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POOR DOCUMENT

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Tagged and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds.

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CAUSEY & MAXWELL, Masons and Builders. Mason Work in all its Branches. Slating and Cement Work a specialty. Stone, Brick and Plaster Workers. JOBBING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY. Order Slate at A. G. Bowes & Co., 21 Canterbury Street. W. CAUSEY, Mecklenburg st. ROBT. MAXWELL, 385 Union st.

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Judson E. Hetherington, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. 44 Coburg St., St. John, N. B.

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GERARD G. RUEL, (LL. B. Harvard, 1889.) Barrister, &c., 3 Pugsley's Buil'g, St. John, N. B. Telephonic Communication.

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Thomas R. Jones, Ritchie's Building. GENERAL Commission and Financial Agent Real Estate, business and property bought and sold, rents collected, money loaned or borrowed on safe security, either real or personal. Bonds and stocks bought and sold.

CROWN STOVE POLISH. The Best and most Economical Polish ever placed before the public. No dust, no dirt, no hard labor. Always ready for use. Put up in paste and liquid forms. Give it a fair trial. FOR SALE BY —WHOLESALE— James Robertson, Jardine & Co, D. Breese, W. H. Thorne & Co, A. P. Tippet, Joseph Finley, Turnbull & Co. —RETAIL— Armstrong Brothers, A. J. Cain, A. Sinclair & Co, W. A. Porter, Cottle & Colwell, J. Foster, Vanwart Brothers, Puddington & Merritt, F. Smith, John Ross, Dean Brothers, John Roberts, A. E. Deforest, Coles, Parsons & Sharp, Kemen & Ratchford, F. Beverly, M. & H. Gallagher, S. P. Mulholland, Bonnell & Cowan, Harry Clark, H. F. Sharp, S. McGirr, Peter Chisholm, Wm. Kennedy, S. McIlride, Wm. Baxter, Robert R. Patchel, Stewart's Grocery, Geo. W. Rodgers, H. S. Cosman, A. McKenney, Henry Crawford. Scott Brothers.

READY FOR BUSINESS. 9 Canterbury st.

GENTLEMEN: You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to JOHN S. DUNN, TAILOR. Repairing, Pressing and Alterin a Specialt.

SHOP FRONTS. For Shop Fittings, Fronts, and Counters try A. CHRISTIE Wood Working Co., City Road.

Having obtained the right to prepare this generally well known RELIABLE TONIC and BLOOD MAKER from the original formula, it can now be obtained from your druggists in 50c and $1.00 bottles.

DR. BAXTER'S FOR THE BLOOD. CHALYBEATE. Is an effectual remedy in all cases of General Weakness, Nervous Headaches, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterical Weakness of Women and Children, Loss of Appetite, &c., &c. PREPARED BY WILLIAM B. McVEY, Chemist, Saint. John N. B. None genuine without Blue Stamp on the top of each bottle.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GREY.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

Continued.

"Never marry a woman with straw-colored hair, Dorian," he said, after a few puffs.

"Why, Harry?"

"Because they are so sentimental."

"But I like sentimental people."

"Never marry at all, Dorian. Men marry because they are tired; women, because they are curious: both are disappointed."

"I don't think I am likely to marry, Harry. I am too much in love. That is one of your aphorisms. I am putting it into practice, as I do everything you say."

"Whom are you in love with?" said Lord Henry, looking at him with a curious smile.

"With an actress," said Dorian Gray, blushing.

Lord Henry shugged his shoulders. "That is a rather common-place debut," he murmured.

"You would not say so if you saw her, Harry."

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Sibyl Vane."

"Never heard of her."

"No one has. People will some day, however. She is a genius."

