

interest. The rejection by Portugal of her treaty with England may give rise to serious contingencies. Lord Salisbury is not expected to continue stroking the naughty boy much longer down the grain; nor will he put up with England's signature being spurned without making his resentment felt—even should the House of Braganza go to the wall, and Europe count one *voilelet* less. Two parties are pushing Portugal to a collapse, one that wishes to regain power, and the other that aims to set up a Republic. Lusitania is not held to be as ripe for a Republic as Brazil. However, its advent is seriously discounted by cool heads here. The enthusiasts declare that Spain will follow Portugal in setting up a Republic, and Italy will follow suit. Then the Latin union will be complete and the triple alliance a fiasco. Q. E. D.

Scouts are out feeling the financial pulse of moneyed people on the Panama Canal enterprise. The Liquidator will not be able to break silence till all the negotiations with the Colombian Government are concluded, which will require some time yet. If the millions, as indemnity or compensation, that that Government demands, be taken in shares and dividends be accepted out of earnings, that will facilitate bringing to a focus: first, the practicability of completing the canal in the cheapest manner, and next, if the estimate submitted will meet with the approbation of financiers, who, unlike the British East African Company shareholders, would not take their dividends out in philanthropy. The public continues to be supremely indifferent to the whole negotiations. However, when French duchesses can squander three millions at once on seedy politicians, they might club together the capital to try and preserve to France the glory she has so hastily sought—that of marrying the two oceans.

The rain is playing sad inundation havoc in the south of France; some of the best vineyards have been ruined. Near Nismes, a cemetery has been swept away, and coffins, fragments of corpses, furniture, hogsheds of wine, and farm animals, float on the waters. Z.

LIFE ON A CATTLE SHIP.

"If I get you the chance of going to England for nothing, will you go?"
"Go? I'll go in a minute—I am ready to go to-morrow."

We were two poor young school teachers from the back townships who had met in Toronto that fine July morning and were strolling under the maples of College Avenue. We had been students at the Normal School the year before, had roomed together and taken out our second-class certificates at the same time. Now the ordeal of the first term's teaching had come to an end and we were both feeling somewhat worn and run down in body and mind. We had had the usual disappointments and trials which attend the green young man's attempt to rule the district school, and felt the need of a complete rest and change. The holidays were welcome, but we wanted some pleasure over and above. After comparing our experience, Johnson had roused my curiosity and envy by talking in a mysterious way of going to England, of it costing nothing and at last, seeing how eager I was for such a trip, asked me the question quoted above.

To say I jumped at his offer is a poor, weak way of putting it. It seemed too good to be true. I was half incredulous at first but that feeling was swept away in a tumult of excitement at the dazzling prospect. It is the dream of every Canadian who reads at all to go to England some day; but that day seemed very far off indeed to a poor young pedagogue, who had to make his own way in the world on three hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. To go to England to see the places I had read of; places that seemed to belong to the geography of Fairyland, and to go now was almost too much. What would I not do or suffer to get the opportunity? I had no idea how Johnson was going to fulfil his promise but when he went on to explain that we should have to work our passage over in a cattle-ship, I was not in the least disenchanted. It would mean some rough, hard work, I suppose, but it could not last forever; no matter what it was I could stand it, and then—then I should see London. Besides there were good precedents. Did not Trefoil from our town, who made such a good stand at the University, disappear one summer vacation and come back in the fall with a new suit of clothes and fifteen dollars in his pocket, and, best of all, with the experience of travel in the old world? Moreover, I did not have as clear a conception of what would be required of us, as I had afterwards, or I might have hesitated. Johnson was glad to have someone with him he knew and so he took me to his boarding house to dinner. We soon came to an understanding, and explained further what we had to do and what we might expect.

That afternoon we went out to the great stock yards in West Toronto, a wilderness of sheds and dirt. They were quite empty and silent except at one place where half-a-dozen men were trying to pen a small flock of sheep. We made enquiries for Brown, the exporter, and a slight man with a reddish moustache was pointed out to us. He was standing by a horse and buggy, overseeing the work in progress. On finding out what we wanted he took us to one side and put several questions to us. When he found out that we had never been across the water before, he looked rather dubious. At last, however, we were hired.

"I take you two men," said Brown, "pay your passage to London and back, and your hotel bill while you are in Montreal. But you'll have to work for it."

We assured him that we were not afraid of work and had been used to taking care of stock on the farm.

"But you have never been at sea before," he said, "you'll likely be sick and I can't afford to pay you and have other men do your work."

