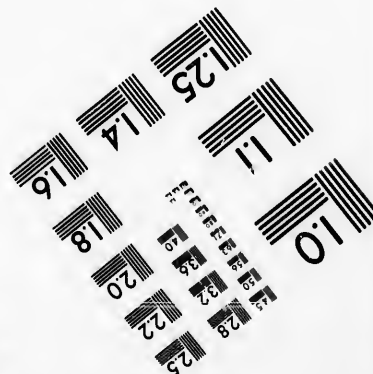
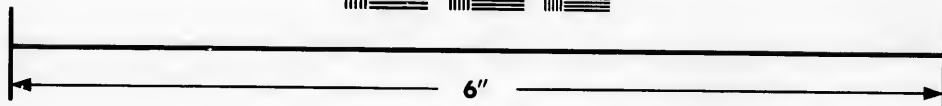
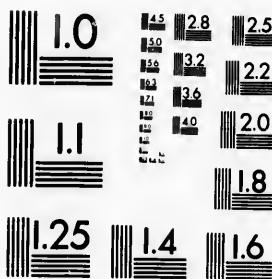


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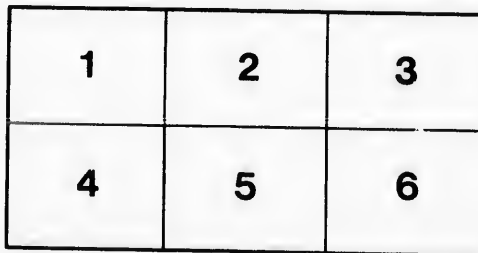
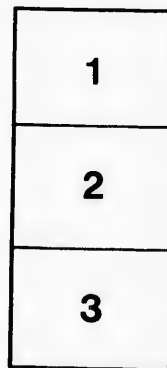
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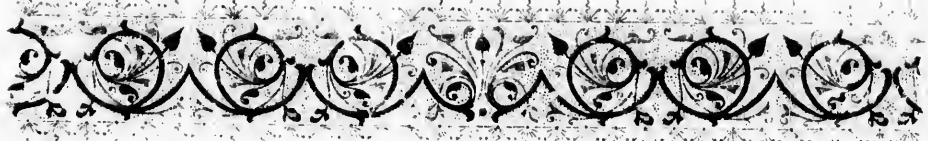
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TALES OF THE INDIES

BY
W. E. SCHWARTZ,
A. D. 1899.





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TALES



OF THE

INDIES.



BY

W. E. SCHWARTZ.

HERALD PRINTING HOUSE. GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX.



PREFACE.

In placing this little book before the public, I do so with much diffidence, being aware of its imperfections.

Coupled with my own experience I have consulted many authorities, but much of necessity has been omitted, as I have endeavoured to confine myself to limited space and such facts and information as may be found most useful and interesting.

Born as it were into the business which I conduct, naturally I have found it hard to restrain my pen as the many facts of interest to me in this connection came to hand. However, I hope I have not trespassed on the reader's patience, nor made the following pages wearisome.

May I hope the reader will pardon my occasional lapses, and not imagine this book is a mere advertisement, because the few examples of high-class articles introduced into the narrative are connected with my own name. I could only write of that which I know to be true.

Perhaps the chief merit of the book lies in the fact that it is a home production, being written, printed and bound by Nova Scotians, and in the city of Halifax. I regret, however, that the paper it is printed upon is imported. The reader will admit that it is good paper, but I believe paper just as good could and of right ought to be made in Nova Scotia.

Cotton mills (built only a few years since) situated amidst the cotton fields and on the river banks of the Southern States, are paying a dividend of 30 per cent., while those of Old and New England are glad to be in a position to divide five per cent., and apparently are fast being driven to the wall by their Southern competitors.

Are there any reasons why paper mills situated upon the banks of our fine rivers, and amidst the pulp forests of Nova Scotia, should not pay good dividends, and do for Nova Scotia what the cotton mills do for the South, and give increased employment to our own people?

It does seem to me to be a grave mistake in the trade policy of this country to allow the exportation of so much raw material without some restriction, or in some way providing for its being manufactured at home, and thereby extracting from it all the wealth we are naturally entitled to; and I hope this will come under the eyes of Nova Scotians who have patriotism and money enough to enable them to do their duty in this matter.

But I must not weary the reader, and in conclusion, with the utmost respect, I

INSCRIBE

THIS LITTLE BOOK TO

The Fair Daughters of Acadia.

*The Mayflower buds in simple beauty bring
Home to the heart the first glad thoughts of Spring;*

*Long may we greet its charms at early morn,
Long may its buds Acadia's wilds adorn;
Long may its tints, so delicately rare,
Rival the bloom her lovely daughters wear.*

HOS. JOSEPH HOWE.

Her Majesty's Birthday, 1899.

THE AUTHOR.

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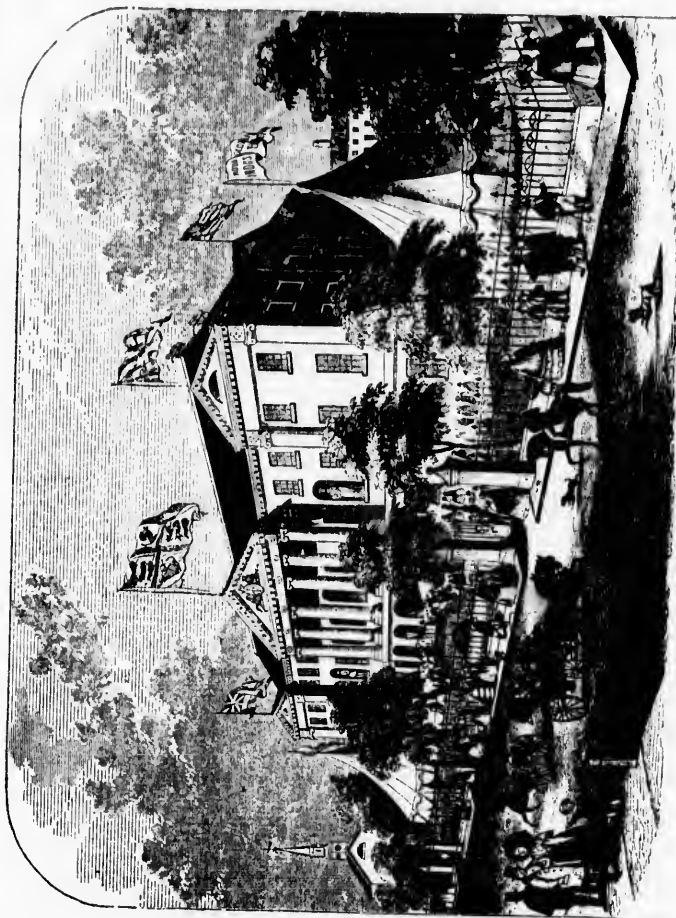
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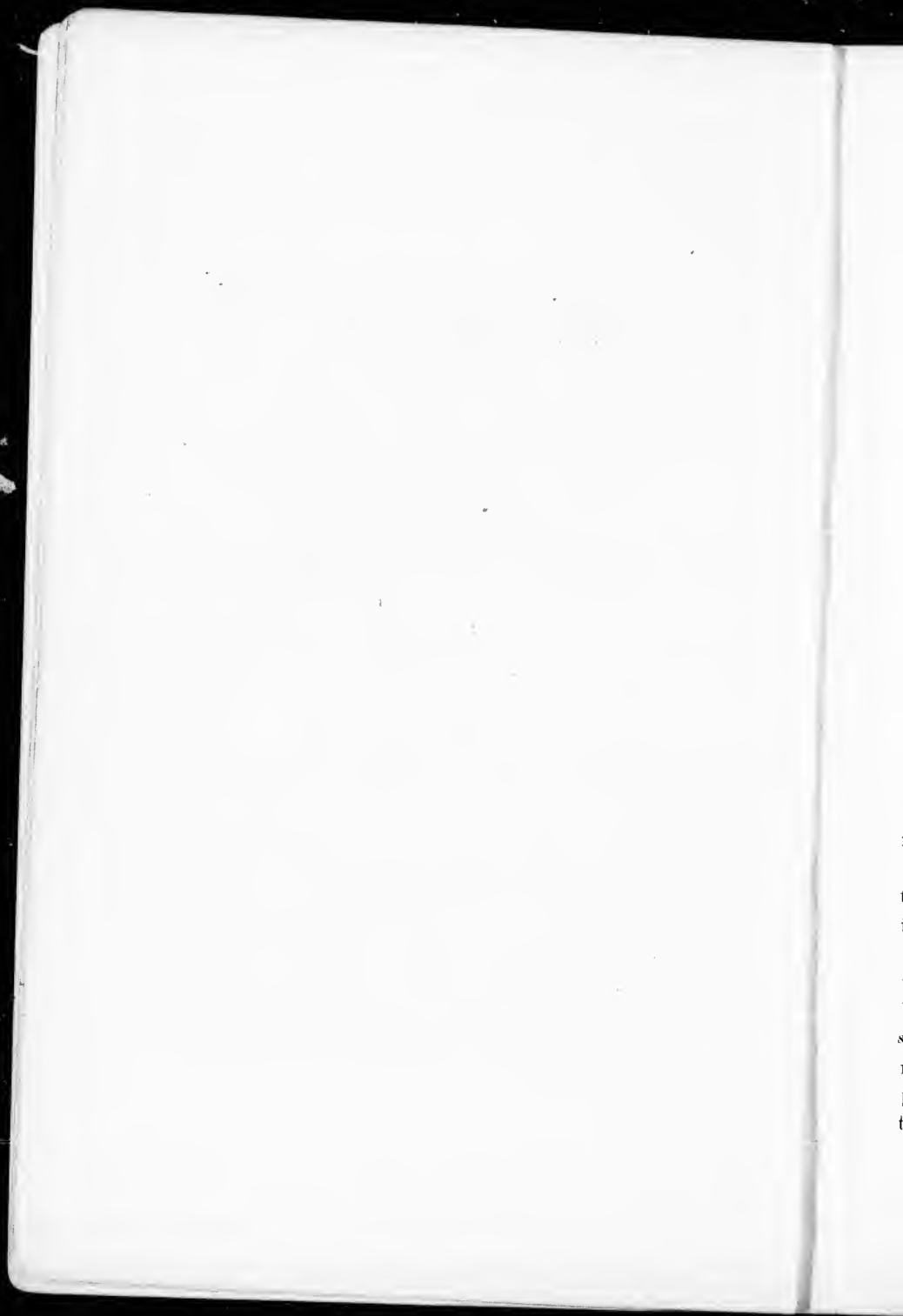
Hours for good
Coffee & Spices
W. Schwartz
PARIS N-3785

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The First Exhibition ever held in a British Colony, Halifax, N. S., October, 1854.



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TALES OF THE INDIES.



Abyssinian House.

CHAPTER I.

