POOR DOCUMENT

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# A NEWSPAPER MAN'S VOYAGE ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE

## Being the Chronicle of a Trip from St. John to Yarmouth, Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Halifax, and Back Again.

(No. 1.)

But yesterday the South Shore of Nova Scotia was little more than a line on the map. Today it is a well-defined locality, associated with a memory and a hope. The memory is that of pleasure, voyaging from port to port, receiving new and delightful impressions day by day. The hope looks toward future pleasure from the same source.

Yarmouth, Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg—how many of the readers of this paper have sailed along the coast, and viewed them from the seaward as well as the landward side? How many New Brunswick people have seen them at all—or more of them than Yarmouth?

They are worth seeing. They are indeed something in the nature of a revelation to the man who has made no inquiry about them, and who has perhaps dismissed them from his mind as unprogressive communities, possessing little or no material advantages. This is of course in some degree due to their comparative isolation, for three of them are still without railway communication. Yarmouth, of course, is well known, because it has possessed superior channels of communication, not only with the provinces but with the United States. But Yarmouth is only one of the gateways to a group of shore towns charming in themselves, and each possessing distinctive features of present and historic interest, and future promise.

St. John is peculiarly interested in this region, for its wholesale merchants send their travelers, and carry on a flourishing trade with south shore ports. When there was no steamer on the route, the merchants felt the loss, and went down into their pockets to assist in providing a means of communication, alike beneficial to themselves and to the people of the ports concerned. Hence it is that we have the steamer Senlac, built in St. John, making every week a round trip between St. John and Halifax, calling at the ports above mentioned. The purpose of the present series of articles is to give more or less fragmentary impressions and experiences of a round trip in the Senlac, made under most favorable conditions of weather, and general arrangements for comfort and pleasure.

### Crossing the Bay.

A heavy sea was running in the Bay of Fundy. The wind that had swept the coast was gradually abating, but its effect was still very apparent to three passengers standing on the deck of the Senlac. The vessel pitched, and rolled a little, and the motion increased as she ploughed her way out into the bay; for the day had been rough down shore, and the steamer Boston, which crossed from Boston to Yarmouth the same night, had even a rougher experience than the Senlac from St. John.

"Isn't this fine!" cried one of the three on the Senlac's deck—and he was right. The motion was exhilirating. The breeze was fresh and cool. Hurrying clouds partially obscured the moon, but for quite a distance on either side the long rollers could be seen rising, breaking in curling wreaths of foam, and moving on and on in endless procession.

But the motion increased as the evening wore on, and enthusiasm became proportionately less pronounced.

"I think I will turn in," said one of the trio. "This ought to be a good night for sleep."

"It's chilly out here, anyhow," added another, and the two went below. The newspaper man finished his cigar in solitude.

Early in the morning, on the Nova Scotia coast, the wind was high, and the sea rougher than it had been during the night. There are many things easier than getting into one's pantaloons when the floor and walls of a stateroom threaten to exchange places, even if it is only a mild threat; for in such case the landsman invariably discovers that first one leg and then the other is mysteriously shortened, while he is in need of several more pairs of hands. But there is a humorous side to the experience, and, like a child learning to walk, he gradually gets his sea-legs, and completes his toilet.

"We didn't expect you this morning," said Captain McKinnon, who with Purser Wilson sat at table in the handsome dining saloon, when the newspaper man steadied himself, calculated the distance, and dropped safely into a chair. The racks were on the table to keep the dishes from wandering about. When the scribe scanned the bill of fare and asked for broiled steak, his status as a sailorman was established. The officers confided to him the fact that they had not had as rough a trip across the bay for quite a long time. The demand for breakfasts was therefore limited.

"No, I wasn't sick," explained another passenger, when he came on deck, as the Senlac moved into calmer water near the entrance to Yarmouth harbor, "but I wasn't hungry, either. Watch me at dinner time."

### At Yarmouth.

From the time when the first glimpse of Yarmouth is seen on the course down the bay, there is still a long run around the capes and up the long and winding channel to the wharves. The approach is extremely picturesque, for the shores are rugged and there are East and West Capes, Outer and Inner False Harbor, coves, beaches, islands, and bold ledges of rock. In the outer harbor, as the Senlac passed in, nine Gloucester fishermen—large, rakish looking schooners swarming with men—lay at anchor. One of them had made a large stop of mackerel, for her decks were covered with barrels of these fish.

