

The Hand of Steel.

ITS POWER, THOUGH SELDOM FELT, IS ABSOLUTE ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

From the New York *Deutsche Amerika*.

The ocean steamship of modern times is literally a floating palace. The passenger who travels by one of the luxurious ships of one of the great lines will experience only the velvet side of life—if he behaves himself. Everything will be made as pleasant for him as possible. Civil and attentive servants wait in readiness to execute any of his commands, night and day. The saloon, the smoking room, the library, the ladies' parlor, the stateroom, are each wonderful examples of modern comfort. But under all the velvet, the plush, the silk hangings, the paintings, the carvings, and the rest is the steel frame of the great ship.

So it is with the discipline on board. The passenger meets nothing but the utmost civility and politeness, but behind this there is power, supreme and arbitrary. The passenger may cross and recross many times without ever suspecting that he is enjoying himself under a despotism as rigid as that of Russia. Under the velvet glove is the hand of steel.

For the first two or three days out it certainly seemed as if Mr. Joseph Bounce was going to be the most popular man on board ship that voyage. He was a big, generous, whole-souled man from California, who was said to be immensely wealthy, as is a habit of Californians. He was very lavish with his money in the smoking room and any one who wished anything to drink, could always have it at the expense of the big Californian. A party of ranchmen who were on their way home to the old country became his particular cronies, drank freely of the champagne he ordered, laughed loudly at his jokes, which were not at all bad, and at his stories, which very often were. Several times Bounce asked all the habitués of the smoking room to drink with him, which invitation was at first very generally accepted, although some refused.

Joseph claimed that this refusal would not have been permitted in the best classes of society to which he belonged out West, but still those who had refused persisted in their refusal, and it was evident Joseph did not like it. He talked loudly about some people being snobbish, and claimed that he had money enough to buy the whole lot of them out several times over, which statement nobody considered it worth while to refute.

When the pool fever took hold of the smoking room, Joseph Bounce was chosen auctioneer, and he sold the runs of the ship in a way that caused merriment. He had evidently a good deal of humor in his composition, and, if he had kept sober, he would probably have been, as I said before, the most popular man on shipboard.

As the voyage progressed, however, it soon became evident, that Bounce had laid himself out to make the trip one continual booze as far as he was concerned. He was drunk night and day, and by and by the passengers who had been friendly with him at first, began to drop away from him, with the exception of a few who were as fond of liquor as himself, and to whom a free fuddle had attractions. Then Joseph got into the habit of forgetting himself,

and took to insulting those who refused to drink with him. He became exceedingly obnoxious to the whole smoking room, and doubtless complaint was made to the officers, although nobody knew who made it.

One evening Bounce came into the smoking room and sat down at his usual card table. He ordered champagne and talked loudly about the objectionable passenger list on this particular trip. This sort of thing went on for some time, when the smoking room steward came in and said very mildly:

"Mr. Bounce, the purser would like to see you in his room for a few minutes."

This was so quietly spoken that no one would have noticed it if Bounce himself had kept quiet. He glared at the inoffensive steward for a moment, and then shouted as he brought his big fist down upon the table:

"You tell the purser that if he wants to see me more than I want to see him, he can come in here and see me."

This remark was garnished by a choice assortment of lurid wild Western oaths.

"Very good, sir," answered the steward politely, as he withdrew.

After a pause the games and conversation went on as usual, but a veteran who had crossed a number of times, and who knew what was what on board ship, said in a whisper:

"If I'm not very much mistaken you will hear something drop in a moment."

"Will the purser come in?" was asked.

"No; but I think, he will send for Bounce."

"He has sent for him, but it doesn't seem to have done much good."

"You wait!" said the veteran.

At that moment the door opened again and the steward came in as deferential as before, but behind him, keeping step together, strode six stalwart sailors, any two of whom could have taken Bounce and done what they pleased with him, big as he was. The sailors, with imperturbable faces, ranged themselves behind the chair of the man from California.

The steward, in exactly the same tone of voice as he had addressed Joseph Bounce before, said:

"The purser would like to see you, sir, for a few moments."

There was dead silence in the smoking room, and the bravest held his breath for a time. Bounce looked over his shoulder for a moment at the motionless men and then at the steward. His face was flushed with liquor, but he was not so drunk that he did not realize the situation. There was a short pause for a moment; then Bounce said in a more sober voice:

"All right; I'll go with you."

He went, with the six men marching quietly behind him. What transpired at the interview no one knew, but it soon became known, that Bounce's supply of liquor had been cut off and he was practically under arrest during the rest of the voyage.

Mr. Joseph Bounce had felt the touch of the hand of steel.

The British Admiralty have notified the Canadian Pacific Railway Company of their intention to recommission the ships *Daphne* and *Nymph* in May over their lines. The number of men required will be 203 with three officers.

She's Had Enough of Canada.

From the New York *Tribune*:

Says an American lady: "While in Canada, recently, I went into a candy store to make a purchase, and, as I had always done at home, sampled some of the varieties piled on the counter. And what do you think I found? Cayenne pepper! At first I supposed it was some candy made for April-fool's day, but when I sampled two other piles which looked tempting, and from which, had they pleased me, I should have purchased, I found that cayenne pepper was in each piece. 'In order to stop customers eating candy they don't pay for,' said my companion. I tell you I was mad; and when I thought of the way in this country, where one is asked to sample everything unknown before buying, I told the clerk I didn't want the caramels. I understand someone is trying to annex Canada to the United States. Well, my uncle is a United States senator, and I shall tell him that unless he prevents such a thing I shall go to Europe and marry a French prince. I understand that they are cheap now."

Of Interest to Dakotans.

From the *Brandon Mail* we take the following to which was attached the names of 24 ex-Dakotans:

SHEHO LAKE, ASSA., Nov. 2nd, 1891.

We, the undersigned, formerly from South Dakota and now located in the vicinity of Sheho Lake, Assa., are well satisfied with our location and find it to be as good as reported by the agents at Aberdeen. We would advise any man who wishes to go into mixed farming to come and see this country, as we think it just the place to make money. There is plenty of timber for building, fencing and fuel. There are some beautiful lakes, fine springs, a good rich soil and plenty of clay.

We thank Mr. Eden, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg, for his kindness, and Mr. Smith, Canada Loan and Trust Co.'s agent, for his kind way of treating us at Aberdeen, also Mr. G. H. Campbell, General Immigration agent, Winnipeg, for his kindness to us at Winnipeg.

Medicine Hat Times: Captain Holmes, with a party of delegates from Michigan, is inspecting the lands of the Northwest with a view to the settlement of discontented dwellers from that once prosperous state, on the fertile lands of the Territories.

Under the game laws of Ontario just adopted by the Ontario legislature, the open season for deer will be only two weeks, from November 1 to November 15, instead of October 15 to November 15. One person is forbidden to kill more than two deer, except when the animals are his own property. No person or common carrier will be allowed to transport deer carcasses except from November 1 till November 22. The open season for ducks will begin on September 1, and the number one man may kill is limited to 300. The exportation of ducks, quail, woodcock and all other game birds and animals is forbidden. The purchase or sale of quail, snipe, partridge, wild turkey and woodcock is prohibited for two years.