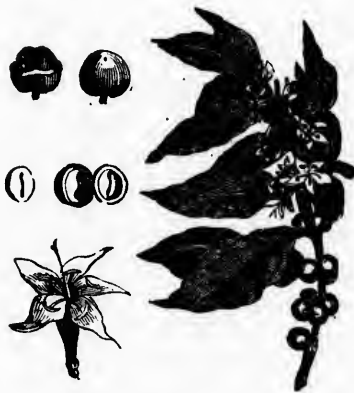
In the course of our business travels, and in conversation with friends, we have often been asked questions like this: What is Cinnamon? What is Cream Tartar? or, Where do you import Coffee from? Where does it grow? and other questions as to the nature of the important articles of commerce with which our name has been identified for so many years; and induced by the apparent interest in the subject, we have been led to compile this book. We hope the reader will not expect too much; and while these tales may not be as exciting as might be wished, yet we think they will be found *spicy*. If they are not as interesting as stories of war and ruin, it may be they will be fragrant with the perfume of peace and prosperity, and if they are not as entertaining as the "Arabian Nights," the writer hopes they will be found at least as useful.

In this chapter we will take the article with which our name has been associated for nearly sixty years—Coffee. We shall try to place before you a few interesting facts regarding its rise and progress from the beginning; and in a subsequent chapter we will describe as briefly as possible the principal spice plants, the products of which are in daily use in nearly every household; adding such historical facts as may be of interest.

It is not possible within the limit we have set, to write more than a few items of interest upon each subject. The origin of man is not more interesting than the origin of food. We live, move and have our being apparently apart from the earth: and yet, as surely as the oak tree derives sustenance from the earth and air, so our natural bodies are just as intimately connected with the earth as though we were trees planted in our gardens. But we have not time nor space to go deeply into this subject, or enter into the question as to how people discovered which of Nature's products were fit for food and which were not.

If it had been possible for you to be with the British Army, which under the command of Lord Napier invaded Abyssinia a few years ago, in marching through that country you would probably have noticed a beautiful wild tree growing in some districts bearing red cherry-like berries. Picking some of them you would have found enclosed in the flesh the old familiar coffee bean. For this important and valuable article of food is the produce chiefly of Coffee Arabica, a rubiaceous plant indigenous to Abyssinia, which however, as cultivated originally spread outwards from the southern parts of Arabia. The name is probably derived from the Arabi K'hawah, although by some it has been traced to Coffa, a province in Abyssinia in which the tree grows wild. Besides being found wild in Abyssinia, the common coffee plant seems to be widely disseminated in Africa, having been seen on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza and at Angola, on the west coast.

Coffee belongs to the medicinal or auxiliary class of food substances, valuable for its stimulating effects upon the nervous and vascular systems. It produces a feeling of buoyancy and exhilaration comparable to a certain stage of alcoholic intoxication, but which does not end in depression or collapse. It increases the frequency of the pulse, lightens the sensation of fatigue and sustains the strength under prolonged and severe muscular exertion. It owes its exhilarating and refreshing properties to three substances—1. Caffien, which occurs in the roasted bean to the extent of 3-4 to 1 per cent.; 2, a volatile oil, which is not present in the raw bean, but is developed during the process of roasting to the extent of one part in about 50,000 of roasted coffee; 3, astringent acids, resembling tannic acid but called Caffeo-tannic and Caffaic acids.



Coffee Plant.

Coffee does not retard the action of the bowels, as strong infusions of tea tend to do, partly because there is less of the astringent principle, and also owing to the presence of the aromatic oil which tends to move the bowels. The important offices of coffee, besides the exhilarating effects referred to above, are to allay the sensations of hunger and to diminish the wear and tear of the ani-

mal frame, which proceeds more or less every moment. When the berries are roasted under the "Schwartz" process they assume a reddish brown color, lose a large percentage of weight, and gain very largely in bulk, developing an aroma of rich fragrance.

The value of its hot infusion under the rigors of Arctic cold has been demonstrated in the experience of all Arctic explorers, including the great modern explorer, Nansen, it being the only stimulant he allowed to be put on the list of the expedition stores; and it is scarcely less useful in tropical regions.

It is superior as a beverage to wines, ales and all alcoholic liquor, as there are no injurious effects resulting from its use. The leaves of the coffee trees are used as a substitute for tea in Sumatra, but being destitute of any attractive aroma, such as is possessed by both tea and coffee, the infusion is not palatable, and the leaves are not likely to be of any commercial value.

The common coffee shrub or tree is an evergreen plant, which under natural conditions, grows to a height of from eighteen to twenty feet, with oblong, ovate, acuminate, smooth and shining leaves, measuring six inches in length by about 2 1-2 in width. Its flowers are produced in dense clusters in the axils of the leaves, are pure white in color, with a rich, fragrant odor, and the plants in blossom have a rich and attractive appearance, but the bloom is very evanescent. The period of flowering does not last more than two days; in one night the blossoms expand so profusely that the trees appear as if covered with snow. The fruit is a fleshy berry, having the appearance and size of a small cherry, and as it ripens it assumes a dark red color. The yellowish pulp or flesh has a sweet but rapid taste, and encloses two seeds of coffee. These are carefully packed by nature in a double skin. The seeds are a soft bluish or greenish color, hard and tough in texture.

Coffee farming is conducted in a way very similar to cultivating orchards in our own country. The tree requires a warm climate, a new soil, shade, moisture and a gentle slope to prevent the

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water lodging at the roots. The plants for the future plantation are either raised in nurseries or in seed beds so located as to receive the sun's rays during the forenoon, and remain in comparative shade after midday. Care is taken that the soil of the bed and that of the proposed plantation is of equal fertility. Taking Ceylon or Brazil for examples, the number of acres required are cleared by the use of the axe and fire, and after the ground is properly cleansed and prepared, holes about two feet square are dug in parallel lines, at a distance of from six to eight feet apart, throughout the estate, and advantage being taken of the wet season, they are planted with young coffee trees about twelve inches high, care being taken to select plants that are perfect and of uniform size. It is also necessary to afford protection from the burning rays of the sun, and in Mexico banana plants are set out, placed at the centre of the triangular spaces. Being of rapid growth, they are a good protection, but difficult to extirpate when not longer needed, on account of which many prefer the wild fig or some plant more easily disposed of. In Brazil it is usual to plant a kind of tall coarse pea called guando, which shades the ground effectually.

Nothing is now required but to keep the land clean until the trees attain the height of about four feet and come to bearing. This, according to elevation, they generally do in about the third or fourth year. The stem is then topped to prevent its higher growth, and to produce a large supply of lateral shoots. The cultivated tree is seldom allowed to grow more than six or seven feet high, for convenience of gathering the berries. The system of pruning is the same as with all fruit trees: the old wood being kept down to induce fruit-bearing shoots, whose number must be proportioned to the strength of the tree.

The whole success of the estate now depends upon careful attention to details. Proper care of manure, cattle, buildings, and so on are as necessary on a coffee plantation in Ceylon as on a good farm in Nova Scotia.

When ready for harvesting, the coffee is gathered by coolies at the rate of about two bushels each per day. In Arabia the planters spread cloths under the trees, and on shaking them the ripe berries drop readily. In the West Indies the berries are picked by the negroes, and in Venezuela, Colombia and Mexico the simple, semi-civilized Indians of the mountains descend to the plains, and, bringing their families, all, even children of tender age, engage in picking coffee. In curing the coffee the treatment varies somewhat, according to locality and the ideas of the planter. It is first cleared of the flesh by passing through a pulper, a machine consisting of cylindrical copper graters, which tear the flesh from the berry and leave the coffee in its second covering of parchment. The coffee is then exposed to a partial fermentation by being piled for some hours in a large heap. This has the effect of loosening the fleshy particles, which, by washing in a cistern of running water, are detached from the berry. It is rendered perfectly dry in the sun, or by means of artificially heated air, and then sent to a mill, which, by means of heavy rollers, detaches the parchment and under silver skin. The shelled coffee is then sized by passing it down a tube, perforated throughout its length with holes of regularly increasing diameter, or through a patent separator machine. The various sizes, peaberry, flats, large, medium and small, are next hand-picked. The different grades of coffee are spread on long tables, and native women pick out the injured, discolored or sour grains, leaving the greyish-blue berry in a fit state for market. After being sorted it is packed in bales, bags, mats, barrels or casks, according to the custom of the place of growth, and shipped to the different markets of the world.

The foregoing does not, of course, describe all methods employed. In each country, and even in different districts, coffee planters differ in their ideas to some extent, and while some have very primitive methods and machinery, others have very best and

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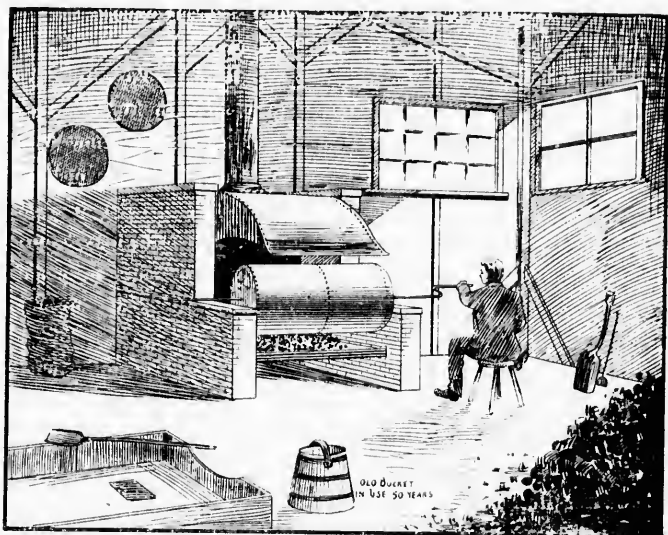
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up-to-date machines and latest methods and, like our apple growers, are on the lookout for every improvement.

A tree in good bearing will yield from 1 1-2 to 2 1-2 pounds of coffee berries per year, but its fertility depends largely upon conditions of climate, situation and soil. In Liberia, west coast of Africa, fine coffee is grown, and, it is said, single trees have yielded as high as 16 pounds at one gathering. Generally, trees planted in lofty dry situations, and in light soils, yield small



Sketch of Schwartz's old Coffee Roasting Room on Brunswick Street, as it was about forty years ago.

(From memory by the author.)

berries, which give a rich, aromatic coffee; while in low, flat, moist climates a more abundant yield of large-sized berry is obtained. The regions best adapted for the cultivation of coffee are well watered mountain slopes at an elevation of 1,000 to 1,000 feet above sea level, in latitudes lying between 15 degrees N., and 15 degrees S. although successfully cultivated from 25 degrees N., to

30 degrees south of the equator, in situations where the temperature does not fall beneath 55 degrees Fahr.

The cultivation of coffee is attended by many risks and much anxiety. In Ceylon, the estates are exposed to the attacks of a most mischievous and destructive rodent, the coffee or Golundarat. A species of insect called the coffee bug is a still more formidable pest; besides various diseases to which the plants are heirs.