"My dear boy, no woman is a genius; women are a decorative sex. They never have anything to say, but they say aout the starting and going the triumph of matter over mind, just as we men represent the triumph of mind over morals. There are only two kinds of women, the plain and the colored. The plain women are very useful. If you want to gain a reputation for respectability, you have merely to take them down to supper. The other women are very charming. They commit one mistake, however. They paint in order to try to look young. Our grandmothers painted in order to try talk brilliantly. Rouge and esprit used to go together. That has all gone out now. As long as a woman can look ten years younger than her own daughter, she is perfectly satisfied. As for conversation, there are only five women in London worth talking to, and two of these can't be admitted into decent society. However, tell me about your genius. How long have you known her?"

"About three weeks. Not so much. About two weeks and two days."

"How did you come across her?"

"I will tell you, Harry; but you mustn't be unsympathetic about it. After all, it never would have happened if I had not met you. You filled me with a wild desire to know everything about life. For days after I met you, something seemed to throb in my veins. As I lounged in the Park, or strolled down Piccadilly, I used to look at every one who passed me, and wonder with a mad curiosity what sort of lives they led. Some of them fascinated me. Others filled me with terror. There was an exquisite poison in the air. I had a passion for sensations.

"One evening about seven o'clock I determined to go out in search of some adventure. I felt that this gray, monstrous London of ours, with its myriads of people, its splendid sinners, and its sordid sins, as you once said, must have something in store for me. I fancied a thousand things. The mere danger gave me a sense of delight. I remembered what you said to me on that wonderful night when we first dined together, about the search for beauty being the poisonous secret of life. I don't know what I expected, but I went out, and wandered eastward, soon losing my way in a labyrinth of grimy streets and black, grassless squares. About half-past eight I passed by a little third-rate theatre, with great flaring gas-jets and gaudy play-bills. A hideous Jew, in the most amazing waistcoat I ever beheld in my life, was standing at the entrance, smoking a vile cigar. He had greasy ringlets, and an enormous diamond blazed in the centre of a soiled shirt. 'Are a box, my Lord?' he said, when he saw me, and he took off his hat with an act of gorgeous servility. There was something about him, Harry, that amused me. He was such a monster. You will laugh at me, I know, but I really went in and paid a whole guinea for the stage-box. To the present day I can't make out why I did so; and yet if I hadn't, I would have missed the greatest romance of my life. I see you are laughing. It is horrid of you!"

"I am not laughing, Dorian; at least I am not laughing at you. But you should not say the greatest romance of your life. You should say the first romance of your life. You will always be loved, and you will always be in love with love. There are exquisite things in store for you. This is merely the begining."

"Do you think my nature so shallow?" cried Dorian Gray, angrily.

"No; I think your nature so deep."

"How do you mean?"

"My dear boy, people who only love once in their lives are really shallow people. What they call their loyalty, and their fidelity, I call either the lethargy of custom or the lack of imagination. Faithlessness is to the emotional life what consistency is to the intellectual life,—simply a confession of failure. But I don't want to interrupt you. Go on with your story."

"Well, I found myself seated in a horrid little private box, with a vulgar drop-scene staring me in the face. I looked out behind the curtain, and surveyed the house. It was a tawdry affair, all Cupids and cornucopias, like a third-rate wedding-cake. The gallery and pit were fairly full, but the two rows of dingy stalls were quite empty, and there was hardly a person in what I suppose they called the dress-circle. Women went about with oranges and ginger-beer, and there was a terrible consumption of nuts going on."

"It must have been just like the palmy days of the British Drama."

"Just like, I should fancy, and very horrid. I began to wonder what on earth I should do, when I caught sight of the play-bill. What do you think the play was, Harry?"

"I should think 'The Idiot Boy, or Dumb but Innocent.' Our fathers used to like that sort of piece, I believe. The longer I live, Dorian, the more keenly I feel that whatever was good enough for our fathers is not good enough for us. In art, as in politics, les grandperes ont toujours tort."

