Ont.

MUSIC AND DRAMATIC NOTES FROM NEW YORK AND LONDON

Mr. Daly Will Not Revive "Mrs. Warren's Professions"—Lillian Russell to Act—The London Season—To Improve New York's Theater Music.

New York, Aug. 10. — "The Lion and the Mouse" will remain at the Lyceum Theatre for an indefinite period. The success of the piece has compelled many changes in Mr. Daniel Frohman's plans, including the transfer of the new Pinner company to the Empire. Four different companies will be playing it simultaneously in September. Evidently there is a substantial reward awaiting the man who can provide a drama of serious contemporary interest.

The proclamation on behalf of Mr. Arnold Daly, that, notwithstanding the court decision in his favor, he will neither produce nor permit anyone else to do so, betokens prudence and a tardy appreciation of the best public sentiment. Possibly a higher tribunal might entertain different views as to the general effect of Mr. Shaw's didactic vulgarities upon public morals. Mr. Daly is said to entertain the conviction that there is a fortune in the piece for anyone producing it. He would probably find out his mistake if he made the venture. At first, doubting the amount of notoriety would attract a good many sensation hunters, but these would soon discover that it contained nothing new or startling for them, while the considerable number of players who still believe that the stage should observe the customary reticences of ordinary civilized conversation would certainly keep themselves far away from it. As a matter of fact, there is not much to be said against the thing on the score of immorality. If anybody but Mr. Shaw had been the author it might have been possible to argue that it was written with a genuine though desperately mistaken moral purpose. But the discussion would be exceedingly tiresome and unprofitable. The play is unfit for the stage because it is offensive, because it contains a number of startling and salacious exposures, it grossly exaggerates perfectly familiar evils in a fashion that may gratify the coarsest taste, but is powerless for good; because it applies to modern comedy the methods of an ancient, outworn, and clumsy melodrama; because it is devoid of artistic restraint, truth, or sincerity; because, in spite of all its verbal cleverness, it is platitudinous, coarse and obnoxious.

Mr. Daly, apparently, is still searching for sensations. Among the new plays which he proposes to give here during the winter, are a version of "Apostrophe," one of the thrillers to be found at the Grand Guignol in Paris; "The Monkey's Paw," the version of W. W. Jacobs' story made by Louis N. Parker; and "The Flag Staff," which is also the possession of "Grandfather Cogswell," in which, it is said, Henry Irving would have appeared if his days had been less suddenly ended. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to mention Sir Henry's name in this connection. Mr. Daly also meditates a representation of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," with Grieg's music. If this should be attempted, it is hoped that a capable orchestra may be provided.

Paul M. Potter has finished his adaptation of Crockett's "Le Bonheur Méditerranéen," which he has written for Lillian Russell, and which is to be called "Baroness Munchausen." It is the story of a girl who is rescued from a convent by a man who is a representation of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," with Grieg's music. If this should be attempted, it is hoped that a capable orchestra may be provided.

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are some strange sights to be witnessed in the Belgian city that I visited, among which are the milk carts drawn by dogs, the small boys with hard felt hats and long pants, and the wooden shoes of both men and women.

I spent one afternoon in Brussels, the capital. Its streets are broad, clean and are almost entirely paved with asphalt. It has some beautiful parks, with many fine statues and monuments, and possesses one of the grandest art galleries in Europe.

On the return journey a stop of six hours was made at Quebec, which gave me the opportunity of seeing some of the interesting places in this old historic city. Tourists to Quebec are as a rule more interested in the things which belong to the past history of the city, but there are some modern structures there as worthy of admiration as any of the more ancient ones. Among these are the fine new Provincial Parliament Buildings and the Hotel Frontenac. The splendid monument erected to the memory of the officers and soldiers who fell in the South African war and the Champlain monument on Dufferin Terrace, are fine examples of the Canadian sculptors' art and are a credit to the city. The Plains of Abraham, where was fought the battle that decided the fate of Canada, is in a neglected state, and it seems to me it reflects little credit upon the Dominion Government that such should be the case. A plain little stone some eight or nine feet high marks the place where Wolfe fell, while an old fence that looks as though it was built not many years after the famous battle took place, and which is sadly in need of repair, protects the northern entrance to the grounds, where little but dead maples, rank grass and weeds could be seen. At some time the place has been out as a park, but apparently nothing has been done since to keep up its appearance.

