

## LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

A Trip From Cape Breton to Dublin.

NOTES OF A STUDENT'S VOYAGE.

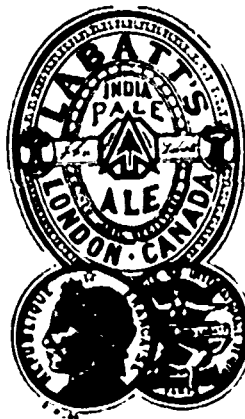
Sunday, 8th.—This is really a fine day, I am just after taking breakfast, and seating myself on top of the deck cargo by the mainmast, where I am making these few notes. Every thing around has a pleasant appearance and seems to enjoy this day a feast. Even the sea birds great and small hover round us and the smaller kind make so free as to alight on deck, shake themselves and hop briskly about as much as to say, we too wish to enjoy the sweet repose of Sunday. As I look out upon this vast expanse of water which hems us in on every side, like some mighty giant, subdued, but resting in sullen retirement awaiting the approach of another storm king to engage in fierce conflict, and as I fix my gaze on the blue firmament above which seems to come in contact with the ocean on the far distant horizon, describing an immense circle around us, playing so insignificant a part in this grand and sublime panorama, I felt myself more really than I ever did before in the presence of Him whose grandeur I was contemplating and realized more vividly what must be the immensity of Him who holds the heavens and the earth in the hollow of His hand. The captain disturbed my train of happy thoughts, by remarking that if the weather keeps fine I would be in Dublin this day week. My heart gave a bound when I heard the good news—to think of soon beholding in reality the dear old land over which I often travelled in my mind in days gone by when listening to some tragic tale of Irish life by the old fireside was something I felt but words fail to express. The sailors too, I notice are in better cheer than usual as some lounge around deck, smoking, laughing and talking, while others are on the watch, washing decks or stringing their washing on a line to dry. Thus Sunday passes away in mid-ocean as we steam along at the rate of ten and a-half knots an hour.

Tuesday, 10th.—These are the events of this day I am now narrating, a day behind time in the order of occurrence, for this is the first time I have had an opportunity of taking notes since Monday evening. The experience of the last forty-eight hours was simply a repetition of the storm we had a few days ago, only in a more magnified form. From twelve o'clock on Monday night till six o'clock this evening not an eye did I close as I lay or rather held on in bed compelled by the fury of the raging storm to listen to the hissing, the fearful shrieking of the wind and crashing of the high and mighty waves as one after another in quick succession came tumbling with giant force over the ship as she lay hove too under half speed in order to give her way enough to stem the heavy seas. To go ahead was impossible, to keep her from going broadside was as much as could be done. About twelve o'clock on Tuesday, tired of rocking in my cot, I steadied myself sufficiently to get a peep out the port hole. What a sight to behold! It is needless to say I never saw the like before, and trust I never shall again. To describe I cannot, and even if I could, words would but convey a faint idea of the reality. It was not only a running sea, accompanied with all the furies of a terrific storm, but mountains of water moving along in confused masses, sometimes two or three together, other times a great space between like a large valley

between two mountain-ridges. Add to this a drift of foam taken up by the powerful gusts of wind which carried it along with tremendous velocity, and lifted it up till lost to sight, it seemed to unite in one voluminous mass with the very elements above. Compare the intensity of this raging storm gathering up in whirlwinds the oceans foam, to that of a snowdrift that so often sweeps over the ice bound coast of Newfoundland in mid-winter, and you may form some conception of what a awful sight it was. But thank God it was not to last forever, for as I scribble these few lines the hurricane has spent its force, the swelling sea has lost its crest like foam, a gleam of sunshine darts through the sky-light over head, shedding a halo of light around the cabin. The ship is no longer groaning and shivering like a leaf by the weight of the gigantic waves that have swept over her for the last day and night. About six o'clock this morning she was again straightened on her course and is now straining her sides to make up for lost time. A scattered sea now and then boards her but not strong enough to do her any harm. The evening shades are drawing near once more but not so gloomy looking as on last evening. The sea beat down considerably during the day, so that now at eight o'clock, one can walk the deck without danger of being washed overboard. Tired and weary I shall now go and try to get some rest, not at all in a fitting mood to appreciate what the song says, "the sea, the sea, hath a charm for me."

Thursday, 12th.—Coming on deck this morning the first time since Monday evening, I find everything tossed about in a confused state, and the sailors busy clearing away the wreck. All the deck cargo forward of the main hatch, by force of the high seas, was shifted aft four or five feet, and some hundreds of pieces were washed overboard, while another portion broke loose and barred the entrance to the fore-castle keeping two men down below for a day and night, not knowing what moment they may go down to rise no more. Several large pieces lay washing about the deck for a whole day which could not with safety be secured. These did much damage for the sea lashed them with such force that they tore iron posts from their places and tossed the iron railing forward so badly that it would all have to be replaced. Were it not for the heavy chains that fastened the cargo aft, the captain says it would have gone completely overboard. There was one tremendous sea struck this mass of timber, piled up the height of a man's head, and sent it aft till brought up by the iron house protecting the rudder. This portion of the cargo shifted the first storm we had and now it got another little lop which forced out the ship's heavy iron stanchions five or six inches. Even the bridge, the last place on deck one would imagine unsafe, was not spared from the furious sea. Its net-work and canvas-covering were completely destroyed, the second officer was knocked from one side to the other by a heavy sea, and were it not for the iron railing that bent like a bow by the force with which he was dashed against it, the poor fellow ere now would be in the bosom of the deep. His back being hurt against the iron rail was the only injury that any of the crew sustained. In the middle of Tuesday night when hove to there came a rolling billow, which gently tapping at the door of the engine-house sent it flying off its hinges. The second engineer had scarcely fitted it in its place, when the second came with more violence than the first, and sent both himself and the door sprawling on the iron grating, drenching the berths, and making it rather uncomfortable all round.

Pleasure shortens life; happiness prolongs it. Take care of your living, and your dying will take care of itself.

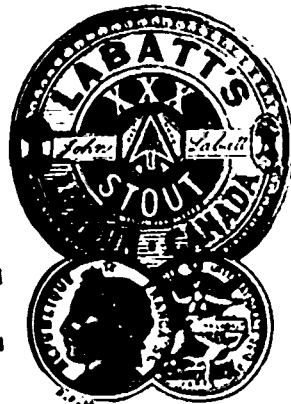


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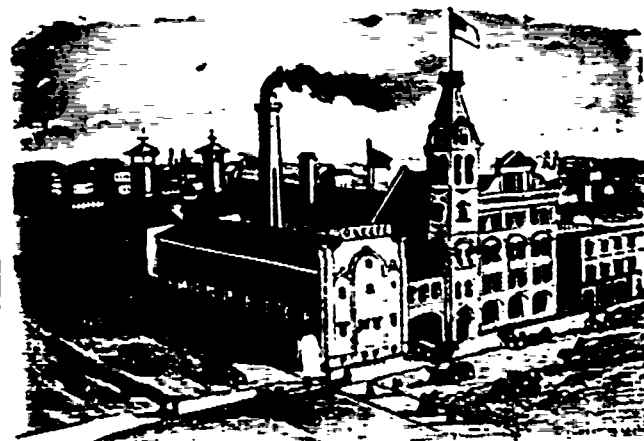
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