It was flood tide when the Senlac entered the inner harbor, which then is a much more imposing sheet of water than when the ebb tide leaves broad stretches of empty flats. Steamers, several square rigged vessels and a number of schooners lay at the wharves—so many in fact that the Senlac had some difficulty in making her berth. But two of the steamers, the Yarmouth and Prince Edward, are not in commission, and the green slime of idleness fringes their waterline. It is rumored that one of them will soon be put in commission.

Many passengers arrive by sea at Yarmouth, especially during the summer season. For example, the Yarmouth Times of Tuesday, of this week, says:—

"The Prince Arthur brought 225 passengers from Boston on Saturday and returned the same evening with 647. The Boston had 436 on Monday morning and took back about 400. This morning the Prince George brought 208 and will have a large outward list this afternoon. The Prince Arthur arrived from New York early Monday morning with 55 passengers."

Yarmouth has been more extensively advertised, in connection with tourist business, than any other town in the lower provinces. It has long enjoyed direct steamer communication with Boston, and for a time had very keen competition in that line. The Yarmouth Steamship Company did a great deal to advertise the port and the Dominion Atlantic Company has done the same. There is now also steamer communication with New York. It is not surprising, therefore to meet many American tourists in Yarmouth. There is hotel accommodation particularly suited to their demands. The Grand, for example, is one of the largest and best hotels in the provinces. It will be provided with an elevator during the next winter. Across the harbor, nestling among the trees on the shoulder of a green hill, is Bay View Lodge, a very pretty house with a lovely situation. Down on West Cape, toward the mouth of the harbor, in an exceedingly picturesque situation, affording magnificent views, and good fishing and bathing, is Markland, a new hotel which this summer has enjoyed a good tourist patronage. A small steamer runs from the town wharves to Bay View Lodge about every fifteen minutes, and another to Markland every half hour or so. There are pretty cottages at Markland, and closer to the town; and in the town are other hotels, affording comfortable accommodation. But tourist business this year has not been as large as usual. In that respect Yarmouth has not differed from other resorts.

### A Pretty Town.

The visitor who goes to Yarmouth by steamer and wanders about the streets along the water front gets a very wrong impression of the town. Here the buildings are old and poor and neglected, by comparison with those farther back. But when he goes to the main business street, on which there is a street car service extending the whole length of the town, he finds stores that compare favorably in contents and window display with those of larger cities; and when he goes farther back, into the residential section, the beautiful homes, set amid ample grounds along shady avenues, at once arouse his admiration. The wonderfully vivid green of the lawns, some of them prettily terraced; the famous hawthorne hedges, which are one of the glories of Yarmouth; the fine school buildings; the beautiful cemetery—one of the most beautiful Cities of Sleep in all the provinces; the fine views from surrounding heights, or from the cupola of the Grand Hotel; the charms of Milton Highlands; the lovely Milton lakes, stretching for miles back from the head of the harbor; the facilities for canoeing, boating and yachting; the pleasant drives in many directions;—all these impress and charm the visitor, who has already admired the varied features of the shore scenery, as observed from the deck of a steamer inward bound.

The Senlac remained several hours at Yarmouth, and the newspaper man attached himself for a time to Mr. Fraser, the steward, who ran out of Yarmouth on the steamer Boston for years, and had his home in the town. His local knowledge enabled the two to see a great deal in a short time, including an inspection of the Grand Hotel and a view from the cupola, which overlooks the whole town. But before they returned the scribe leaned against a post and craved a boon. He asked to be shown a native of the town who didn't know Fraser. There were apparently none in sight. Even in the Grand an American tourist recognized him, and introduced several others, and all of them turned up later at the wharf to look over the Senlac, and talk about a trip down the South Shore the following week.

One statement was made in Yarmouth that is open to question. Making a trip on a street car from end to end of the line, a man asserted that the service was slower than in St. John. The statement is here quoted without prejudice.

It may also be observed, without prejudice, that when two gentlemen entered the post office to mail some souvenir postal cards they found pens and ink on a desk in the lobby. Enquiry revealed the fact that pens and ink are always to be found there.