The peculiarly refreshing and stimulating properties of coffee are developed in the roasting, which requires great experience and proper attention. It is roasted in large cylinders enclosed and revolving within brick ovens. Hard coal or coke fires are generally used, but gas is the latest improvement in fuel; its cost is greater, but it is superior to all other methods, and is now used in our own mills. The operator must understand his business thoroughly, or great loss is the consequence, very often, of having a poor man at the oven. Different kinds of coffee require different treatment, and it is at times amusing to listen to people who have never roasted a grain of coffee expressing their opinion of the proper color of a roast. A good operator, who has taken the roast from the fire, is the best judge, and should know when the beans have attained to full aromatic development. People have been known to roast and sell coffee for years at a loss, because they were not aware of the large shrinkage coffee makes in the roasting process.

INTRODUCTION OF COFFEE AS A BEVERAGE.

- 875, A. D., (about), its use first known.
- 1425, A. D., introduction into Arabia from Abyssinia.
- 1554, A. D., introduction into Constantinople.
- 1573, A. D., Dr. Leonhardt Rauwolf, the first person to make coffee known in Europe.
- 1600, A. D., (about), introduced into India.
- 1615, A. D., introduction into Venice.

- 1644, A. D., introduced into Marseilles.
- 1652, A. D., introduced into England, and coffee house established.
- 1661, A. D., coffee house at Marseilles.
- 1669, A. D., introduced into Paris.
- 1675, A. D., Charles II. attempts to suppress sale in coffee houses.
- 1690, A. D., introduced into Java from Arabia.
- 1718, A. D., cultivation established in British Guiana.
- 1720, A. D., planted in Martinique.
- 1722, A. D., introduced into Cayenne.
- 1728, A. D., introduced into West India Islands.
- 1748, A. D., introduced into Cuba, from San Domingo.
- 1796, A. D., introduced into Costa Rica.
- 1810, A. D., Dr. Leecesne, expelled from San Domingo, settles at Rio, and introduces proper methods of cultivation into Brazilian Empire.
- 1815, A. D., Ceylon annexed to British Crown.
- 1822, A. D., Celebes, first grown in that island.
- 1824, A. D., first cultivated in Ceylon, by Governor Sir E. Barnes.
- 1840, A. D., opening of first garden in India, at Mysore, for cultivation of coffee.
- 1841, A. D., in Ceylon, coffee takes its place as an article of great commercial value to the Isle of "Spicy Breezes."
- 1841, A. D., first trade coffee mills established in Halifax, by the late W. H. Schwartz.
- The early history of coffee as an economic product is involved in considerable obscurity, the absence of facts being compensated by fiction. According to statements contained in a manuscript belonging to the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, the use of coffee was known at a period so remote as 875 A. D.
- In a treatise published in 1566. by an Arab Sheikh, it is

stated that a knowledge of coffee was first brought from Abyssinia into Arabia about the beginning of the 15th century, by a learned and pious Sheikh, Djemal-uddin-Ebou-Abou-Alfaggar.

According to the treatise mentioned, the use of coffee as a beverage was prevalent among the Abyssinians from the most remote period.

Its peculiar property of dissipating drowsiness and preventing sleep was taken advantage of in connection with the protouged religious services of the Mahometans, and its use as a devotional soporific stirred up a fierce opposition on the part of the strictly orthodox and conservative section of the priests. Coffee was held by them to be an intoxicating beverage, and therefore prohibited by the Koran; and the dreadful penalties of an outraged sacred law were held over the heads of all who became addicted to its use. Notwithstanding the threats of divine retribution, and though all manner of devices were adopted to check its growth, the coffee drinking habit spread rapidly among the Arabian Mahometans, and the growth of coffee, as well as its use as a national beverage, became inseparably associated with Arabia as tea with China.

For about two centuries the entire supply of the world, which, however, was then limited, was obtained from the province of Yemen, in South Arabia, where the celebrated Mocha or Mokha is still cultivated. The knowledge of and taste for coffee spread but slowly outwards from Arabia Felix, and it was not till the middle of the 16th century that coffee houses were established in Constantinople. Here also the new habit excited considerable commotion among the ecclesiastical public. The popularity of the coffee house had a depressing influence upon the attendance at the Mosques, and on that account a fierce hostility was excited among the religious orders against the new beverage. They laid their grievances before the Sultan, who imposed a heavy tax upon the coffee houses, notwithstanding which they flourished and extended.

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After a lapse of another hundred years coffee reached Great Britain, a coffee house having been opened in London by a Greek, Pasqua Rossie.

Rossie came from Smyrna with Mr. D. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, and in the capacity of servant, he prepared coffee daily for Mr. Edwards and his visitors. So popular did the new drink become with Mr. Edwards' friends that their visits occasioned him great inconvenience, to obviate which he directed Rossie to establish a public coffee house, which he accordingly did. The original establishment was in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, over the door of which Rossie erected a sign with his portrait, subsequently announcing himself to be "the first who made and sold coffee drink in England."

It is remarkable that the introduction of coffee into England encountered the same hostility it was fated to meet in other countries.

Charles II, in 1675, attempted to suppress coffee houses by a royal proclamation, in which it was stated that they were the resort of disaffected persons "who devised and spread abroad divers false, malicious and scandalous reports to the defamation of His Majesty's government, and to the disturbance of the peace and quiet of the nation." On the opinion of legal officers being taken as to the legality of the step, an oracular deliverance was given to the effect "that the retailing of coffee might be an innocent trade, but as it was used to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalize great men, it might also be a common nuisance."

Macaulay in his "History of England," speaking of this period, says: "The coffee house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed, at that time, have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the city had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions and the rest of the modern machinery had

not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

“Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators, to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became what the journalists of our time have been called—a fourth estate of the realm. An attempt had been made, during Danby’s administration, to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an unusual outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner’s home, and that those that wished to find a gentleman commonly asked,—not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane,—but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Every rank and profession and every shade of religious and political opinion had its own headquarters.

“There were houses near Saint James Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs. The wig came from Paris, and so did the rest of the gentleman’s fine ornaments; his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer’s shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. In general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room, and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will’s; that celebrated house situated between Covent Garden and Bow

Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, port Templars, sheepish lads from the universities. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In the winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony.

"To bow to the Laureate and to hear his opinions of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr. John Radcliffe, who in the year 1685 rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garroway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses, where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and Amsterdam greeted each other, and Roman Catholic coffee-houses where some good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned over their cups another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King."

The foregoing are condensed extracts, but are sufficient to show the high place coffee held in the estimation of our forefathers over two hundred years ago. If it were possible for any one of us to go back into the reality of life at that period, and visit Squire's, Searle's, the Grecian or any other of the many coffee-houses of the time, would we be amazed to find that men then were much the same as now? Customs, costumes, and habits of life may be somewhat changed, but the fops and dandies frequent the club houses now, as they did the coffee-houses then. "One would think," remarks Sir Richard Steele, "these young virtuosos take a gay cap

and slippers, with a scart and parti-colored gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides over the rest, has, it seems subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favors from one of the actresses." The business man would be much the same, perhaps less merciful to a delinquent debtor, and, it may be, more honorable to his creditors; and it also seems to the writer he must have used more common sense, more firmness, more prudence, and acted more honorably, and with less of the savage in his disposition, towards his competitors than the average business man of to-day. He generally met his customers face to face, not by proxy. Sold his goods to make a profit, and did not cut prices for the poor satisfaction of spoiling his competitors' sales.

He did not have the pleasure and profit of meeting with the hard working, genial, gentlemanly commercial travellers of to-day. Nor was he worried by salesmen of the un-commercial class, who, when they find orders secured by some other traveller, previous to their arrival on the scene, proceed to cut their own prices for the purpose of making the customer feel as if the previous man had "done him brown," and he had no idea that across the Atlantic his successors would find markets of undreamed value; that a great Canadian nation would flourish under the flag of Empire, and that great steamships would cross with the regularity of a ferry between London and the great natural winter port, the enterprising city of Halifax. The politicians who frequented the old time coffee-houses had the average number of patriots among them. The lawyers were not more eager for their fee, nor more ready to help people into trouble, and there were good and bad men among them then as now.

The physicians, who gathered at the old time coffee-house, we have no doubt, endeavoured to do their duty in accordance

with the light they then had, duties of the most difficult character, and which require self-sacrifice, courage, patience, sympathy, and love of humanity in a higher degree than seems necessary in any other profession. When you have the "good man" and the "good doctor" combined in one person, you have in that man an ideal visitor to the sick room. It is easy to imagine some good doctor MacLure of that or the present time, turning out of bed at midnight, and after driving through a wild snow storm five or ten miles, finds his services were not really needed. Or we find him dealing with some character like "Hillocks" as described in the "Bonnie Briar Bush"; and here again in some cheerless, fireless, old tumble down house, waiting upon some poverty stricken sick person, knowing full well that there is no money in it. And alas! visiting faithfully, people who could but would not pay, except with base ingratitude, the man who has given them the best he had. Remember the doctor and the clergyman, and have a cup of good hot coffee for them when they arrive at your house after a long, cold drive.

Among the doctors who probably visited the coffee-houses of his time, was Doctor Arbuthnot, a Scotchman; he was celebrated as a great wit, and was the author of "The History of John Bull," and it is said he was the first to apply this famous sobriquet to the English nation. He would be not a little surprised if he could see the map of the British Empire of to-day.

Clergymen were not all saints then; are not now. But the clergy of to-day are, as a class, more spiritually minded, and have a higher standard of religious life, than those who frequented the old coffee-houses in London. Upon the whole, however, the people who visited the Rainbow coffee-houses in 1690, were much like the people who visit or who telephone to Schwartz's Coffee Mills in 1899.

* That insurance is a good investment, whether a marine, fire or life policy, is not a matter for dispute; but that there should be

any connection between coffee and insurance, may not be so easily discerned, and yet one fact is as indisputable as the other.

Every reader of the daily papers has noticed in the shipping news that vessels are reported as being classed A1 at Lloyd's. Edward Lloyd was the proprietor of a coffee house in Tower street, London, which was a favourite resort for shippers and merchants. He established himself in business about 1686. In 1691 or 1692 he removed to the corner of Abchurch Lane and Lombard street. About this time his coffee house became the headquarters of marine insurance. Sir R. Steele, in the *Tattler*, and Joseph Addison, in the "*Spectator*" describe Lloyd's coffee house as the resort of merchants and ship owners, and write of the manners and customs of its frequenters. Even in the *New World* the business of insurance was conducted within the coffee houses, and in the early days before the revolution, in the City of New York, about 1759, the "Old Insurance Office" opened for business from 12 to 1 o'clock, and from 6 to 8 o'clock in the evening, at a coffee house kept by Keteltas & Sharpe, and gave marine insurance to merchants, secured by subscriptions of underwriters.

In 1778, as the risks of navigation became greater, American privateers being very destructive of shipping, insurance offices were opened in other coffee houses, and from that time the insurance business of New York was generally carried on in the comfortable coffee houses of the period.

It would not require much tension on our imagination to believe that at times something stronger than a soporific like coffee was served, and there is no doubt that wonderful sea yarns were spun, as old and new friends exchanged their experiences on old ocean—tales that rivalled the fish stories retailed by the modern disciples of Izaak Walton.

