

THE GLORIES OF PLYMOUTH HOE

Description of the Famous
Town of Devonshire.

MEMORIES OF A GREAT PAST

Monuments to Drake and Destruction
of Armada—From London
to Devonshire.

Plymouth, April 12.—Standing on the Hoe at Plymouth on this mild spring morning, on the very spot where the immortal Drake is supposed to have been playing bowls when the Armada was sighted by one of his sailors, one could not help feeling that the view from that elevated and extensive vantage ground is really one of the most magnificent in the world. Its expansiveness and variety are very great. Devonshire has given many of her sons and daughters to the west, besides the extravagantly overrated Pilgrim Fathers. I do not wonder that they sometimes talk of the glories of Plymouth Hoe, which, as a promenade it would be hard to beat if you searched the world over. I suppose this plateau of asphalt and grass lawns is about two hundred feet above the sea level, to which you may descend by steps cut in the rocks at the front of it. You have, to the south, a fine prospect of Plymouth Sound lying at your feet, shut in by that engineering marvel the mile-long breakwater—three miles off—which makes the sound one of the best and safest harbors in the world. Go there after a stormy night, and you will get an idea from the number of craft of all sorts that have put in for shelter, of how that harbor is valued. There must have been more than a couple of wind last night, for in picturesque variety of size and rigging they now dot the calm expanse of the inner water. Beyond the breakwater you look right out to sea, and if it were clear enough you could see the Edinboro' lighthouse, a conspicuous thing, however, a tender mist is veiling the heights on your right and left, and rolling down over the wide stretch of Dartmoor in the rear. But you feel that the mist there is the prevailing sunlight, and away over the distant sea there are points of dazzling brightness. On your right Zee Mount Edgecumbe, verdant and tree-crowned, on your left, Looe Island, Drake's Island in the middle distance on your right, a picturesque hill, apparently utilized for military purposes, as are many of the strategic points in the landscape. Chief of them is the Citadel, a considerable stone fort on your left, where you hear a huge snoring blowing. But these descriptive words-smacking of the guide-book, I fear—though they may call up memories in west country minds, cannot unfortunately bring before those who have not visited Plymouth the inspiring and freedom-breathing view from the Hoe. Here under the vast sky-canopy, with the smell of the sea in one's nostrils, and the delight of the far-stretching landscape, one can forget the smoke and congestion of London and the pain of always regarding an immediate and rather depressing foreground either of "suburbia" or endless crowds, shops and pavements. There are three considerable monuments on the Hoe, one from the clever hand of J. E. Boehm, in which Drake stands radiant and pugnacious in bronze, expressing nearly as much determination by his legs as his face; a big civic granite pedestal surmounted by a bronze Britannia in the act of ruling the waves by the help of the usual lion, and bearing the information that it was unveiled on the 200th anniversary (July 19, 1888), of the sighting of the Spanish Armada from the Plymouth Hoe; with the inscription, "He blew with His winds and they were scattered," and, "England expects that every man will do his duty." The third monument is in some respects the most interesting of all. It consists of the Smeaton lighthouse—the third erected on the Eddy-stone rock—which was carefully removed, stone by stone, when it was determined to replace it, and re-erected on Plymouth Hoe, where it will remain a permanent memorial of the skill of its builder, no more to be the target of the angry waves. H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh seems to have been interested in these monuments, as his name occurs in connection with their inauguration. It is in the atmosphere and spirit of these memorials that the humble spectator begins to understand Plymouth, even before he has visited the dockyards at Keyham and Devonport, and recognized that this is a great naval and military center. By and by he will descend by various paths of steps, and incline to the water-worn rocks and the shingle where the green sea water laps and gurgles lazily, and the boatmen smoke black twist and wait for customers; where also there seems

such continuous leisure as is never discoverable in London.
From London to Devonshire.
"Bath, first stop," calls out the guard of the Great Western train at Paddington as he slams the door and the passengers settle themselves comfortably in their places. We are in what is called a corridor vestibule train, the improvements in which show that the railways have learned something from transatlantic methods. Although the car is divided into two compartments, each with passengers holding ten people each, which are dear to the insular and conservative mind, there is a narrow corridor at the side, along which passengers may perambulate and eventually reach the dining car and get a very decent meal, very much as you can in Canada or the States. I have before spoken of the great excellence of the roadbeds of the British railways, and the G. W. R. route to the west of England is no exception to the rule. The train slips along through the pleasant landscape in the steady manner. We are soon passing Sutton's immense seed farm, in the neighborhood of Reading, from which seeds are sent out to all the English-speaking countries, and glide through Reading proper at express speed. From the extensive seed farm, & Palmer's factories have grown there during the past twenty years the place might almost be named "Biscuits." For the signs of this firm seem to dominate the city with the exception of an American trust. You scarcely see Oxford from the line, and while you are admiring the peculiar English beauty of the country you are passing through, the train begins to slow up for its pause at the gray stone-built city of Bath, once the haunt of gentry and fashion, and redolent of the wit and elegance of the eighteenth century. You think of Mr. Pickwick and several other figures of romance and comedy as the train pulls up at the quaint, old-fashioned station with its flagstone pavement and the solid construction of years ago. It seems but a few minutes afterward that you are nearing Bristol, which in late years has increased by leaps and bounds, the former market gardens which came familiarly to the very fence of the railway, being now completely covered with the usual brick and mortar, and laid out in the usual prosaic east-west streets. These, in all the towns I have seen, are always made by the speculative builders as ugly and unproductive as possible, so that it is not too much to say that although you find more rural beauty in England than anywhere else, you also find a greater exhibition of mean and hopeless houses for the working classes to live in. Bristol, seen from the railway, is not fascinating, and you are glad when the train is again speeding on its way towards the Cathedral City of Exeter and the brighter skies and purer air of Devon. You do not see much of Exeter till you have left its railway station and have emerged into the country beyond, when, looking back you get a view of the city and the grand old cathedral rising in faint grays of pink and violet above some adjacent water—that dwells in the memory. The late afternoon sky is grand with clouds and color, and the towers of the historic fane are touched by the sinking sun into dreamlike splendor.