"This play was good enough for us, Harry. It was 'Romeo and Juliet.' I must admit I was rather annoyed at the idea of seeing Shakspeare done in such a wretched hole of a place. Still, I felt interested, in a sort of way. At any rate, I determined to wait for the first act. There was a dreadful orchestra, presided over by a young Jew who sat at a cracked piano, that nearly drove me away, but at last the drop-scene was drawn up, and the play began. Romeo was a stout elderly gentleman, with corked eyebrows, a husky tragedy voice, and a figure like a beer-barrel. Mercutio was almost as bad. He was played by the low-comedian, who had introduced gags of his own and was on most familiar terms with the pit. They were as grotesque as the scenery, and that looked as if it had come out of a pantomime of fifty years ago. But Juliet! Harry, imagine a girl, hardly seventeen years of age, with a little flower-like face, a small Greek head with plated coils of dark-brown hair, eyes that were violet wells of passion, lips that were like the petals of a rose. She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life. You said to me once that pathos left you unmoved, but that beauty, mere beauty, could fill your eyes with tears. I tell you, Harry, I could hardly see this girl for the mist of tears that came across me. And her voice,—I never heard such a voice. It was very low at first, with deep mellow notes, that seemed to fall singly upon one's ear. Then it became a little louder, and sounded like a flute or a distant hautbois. In the garden-scene it had all the tremulous ecstacy that one hears just before dawn when nightingales are singing. There were moments, later on, when it had the wild passion of violins. You know how a voice can stir one. Your voice and the voice of Sibyl Vane are two things that I shall never forget. When I close my eyes, I hear them, and each of them says something different. I don't know which to follow. Why should I not love her. Harry, I do love her. She is everything to me in life. Night after night I go to see her play. One evening she is Rosalind, and the next evening she is Imogen. I have seen her die in the gloom of an Italian tomb, sucking the poison from her lover's lips. I have watched her wandering through the forest of Arden, disguised as a pretty boy in hose and doublet and dainty cap. She has been mad, and has come into the presence of a guilty king, and given him rue to wear, and bitter herbs to taste of. She has been innocent, and the black hands of jealousy have crushed her reed-like throat. I have seen her in every age and in every costume. Ordinary women never appeal to one's imagination. They are limited to their century. No glamour ever transfigures them. One knows their mind as easily as one knows their bonnets. One can always find them. There is no mystery in one of them. They ride in the Park in the morning, and chatter at tea-parties in the afternoon. They have their stereotyped smile, and their fashionable manner. They are quite obvious. But an actress! How different an actress is! Why didn't you tell me that the only thing worth loving is an actress?"

"Because I have loved so many of them, Dorian."

"Oh, yes, horrid people with dyed hair and painted faces."

"Don't run down dyed hair and painted faces. There is an extraordinary charm in them, sometimes."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Web of Life.

Weaving in the early morning
Tiny threads, the first faint strands
That the noon of life shall strengthen
To a thousand shining bands;
Slowly forming thro' the moments
Pattern of the life to be;
Which shall stand, our work forever,
All the great eternity.

Ply the shuttle faster, faster,
Crimson threads and threads of gold.
Many colors lie before us
Colors strange and manifold.
Now the sombre thread of sorrow
Take we from the Master's hand,
With a thread of royal purple
"In His name" we weave the strand.

In His name and to His glory
Lay each tiny silken cord,
He will show us how to place it
For our Maker is the Lord.
Thro' His grace we weave the pattern,
Tho' to us it blurred appear,
Broken threads and strange mixed figures
Only greet our vision here.

But, when slowly from our fingers
Drops the shuttle, and at last
After years of patient weaving,
All the toil and sorrow past,
Yield our life-work to the Master,
He our trembling fear will guide.
And death's gloomy river fording
We shall see the other side.

A. O.

The Conference report on the silver bill was agreed to in the U. S. Senate yesterday.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

The president of the United States yesterday afternoon approved the Act for the admission of Wyoming as a state.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Capt. Mackay, graduate of the Royal military college, has been appointed deputy governor of the Congo state.

A Railway Man's Opinion.

Mr. J. D. Kennedy, G. T. R. freight agent, Brockville, Ont., says:—A short treatment with Nasal Balm radically removed all symptoms of my catarrh. The preparation is pleasant and easy to use and gives immediate and permanent relief.