There is no doubt those people who confined their attention to the cup of coffee, always had a clear head for business, and probably made more money out of their insurance transactions

than their fellows, who mixed speculations and phantom ships stories over the stronger cup. At any rate we will guarantee prosperity to the present day insurance agent who confines his liquidation to Schwartz's coffees.

About 1699 the quantity of coffee consumed in the United Kingdom was 100 tons a year, and it was sold in druggists' shops. It is stated that the price was then 2s. 8d. per pound; subsequently the price must have been higher, as another authority states that previous to the year 1732 duty was collected on coffee at rate of 2s. per pound: in that year it was reduced to 1s. 6d. per pound, yielding a revenue of 10,000 pounds per annum.

Down to 1690 the only source of coffee supply was Arabia, but in that year Governor-General Van Hoorne, of the Dutch



Canal at Amsterdam.

East Indies, received a few coffee seeds by traders who plied between the Arabian Gulf and Java.

These seeds he planted in his garden at Batavia, where they grew and flourished so abundantly that the culture, on an extended scale, was immediately commenced in Java. One of the first

plants grown in the island was sent to Holland as a present to the governor of the Dutch East India Company. It was planted in the Botanic Gardens in Amsterdam, and the young plants grown from its seeds were sent to Surinam, where the cultivation was established in 1718. Ten years later the plants were introduced into the West Indian Islands, and gradually the culture extended throughout the New World, till now the progeny of the single plant sent from Java to Holland produces more coffee than is grown by all the other plants in the world.

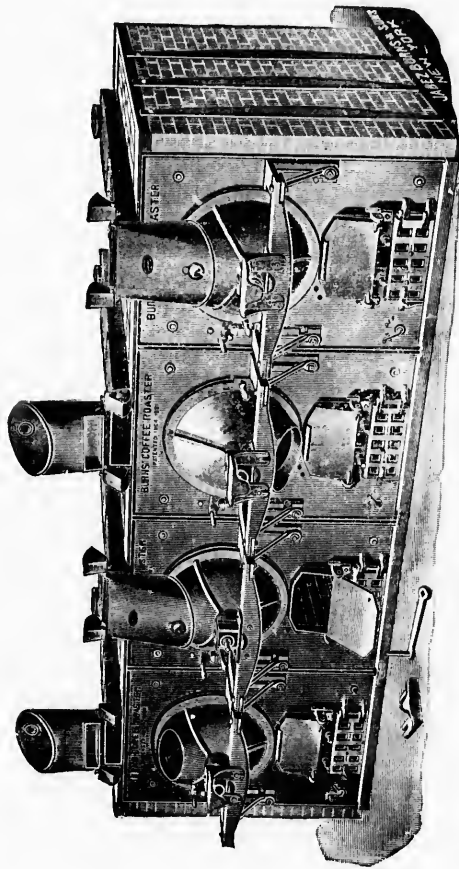
Some authorities state that the Paris gardens obtained a tree from Amsterdam, the magistrates of that city in 1715, having sent to Louis XIV a coffee plant bearing blossoms and fruit; and that the product of it was carried to Martinique in 1720, where it succeeded so well that in a few years all the West Indies could be supplied with young trees. Others say that the coffee plant was introduced in 1726, by Deschieux, who when water ran short during his voyage to the island, shared his scanty allowance with his seedlings. This incident illustrates the high value placed upon the plant at this period. It is also stated that in 1723 the coffee tree was brought from Arabia and planted in the French colony of Cayenne, thence, shortly after, introduced into Brazil.

Another authority states that the first coffee plants of which we have any historical account were brought from Kananore, on the coast of Malabar, in 1696, but perished in the earthquake and flood of 1699, and the honour of reintroducing the precious shrub belongs to Hendrik Zwaardekroon. There appears to be a little contradiction here, but it is quite possible that both are correct. Governor Van Hoorne receiving the first plants from traders, who would naturally call into ports on the coast of India on their way from Arabia to Java, and he would have sufficient time to grow the plants sent to Holland long before the earthquake. The fact that the first shipment of coffee was not made

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to the Netherlands until 1711-12, and it was not till after 1721 that the yearly exports reached any considerable amount, tends to confirm this statement, as in either case the plants would first come from **Arabia**.

Unlike tea, coffee was not introduced into India by European enterprise; and even to the present day, its cultivation is largely followed by the natives. The Malabar Coast has always enjoyed a direct commerce with Arabia, and at an early date gave many converts to Islam. One of the converts, Babu Budan by name, is said to have gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and to have brought back with him the coffee berry, which he planted on the hill range in Mysore still called after him. According to local tradition, this happened two hundred and fifty years ago. The shrubs, thus sown, lived on, but the cultivation did not spread until the beginning of the present century.

The State of Mysore and the Babu Budan range also witnessed the first opening of a coffee garden by an English planter in 1840. The success of this experiment led to the extension of coffee cultivation into neighbouring districts, and since 1860, has spread with great rapidity along the whole line of Western Ghats clearing away the primeval forest and opening a new era of prosperity to the laboring classes.

It may not be amiss to write a few lines descriptive of two islands famous for their splendid coffees, but with very different histories and positions. The Island of Java is full of historic interest. The Pearl of the Indian Archipelago, this island, is not the largest, being surpassed in this regard by Borneo, New Guinea, Sumatra and Celebes; but, in every other respect, it is the most important of them all. It has passed through the most remarkable vicissitudes; has been the scene of the most eventful occurrences, and possesses the noblest memorials of by-gone splendour. It supports a larger population than all the other islands of the Indian Ocean together.

TALES OF THE INDIES.

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

In natural beauty it rivals the most favored regions of the world. Through the mildness of its climate, and the industry of its people, it possesses a richer store of valuable productions than almost any country of equal extent can boast.

Its rice fields make it the granary of the East Indian Islands, and its coffee and sugar plantations are a perpetual source of wealth to Holland, the country which has the good fortune to claim its allegiance. Its greatest length is 622 miles, and its greatest breadth only 121 miles.

The Island is governed by the Dutch, through an official called the Resident, who is president of the council. There are 22 Under Residents, governing as many districts. Under the con-

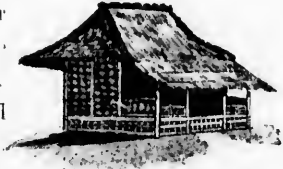


In a Java Village.

rol of these residents and their assistants, a large part of administration is carried on by the native functionaries. Of them, the highest is the Regent, whose rank and right of precedence is superior even to that of all European officials below the Resident. Always belonging to an ancient noble family he main-

tains the state and retinue of an independent prince, with all the Oriental etiquette and magnificence. He receives a large salary from the Dutch government, possesses, in virtue of his office, a landed estate, exercises large authority, and is treated with full respect by all European officials. But, appointed by the governor-general, he, as much as any other official, holds his office by the good will of the Dutch government, and may be discharged for insubordination.

The cultivation of coffee has long been carried on in the interest of the Dutch government, under what is known as the "culture system." New regulations have modified the system somewhat. Among other improvements, the plantations have been reduced in size, enabling the laborer to dwell near to his work. No person can be called upon to plant a greater number of plants per year than fifty; and the people cannot be called out for field work en masse. The Dutch have always been inclined to paternalism in their modes of government, and while pioneers in the realms of freedom, yet it is rather



A Javanese Home.

peculiar that the central government have always tried to reach out, even on the field of battle, and fight according to rules, taking from their Generals that freedom so necessary to success. So we find them exhibiting the same traits of character in their government of Java; and as an eminent writer expresses, "The Javanese knows no freedom. His whole existence is 'regulated.' If he is bound to render 'culture-service,' the administration shows him to what department to apply himself, when and how he must plant. If he is not bound to 'culture-service,' but has the position of a so-called agriculturist, the administration prescribes the time and method of sowing and planting his land. If he wishes to build his habitation outside his

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village, the village chief may prevent him. If he builds a dwelling of his own, the administration decides for him what sort of materials he must use for the roof." It is not only on the coffee plantations his services are demanded by the government, but to watch the government warehouses, keep roads and bridges repaired, and escort prisoners to work or prison, are some of the duties the Javanese perform.

The island of Java is about six degrees south of the equator in the East, and the island of Jamaica is about eighteen degrees north of the equator in the West Indies. Unfortunately for its gentle Indian inhabitants, Jamaica was discovered by Columbus,



Javanese Dance.

and possession taken in the name of the King of Spain, on the 3rd day of May, 1491. He called it St. Jago, but it is known by its Indian name of Jamaica, "the Isle of Springs." The inhabitants suffered the fate of nearly all native tribes who have been brought under Spanish rule. Happy their fate had France, Holland or England been

their first discoverers. One hundred and sixty-one years after the Spaniards assumed control England invaded and captured the island, in 1655, and at that time the natives were practically extinct. Jamaica is 135 miles in length by 21 to 49 miles in breadth. The surface is usually hilly or mountainous, the Blue Mountains (celebrated for its coffee) running centrally from east to west, rise at some points to above 7,000 feet. There is a great variety of climate, according to situation and elevation. Upwards of 114 rivers and streams find their way from the interior to the sea. The vegetable productions are very numerous. There are forest trees fit

for every purpose. Among these are the baluta, rosewood, satinwood, mahogany, lignum vitæ, lancewood and ebony.

The logwood and fustic are exported for dyeing. There is also the Jamaica cedar and the silk cotton tree, pimento or allspice. Coffee and other plants, too numerous to mention. For nearly sixty years we have been supplied from Jamaica with coffee of the best quality, which has become so popular as Schwartz's Coffees.

As we have already stated, up to the year 1690, Southern Arabia was the only country producing coffee for export; and now after 200 years of steady progress, it will be interesting to glance at some statistics and compare the past with the present.

First, we find there are over thirty countries producing coffee, more or less for export, the principal of which are: The countries to which the coffee tree is indigenous—Abyssinia, Kongo Free State, Liberia and other parts of Africa; 2, it is the chief product of Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Guatemala and Venezuela; 3, it is third on the list of the chief products of Cuba, Porto Rico and the West Indies; 4, it is one of the most important products of Java, and the Dutch East Indies, Ecuador, Dutch and British Guiana, Hayti, Ceylon (tea has taken the place of coffee here as a chief product), Mysore in southern India, Madagascar, Mexico, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Peru, Philippine Islands, Salvador, San Domingo, the Transvaal, Hawaii and Turkey, of which country it is second on the list of exports.

It is wonderful when you think of it, how the single plant, sent from Java to Amsterdam, has multiplied into millions and has spread over so many countries (we refer to the New World), and that its progeny should produce very much the larger part of the whole coffee crop of the world, and, like the sons of Adam, should vary so much in general characteristics; for the coffee berries of each country differ somewhat from that of the others in color, shape, size, strength, flavor and aroma.