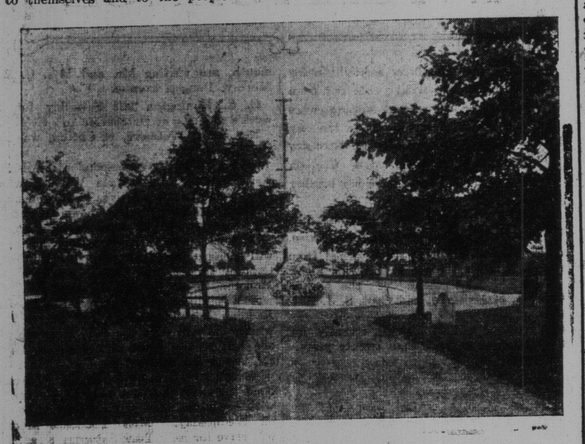
Down on the wharf when the Senlac was docked, a man in a straw hat was chewing gum and fishing for smelts. When the Senlac sailed he was still there—chewing gum and fishing for smelts. Five days later, when the steamer returned, he had lost his cud, but was still fishing for smelts. The fact proves that there is no necessary relation between gum and smelts.

### The Tusket Islands.

The sea had subsided to a long and gentle swell when the Senlac steamed out of Yarmouth harbor, passing close astern of several of the big Gloucester fishermen, and laid her course for the passage through the Tusket Islands. It was a lovely afternoon, and among the islands the sea was almost smooth.

Nowhere is there to be found a more remarkable group of islands. It is said there are several hundreds of them, and more than a score may be counted at one time from the steamer's deck. Their utter dissimilarity is their greatest charm. Here a mere jagged ledge of rock shows its teeth a few feet above the surface; there, what seems to be a high oblong block of sand with grass of a faded green on its flat surface, the sides being steep and without vegetation of any sort. Another appears to be three-cornered, thrusting a nose like that of a snowplow into the surges. Here is one composed entirely of gravel and boulders of various colors and sizes, without a sign of vegetable life—a perfect picture of desolation. Yonder is one that is almost round, rising to a considerable height in the centre, and clothed from shore to summit with a dense mass of green trees, both deciduous and evergreen. No two bear any resemblance to each other, and far to seaward may be seen long ledges of naked rock. The steamer's course is through the outer and smaller group of these islands. Toward the mainland they are larger and indeed seem a part of the mainland itself. The steamer's course is well marked by lights and buoys. The Senlac's passengers, including quite a number who had embarked at Yarmouth, some of them having just arrived there from Boston, were all on deck while passing among the islands, and expressions of wonder and pleasure were heard from all who were not familiar with the locality. Small, unpainted wooden houses, scattered over the rocks and islands attracted attention. They are the shelter provided by lobster fishermen, for use in the fishing season; for lobsters are very plentiful in these waters. Nothing more bleak and discomforting could be imagined than stormy days spent in these shacks, some of them resting on utterly barren little islands. A few of the islands, however, are inhabited by fishermen, and one can imagine the sense of isolation that must sometimes be borne in upon the people—especially the younger folk.

A. M. B.



A PRETTY PARK SCENE IN YARMOUTH.

# FISHERY COMMISSION AT NOVA SCOTIA PORTS

## South Shore Conditions Will Be Looked Into--Will Go to Charlotte County Afterwards.

Digby, Sept. 12—The gentlemen comprising the fishery commission arrived here Saturday noon and spent Sunday at The Pines, Digby. The commission consists of the following gentlemen Col. J. J. Tucker, M. P., St. John; A. J. S. Copp, M. P., Digby; R. V. Venning, assistant commissioner of fisheries, Ottawa; E. C. Bowers, ex-M. P., Westport; R. E. Armstrong, St. Andrews Beacon, St. Andrews, and W. A. Founed, secretary.

A meeting will be held at Sandy Cove tonight, after which the commissioners will visit Tiverton, Freeport,, Westport, Meteghan, Church Point, all in Digby county, and then proceed across the bay to Charlotte county (N. B.)

The D. G. S. Constance, Captain May, has been placed at the disposal of the commissioners while the gentlemen are visiting Bay of Fundy and St. Mary's Bay ports, and when it does not interfere with the regular patrol duty of that ship.

The funeral of the late John G. Rice was held from his late residence, Second avenue, yesterday afternoon, and was largely attended.

# LOCKJAW CURED.

## Patient Confined in Cold Storage.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 12—The deadly tetanus, or lockjaw, which up till now was supposed incurable, has been robbed of its terrors by an Omaha physician. A cure has been discovered in the form of a treatment that consists simply in keeping patients confined in cold storage during the course of the disease.