The department of agriculture has been notified that Asiatic cholera is epidemic in Spain. Quarantine officers of the Atlantic ports have therefore been on the alert.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

A Nasal Injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

The U. S. senate finance committee has declined to make any change in the schedule of the tariff bill in which Canadian farmers are so much interested.

For dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

The Kingston, Ont., board of trade have resolved to memorialize the dominion government not to rebate on grain transhipped at American ports.

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents.

The annual tournament of the garrison artillery opens at Quebec September eighth, and the field artillery meeting at Kingston on sixteenth.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis

Montreal assessors have nearly completed their census, and it is estimated that the population of the city and suburbs is 277,700.

The delightful thirst-quenching "Montserrat" Lime-Fruit Juice is an admirable and wholesome hot weather beverage.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

BEGINS HIS SEVENTH ROUND TRIP TO EUROPE.

And He Moralises—The Traveller Should Never Hurry, and He Should Never Lose His Temper—$600 Pays the Expenses of a Trip to Europe and 1000 miles Travel in England or on the Continent—The Necessary Outfit for a Man can be Carried in a Gripsack—So Can Everything Needed by a Sensible Woman—Those who Gab about "Yorrip" Need a Dozen Trunks. &c.

AT SEA, June 21, 1890.

During the past five years my vocation has brought me much to sea. Besides a few little journeyings along the old Acadian shores, Cubaward and among and about the sunny Bahamas, to the dreamland Azores Isles and to the steely coasts of Labrador, this is the beginning of a seventh round-trip to Europe. As we passed out of New York harbor, and that bitter pang one can never down, reaching not only those loved behind the disappearing shores but to all things and persons that make one's own land and kind, thrilled my heart hurtfully. I could not but reflect: After all, great as is the ocean travel of to-day, vast and voluminous as are the writer's log-books and travellers' tales about it, and sympathetic as are the pulsings of old Atlantic's activities with the throbings of interior commercial life, yet how few there are among our sixty or seventy millions of people who ever saw the sea; how few really comprehended what it was to sail from New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and other seaport cities, that once saw an ocean steamer, or had the most meager conception of the scene in their own ports attendant upon getting away to Europe or the strange and wonderful interest attaching to ordinary life and its environs upon one of the latest-built majestic courisers of the Atlantic. And so I thought, as I had always kept my eyes and ears open at sea, I might in all modesty say something informing and welcome about the starting and going to the old world, which, because that going will make of the one who goes a better citizen, ought to be every American's endeavor to effect.

While it is perhaps better to have gone only as far as Liverpool and then come home again than never to have gone at all take the advice of an old earnest traveler when he begs you never to go to Europe until you can go for so far as you do go, in complete leisure and perfect peace of mind. You cannot see all Europe in one time, nor in one hundred times. But whenever your pilgriming may lead you; let no guideish book nor bookish guide sweep you, with cyclonic dates, figures and show oratory, past any place, object or being that attracts your honest interest. Receptivity of the sensitive camera sort is an essential to the highest rewards in travel. But one must not be so snappy and quick as the camera. Sit, think, saunter, dream. Don't rear and tear and snort and rage. Everything will remain until you come again. When you hear a man boast of having left America and "done" Ireland, England, Scotland, Germany, France, the Riviera, and Italy to Brindisi, with a look at Cairo or Algiers, and got home to his desk, sir, in just sixty days, sir, don't even gratify him by expressing surprise. He may be an estimable gentleman, an excellent business man, and, with experience, he would doubtless make a superb advance theatrical agent. But you may safely set him down as one wholly lacking in that human and humane instinct and feeling which is revealed, through leisurely contemplation of the least that is storied and old, the measureless reaches of mind and heart food thinly veiled behind. Therefore, if your vacation must be a brief one, take only a little square of the luminous European canvas for your inspection. Study that so well you will know it by heart. You will be surprised to discover how the magic lines of perspective converge upon the little square you chose—whatever bit that may be. Hold as an enemy to your highest attainment in travel that foreigner, acquaintance or friend who attempts to rush you past any one thing you are endeavoring to know and enjoy. Carlyle said Emerson had learned the art of sitting still. I think he meant that the Concord philosopher had a wise and stubborn way of standing still in front of things until both his own vision and the light about those things had a clear and sunny quality. And that brings to two other essentials in foreign travel. One must never for an instant lose his temper, not an iota of it. And no traveler is a fair-minded man who will not, in every instance, endeavor to think and feel from the same standpoint of outlook—history, association, environment and even religious prejudice and feeling considered—as that possessed by those among whom he may come.