It seems a little strange that the countries which produce the best grades of coffees are not growing the quantities they did years ago. Ceylon, which exported in 1870, 892,454 bags, now only exports 50,000 bags annually. Java, Padang, Macassar, etc., where the product reached its height in 1883—1,787,342 bags, at present only exports one-half, or about 890,000 bags. This probably ac-



Group of Javanese.

counts for the fact that while green coffees in general are somewhat lower in price than they have been, genuine Java of the best kind is costing in New York at this date—May 24th, 1899—from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound more than Brazil, and about 10 to 13 cents per pound more than the best grades of other mild coffees, attesting to the high value placed upon the genuine article.

The reader will, we hope, pardon this digression, but this will also explain why Schwartz's have to ask a higher price for genuine Java Coffee than their competitors ask for what

they call Java, after losing a large percentage in the roasting. The price asked for the inferior grades shows it is not the genuine article. It is wonderful how people love to be deceived, and allow price, rather than quality, to govern them in buying.

To resume the thread of our history: In Central America also, and some of the States of Brazil, the production has decreased to a considerable extent. On the other hand, however, the increase in the world's total production has been stupendous. Venezuela last year gathered from 403,865 acres, 304,800,000 pounds. The receipts of coffee at Rio, from July 1st, 1897, to June 30th, 1898 was 4,301,000 bags; and at Santos, for the same period

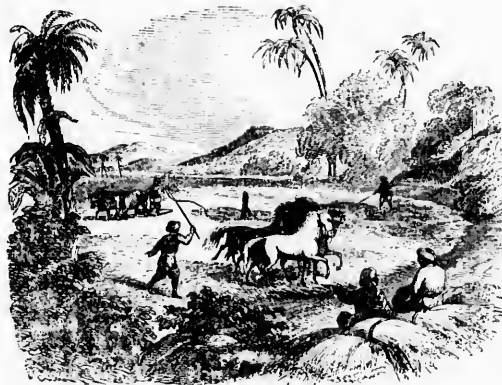
tries which produce the quantities they did years ago—2,454 bags, now only 87,342 bags, at present prices. This probably accords in general are somewhat higher than they have been, the best kind is costlier work at this date—19—from twenty to 25 per pound more than 10 to 13 cents per bag for the best grades of coffee, attesting to the value upon the genuine

we hope, pardon me, but this will also extend to the genuine Java Coffee. Buyers ask for what is the roasting. The price is not the genuine coffee, and allow me to say.

Central America has decreased production, however, the independent. Venezuela, 8,000,000 pounds. From July 1, to June 30th, of the same period

6,161,000 bags—a total of 10,462,000 bags. At a low average of 132 pounds per bag, this would mean 1,380,984,000 pounds received at these two Brazilian ports. In 1897 Brazil furnished 70 per cent. of the total deliveries of the United States and Europe.

Paraguay should rank high as a coffee producing country, but most of the natives were born on a strike, and have kept it up ever since. They believe it may be alright to work on Monday and perhaps part of Tue-day. They have the labor question down fine and no mistake, and believe in one day for work and six for rest.



Arabs Threshing.

Therefore it is not likely that this country will ever be a leader in anything except fewer hours for labor.

While the increase in production has been prodigious, the increase in consumption has been equally remarkable. The mean annual consumption for three decades ending 1890 was: 1870, six billion bags; 1880, ten billion bags; 1890, eleven billion bags. The general consumption of Europe and the United States is put at twelve billion bags, which at the low figure of 132 pounds per bag, would be 1,584,000,000,000 pounds of coffee. The sales of coffee in the United States in 1897 were 659,068,000 pounds.

To show that the above is not exaggerated, we may state that Jamaica coffee is put up in bags of from 180 to about three hundred pounds, and all other kinds from 62 to 240 pounds per bag. In the same month of April 1898, the warehouse deliveries in the port of New York were 156,505 bags. Amsterdam, Rotterdam, London, Hamburg, and New York to a certain extent are the leading ports to which coffee is shipped.

Before closing this chapter we desire to say that were proper attention paid to the preparation of coffee for the table, it would in our opinion, become a more popular beverage in Nova Scotia than it now is. To obtain it in perfection much greater care is requisite than is necessary in the case of tea. We commend to your attention the following hints on making coffee: First let us say, however, that we have found many people apparently ignorant of the great value of coffee as a drink, who do not seem to know that it is superior to tea in many respects, and of great value to the human system. The main object of this little book is to place this fact before you, and we would emphasize the fact that the habit of using tea exclusively as a morning, noon and evening beverage, is a positive injury. And while we cannot agree with the respected clergyman, who, in his pulpit in the city of Halifax, declared that "Rum kills its thousands, and tea its tens of thousands" nevertheless there is no doubt of the great injury it is doing where its use is exclusive. Now, there is reason to believe that coffee is the best alternate, not only as regards health, but because of its superior and appetizing flavor. We have been served with coffee which had been boiled in a pot previously used for steeping tea, and can well understand why such an abominable mixture should not commend itself to the palate of even a Hottentot. Want of knowledge on this point may be one of the reasons why some people declare they dislike coffee. We therefore make mention of this, in order to correct such an error. Both tea and coffee should be cooked in pots especially kept for that purpose; and grocers should be careful

not to wrap tea and coffee up in the same parcel or box, as the flavor of the one is ruined by that of the other.

We have much pleasure in placing before our readers the following simple rules: To make pure coffee, use one part of coffee to seven parts of water, i. e., to one cup even full of dry ground coffee use seven cups of water, or, one ounce of pure coffee to one imperial pint of water. If too strong, use a little more water. Use coffee ground as fine as ordinary granulated sugar. Place your coffee in the pot and pour the boiling water on it. Be sure the water is boiling. Then allow the entire contents to boil between one and three minutes, not longer. Then pour into the hot coffee a large tablespoonful of cold water; this will force the grounds to the bottom and render the liquid clear. Serve as soon as these directions are completed. A delay of fifteen minutes will allow much of the aroma and flavor to settle. In making coffee compounds, which are the most economical, (a list will be found at the back of this book) instead of using one ounce, use half an ounce to the imperial pint, and boil one minute. Further, be sure your coffee pot is thoroughly cleansed in hot water immediately after each service. A cup of good coffee cannot be obtained from a pot in which coffee grounds have been allowed to remain. Do not use water that has boiled and then stood; put required quantity in kettle: when it is boiling, pour on coffee. The whole operation ought not to take more than ten minutes. Always measure quantities required, have quantity weighed, and then use some little dish as a measure.

The foregoing rules apply to the making of coffee in the plain, old-fashioned coffee-pot. Use agateware in preference to tin, but make sure the enamel is perfect; if there are any specks (even as small as a pin hole,) of metal showing through, it will unite with the acids of the coffee and spoil the contents. The best coffee that ever was "brewed" can be made in an old-fashioned stoneware pipkin, costing about 15 cents for the two-quart size. Solid silver

is not so good for this purpose as this simple dish of baked clay, a material which has been in use for kitchen utensils since the days of Moses. When you serve the coffee, it can be strained into a heated coffee-pot of an esthetic stoneware or porcelain. Such a dish would be too frail to boil it in. Do not trust a coffee-pot of metal of any kind. The black coating on the inside of a metal coffee-pot that has been used a few times shows that the metal has united with the acids of the coffee, more or less, and affected the liquor made. Coffee made in a pot,—stone or other kinds,—that contain on the inside the successive deposits of a few days' brewing, has a rank flavor, therefore we emphasize the rule, keep the coffee-pot clean. A little polishing soap, or bi-carbonate soda should be used, and the inside well scoured every day or two.

There has been a good deal of nonsense written and printed about coffee adulterations. The ignorance displayed, the vivid imagination with which some people are blessed, and the impossible articles the writers describe as being mixed with coffee would make your hair stand on end. The fact is simply this: the consumers demand a coffee of greater strength and less cost than is natural; and coffee compounds of suitable, perfectly healthy and good-flavored materials, are made to meet that demand. Compound-coffees are not to be understood as being merely made for cheapness. Some compound-coffees cost very much higher than many pure coffees, and have nearly twice the liquid strength, combined with a better flavor and are made to suit the taste of probably the majority of people. On account of the greater strength and economy in using, half an ounce of compound making as much liquid as one ounce of pure, people in general prefer compound-coffees such as are mentioned at the back of this book. The compounds indicated are superior in every respect to low-grade pure coffees, such as Rios and some other South American coffees.

No grocer should hesitate to sell compound-coffee for just what it is any more than he would to sell blended tea. When we

had a retail store, we had our coffee bags printed as such, and people asked for our compounds—very many preferring certain names,—as they would in any other line of business. You should remember that a compound becomes an adulteration only when sold as being pure, and also, that while compound-coffees have greater strength, with a good flavor, the higher qualities of pure coffees have a much richer, finer flavor and aroma.

Honest grocers will sell you what you ask for. If you want pure coffee, ask for it. You should insist that the names of packers be on the tin or package, such as: "W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS' Gold Standard Pure JAVA," which means the best pure coffee in Canada. Or, if you prefer a compound, see that "W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS' Peerless BLEND, JAVA COFFEE" is on the tin, as this means the best compound-coffee in Canada.

We omitted to state that green coffees are divided naturally into two classes, and again subdivided into grades according to quality:

1. Mild coffees, including Java, Jamaica, Mocha, etc., etc. These coffees are all very mild, and the best grades are remarkable for their rich, fine flavor and aroma and splendid drinking qualities, and sell in the markets of the world at from twice to five times the price of the rank kinds.
2. Rank or strong coffees, such as Rios and Santos, and some of the other South American coffees, which have a strong, rank flavor, sometimes sour and very unpleasant. They also have a tendency to induce biliousness, nervousness, disordered stomach, indigestion, etc., etc.

Enough has been written to give an intelligent idea of the rise and progress of this popular article of commerce. Our own name has been connected with the coffee trade for nearly sixty years, the late W. H. Schwartz having established himself in the coffee business in 1841, in the city of Halifax, where we have continued to roast and grind coffees during this long period without interruption.



CHAPTER II.

Spices will be the subject of this chapter; and I hope my readers have found the first part of this little book of sufficient interest to induce a perusal of the second.

There is something very suggestive about the word "spices." When mentioned we have visions of Christmas joys and gladness; of bright homes, decorated with holly and misletoe; of loving parents wending their way homewards in the dusk of the evening, perchance their clothing covered with falling snow, as it drifts through the crowded streets; their faces tender with kindly thoughts, and arms and pockets filled with good things. Of happy smiling children, their faces bright with expectation or

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realization; or exchanging glances full of mystery, as they hide away some surprises to be, for papa and mamma on the morrow. Of little tots creeping down stairs at dawn of day, of their shouts of joy, Mamma, Mamma! Oh! papa, papa! -O-o o-o, San-na, San-na! San-ta Clause did bring a tree! Oh, mamma! look what Santa's brought me. Oh my! Oh papa! do look, papa, at what's in my stocking! Of guns and tooting horns, rattling drums and surprising noise, Oh wonderful! wonderful! are Christmas joys.

Or perhaps we picture to ourselves the family gathering at the Christmas dinner. It may be one that has passed of pleasant memory. The long table, laden with good things, and surrounded with happy faces; grandfather at the head, grandmother sitting opposite, and, while he carves the turkey and at the same time cracks his little joke, she sees that each one gets a double portion, smiling away all protests as to quantity. In due time with much ceremony, the "crowning joy" is placed upon the festive board—the Plum-pudding.