A Glimpse of the Sea.
The River Exe broadens out on your left, and you are soon aware of sea-going craft that add the picturesque lines of their hulls and rigging to the green hills and valleys of your outlook. Those who know this journey well will remember what it is to come suddenly out upon the sea front at Dawlish, and to see the waves lapping up to within a yard or two of the line. They will call to mind the peace of the sea-horizon, and the grotesque red sandstone rocks one sees when the train pulls up at the station. On this particular evening, however, the sea was bathed in color, and they threw their shadows over a sea that was a riot of opalescent tints, such as would tax the most Turnerian painter. Soon after this the red orb, that was the cause of it all, sank, and we slipped along the River Plym to a gray and sedate Plymouth, passing along the estuary called the Laithe on the other side of the river, where the beautiful slopes of Salmon Park, the seat of the Earl of Morley, where one sees in the midst of the trees some sort of a Georgian never built in other than Georgian style. Plymouth, like all the other towns in England, has wonderfully changed in late years, so that where there were once fields there are now the inevitable streets of the inevitable suburbs. The electric street cars are here as everywhere else, though they manifest a slight difference of method, for instead of the feed-wires running directly over the car, they pass along immediately over the edge of the sidewalks and the pole is extended like a fishing-rod at right angles with the car or nearly so. The fares are exactly the same all the way, and two cents if you get off at a prescribed intermediate point, and there seems to be a prodigious amount of inspection and ticket-nipping for the short distance run. Plymouth is a thriving place and presents various features of interest. It is a place where you can study the English character to great advantage, for having been one of the last places in the kingdom to become accessible to railways, it has long retained a special and individual character, and its people are still the English of the English, though the influences that tend to make every place, have, of course, not been absent. Plymouth's fine sea facilities minister to its trade, and there are flourishing manufactures. Besides, it is the emporium of the west, and has produced its distinguished men. It is a good place to live, and women say that the pursuit of shopping can be more successfully followed here than in any town in England, whether for clothes or for food. The fashions are not so much behind London as they are in Devonshire, and the famous Devonshire clotted cream, a luxury which can here be enjoyed in all its purity and richness. All these things point to the capacity of the inhabitants to make themselves comfortable. There is far less of hurry and smoke

and making haste to be rich than there is in the northern towns, and far less disposition to take up with new notions. Social distinctions are sharply drawn, as is usually the case at naval and military depots. There is an inner select circle of old families, tending to get gradually smaller, the members of which are on visiting terms with the country families and which occasionally admit a naval or army officer. If his record and his quarters are unexceptionable. There is a smart set that talks loudly, dresses loudly, and welcomes the dashing and extravagant officers of both services. It is always up to its eyes in debt, but can always find motor cars to dash about the country in. Then comes the large middle-class circle more or less connected with trade and therefore entirely tabooed by the other two, and another select circle may be. The leveling and disintegrating influence of modern years seem to have had less effect in this far-away corner of England than anywhere else, so that the society novelist might find here many subjects ready to his hand. I don't suppose there is any place in England from which so many young men—getting tired of all this conventionalism—have gone east, west, north or south in search of fortune and freedom. Nor is there any town where you can find more of the "crank" sort of stances. The growing trade of Plymouth has given enormous increment to many of the unadventurous old-time gentry, and while the men have gone out in all directions the girls have grown to old-fashioned in single blessedness which is surrounded with every comfort. They are not at all afflicted with the new woman craze, nor with the speculations of modern philosophy. I used to wonder who bought such books as "Quiet Hours," "Breathings of the Infinite," "A Garden of Nuts," and other combinations of mysticism and water, by literary clergymen. But they are very comforting to the antique and comfortable femininity that vegetable such dignity and propriety in these quiet corners of England.