"There's a great deal in not giving way to sea-sickness," Johnson remarked, and we let it go at that.

"She's a great big ship, the one you are going in—the *Arcola*," continued Brown, "the biggest ship that sails out of the port of Montreal, always has a dry deck. She was built just for this trade, with special quarters for the cattle hands, and she's new. This is only her third trip. So you'll be comfortable, but you must work."

"We'll do our best, sir," said Johnson, "and—and will there be any remuneration?"

Brown laughed. "Remuneration! Its remunerative enough for green hands like you to give you your passage there and back."

We did not insist, because we wanted to go at all hazards, and Brown, on his part, agreed to extend our time so that we need not come back on the *Arcola*, but might return by any boat of the line.

"You come here to-morrow afternoon and ask for me. If I'm not here go to the 'Black Bull' tavern and ask for the papers I'll leave there for you. Take the night train for Montreal and go to the Point St. Charles hotel. I'll see you there and tell you what to do next."

Then he took down our names in his pocket-book, Caleb Johnson and Philip Lake, got into his buggy and drove away.

Well it was all settled now. We were Brown's hired men and looked for Thames Haven. There was no retreat even if we had wished it. We walked back to the city in the highest spirits. We were really going to make an ocean voyage, not in the most fashionable way, it is true, but at the end we would see England; knock round in disguise as it were, and immeasurably extend our limited experience. There was the work between. It would be hard, no doubt, and unpleasant; but it could not last forever, or be much rougher than farming or more disagreeable than teaching.

Our preparations for our long journey were soon-made; for our luggage must necessarily be compact. We sent home our trunks, reserving only the coats and trousers that would still produce a half decent appearance ashore, and a couple of flannel shirts for the ocean. We then invested in a suit of brown overalls a-piece, such slops as workmen wear, and our outfits were complete. We found our drovers' passes at the "Black Bull" the next afternoon as Brown had promised; and the same evening, at eight o'clock, we swept out of the Union Depot on the Canadian Pacific express for Montreal.

As we were school teachers no longer but only drovers (though the professions are not very dissimilar) we had to travel in the second-class carriage or "emigrant-sleeper" as it is called. But this was no great hardship, for these cars are simply dismantled Pullmans, that is Pullmans without upholstery of any description. The bedding is furnished by the passengers, as in the steerage of ocean steamers; or you can buy a blanket from the Company for a small sum. We made ourselves comfortable with our bundles for pillows, in the upper berths, slept the broken sleep of the sleeping-car, and in twelve hours after leaving Toronto, we were stretching our legs and yawning in the C. P. R. station in Montreal.

We found our way to the Point St. Charles hotel, the rendezvous of cattlemen in Montreal, with some difficulty, for it is at the opposite end of the city, on the flats near the river, and neither of us had been in the city before. We walked over and carried our bundles with us. Brown had come down a train ahead and was waiting for us on our arrival. After breakfast he told us the way to the *Arcola's* dock and then drove off in a cab, ordering us to follow immediately.

We followed the long line of Montreal's riverside wharves and docks till we reached the Bonsecours Market and found the *Arcola* moored at a warehouse just below, with her head up-stream. There was nothing to do yet, Brown said; and so for an hour or so, we lounged round the dock and the warehouse, examining the steamer and watching the sailors at their work. She was a fine vessel, as big as a regular liner. Her main deck was built up about four feet with wooden sheep-pens; and on top of this bales of pressed hay were piled for fodder. A strong piece of scantling made a temporary rail, and all the wood-work was painted black, to match the hull. There was a great square opening, gaping in her side and a huge wooden gangway with high sides led up to it like the entrance to Noah's Ark. This is where the cattle are driven in and when we are ready to sail the massive iron doors will be closed and barred, not to be opened till we are tied up to an English quay.

As my chum and I were lying on a bale of hay, in the cool warehouse and wondering what it was all going to be like, we noticed Brown talking to a big, sullen-looking man with a black beard. He wore a peaked cloth cap and a blue-and-white checked slop. Presently Brown came up.

"That's my foreman," he said, "he'll take charge of things. There'll hardly be enough to keep you busy. There's only a hundred and fifty cattle and the sheep, and there'll be five of you, the largest gang on the ship."

We found out afterwards that this foreman answered to the name of William, and so we called him to the end of the chapter. I do not think that he took off that cap or that blue slop from the time we saw him till we dressed

to go ashore. And I can never look at a check of that pattern without seeing William's huge form and hearing his gruff voice.