"When small, but mirth-compelling jokes
Are heard from every nook and corner,
When on the board plum-pudding smokes
Attended by the pie of Horner."

"Deeds, not words," is the motto for this occasion, as Hermie and Hughie fall into line for the attack, and Willie's brown eyes twinkle as he affirms "The more the merrier." And little Marjorie could claim to have "two strings to her bow," having made a grab for the pie in addition to the pudding. Then we imagine we hear the compliments to grandma on the grand success the pudding is. Carl says, Oh, my! Donald whispers; My, ain't it nice! and auntie's sweet low voice is heard, "perfect flavor! its splendid. Grandma, whose spices do you use?" And the smiling reply is, "The name is a little hard to pronounce, but it is spelt this way, S-c-h-w-a-r-t-z. I always ask for 'Peerless' and see that the other name is on the package." And mamma chimes in, "Oh, yes! we always ask for

that name too; they are the best spices to be had." And the pudding settled that question to the satisfaction of all present; and as the dinner progresses, material food is seasoned with the "sweet food of sweetly-uttered knowledge." Then rising from the table, the fun goes on—

"When kissing shall by favor go,
 And age declare it only folly
 That youth resort to mistletoe,
 And lovely woman stoops to holly,
 When old and young and middleaged,
 The generations all commingle,
 The widowed, wedded, fresh engaged,
 And, last and least, the many single,
 Merry? when all around is bright,
 Merry? Ay, marry now or never;
 The churl who cannot laugh to-night
 Must give the habit up forever."

And now, lounging in our easy chair, we allow our imagination full play. And in fancy we cross the ocean; and wander through lands of historic interest, made famous in song and story. Sauntering under blue and sunny skies, amidst sublime and beautiful scenery; along the banks of pleasant streams, which meander through green flower-decked meadows and lovely fruitful valleys,

"When pendant train and rushing wings
 Aloft the glorious peacock springs;
 And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize,
 So rich a shade, so green a sod,
 Our English fairies never tread."

Or, perhaps, we stroll along the dusty highways, and meet with some strange characters: here a troop of pilgrims and religious mendicants, and there a party of wandering jugglers, and by the way-side under a tree, the stone image of a serpent, and standing with hands clasped in the act of adoration a dark-skinned, graceful

figure. Or in a field close by, a cow, with a curious hump on her shoulders, a garland of flowers about her neck; and gazing with wide-open eyes upon a group of Hindus, who are all bowing down before her in the most reverent attitudes of worship, and accepting their offerings of flowers and fresh grass, with due gravity. And here we pass a very good man indeed; he stands with arms extended above his head, held in the same position so long a time, that they have become ossified, and the nails have grown many inches long; he seems to say: "Here am I, take me." And there goes a woman



Worshipping a Cow.

carrying a platter, on which is a brass cup full of water, three or four gay flowers, and a few grains of rice; her morning offering to the gods Mahadeo and Ganesh. And who, while very careful not to show her face, does not blush to appear out in very scanty dress indeed. And further on is a snake charmer. His attire is not quite the thing for a very cold day. He is piping to a hooded serpent, which seems highly pleased with the music. Over there is a man with performing monkeys, and here a fellow with a dancing goat.

Travelling onwards we pass and are passed by horses, camels, and elephants mounted by people in every variety of costume, odd-looking vehicles drawn by bullocks, one-ponied gigs, palanquins and bearers, and a great multitude moving hither and thither, amidst scenes sad, grotesque or amusing. We come to a great river broad and shining in the hot sun, and walk along its banks, gazing upon new scenes as they are unfolded to our view. There are pilgrims squatting as near the water as possible, that every hair on their bodies may be shaved off and fall into the stream; and as they joyously undergo the operation, we hear hundreds of priests shouting aloud that "every hair thus sacrificed secures a million



A Gujerat Village Cart.

years of happiness hereafter." And here are others, bathing in the sacred stream, striving to wash their sins away. Over the way comes a rajah seated in his silver howdah upon a gorgeously-caparisoned elephant, and attended by a crowd of followers: beating tom-toms with such music that hath not "Charms to sooth the savage beast." Eager to accomplish their vow, they push on past booths and shows and jugglers. Out on the water great numbers of boats sail, or are rowed past. And as we proceed rapidly on our journey a city looms up before us. A perfect maze of gilded or col-

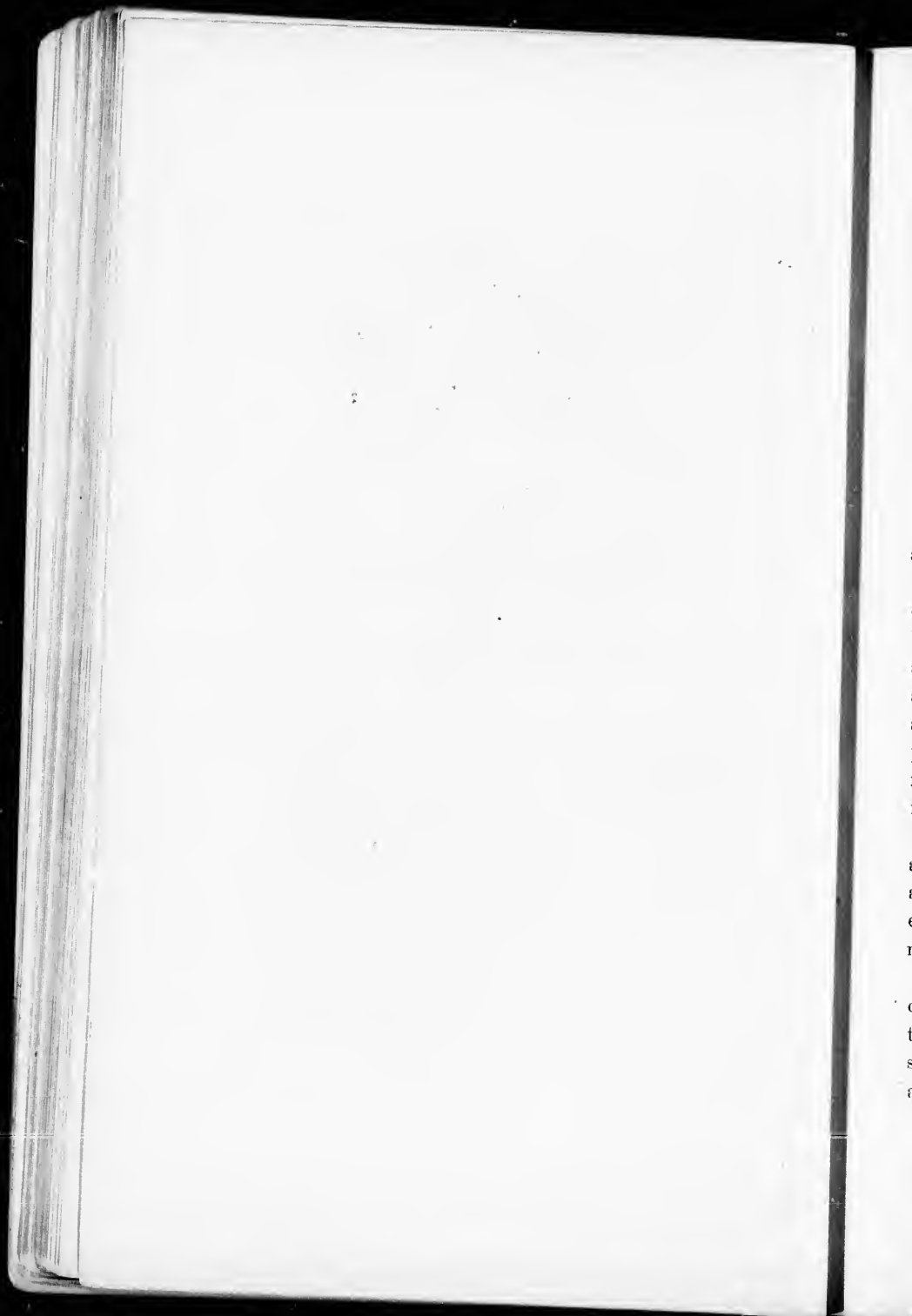
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Elephant Plough, on India Sugar Plantation.



ored cupolas, minarets, pinnacles and towers rise above the square roofs and glitter in the sunlight; and here we see a wonderful spectacle, for we stand on the banks of the most sacred river, and gaze upon the most holy city of India. The terraced river banks are crowded with people in gay holiday garb, for this day is observed in honor of the god of commerce; and procession after procession wend their way from two hundred temples, and with slow and measured tread pass through the reverent crowds down to the water's edge, each bearing within velvet palanquins, which richly embroidered canopies surmount, an effigy of the god, glittering with gilded and tinsel ornaments, surrounded by hosts of white-robed priests and musicians, preceded by an advance guard of female attendants richly attired, who perform a slow dance, waving to and fro their colored scarfs. The river is covered with boats of various designs and gaily decorated with flags; and vessels, many of them like floating houses or pagodas, having tall masts with square sails and bright banners, and filled with richly attired people, glide along, or are propelled by dark skinned oarsmen. The Brahmins and girl-widows now embark with their idols, in long skiffs, the prows of which rise sheer out of the water, with birds or quadrupeds for a figurehead, amid the shouts of the people and the clang of musical instruments.

And now as the sun sets in glorious splendor, bathing the river and city in a flood of golden light, the boats lie to, and the idols are with due solemnity cast into the sacred waters. And as the evening shadows deepen, the quays blaze out with many-colored radiance, and coruscating fireworks ascend in every direction.

Continuing on our journey, sometimes through rice, indigo cotton or opium fields, we see farmers busily engaged. Some with the aid of elephants and large ploughs, are preparing the soil for sugar cane; the driver seated on the back of the big, good-natured animal, seems to direct operations, while the two men at the hand-

les keep the plough in proper position. We also pass numbers of pagodas and temples, dedicated to and occupied by images of gods and goddesses, made of wood or stone, and many of them of precious metals, and ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and jewels of all kinds. We turn aside and rest near one of these; and sitting under the trees, refresh ourselves with some fruit, perhaps grapes,



Temple Sacred to the Worship of Monkeys.

peaches, cherries, quinces or pears. And while we rest we observe a great many people worshipping at their favorite shrine, and leaving before the idol their offerings of rice, flour, butter, vegetables, milk, oil, salt and spices. The priests close the temple doors, we hear music, and the idols, we suppose, are disposing of the good things.

Now mounting an elephant we proceed on our way, and pass by ancient temples, mosques, and mausoleums of magnificent pro-

portions, rich in beautiful carving, gold, precious stones, and gorgeous coloring. We travel long distances, see every variety of men, costumes and customs, stop to admire a splendid palace, enclosed by a wall of red granite forty feet in height, and gaze in wondering surprise upon its slender, graceful pinnacles, and elegant minarets, pavillions of white marble, surmounted by cupolas, with the pillars and arches exquisitely carved and ornamented with arabesques, gilt and inlaid, having the ceilings adorned with a rich foliage of silver. Thence passing on through various scenes; and now, behold! a dream in stone! a splendid dome, rising to a height of two hundred and sixty feet, and surmounted by two gilt globes and a crescent crowns a magnificent mausoleum, which is adorned at the corners, standing alone like sentinels, with stately minarets.

