

THE SAD STORY OF THE GRETA.

I STOOD on Black's wharf looking at a dismantled and dismantled vessel.

Presently a gentleman who had been on board pursued me, and as he did, I hailed him.

"Surely that vessel has fared badly on the seas," I said. "What happened to her that she should appear in such plight now?"

"A sad story in very truth," he replied.

It was the owner of the vessel who spoke, Mr. H. W. Palmer, of Dorchester, N. B., a fact of which I soon became apprised by questioning. He had been on board watching the progress of repairs that were to fit her for her work upon the sea once again, and was just coming off when I spoke to him.

Mr. Palmer told me the sad story of this vessel's mishap, and I could not but reflect as he spoke, of the superfluity of troubles that somehow or other strikes people all in a heap at times.

There are few in the world fortunate enough to escape troubles in some form or other; some of us seem to get more than our share of them; but sorrow and trial in a general way are the common lot of man. A few there are who take trouble philosophically. Once in a while, however, we hear of a real calamity of such proportions that the average mind staggers at the thought of it, and then we realize how small, relatively, are the little reverses of everyday life.

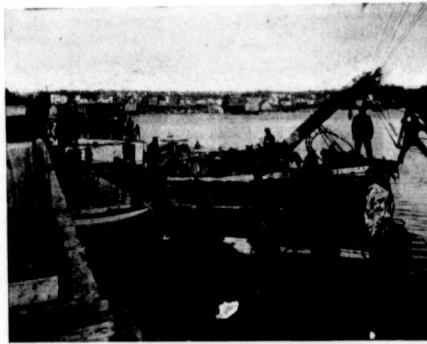
This is the story of the Greta's disaster, about as Mr. Palmer told it to me.

She was a three-masted schooner and was launched at Dorchester, a little over a year ago. Up to the time when disaster overtook her she was blessed with considerable good fortune from a financial standpoint, for in ten months she earned a net profit of about three thousand dollars on investment of some seven or eight thousand. The captain's name was Mehaffey, a native of Dorchester, N. B., and his vessel was named after his youngest child, Greta. Early in August a freight was secured in New York, where the vessel was lying, for St. Pierre, Miquelon, and about the date of that charter misfortunes began.

The captain's eldest son a man of twenty-two years was suddenly taken ill with cholera and had to be left in New York. Forty-eight hours after the vessel left he died. To fill the vacancy caused by the

illness of his son, who was mate of the vessel, Captain Mehaffey promoted his brother-in-law, a man named Lockhart, to the position, but they had not been long away from New York before the new mate was taken ill and the vessel had to put into Halifax and leave him at the Victoria General Hospital, where, on the 14th of September, he also died. The vessel then went on to St. Pierre, discharged her cargo and sailed for Cape Breton, in ballast. It is supposed that she sighted Scatari Island on the 12th of September and in trying to make North Sydney Harbor, capsized. All hands were lost, including the captain and the captain's son, a boy of about nineteen years.

Mrs. Mehaffey and her little daughter Greta reside at Dorchester, and it is scarcely necessary to say were prostrated



THE GRETA AS SHE APPEARED AT LOUISBURG AFTER BEING RIGHTED.

by the blow. The unfortunate woman lost a husband, two sons and a brother, all within a few weeks and her affliction seems almost greater than she can bear.

Mr. Palmer, who is an old and successful ship-builder, in relating the story, said that in all his years of experience with shipping and incidental disasters at sea, he has never heard of a more trying chapter of trouble than that which befel this unfortunate family.

B. M.

[The hull of the "Greta" was rescued and towed into Louisburg. Later it was brought here and is now lying at Black Bros. & Co's wharf undergoing repairs. The half tone engraving on this page shows the vessel as she appeared at Louisburg after being righted. The reader will notice a remarkable effect on the bow which appears like the semblance of a face. This was caused by a tangle of jibs.—THE EDITOR.]

ON STREET IMPROVEMENT.

Fifth Instalment of Prof. Oakes' Article.

ANOTHER disfigurement, not heretofore mentioned, which is as well a menace to public health, is the overflow into the street of cesspools and sink holes. The law is properly very explicit on this point and the health officer who fails to compel (if need be) compliance with common decency and to protect the town against the danger of disease and death, should at once resign in favor of one who has the moral courage to discharge his duty. The use of the street sprinkler to prevent the accumulation of dust as well as gathering up, occasionally, accumulated filth is taken for granted.

We have called attention in this series of articles to grass and weeds etc. upon streets and sidewalks, to crooked and irregular streets, to advertising placards and the like, to sweepings into streets, to

planting and arrangement of trees and their protection, to wider streets in the future, especially residential streets, and grass borders to the sidewalks, to better drainage and more frequent cleaning of ditches, to public parks, to overflowing cesspools and to proper painting of hydrants and street poles, etc., etc. It only remains to raise a few questions as to whether any improvements are possible in respect of the appearance of country highways.

For roads through forests and sparsely settled districts very little need be expected; but through populous settlements where the cultivated lands are continuous, and especially upon the main lines of travel, such for example at the old post road through the Annapolis Valley, as

well as such frequented streets as those leading from Kentville and Berwick to Canning, etc., it is surely possible and desirable that better appearance should greet the eye. Some of the suggestions offered as applicable to town streets will also apply to the rural thoroughfares, especially when we advocate the planting of trees. Some, we well know, have an objection to trees along the country road, because they delay somewhat the drying of the road surface after rain storms. We fully admit this disadvantage, and yet we cannot help feeling that a large majority of persons would prefer the trees to their absence if the right variety were planted, and at proper intervals.

A. T. Downing says of trees as follows: Airy and delicate in their youth, luxuriant and majestic in their prime, venerable and picturesque in their old age, they constitute in their various forms, sizes and developments, the greatest charm and beauty of the earth in all countries.

When Joseph Howe delivered his lecture to a large audience of young men at Ottawa years ago, he laid special emphasis upon the desirability of exerting themselves to improve their communities by planting shade and ornamental trees.