This informal, one-sided introduction over, Brown said:—

"Here! let me see you get that bale of hay on board; lively now!"

We went at it with a will and tumbled the big clumsy thing, end over end, up the gangway and into the ship, in fine style. Here William cut the wire bands of it with his hatchet, and we scattered the hay along in the pens for bedding. When we had brought in bales enough, we went up to the railway siding where the cars containing Brown's hundred and fifty "beasts" had been shunted, and began operations. We soon had them out and driven down to the wharf; and here the real fun began. The steers had to be driven up the steep gangway, one by one, and secured each in his proper place inside. The space assigned to our lot was amidships on the starboard side. Part of the gang drove them up; one man stood at the passage way, to turn them down into the right pen, and two others secured them there. They looked ugly, the great creatures with their long horns, but it was all looks. Once in a while, a more timid steer than usual would get obstinate and refuse to stir for all the blows rained on him. Then there would be a cry of "Tail him," and he would be prevailed on to hurry, by having his tail twisted into a sort of bovine corkscrew. Once at the top of the gangway, all was easy; but often they would halt and fumble and stare into the obscurity of 'tween-decks, till the yelling man with a sharp stick would prod them into the way that they should go. The hardest part of the job was after they were in the pens. Each beast had to be turned facing inwards, towards the centre of the ship, a noose slipped over his horns, drawn through an auger hole in the stout head-board and made fast. It was not easy to deal with the terrified mob of cattle, huddled tight at the end of the narrow pen. It was a wild scene, what with the heat and the half darkness and the trampling, lowing steers. Sent in with head-ropes for the "boss," I found the redoubtable William in the narrow "alley-way," outside the bars, cursing and swearing and watching his chance to slip the noose over the steer's horns and get it fastened before it would be jerked out of his hands. Inside, his right-hand man, "Long John," a dusky, long-legged figure, was climbing over the cattle's backs, pounding them with a stick and running the risk every moment of being crushed or trampled to death. It was exciting work while it lasted; but, finally, William drew the last rope through the last hole, and hot, dirty but triumphant, Brown's "gang" adjourned for dinner to a little French tavern near by.

William, the indefatigable, had us all at it again in about twenty minutes. The six hundred and odd sheep had to be taken out of the cars like the steers and herded in the big warehouse. The sheep were inclined to bolt and we had to do collie-dog work, chasing and keeping them together. It was hot enough along the road, but it was ten times worse when we had the whole dusty rabble in the warehouse at once, ba-a-ing, bleating, and running insanely this way and that. Of course it was out of the question to drive the whole flock into the ship at once; only a dozen or two would be let out at a time and driven, coaxed or carried up the gangway to the pens. The sheep are not secured separately but so much space is allotted to so many sheep; the upper deck is used for their accommodation, for they must have plenty of fresh air. The pens are in two tiers, one above the other, about eight feet high altogether. The fronts of the cages are slatted like a big hen-coop, and the pens open into one another by means of moveable slats. These slats are taken out, the sheep driven in at one end, and then divided, about twenty to a pen, afterwards. They were much harder to manage than the steers, for the sheep is the most wonderful combination of stupidity and irritating mute obstinacy under the sun. Time and again they would stop in mid-flight up the gangway and pile over one another in great, woolly heaps; then some one had to go and carry up one or two bodily, till the flock started again. Playing nurse-maid to a big fat sheep on a plank, sloping like the roof of a house, under a July sun, is no joke. A sheep cannot be beaten or prodded like a steer, they are too easily injured; and its tail is not adapted to twisting, so you are compelled to fall back on moral suasion. It came to an end at last, but not till after sunset when Brown told us there was nothing more to do but bring our traps on board. We would sail at sunrise.

The cattlemen's quarters were locked up, we found, when we got on board and were not to be opened till we were really under way. This was necessary to prevent stealing and keep any of the ragged gang of helpers and hangers-on from smuggling themselves on board, and getting a free passage across, so there was nothing for it but to stretch ourselves on the bales on the upper deck for the night. The stars looked down on us through the cordage and the air was cool, but we were so tired that we soon dropped asleep. "Brum," as we called the little English man from Birmingham, was given a lantern and sent to keep watch below. The watchman's duty is to see that no steer lies down and gets his head-rope "crossed" with his neighbour's; this is done by one steer straddling across another which is lying down; when number one stands up the heads of the two are much closer than is comfortable or safe. This precaution of setting a watch is not so necessary when the ship is lying at dock as when she is rolling and pitching in a heavy sea. In a storm the head-boards often carry away by the cattle being thrown against