Along with the ethical equipment mentioned one needs little else save money for a European trip, and not so very much of that. Any one with good sense, judgment and $600; can go and come in the best steamers; travel 1,000 miles in Great Britain or upon the continent; and live very decently for three months' time. As to an actual outfit, one is more comfortable the less that is provided. A whisp broom which can be carried in a hip-pocket, a diminutive comb and brush, a tooth-brush, one complete change of clothing, with heavy underwear, an abundance of linen faced-collars and cuffs, a paper of two sized pins, a half dozen extra collar-buttons, shaving utensils, two or three blocks of linen writing paper with envolpes of the same (for there is untold annoyance in securing stationery on shipboard and in hotels), a "housewife" containing assorted needles, a tiny pair of good scissors, a few yards of white and colored thread and a bit of beeswax, and a good stout weather-coat, are all that any male traveler actually needs. Women need everything under heaven their husbands bank accounts will permit them to carry along in order to attempt the outshining of every other woman on shipboard or within the confines of the effete European dynasties. That is, most women. The few others go to Europe with a no larger outfit than that necessary for a sensible man. Such women need no needs are easily and cheaply provided for along the way. They go, acquire, return and are immeasurably the gainers. Such people are the ones who talk gab about "Yorrip" without being able to tell you whether it was reached via the Atlantic or the Pacific.

But whether your outfit goes aboard ship in a modest leather valise, or your heart swells with pride as you slyly observe how all the ship's porters are required to wrestle with it, sailing-day, with all its animated scenes, inevitably arrives. However much of an old curmudgeon or stoic you may be, however often you may have formed a part of them, you cannot remain passive to them. In New York the wharves of all the great ocean steamship lines—the Guion, National, Cunard, Anchor, French, Inman and White Star, lines—are massed together in the order named along the North River, facing West street. On nearly every week day a vessel departs; but on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the chief sailing days, the bustle and excitement are tremendous. Incoming and departing steamships constantly bringing their important and excessive activities. For a half mile along West street facing the wharves there is apparently inextricable confusion, but in reality wonderful discipline and order in the handling of incoming and outgoing ocean freight. The hotels, chophouses, saloons, telegraph offices and wharves are open night and day. There is no diminution of din, traffic and apparent hopeless confusion the whole night long.

As the sailing hour approaches the great lines of drays and transfers wagons give way to lighter vehicles. These, laden with bonbons, fruits and flowers, gifts for departing friends, look bright and pretty; but they are shortly displaced by as handsome a show of carriages as you will see on the sunniest day in Central Park. If your steamer sails on a bright afternoon you may count more than 1,000 of these. They bring departing passengers and a host of friends to wish them well. By this time all the are crowded by excited laughing children. Everybody smiles, even if here and there a heart is breaking. One can barely hear his own voice for the din. Every ship's officer and steward is in his brightest uniform. The 'Longshoremen with wild yells and excited cursings are stowing away driblets of over-late freight. Supplementry U. S. mails, without which your vessels cannot sail, are flung wildly on board. Suddenly the gong beats below. "All ashore, going ashore!" shout the stewards. It is a knell to the merriment. Faces lengthen. A tremor is in the voice. You can hardly see your friends faces now. Then the embraces, the hand-grasps, the lip-pressures leal and true—ah, some of them the last precious earthly message of the heart and soul to soul and heart!