**THE COAL STRIKE
HURTS RAILWAYMEN**
Hundreds of Employees Being
Laid Off by Roads Out
of Chicago.
Chicago, April 13.—Many employees of various railroads entering Chicago were laid off yesterday on account of the increase in business resulting from the coal strike.
The Chicago and Northwestern laid off 500 employees, and it was announced that the Chicago and Alton had dropped nearly 200 employees from the payroll.
Four hundred mechanics of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois are now laid off. Curriers in the yard and train are also going on on all roads owing to the cessation of the demand of fuel hauling.

**SUNSHINE FOR
THE NEAPOLITANS**
Once More the Air Is Clear
and Populace Is Happy
Over Perils Past.
Naples, April 13.—All the news received here this morning is encouraging. For the first time since Tuesday the sun is shining all over Naples and although above the city the usual gray cloud is discernible the fall of ashes has almost entirely ceased. Ashes, however, are still falling throughout the night, adding several inches to the accumulation in the streets. Nearly 6,000 people are employed in clearing the roofs and main thoroughfares. Gauges of rain are engaged in piling the ashes in the middle of the narrow streets, which makes the passage of vehicles exceedingly difficult and adds to the discomfort of pedestrians.
The Neapolitans have become, to a certain degree, sun worshippers. One day they are plunged in the depths of falling ashes, and the next day their spirits are buoyant for the sun shines, and no ashes are sprinkling over Naples. Today the inhabitants of Naples are particularly happy for not only is the sun shining brightly but the air is clear of ashes and invigorating, with the result that automobile coats and goggles, the ash storm costume, and the rain coat, are being replaced by the usual gay, colorful apparel, people are driving about in open carriages and so much color has returned to the surroundings that the grayness of the buildings, palms and other ash-covered trees makes a pleasant contrast with the sapphire-tinted sea.
Several men, apparently have braved the terrors of the wild wastes of lava about the royal observatory on Mount Vesuvius. One of them returned here this morning and gave an account of a most interesting conversation which he had with Prof. Matteucci, director of the observatory, who was in a very hopeful mood when his visitor left him. The professor said: "Very little is known of the volcanic forces, so one can never safely predict what is going to happen. But I think I can, with some confidence, express the hope, based on my experience here, that the explosive period of the eruption has passed. It is impossible to make a positive statement to this effect, but the probabilities point to a quietening down of the volcano. This, however, does not mean that its activity will entirely cease. Until the crater definitely assumes its new shape, that is to say, when the ashes have been smoothed down, there is a possibility of further disturbances. For the present the light wind blowing will in all probability carry the ashes in a direction which will leave Naples free from further annoyance of this nature."

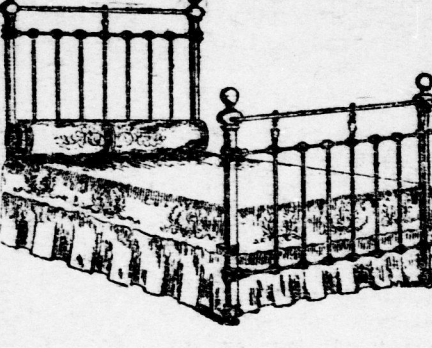
Take a day off and let the rest of the world have a chance to do the worrying.

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Rich and Pure.
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A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
(Corrected to date.)
MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL TO
SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND
TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m., 10:40 a.m., 11 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:45 p.m., 10 p.m.
Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.
Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., 3:25 a.m., 8:10 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).
The trains leaving at 8:10 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations. The 8:10 a.m. local, and the 11:20 a.m. and 4:25 p.m. express have through coach for Toronto. The Eastern Flyer at 6:55 p.m. stops only at Ingersoll, Woodstock, Brantford and Hamilton, and goes to Toronto.
Depart for the west—4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 11:32 a.m., 1:55 p.m., 8 p.m.
The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:55 p.m. trains stop at all stations. The 4:15 a.m., 11:32 a.m. and 8 p.m. express run through to Chicago without change. The 11:10 a.m. express amalgamates with the 11:32 express at Port Huron.
LONDON AND WINDSOR.
Arrive—10:40 a.m., 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer, stops only at Chatham and Glencoe), 11 p.m.
Depart—6:35 a.m., 11:25 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 7:50 p.m. (International Limited, stops only at Glencoe and Chatham).
STRATFORD BRANCH.
Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m.
Depart—6:29 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 5 p.m.
LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.
Arrive—3:45 a.m., 6:10 p.m.
Depart—5:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.
Trains marked * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Arrive—From the east—11:20 a.m., 8 p.m., 11:30 p.m. From the west—5 a.m., 8:35 a.m., 5:20 p.m.
Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 5:28 p.m. For the west—11:38 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 11:35 p.m.
*From Chatham only.
**Runs only to Chatham.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:45 p.m.
Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:25 p.m.

FERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.
Arrive—4:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 2 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 10 p.m.
Depart—5:45 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 4 p.m., 6:40 p.m., **
*To Walkerville, without change.
**To St. Thomas only.

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