In conclusion allow me to say that I have seen a good deal and traveled a goodly distance at a cost of very little money, and if there are any who wish to visit the lands beyond the Atlantic and who for the sake of such a journey would not be afraid to "rough it" a little or put up with some inconvenience, let such a one do a par of overalls, pack one change of underwear in a handkerchief, and travel to the River Scheldt, which forms the boundary between Belgium and Holland.

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RED ROSE TEA

"IS GOOD TEA"

Always Good

THE MOON AND ITS VISAGE

FAIR LUNA'S FACE AS KNOWN TO THE ASTRONOMERS.

Without Parallel on Earth—Heavens Are Black Even at Midday.

Our moon has the distinction of being the largest of all planetary satellites; so large, indeed, says the Strand Magazine, that to the inhabitants of Mars it must appear with the earth as a wonderfully beautiful twin planet.

Because the moon rotates on its axis in exactly the same time that it revolves around the earth we are destined to see little more than one hemisphere.

So slow is this rotation that the lunar day is equal to the lunar month.

For half a month the moon is exposed to the fierce heat of the sun; for half a month it spins through space in the densest gloom.

Although separated from us by a distance that at times reaches 253,000 miles, we know more of the physical formation of the single pallid face that the moon ever turns toward us than we know of certain parts of Asia and the heart of Africa. Powerful telescopes have brought our satellite within a distance of forty miles of the earth. Physicists have mathematically weighed it and fixed its mass at one-eighth of the earth or 73,000,000,000 tons.

The moon presents aspects without any terrestrial parallel. Rent by fires long since dead, its honeycombed crust seems like a great globe of chilled slag. Craters are not uncommon on the earth, but in number, size, and structure they bear, for the most part, little resemblance to those of the moon.

A lunar crater is not the mouth of a volcano having a diameter of a few hundred feet, but a great circular plain twenty-five, even one hundred miles in diameter, surrounded by a precipitous rise to a height of five thousand or ten thousand feet, with a central hill or two about as high.

Water cannot possibly exist as a liquid; for the temperature of the moon's surface during the long lunar night is probably not far from zero, and the atmosphere is so thin that a gas would solidify as soon as it is cooled by the sun's rays, and which lunar water would assume.

Because of the present paucity of water the moon's atmosphere is so exceedingly rare that startling effects are produced. Perhaps the most striking of these is sunrise. Dawn and the soft golden glow

that usher in terrestrial day there cannot be. The sun leaps from the horizon as a flaming sickle, and the loftier peaks immediately flash into light.

There is no azure sky to relieve the monotonous effects of inky black shadows and dazzling white expanses. The sun gleams in fierce splendor, with no clouds to diffuse its blinding light. All day long it is accompanied by the weird zodiacal light that we behold at rare intervals.

Even in midday the heavens are pitch black, so that, despite the sunlight, the stars and planets gleam with a brightness that they never exhibit to us even on the clearest of moonlight nights at sea. They shine steadily, too; for it is the earth's atmosphere that causes them to twinkle to our eyes.

In the line of sight it is impossible to estimate distances, for there is no such phenomenon as aerial perspective. Objects are seen only when the rays of the sun strike them.

At times there may be observed spots which darken after sunrise and gradually disappear toward sunset. They cannot be caused by shadows; for shadows would be least visible when the sun is directly overhead.

They appear most quickly at the equator, and invade the higher altitudes after a lapse of a few days. In the polar regions they have never been seen. What are they? Organic life resembling vegetation answers Professor Pickering of Harvard University; vegetation that flourishes luxuriantly while the sun shines, and withers at night.

A single day, it may be urged, is not sufficiently long for the development and decay of vegetation; but sixteen hours on the moon is little more than half an hour on the earth; a day lasts half a month, and may be regarded as a miniature season.

SPURNED FORTUNES

DID THESE MEN

HEIRS WOULD NOT ACCEPT MONEY BECAUSE OF ITS SOURCE.

It is safe to assume, notwithstanding the fact that human nature is probably less black than generally painted, that the world contains very few men who would refuse the bequest of a fortune for conscience sake—fewer by far than men who have turned away from wealth in order to espouse women of their own choice.