The captain on the bridge nods his head. Away go the forward lines. Then his hand pulls a stout cord. The fog-born roars and bellows, and the gang-planks are cleared from the ship. Another nod from the captain and away the aft lines go. The great vessel slips back into the stream, her bow and stern seeming to reach half across the Hudson. One cannot call back there to the pier, if he would. The throat is too full and your heart hurts you so. Your eyes can make no one's face out clearly. Half a thousand ashore have pressed forward to the bulkheads. You can only see a mass of moving color, waving scarfs and handkerchiefs and some who are reaching far and farther out, as if they must come to where you are. In a moment more you turn away heartsick from it all. Shortly the pilot is discharged at Sandy-Hook light-ship; and before you get through revolving wild and fanciful plans of escape the Highlands are flatteuing down upon the western horizon, and the great steamship is racing in her course across the sea.

After one's steamer is well out of sight of land your eyes begin to open to the fact that you are shut in upon the sea with an extraordinary compact mass of humanity. Think of a little city of two thousand souls within less than the cubic space comprised in the dimensions of say 500 feet in length, 50 feet in width and 40 feet in depth!

And yet you are but one individual of the great number thus strangely environed. Indeed a great ocean steamer is a large little world full of most interesting objects and activities. To begin with going either way during the "season," there is likely to be 600 cabin passengers. The "steerage" and "intermediate" will together average 1000 each way, the steerages" immensely preponderating towards New York, and the "intermediates" crowding the second cabins to overflowing on the passage to Liverpool. There are 1,600 in these three classes. Besides these, the crew numbers more officers, men and women, than comprise a regular army regiment and the legitmate attaches of a post. There is the captain, or commander, and right-hand man, the chief officer. From six to eight deck officers ranking as first, second and third, officers, are provided to assist in the navigation of the ship and three of these under officers are on deck day and night. Those who may be properly called seamen among the crew are the boatswain's mate, and from 36 to 40 sailors. From twelve to fourteen of these are called quartermasters who are detailed to steer the ship, stand lookout and as master-at-arms act as a sort of ship board police squad. These sailors also include two ship's carpenters who are riggers, plumbers and boiler-makers as well, and who must hold themselves in readiness for labor at all hours of the day and night. In charge of the engines and machinery are a chief engineer and from 25 to 30 assistant engineers, five or six electricians, three or four donkeymen; 30 to 35 head firemen, and 50 to 60 common firemen. The latter shovel coal into the furnaces and their work in hot weather in something fearful. The head firemen are called greasers" and they oil and clean the machinery; while the donkeymen are firemen in charge of the boilers. In this class there are also from 60 to 70 trimmers who shovel the coal from the bunkers into the stoke-hole. In what might be termed the hotel department of the steamship there are from 150 to 200 people employed. There will be a purser or accountant and paymaster with one or two assistants; a surgeon—a really medical-school graduate whose employment is an insult to intelligent people of standing, and a constant menace to the health of American and British women—and an assistant, a first and second steward, and a chief stewardess. Under their supervision about 150 people distributed according to the exigencies of the trip.—There are four stewardesses for the first cabin, two in the second, and one, an individual who could out-blackguard a Galway fish-wife, for aggression and defense in the steerage, There are from 30 to 50 first-cabin stewards, or table waiters: About 20 are state-room stewards. There will be eight or ten deck stewards and perhaps a half dozen are required to wait on the officers and in the mess-rooms; there will be as many bell-boys, or "boots," all lads in their teens, usually pretty nice little fellows from Birkenhead or other coastwise suburbs of Liverpool. Then in connection with the cuisine department there will be twelve to fourteen cooks, ten or twelve pantrymen, three or four "fishers" or butchers, four bakers, two bartenders, five or six keepers of ship's stores, and a ships printer who prepares three menu cards daily. That stately monarch of men, at sea, the ship's barber' must not be forgotten; he who shaves you for a quarter, sells you polishers on the ship's daily run, insists upon your purchase of deck-shoes, hats, caps and other uncanny devices and at last confides to you, under favor of a final generous quarter, the names of the only hotels in all Europe that "any sure-enough American ge'mmen' would be caught dead at."

