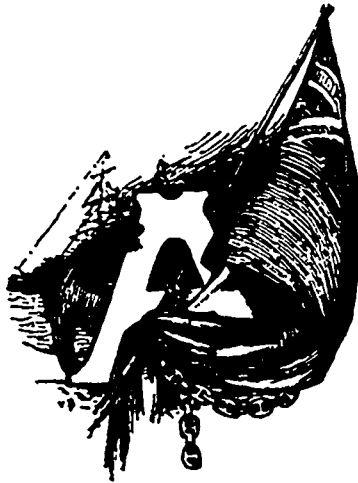


ONE OF OUR BRIDGES OVER THE OCEAN.



GREY SKY. A blockade of cabs and wagons on the wharf. A few imposing policemen. A fuss of steam-whistles. An array of navy blue and gold button authority, and a crowd of passengers stepping on to a very black looking thing called "a tender,"

to be swiftly carried out to a monster steamship waiting in the Mersey.

Two gentlemen, father and son, are among the number.

"Yes," said Fred Hamilton to his father, dropping his valise on the deck, "yes, we shall connect with the Grand Trunk or the Canadian Pacific Railway next Saturday; or what do you say to the Richelieu Steamer from Montreal? It ought to be moonlight, and a sight of a canal barge and old Michel lazily turning the crane at the locks would do a fellow good after all this."

"Quietly, quietly, young man," replied his father a little dolefully, "we're not there yet. Who knows the ups and downs of life before we sniff the pine woods of Ontario. It wouldn't take much to induce me to change places with Knubbs in the Kingston Penitentiary just now."

Fred laughed. "Ups and downs? Oh, there's no motion in the 'Parisian.' She has side-keels, running two-thirds of the length of the ship, midway between the keel and the water level. She is as steady as Gibraltar. Only look at her length—450 feet; that's as long as a terrace of 18 houses

each 25 feet wide. Last year we crossed in her with 150 cabin, 120 intermediate, and over 1,000 steerage passengers, and still we had each one-half more deck-room than you would have in any other ship that leaves Liverpool. Last trip she carried 211 cabin passengers, the largest list ever embarked between Liverpool and Montreal. Look at that for a promenade. I call her the 'Queen of the Ocean,' with her hull of steel, and her five feet between her skins. Chief officer told me last run that the Allans were the first to build large Atlantic Steamers on this plan, as well as the first to build of steel."

"Skins?"

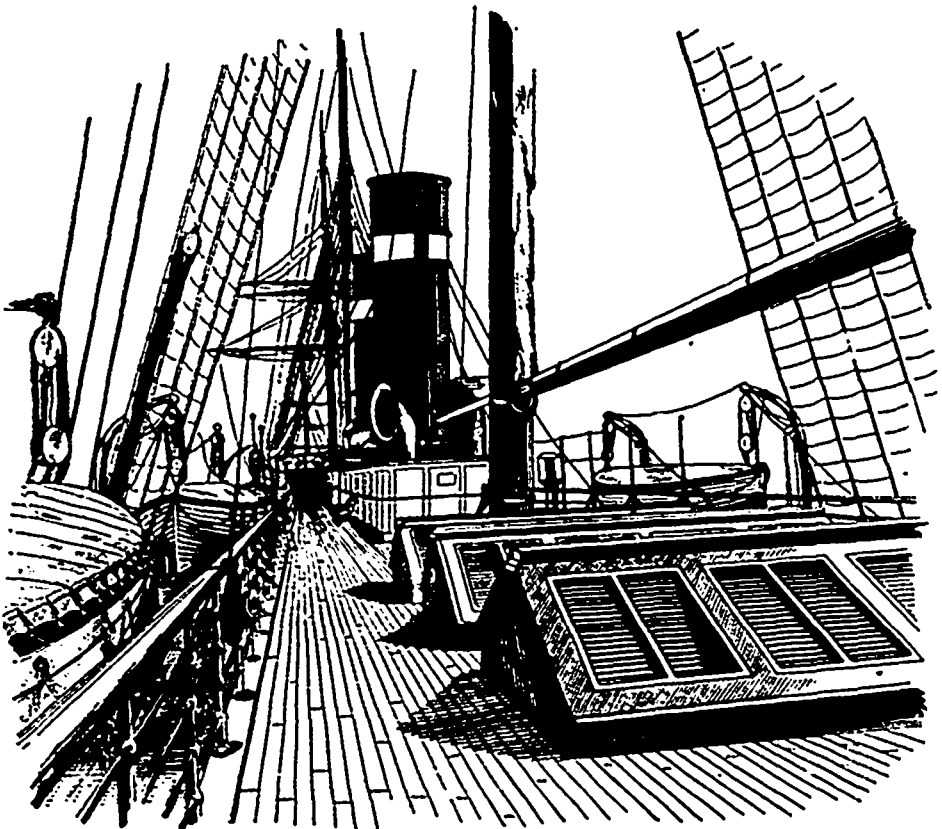
"Yes, that's the word; *the skin of the ship*. She has two skins, and the space between is divided into watertight compartments, so that in case—"

"In case of coming on another steamer or an iceberg?" suggested Mr. Hamilton, senior, as he thought again of the prisoner in the penitentiary.

"Well, in case of rubbing on anything not so soft as a sponge, you know, only *one* skin of *one* compartment gets knocked, and the ship goes on as if nothing had happened."

"And the iceberg?" persisted the old gentleman.

"Oh, your friend, the iceberg; that's *its* lookout. I guess it will insure in the Liverpool and New York Iceberg Insurance Co. before it comes across our track again. We don't insure *icebergs* on the St. Lawrence route."



THE PROMENADE.