

A Song of Duty.

(D. A. McC., in Sacred Heart Review.)

Sorrows come and sorrows go, Life is flecked with shine and shower, Now the tears of grieving flow, Now we smile in happy hour; Death awaits us every one, Toiler, dreamer, preacher, writer, Let us then ere life be done Make the world a little brighter!

A Modern Voyage to China.

By James H. Williams.

(Continued from last issue.)

At Singapore we discharged the first consignment of our general cargo, and loaded 1,000 tons of teak and green heart timber, destined for Shanghai. We lay three days at Singapore and were not sorry to depart for the north, for Singapore is rather too near the sun for comfort. Our passage across the China Sea occupied ten days, and we arrived at Shanghai on June 7, exactly two months out from Norfolk.

Shanghai: On returning to Shanghai we remained 15 days, loading and discharging cargo.

By this time the effects of "business economy" began to make itself felt, and most of our crew became sick. It was during the height of the dangerous and deleterious rainy season when jungle fever and plague abound all along the coast. Yet the ship offered no accommodations for our comfort or safety, or food fit for human consumption. On the passage out we had been fed on the regulation diet of old hog, old horse and hardtack, sanctioned by the British Government to be served out to its seamen. The shiny black wivels and the big fat grubs which inhabited those hardtacks were certainly a credit to their country, and the odor of the beef and pork had not improved with age. At Singapore, however, these delicacies were stopped, to save them for the passage home. For the next three months we were fed on what is known as a "coasting diet," that would have been a revelation even to the Ancient Mariner.

Our hours of labor were from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., with an intermission of three quarters of an hour for breakfast and another of one hour for dinner. Supper never happened. The victualling department was presided over by two heathen grub spoilers, who, according to Spike Riley, could not boil water without burning it. For breakfast we were invariably presented with boot leg coffee and a pan of rotten potatoes, boiled in dirty water, and stamped on, skins and all. The delicious confection was religiously handed out to us from the galley door each morning at 8 o'clock, with the cheerful announcement, "Scouse!" and just as religiously dumped into the waste oblate, with a solemn imprecation and the muttered comment, "Garbage!"

The "fresh junk" for our dinner was always hacked from the neck or shoulder section of a glossy over-worked bullock, just at the spot where the yoke had done most good. The Chinese method of preparing this morsel is to set it on to boil at 7 a. m., and then forget it until dinner time. The boilings passed for soup in the galley, though they usually passed over the side elsewhere. Spike Riley claimed that he could read a newspaper through a fathom of it.

No supper is allowed on an English ship. At six o'clock in the evening a mysterious concoction is served out under the name of tea—a most infamous libel on the fragrant herb. We called it "water bewitched and tea bewitched"—well, "tea be blowed." After disposing of this treat we sought repose for our weary bones under the awning; but the nightly downpours of rain usually drove us all into our stifling forecabin before morning, to sweeter the night away among swarms of mosquitoes. Our forecabin was ventilated by three small bulleseyes and a small funnel, which the ship builder somehow forgot to leave out.

Under such conditions it was natural to expect sickness, and jungle fever and dysentery soon became epidemic throughout the ship. In vain the port swabbers dosed us with various kinds of "belly wash." In vain did the ship's officers haze us for a lazy lot of "soldiers" because we could not work. The spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak. Our skipper, affectionately known as the "Old Man," was a big, pompous, well fed old tyrant, with his heart in his owner's pocket-book. The only attention he paid to our

Consumption

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repeated appeals for better food was to threaten us with all manner of penalties for refusing to work, and to point a big, brutal finger at the scale of provisions to show that we were getting more than our whack, and would "get a mair." According to British law, his position was the correct one; so we had nothing left us but the sailor's unoballeged privilege to growl. "Old sailor, old growl," is a nautical truism founded on an intimate acquaintance with the man Jack. And "growl you may but go you must" is the ipse dixit of his whole career.

On our way down the coast the half-starved firemen were unable to keep up steam, and our speed slacked nearly one half. The engineers cursed the stokers for loafing, the skipper cursed the engineers for skimping, the mates cursed the sailors for anything, and the sailors cursed them all for everything. Thus we limped into Fubohau and continued to load. Fubohau is a most interesting place and boasts a big pagoda. I went up to pay my respects to the gods. These images reveal more than anything else the monstrous superstition of the Chinese mind. If their features can be taken as earnest of their benevolent intentions hereafter, I surely don't envy John Chinaman his happiness in the Kingdom Come.