Dr. W. J. McCrann has cherished a theory that freezing temperature would cure lockjaw. Friday he found a patient in the person of a 10-year-old boy who had stepped on a splinter, and the resulting tetanus had passed the first stages. Physicians had given the lad up. Dr. McCann had arranged with a brewery for the use of its cold storage room, and within an hour the severe paints in the neck and jaw and the faltering speech vanished. The temperature was kept at freezing.

The boy is still in the chill room, but is pronounced entirely recovered from the tetanus.

# OBITUARY

### Mrs. Thomas H. Cudlip

There died on April 21st last in Levuka, Fiji Islands, Mrs. T. H. Cudlip, aged 80 years. She was a native of Scotland, but when seventeen years of age came to Fredericton, where she married the late T. H. Cudlip. Some years after marriage Mr. and Mrs. Cudlip went to New Zealand and later to Fiji, where Mr. Cudlip carried on business as an auctioneer until his death, 24 years ago. Mrs. Cudlip leaves four daughters and one son.

### Rev. Father O'Connor.

Rev. Arthur O'Connor, who died recently in Wisconsin, was a native of Fredericton. He was a son of the late Timothy O'Connor, who for long years was identified with the management of the crown lands of this province. Father O'Connor was the eldest of a family of nine, and received his early education in Fredericton. When but a youth he entered the college of St. Sulpice at Montreal, as an ecclesiastic, where he remained three years, after which he went to All Hallows at Dublin, continuing his course there two years. Thence he went to Rome, entering the famous College of the Propaganda where he spent nearly six years and completed his ecclesiastical course.

Rev. Father O'Connor had been a member of the priesthood for thirty-two years. During this long period he performed the duties of his pastorate in the diocese of Green Bay, in Wisconsin.

The dead priest is survived by two brothers and three sisters, one of whom is a nun at Quebec; a widowed sister in Waterbury (Conn.); a sister and brother in Fredericton, and Hon. Charles A. O'Connor, a leading member of the New Hampshire bar at Manchester (N. H.)

### Benjamin Redden.

The death occurred at Kentville last Wednesday afternoon, of Benjamin Redden, in his sixty-fifth year. Of an inventive turn of mind, he has during the past twenty-five years when his illness would permit, originated several labor saving devices, but his principal achievement was a steam turbine which a party of Kentville capitalists purchased from him last year and which are now organizing a company to manufacure the same for market.

### Robert Scott.

Andover, N. B., Sept. 10.—The death occurred at Andover on 1st September of Robert Scott, one of the landmarks of the village.

Mr. Scott was a native of Ireland and had attained the age of seventy-four years. He was highly respected for his general intelligence and original cast of mind and is universally regretted.

For a number of years he conducted a successful shoemaking business in the village.

He is survived by one son, James Scott, of Andover, and two daughters, Mrs. Willard Turner and Miss Bessie Scott, teacher, also resident there.

### Geo. W. Fletcher, Formerly of St John.

The death of George W. Fletcher occurred suddenly on Saturday in Boston. Mr. Fletcher was formerly of this city, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The older residents of St. John will remember Mr. Fletcher, who was a prominent carriage builder, but who removed to Boston twenty-three years ago, and had since resided there. He is survived by his wife, three sons and one daughter. The sons are Howard F., Willard V., and George A., all of Boston. The daughter is Mrs. J. M. Jenkins, of this city. The body will arrive on the Boston train today, and the funeral will take place at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon from the residence of his son-in-law, 138 Elliott row.

Mr. Fletcher had been visiting in Nova Scotia recently, and left for home only last Wednesday.

### Mrs. G. W. Gunter.

Mrs. Rhoda L. Gunter died Saturday at her home, 22 Brussels street. She was daughter of the late John Titus, and widow of Dr. Geo. W. Gunter, of Middleton (N. S.), and is survived by her daughter and three sisters.

In the saddened home last evening Rev. A. B. Cohoe, of Brussels street Baptist church, conducted service, and hymns were sung by the church choir. The body will be taken on the steamer Prince Rupert this morning across the bay for burial in Middleton.

### Mrs. J. A. McLean's Funeral.

Harvey Station, Sept. 9.—The funeral of the late Mrs. J. A. McLean took place at the upper church yesterday afternoon and was very largely attended. About 500 people came to pay their last respects to one they esteemed so highly. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. Ross of Prince William and Rev. W. McDonald of Fredericton. The body was taken to Lawrence (Mass.) last evening for burial there, and was accompanied by the sorrowing husband and his son and daughter. The deceased was an ideal minister's wife and her many good works and acts of kindness endeared her in the hearts of the people and many expressions of sorrow are heard among the congregation which has suffered an imparable loss by her death. Among the floral offerings placed on the casket was a very handsome wreath procured from St. John by the young people of the station.