It is a beautiful garden, surrounded on three sides by a lofty wall of redstone. The garden is entered by a magnificent gateway, which is approached through several large paved courts. The northern side of the garden is occupied by a redstone platform over nine hundred and fifty feet in length. It is open toward the river, and the side of it which is washed by the waters of the Jumna is protected by a water wall of squared redstone; upon this great platform is reared another of white marble, and springing from the four angles rise the graceful minars, and from the centre mounting up into the air, rises the highly polished white marble building, its perfect harmony, its purity, its almost heavenly beauty, placing it beyond comparison with any other building in the world. Entering, we find the dome is profusely clustered with fruit, flowers, and foliage, in marble and mosaic, to represent the blooming bowers of Paradise; each flower containing a hundred precious stones. The light filters through the transparent marble, and charmed by the extraordinary beauty of the chamber we fain would linger. Here we see the result of the labours of twenty thousand men, working at its erection twenty-two years. Passing through the beautiful gardens which surround it, we take a long

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last look. And as we gaze in breathless astonishment upon a scene of chaste beauty, perfect simplicity and exquisite grace, we cannot help but think, that here indeed is an expression of love which no book can give, even when the subject is "Love," and the author, a man of the ability of an Attorney-General.

Now we step into a gaily-painted chopaya, with sculptured pillars, and fancy awning, drawn by a team of bullocks. As we move slowly on, a mail-cart, driven by a lanky Indian, and drawn by four horses rushes past at a speed that takes our breath away. On a river bank we see some natives washing clothes; the one with the bare shaven crown is swinging the wet clothes high above his head and brings them down hard on a kind of wash-board, which is laid on the water's edge; another, wearing a turban, is busy on the bank doing the ironing; he is sitting on his toes, in a position that would tempt a practical joker to push him into the water. On and on we go until we arrive at a large city. Great flights of stairs lead down to the edge of the impetuous stream, above them rise a thousand bell-towers of temples, together with the tombs and kiosks half-hidden among the clustering foliage. Passing over the old bridge of two rows of arches, one above the other, we enter the narrow crowded streets of Baroda city. The houses are nearly all of timber, and built in the most picturesque varieties of style. At all the cross-ways stand pagodas and idols, surmounted with colored banners. The city is in festive attire. Houses and palaces of superb architecture are decorated with banners and oriflammes. The streets are thronged with people of (to us) strange features and color, and clothed in all the magnificence of oriental costume. Mingling with them are others in the ancient costume of Adam. Joining the multitude we hasten on amidst scenes of wonderful variety, and are spectators of a royal procession, marching along with all the grandeur pertaining to princes and potentates. A magnificent giraffe, saddled, bridled, and splendidly harnessed, is led past by royal servants. Elephants covered

with embroidered housings and bearing richly decorated and canopied howdahs; gaily caparisoned horses and dromedaries, all mounted by riders, wearing splendid costumes; and according to rank and wealth of the wearers, covered with jewels and precious stones, which are flashing and sparkling in the bright sunlight, accompanied by troops of footmen in brilliant array. Behind stalks a magnificent elephant, covered with housings of great beauty, and carrying the bearer of the royal standard—a flag of cloth of gold, waving from a staff forty feet in length. He is surrounded by



An Oriental Bazaar.

picked horsemen, whose duty it is to protect the standard. They are richly attired in crimson velvet, and armed with long lances and curved sabres; and as they pass, the air resounds with shouts and songs and instrumental music.

Leaving this city we travel south by various modes of conveyance, sometimes by dhoolees, having twelve bearers, at other times by the mail carts, then again by camels, horses or elephants, we pass through many great cities and provinces.

And now, after a very long journey, we are passing through Travancore and Malabar. Here we see our

OLD FRIEND PEPPER,

growing in abundance, for this is the place of its nativity, although it has spread to and now is a product of Java, Sumatra, Ceylon and other Asiatic countries. Black Pepper is the dried fruit of *Piper Nigrum*, L., is a perennial climbing shrub, and when cultivated requires a prop. We ask the farmer to show us through his field or orchard, and learn that in Malabar each vine is carefully planted beside the mango and breadfruit trees, so that the planter gets one crop of fruit and two of pepper.

The leaves of the plant are oval and the flower white. The fruit is about the size of a pea, of a bright red color when ripe, not crowded on the spike. Each vine produces about 1 1-2 pounds of pepper. It is propagated by cuttings or suckers, and comes into bearing in three or four years after it is planted, and yields two crops annually for about twelve years. When any of the "berries" of a spike begin to change from green to red all are gathered, as when more fully ripe, they are less pungent, besides being apt to drop off. They are spread on mats to dry in the sun, and separated from the spike by rubbing with the hands, or by treading with the feet, after which they are cleaned by winnowing.

The Black Pepper of commerce consists of the berries thus dried, which become wrinkled and black. White Pepper is the seed freed from the skin and fleshy part of the fruit, to effect which the dried fruit is soaked in water and then rubbed. Sometimes, however, it is prepared direct from the ripe fruit, and afterwards dried. Black Pepper is more pungent than White. White Pepper, however, possesses a finer flavour. There are a great variety of qualities, from light dusty trash, up to the heavy shot used in making Schwartz's "Peerless" Pepper. Those who like white pepper best, may as well know that if the ground spice be

perfectly white, it can only be so either by adulteration or by chemical process, under which it is seriously deteriorated.

When my readers take in hand the pepper pot and sift the contents over their food, we suppose it never occurs to them that they are handling a spice of historic interest; and yet as the ages have rolled on, pepper has played no mean part. It was well known to the ancients; Hippocrates used it as a medicine, and Pliny expresses his surprise "that it should have come into general use, considering its want of flavor."

In the year 408 A. D., Alaric, king of the Visigoths, marched upon Rome by the Via Flaminia and laid siege to the city. (Just a short time before this, Stilicho, by birth a Vandal, attacked Alaric at Polentia, gained a great victory, and drove him out of Italy; in celebration of which the last of the long list of Roman triumphs took place, as also did the last fight of the gladiators, an Egyptian monk, Telemachus, sacrificing his life trying to put a stop to it.) When the Romans had come to terrible distress, they offered to ransom the city. He asked a monstrous sum, which they refused, telling him what hosts there were of them, and that he might yet find them dangerous. "The thicker the hay, the easier to mow," said Alaric. "What will you leave us then?" they asked. "Your lives," was the answer. The ransom they paid was 5,000 pounds' weight of gold, and 30,000 of silver, 4,000 silk robes, 3,000 pieces of scarlet cloth, and last but not least, 3,000 pounds of pepper. During the Middle Ages, a great many people paid their rents in Pepper-corn, being obliged to supply a certain quantity of pepper, usually one pound, at stated times.

At one time pepper was so scarce that it was as good as money. In France taxes might be paid in pepper-corns, as also church dues and rent. Pepper was in fact cash, and to pay in pepper, in spice or in specie was equivalent to paying in cash, in token of which, to this day, "specie" is the common name for the hardest kind of cash.

The high cost was one of the inducements which led the Portuguese to seek a sea route to India, and the discovery of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope (1498) led to a considerable fall in price, and about the same time the cultivation of the plant was extended to the western islands of the Malay Archipelago. Pepper, however, remained a monopoly of the Portuguese crown as late as the 18th century. In Great Britain it was formerly taxed heavily, the impost in 1623 amounting to five shillings, and as late as 1823 to two shillings and sixpence per pound.

The records of the Grocers' Company of London commence with an account of a meeting on May 9th, 1345 (19 Edwd. III.), when "a fraternity was founded of brethren Pepperers of Soperlane," London, but their connection with the fraternity of St. Anthony, and with the Eastern merchants, is traceable as far back as the founder of the order of lay monks of St. Anthony, the tutelary saint of the company, who was born on the border of Thebas, A. D., 251. The motto of their coat of arms is: "God grant Grace."

We next take ship to Ceylon, landing at Colombo, and bent on visiting the Cinnamon Gardens. In anticipation we expect to see beautiful pleasure-grounds, a lovely scene! and breathe the sweetly-scented air. Ordering a carriage, we drive along a road which is shaded by cocoanut trees. Look! there is a native woman walking ahead; she is clad in snow-white petticoats, a beautiful tortoise-shell comb fastened in her raven hair. As we pass by her we look back. Wonderful! she has a beard! it's a man! A few minutes of expectation and behold, the cinnamon gardens! Alas, imagination is at fault. The reality is a vast area of scrubby, low jungle, composed of cinnamon bushes which are seen to the right and left, before and behind. Above is cloudless sky and a broiling sun; below snow-white sand of quartz,



A Cingalese.

curious only in the possibility of its supporting vegetation. Such is the soil in which cinnamon delights, for Ceylon is the place of its nativity. Here the Creator planted the first cinnamon tree. The island of Ceylon is a very beautiful country, at one time called the "Paradise of the East"; it is now a land of ruins. The remains of great cities attest to the fact that a great city has passed away. The ruins of "Anaradnipoora," which cover two hundred and fifty-six square miles of ground, are all that remain of a splendid city, the greatest temple of which exceeded four hundred feet in height. But, however tempting it might be, we cannot linger among the ruins. The great mountains, the beautiful valleys, the wide plains, the roaring, rushing cataracts, the poisonous jungle, the immense forests, the artificial lakes, the stately trees, the wild beasts, the elegant birds, the lovely flowers and the strange people must be passed by while the planter tells and shows us all about the Cinnamon Tree.

Cinnamon is mentioned three times in the Scriptures: first, about sixteen hundred years before the Christian era, in Exodus, xxx, 23, where it is enumerated as one of the ingredients employed in the preparation of the holy anointing oil: "Take thou also unto thee powerful spices, myrrh, and of sweet cinnamon half as much, (i. e., 250 shekels) together with calamus and cassia." Also Prov. vii, 17, and Cant. iv, 14; while in Rev. xviii, 13, among the merchandise of Babylon, we have "cinnamon and odors and ointments and frankincense."