While lying in Kelang, in the island of Formosa, we were struck by one of those mighty periodical tempests, a typhoon, which lasted for sixteen hours and threatened to tear away the very mountains themselves. We rode it out safely, however, thanks to the sturdy discipline of old Tubal Cain who forged our anebor chains.

After calling at Amoy we went to Hong Kong. Here the condition of the crew became so bad that the port doctor intimated to the Old Man that we were likely to be quarantined on arriving back at Singapore, which was to be our next and last loading port. This hint touched the right spot, his owner's pocket and his own skin.

Our Chinese port wretches were gotten rid of and two good cooks secured, and new and fresh provisions, and even fruits, were brought on board and served to us with surprising regularity.

The effect was magical, and by the time we reached Singapore all hands were so much improved that we were given a clean bill of health and permitted to land and load.

At Singapore all hands were stripped and carefully examined for plague spots, but none were found. Spike Riley told the doctor not to be alarmed, as microbes couldn't live on us.

On the passage out our American cargo had consisted principally of manufactured goods, chiefly railroad material and machinery, tools, sewing machines, refined oils, etc. Our homeward cargo consisted largely of raw materials, such as hides, skins, bristles, pig tin, gambia. We had also tea and silks, bamboo, rattan, coffee, sago, canned pineapples, curries, etc., and a general cargo of Oriental knickknacks.

At Singapore we batted our batches for the time, either for New York or Hereafter.

On August 27th we sailed on our return voyage, precisely three months from the day we left Singapore for Shanghai.

Who shall estimate the value of our voyage? When we get home we can tell you of wonderful deeds done in this ship. We will boast that we have traversed and retraversed a path far longer than the circumference of the globe, and that we have transported and distributed 15,000 tons of the world's best merchandise among fifteen different ports on our way. And that all this mighty task has been performed within a period of seven months. And all by one ship with a crew of thirty six men.

Shades of Mercator and the "Flying Dutchman," what an age this is!

Our homeward passage across the Indian Ocean was retarded by the strong westerly monsoon winds, which were now in season. And we had to call at Perim for coal. The only incident on our passage across was when we were overhauled in mid ocean by the big, fast tea steamer "Tydeus," doing her 16 knots to our 10. We signaled as she passed us, and learned that she was bound for England with a cargo. I think her tea must have been consigned to Sir Thomas Lip-ton, for she signaled the cheerful information that the "Reliance" had won all three of the International Yacht races. Spike Riley observed that the "Shamrock" must be green with envy.

passing thought for the weather-beaten sailors and grimy stokers who have contributed so much to their happiness and social success.

Dear reader, my only apology for the infliction of this tale is that I am a marlin spike artist, instead of an author, and did not know any better "If it were not so, I should have told you." Would to God it were not. Odeum the story if you will, doubt it if you wish, but please read it first and keep it in mind.

If you ever grow tired of traveling first-class on ocean liners and wish to try a cheaper method, just ship before the mast on the "Besant" and go cross lots to China, I like me. Then you will find there are no fringes around the hawser pipes, and that a spy glass has two ends. Should you live to get back alive. I have no doubt the editor will be glad to file any complaints you may have to make for future reference, provided they are carefully written on one side of the paper, properly punctuated and accompanied by your annual subscription to The Independent, as an evidence of good faith.

(Continued from first page.)

so far as that antique was known to the architect of the building, and the architect of the gardens, if they were not one and the same person.

Eren in the centre of the city and in the heart of that foreign quarter where the English tongue mostly prevails, the picturesque is still to be seen. At the top of the Spanish staircase which leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the Trinita de Monti, stands a house known under the name of Il Tempio, or little temple, which has a particular and quaint prettiness that renders it conspicuous.

The whole of this neighborhood is associated with landscape artists; the house directly behind this Tempio on the right having been inhabited by Salvator Rosa, and that immediately behind it on the right, built by the painter Zuccheri in the last century, painted by Oberbeck, Corneilus, Veit and Schadow, the precursors of the pre Raphaelite movement, Claude Lorraine, the painter of golden sunsets, lived in a house that was close to the Church of Trinita de Monti, and his remains were buried in that church until they were transferred to the tomb made for them in the Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina by Chateaubriand.