Herz J. Brongwin, a young German bank clerk, is one of the few who have accepted a conscience before cash in this manner, says the London Tit-Bits. For some years Herz Brongwin has been employed at a modest salary in a branch bank in Berlin, and recently he became entitled to a fortune of very nearly £100,000 under the will of an old uncle who had made him his sole heir.

Naturally enough, the young man was delighted by his unexpected stroke of good luck, and resigning his clerkship, he repaired to Vienna, where his uncle had lived and died, to take over the estate, the bulk of which was personal property. Becoming aware that his uncle had made him his sole heir, he was absolutely refused to accept a penny of the estate, resolutely returning to Berlin and getting himself reinstated on his old stool at the bank.

What was perhaps the largest fortune ever refused for conscience sake was that from which Frederick N. Charrington, the famous temperance advocate and religious worker in the East End of London, turned aside. Mr. Charrington was entitled to a share in his father's great brewery business—one of the largest in London, and it is estimated that the estate was worth £1,250,000 when he made up his mind that he would not accept it.

The story is told of how he was led to make his momentous resolve. He chanced to be standing outside a public house in the East End when he saw a drunken man shoot through the doors into the arms of a wretched looking woman, who was patiently awaiting him. The drunkard struck the woman and heaped the vilest abuse on her without any apparent provocation; and as they slouched away Mr. Charrington, chancing to glance up, saw his own name in large gilt letters on the public house sign. It was one of the brewery's tied houses.

Such was the impression left by the incident upon Mr. Charrington's mind that he vowed thenceforth to have no share in the trade which was productive of such results, but instead to devote himself to the cause of temperance and rescuing the thousands of East London who have as yet not sacrificed to the cause of their fathers.

"How much do they pay you for wearing that bit of blue ribbon?" sneeringly inquired an impertinent young man of Mr. Charrington on one occasion.

"As nearly as I can make out," answered the reformer, with a bland smile, "it costs me £2,000 a year."

Some eight or nine years ago a well-known West End physician died, leaving a fortune of rather more than £40,000. The whole of this amount was bequeathed to a nephew with certain conditions, the object of the bequest being to deprive a daughter, who had married contrary to his wishes, of his estate.

The nephew, however, although the

Why Girls Are Pale
They Need the Rich, Red Blood
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
Actually Make.

Three years ago Miss Ellen Roberts, who holds the position of sales-lady in one of the leading stores in Halifax, N. S., was a pale, delicate looking young woman, who then lived at home with her parents at Amherst, N. S. She complained of general weakness and loss of appetite. Her blood was thin and watery and she grew thinner day by day until she looked almost a shadow. Her cheeks were sunken, all trace of color had left her face and her hair fell out.

"I suffered so much from the headaches and dizziness and other symptoms of anaemia that I felt I did not care whether I lived or died. One day, however, when reading our local paper I read a testimonial given by a young girl in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as her symptoms were almost identical with my own I determined to try the medicine. Before I had used the second box I began to find benefit, and I continued taking the pills until I had used seven or eight boxes, by which time I was fully restored to health." Today Miss Roberts looks as though she had never been ill.

Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anaemia, headaches, paleness, general weakness, heart palpitation, neuralgia, indigestion, and the special ailments that only womenfolk know. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure these common ailments because they make rich, red, health-giving blood, bracing the jangled nerves and giving strength to every organ in the body. Do not take any pills without the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper, around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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WAR ON DUST.

For some time past extensive experiments have been conducted in Europe, and more especially in France, in an endeavor to ascertain the most practical and economical method of preventing dust being raised from streets and roadways. Three processes have been given exhaustive trials—oiling, watering with deliquescent salts and tarring. The most successful of the experiments were those made with coal tar, the cost of this application in France amounting to about 2.5 to 3 cents per square yard, but this cost is reduced to a much smaller figure when it is considered that the application saves wear upon the roadbed amounting to at least 2 cents per square yard.

Unhappily, her husband more than justified the deceased physician's prediction against him, and promptly gave up his practice and began to dissipate the fortune. He died, however, before he had made away with half the estate, and in due course his widow married the cousin who had so consistently refused the fortune for her sake.

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