### Mrs W. H. DeVeber.

At Everett on September 7, after a long and painful illness, Bertha, widow of W. H. DeVeber, and daughter of the late Rev. Christopher Milner, passed away. She was in her 8th year and was formerly of Westfield (N. B.), but for a number of years had been a resident of Everett (Mass.)

### Mrs. H. A. White.

Mrs. H. A. White, of Sussex, died yesterday of apoplexy, at the age of sixty-five years. She was a sister of the late Douglas Fairweather, of Sussex, and of Mrs. Robert Keltie, who survives her.

### Mrs. R. G. Larsen.

News of the death of Mrs. Stella Larsen, wife of R. G. Larsen, the well known newspaper writer, formerly of this city, was received Monday. Mrs. Larson was the third daughter of Caleb Belyea, of this city, and is survived by three girls and one boy, as well as her husband. She had been in delicate health for some months, and the news of her death was not unexpected. She passed away at Sharon (Mass.)

The funeral will be held Wednesday. Interment will be at Forest Hills.

### James Lowther, M. P.

London, Sept. 12—James Lowther, Conservative member of parliament for the Thanet division of Kent, and formerly chief secretary for Ireland, is dead. He was born in 1840.

[Mr. Lowther was a prominent member of the house of commons, to which body he was first elected when twenty-five years old. He has been a member of parliament almost continuously since. He was a member of the government from 1874 to 1880, and during two years of troubled times was chief secretary for Ireland. Mr. Lowther was a Cambridge man, and a lawyer by profession.

### John J. Piers.

Kingston, Kings county, Sept. 10—The death of John J. Piers occurred at his home in Kingston, Kings county, Thursday morning, Sept. 1, after a lingering illness of Bright's disease. Deceased was seventy-five years of age and had been in failing health for some time. Mr. Piers was a farmer of this place, and very much respected by all who knew him. He leaves a widow and three sons to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband and father; also three sisters, four brothers, and a large circle of friends.

The funeral took place on Saturday at 11 a. m. at Lower Norton, and was largely attended, in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

# CHATHAM NEWS.

## Work on New Catholic Cathedral Progressing Rapidly--Little Interest in Monument to Peter Mitchell--Other News.

Chatham, Sept. 10—About 80 men are now employed on the new Roman Catholic cathedral, and the work is progressing rapidly. The walls and roof of the vestry are completed and it is expected that the walls of the main structure will be finished and roofed this fall. More than $6,000 has been raised here this summer by church collections, a bazaar and picnic towards the building fund.

Flowers, tomatoes and the more tender vegetables have suffered from the recent heavy frosts.

There was quite an excitement on Water street about noon today over a runaway horse. V. A. Danville's horse, which was standing opposite his store, became frightened and ran down the street. Before it was caught it had broken a window in James Vanstone's meat shop and the wagon to which it was attached was completely destroyed. The place around Ald. MacLachlan's residence was also broken the other evening by a runaway horse.

A public meeting of the citizens was advertised to have been held in the town hall last evening for the purpose of discussing and soliciting subscriptions towards the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Hon. Peter Mitchell, but owing to lack of time, lack of interest, or some other reason, only the aldermen and councillors were present.

At the annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. of St. Luke's church the following officers were appointed: Mrs. James Strothard, president; Mrs. John Reid and Mrs. A. C. Woods, vice-presidents; Mrs. W. B. Snowball, corresponding secretary; Mrs. M. R. Loggie, recording secretary; Mrs. George Tait, treasurer.

John Woods is visiting relatives here, after an absence of six years in the United States.

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100 Princess Street.

### A Servant Detected.

Gregory Wilenkin, the new secretary of the Russian embassy, has a ready and alert mind. At Bar Harbor, where he is stationed for the summer, an amusing story about him has circulated of late.

It seems that an elderly New York millionaire, who had known Mr. Wilenkin abroad, sent him, on his arrival at Bar Harbor, a half-dozen cases of Egyptian ci ettes.

Mr. Wilenkin expected the cigarettes. knew how many cases were due him. the man servant who delivered them, b unaware of this, appropriated one. The sian detected the theft at once. He sai the man, dryly:

"Tell your employer that I thank hir the five cases of cigarettes. Be sure to t him yourself for the other."