A long enduring tradition attributes the Tempio to Poussin, the celebrated French painter, and though a recent account of Rome has it that the houses of artists here have either been changed or rebuilt out of all recognition, the Tempio assuredly preserves its originality.

Another scene which remains unchanged by the modern restlessness for improvement is that in which the Ponte Molle predominates, the ancient Pons Milius, outside the city toward the north. It is a tranquil spot, the silent, swiftly flowing Tiber making eyelike eddies when it encounters an obstacle; and the still country around, with the pine and cypress crowned Monte Mario in the background, constitutes a landscape of rare charm and picturesqueness.

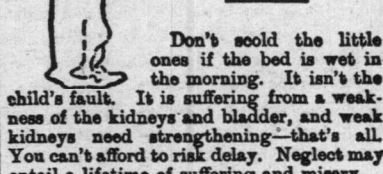
Here the Campana is fairly entered upon. Beautiful as it is in the morning hours, says a traveller who dearly loved the valley of the Tiber, "when the thin mist lingers in its hollow places the lark pours forth his rapid notes in the air, it is, perhaps, still more impressive clothed in the sombre hues of the late evening, when the golden sunshine has died from the broken masonry which here and there rises from its sod, and the great mounds loom out and stretch from valley to valley like huge hillocks piled upon the graves of buried giants, and the gray ruins stand like tomb-stones to mark the places where they lie."

Much has been destroyed that was beautiful to look upon and interesting to think of from the history or tradition associated with it. The greatest loss to the picturesque has perhaps been the dying out of the ancient costumes that were so neat in cut and so brilliant in color. The soothing hand of time tones down the sharpness and harshness that mark the new, and kindly nature marks her own rich decorations to the picture. Thus the picturesque makes its way alongside of the new and improved.—P. L. Connellan, in San Francisco Monitor.

The Catholic Citizen continues to give its attention to the people who are opposed to subscribing for a Catholic paper. It says in its latest issue: "The man who says that he can't afford to take a Catholic paper ought to list his expenses for a year and see whether he can't economize on the larger items. The \$2 he saves by cutting off the Catholic paper will never make him rich; on the contrary, it will impoverish the religious knowledge and sentiment of his household."

It must be plain to every sensible person that the sensational newspapers suggest, and promote further crimes by their manner of reporting those that have been committed. As the Catholic Telegraph well says: "Scare-heads, black face paragraphs, 'boy bandits,' 'young desperadoes,' attract the attention and excite the imagination of the immature, and, by the subtle influence of suggestion, lead them into the commission of similar crimes. To be called the 'boy bandit' is sufficient honor to many a misguided child to induce him to do almost anything."

Don't Chide the Children.



Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. It is suffering from a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, and weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering and misery.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

strengthen the kidneys and bladder, then all trouble is at an end. Mrs. E. Kidner, a London, Ont., mother, living at 499 Gray St., says: "My little daughter, six years old, has had weak kidneys since birth. Last February I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Strong's drug store. Since taking them she has had no more kidney trouble of any kind. I gladly make this statement because of the benefit my child has received from this medicine."

MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says: "It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills." Price 50 a box.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Dandruff.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Diphtheria.

"Don't you know what a coquette is, Bonnie?" "Yes, mamma; a coquette is a thing they make out of friassed obloken the second day."

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Sprained arm.

Mary Orington, Jasper, Ont., writes: "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25c."

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Heart Palpitated.

Waiter.—Do you wish oysters on the half shell? Uncle Wheatrop.—Do they cost any more with the whole shell? Waiter.—Certainly not. Uncle Wheatrop.—Then give me them with the whole shell, b'goob.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT cures FELT WEAK AND NERVOUS.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT cures COULD SCARCELY EAT.

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She writes: "I was up run down that I was not able to do my work, was short of breath, had a sour stomach every night and could scarcely eat. My heart palpitated, I had faint and dizzy spells and felt weak and nervous all the time. My husband got me a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills but I told him it was no use, that I had given up hope of ever being cured. He however persuaded me to take them and before I had used half the box I began to feel better. Two boxes made a new woman of me and I have been well and have been able to do my work ever since." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cts. box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or THE T. MILBURN CO., Ltd, 114, TORONTO, ONT.

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