When one begins to realize that he is only a two-thousandth part of the total agregate humanity housed between decks upon one of the great Atlantic liners, the matter of what is required for the needs of the great steamship itself and those of a small city-full of people for from a week to a possible two or three weeks' voyage in the event of accident, is really worth an inquiry. How many people ever thought of the stupendous quantities of, and exqenditure for, the two items of fresh water and coal, required for one voyage, and then of their aggregate for a whole year's service. An entire interesting article might be written on the men and craft engaged in the ocean supply of fresh water in New York Harbor alone. There are owned in New York City, Jersey City and Brooklyn ten large steam vessels constantly and solely employed in this service. Each of these carries from 5,000 to 25,000 gallons of water. Besides, there is a fleet of from 25 to 30 single masted sailing craft in the same traffic. The water is purchased from the three cities at an average price of 50 cents per 100 cubic feet (about 700 gallons) and is sold to sailing vessels at one cent per gallon, and to steamships for whatever can be got—some of the captains pocketing one-half of the total bills in rebates—but one-fourth of a cent per gallon is usually secured. Outgoing vessels "stock" with from 200 to 1,500 gallons, and the great steamers each take on 30,000 to 50,000 gallons. Many of the ocean leviathans load with 3,000 to 8,500 tons of coal for each trip. Averaging 26 crossings per year, the annual power required by one steamship is produced by the burning of from 78,000 to 91,000 tons of coal.

But aside from these two startling items, think of the vast stores provided for the larder of only one ocean greyhound for a single passage. Two thousand souls, say 600 cabin passengers and 1,000 steerage and intermediate passengers, with a crew of 400 souls, will consume, in round numbers 13,000 pounds of beef, 2,000 pounds of corned beef, 7,000 pounds of mutton, 2,000 pounds of lamb, 1,000 pounds of veal, 700, pounds of pork, 3,000 pounds of fresh fish, 1,000 fowls, 500 chickens, 1,000 squabs, 200 bushels of various small vegetables including peas, beans, lettuce, beets, spinach and cauliflower; besides 15,000 eggs, 500 bricks of ice-cream, 3,500 quarts of milk, 250 pounds of sausages, 1,200 pounds of butter; and general groceries including such items as 1,000 pounds of coffee, 450 pounds of tea, 1,000 pounds of white, 500 of pulverized, and 1,500 of moist, sugar, 2,000 pounds of ham, 1,000 pounds of cheese, 800 pounds of bacon, 250 pounds of rice, 300 jars of jam, jelly and marmalade, 200 bottles of pickles and sauces, 25 boxes of lemons, 30 boxes of oranges, from 40 to 50 barrels of flour, and tons of fine stuffs to tempt steamers passengers' critical palates, which the Germans wisely group under the general name of "Delicatessen." But this is not all. The beer, wine, liquor and mineral water guzzling on shipboard and the consumption of cigars are enormous and beastly. The passengers of any one of the leading four lines will annually consume 10,000 bottles and 18,000 half bottles of champagne, 12,000 bottles and 8,000 half bottles of claret, 12,000 bottles of all other wines, 500,000 of ale and porter 200,000 bottles of mineral waters, 40,000 bottles of brandy and other spirits, 35,000 pounds of tobacco, 75,000 cigars, and 70,000 cigarettes. Ugh!—and is it any wonder that such as these are sea-sick? And what an unutterable pity there should be somewhere along the line for the other fellows who are irrevocably shut up where these human systems in desperate recovery are flinging off, amid the atters of all-permeating bilgewater, the exudations and essences from the use and abuse of, say, 100,000 pounds of tobacco, and nearly one million bottles of glucose, fusil oil and sulphuric acid!

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