As mentioned the tree is a native of, and abounds throughout the jungle of Ceylon. Even at a very high elevation it is one of the most common woods, where it grows to the dimensions of a forest tree, the trunk being usually about 3 ft. in circumference. The higher the elevation at which it grows, the less it has of its natural fine flavor. The tree in its cultivated state is never allowed to exceed the dimensions of a bush, being pruned down close to the ground every year. The best cinnamon gardens are on the south-

western coast, where the soil is light and sandy, and the atmosphere moist from the prevalent southern winds. It is carefully cultivated and the plant begins to yield cinnamon when about six or seven years old. The system of pruning or close cutting induces the growth of a large number of shoots. Every twelve months these shoots attain the length of six or seven feet and the thickness of a man's finger. In the interim, the only cultivation required is repeated cleaning. The whole plantation is cut down at the proper period, and the sticks are then stripped of their bark by the peelers. These men are called "Chalias," and their labor is confined to this particular branch. The season being over they pass the remaining portion of the year in idleness, their earnings during one crop being sufficient to supply their wants until the ensuing harvest. Their practice in this employment naturally renders them particularly expert, and in far less time than is taken in the description, they run a sharp knife lengthwise along a stick and at once divest it of its bark. In twenty-four hours the epidermis and greenish pulpy matter are carefully scraped off. In a few hours the smaller quills are introduced into the larger ones, and in this way congeries of quills are formed, often measuring forty inches in length. The bark is then dried in the sun and afterwards made into bundles, with pieces of split bamboo twigs. The tree has many valuable properties besides that possessed by the bark. There is a bud, as in clove; the leaves also have the taste of cloves, from which oil is made called clove oil. The root yields some camphor, and the fruit a concrete oil, called cinnamon sweet, which is highly fragrant, and in Ceylon was formerly made into candles for the use of the King. The essential oil of cinnamon is usually made from the refuse of the crop; half a hundred weight of the spice producing about five ounces of oil. Cassia bark was distinguished with difficulty from cinnamon by the ancients. In the present day it is often sold for cinnamon; indeed unless a purchaser specify true cinnamon, he will probably be supplied with cassia. It is made up into similar

bundles with cinnamon, has the same general appearance, smell and taste but its substance is thicker and coarser, its color darker, its flavor much less sweet and fine than that of Ceylon cinnamon, while it is much more pungent, and is followed by a bitter taste; it is also less closely quilled and breaks shorter than genuine cinnamon, and the bundles are only 12 or 15 inches in length.

The reader will kindly note just here that there is a great difference in the quality of both cassia and cinnamon, the barks ranging in price according to qualities, from 8c. to 50c. per pound by the ton, after which the expenses of manufacturing have to be added. Low-priced cassia or cinnamon is simply tasteless wood, and for a good well-seasoned article you must pay a good price.

THE CASSIA TREE

is a native of Cochin China, (but some state Sumatra,) and grows in Penang, Malabar and other eastern countries. Vast quantities both of cassia seeds and cassia lignea are annually brought to Canton from the province of Gwang-si, whose principal city, (Kweihin, literally, 'cassia forest,') derives its name from the forests of cassia around it. This province borders on French Indo China, and will be in the British sphere of influence should the imperial government have to take over the seven, and parts of three or four other great provinces lying south of Yang-tse-kiang river. A railroad running west by south from Hang Chau Bay through these provinces and across Burmah, thence into India north of Calcutta, and across to Bombay, with various branches, would probably enable western Canada to do a direct trade with all those great countries. This is within the range of possibilities, and you may yet be able to take the journey from Halifax west to Bombay, over land, over sea, and over land again. And while doing so, from every flag-staff, on every station and on every ship, will float upon the breeze "Old Glorious," proclaiming liberty to all the world, the old Union Jack! I do not think the Americans to the south of

us will object to our bestowing that title on a flag both "Old" and "Glorious." And who knows? we may yet see Schwartz's Peerless Cinnamon, and Schwartz's Peerless Cassia brought over that great route, via the great Canadian Pacific Railroad and Steamship lines. In the meanwhile, if you want the best, insist on having Schwartz's "Peerless," and do not let the grocer palm off cheaper goods on you.

Thanking the kind host for his valuable information, and good advice, we hustle on board ship, which is bound for the East India Archipelago. Sailing among those beautiful islands we land on one of the Moluccas. Here, in the early morning, the sun shining brightly, and the air laden with the perfume exhaled from fragrant flowers, we saunter along, enjoying the beautiful scenes. Seeing some people standing around wood burning slowly and making quite a little smoke, we approach and enquire what they are doing, and what kind of trees those are that look so pretty. An intelligent and pleasant faced Dutchman standing by, kindly answers:

THESE ARE CLOVE TREES,

and it will give me pleasure to tell you what I know about them. So we sit down, and he begins:

"This elegant tree is one of the Myrtle family of plants. It attains a height of some forty feet, and in its native island lives from 75 to 100 years. It has a pyramidal form; is always green and is adorned throughout the year with a succession of beautiful flowers. The stem is of hard wood, and covered with a smooth, grayish bark. The leaves are about four inches in length, by two in breadth. They have a firm consistence, are of a shining green color, and when bruised are highly fragrant. The flowers grow in clusters at the extreme end of the branches, and exhale a strong, penetrating grateful odor. The natural geographical range of the clove tree is extremely limited. It was formerly confined to the Molucca Islands, in most of which it grew abundantly before their conquest by the Dutch. By the monopolizing policy of that commercial people the trees were extirpated in nearly all the islands

except Amboyna and Ternate, which are under their immediate inspection. Notwithstanding, however, their jealous vigilance, a French governor of the isles of France and Bourbon, named Pouere succeeded in the year 1770 in obtaining plants from the Moluccas, and introducing them into the colonies under his control. Five years afterwards the clove tree was introduced into Cayenne, West Indies, in 1803. It is now cultivated largely in Sumatra, Penang, Benecoolen, and Zanzibar, and commerce has ceased to depend upon the islands under the Dutch for this spice.

The unexpanded flower buds are the part of the plant employed under the ordinary name of cloves. They are first gathered when the tree is five years old. The buds are picked by hand and prepared for shipment by smoking them on hurdles covered with matting, near a slow wood fire, to give them a brown color. They may then be cut off from the flower branches, and will be found to be purple colored within, and fit to be packed in casks and cases for the European market.

What quantity will a tree produce? we ask. The trees yield from 20 to 100 pounds per annum. What kinds are there? The principal are Penang, which are very expensive and are considered the best; Benecoolen, (this island now belongs to the Dutch,) Amboyna. These are the best kinds. In 1818 the tree was introduced into Zanzibar, which country produces largely, but of a lower grade than those mentioned. Cloves by the way, play quite a part in the social as well as the financial life of Zanzibar. If an Arab girl falls in love with some dusky Romeo, whom she has been peeping at from her papa's house-top, she signifies the tender fact by secretly sending him a sprig of clove blossoms. It's a beautiful custom and could be well imitated in your country. As you have no clove blossoms in Nova Scotia, the next best thing would be for your young ladies to send one of those handsome labels taken from off a package of Schwartz's "Peerless" cloves. They would have all

the fragrance of clove blossoms and would soon become as well understood by the Romeos of your country as by these of Zanzibar.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Another thing may be mentioned: If Schwartz's "Peerless" Cloves are sprinkled on a hot stove, after cooking cabbage, onions, etc., it will destroy any unpleasant odor.

We will now, in continuation of our journey, take ship for the Banda Islands. This is one of the six or seven groups of valuable islands, constituting the East Indian Archipelago, and here spices grow in perfection. Holland, although having an area of only 12,648 square miles with a population of 4,511,415 persons, yet has in the Dutch East Indies, territories out of all proportion to their numbers. These possessions are very valuable, with an area of 719,674 square miles, and a population of 32,000,000. An independent, brave and industrious people, the Dutch; they had not driven the Spaniards out of their own country before their ships were seeking new commercial outlets, and they bade fair, at that time, to rival their British cousins in their colonial possessions. They knew how to look after their own interests, and having obtained control of the most valuable of the spice islands in the world they attempted to limit the cultivation as much as possible to their own territory. We will land on one of those very valuable islands and learn something about the

NUTMEG TREE,

and as our good ship makes fast progress under a full head of canvas we stand on deck and gaze with admiration on the beautiful constellations of a tropical sky. A cry of "look! look! what is it?" now attracts our attention to a dull red glare across our starboard bow just above the horizon, and as we draw nearer a pillar of fire and smoke looms up through the gloom full two thousand feet above the sea level. We are now passing the island of Gernung Api Fire mountain, from its large cone shaped volcano which is forever

emitting smoke or flame; and as we watch the wonderful phenomena, our thoughts fly back eighteen hundred years, and we have visions of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum by the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius in A. D., 79, described so graphically by the younger Pliny, and we can well appreciate the splendid courage of Pliny the elder, in ordering the Roman fleet of galleys, from their safe anchorage at Misenum, and leading his command into what he must have seen was a most dangerous position, in order that he might be the means of saving as many of the terror-stricken people as possible. And then calmly giving up his life in the attempt.

Leaving this island we steer for the largest island in the group, and make harbour at Banda Lantoir, which derives its name from the Palmyra palm. From the sea this island presents a lofty appearance, its sides being steep, and crowned by a sort of table-land, which extends nearly from one end to the other, the whole of which is covered by one continuous forest of Nutmeg and Canari trees, the latter being planted to screen the former from the winds; we may say that almost the whole surface of this group of islands is covered with nutmeg trees. Rising early in the morning we go out for a constitutional in the bright sunshine, and as we breathe the fragrant air it is with light hearts we stroll across the green open glades made more beautiful by the glowing sunlight, and it is with a sense of exquisite pleasure our eyes rest upon a vast thicket of handsome Nutmeg trees, and we gaze with delight upon one of the most charming features of a tropical landscape. We had not imagined anything so beautiful; their large glossy dark green leaves hung all about with olive yellow fruit, the pale gold of which lights up the dark foliage and gleams from its boughs like "golden lamps at a feast." Here and there the nutmegs are fully ripe, the fruit opens at the tips and splits into two equal divisions, so that the covering of mace shows a streak of delicate crimson, whilst the nutmegs which have fallen lie about on the grass, their enve-

lopes of rich red mace still clinging to them; and flitting and fro in the deep shade of this evergreen thicket, are crowds of lovely butterflies, gorgeous in all the colors of the rainbow, their usually dark wings streaked with orange and blue and scarlet, making a charming addition to the beauty of the scene. Now, perhaps this Chinese labourer we see working among the trees may oblige us with some additional information; but alas! we must look elsewhere, his English is worse than that of a Cornishman, but fortunately his Dutch master appears on the scene, and he, after bidding us a very hearty "good morning" gives us all the desired information. Picking up a bamboo cane with a small neatly made oval basket at the end, the same being open for half of one side and furnished with a couple of small prongs projecting from the top, by which the fruit-stalk is broken, the fruit falling into the basket, he explains that in the Banda Islands the fruits are all collected in this way; at the same time giving us a lesson in nutmeg gathering. It was very neatly done and the fruit gathered in perfect condition without a bruise, and as we watched our friends the thought entered our mind, could not the apple and small fruit growers of Nova Scotia, gather their plums or apples in a similar manner, and thus save their fruit in the same good condition. Without knowing very much about fruit gathering in Nova Scotia, the writer throws out this suggestion.

To prepare the nutmeg for use, the seed enclosing the kernel, is dried at a gentle heat in a drying house over a smouldering fire for about two months, the seeds being turned every second day. When thoroughly dried, the shells are broken with a wooden mallet or flat board and the nutmegs picked out and sorted, the smaller and inferior ones being preserved for the expression of the fixed oil which they contain.

This valuable tree is indigenous to the Banda Islands and grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, producing

branches. The color of the bark of the trunk is a reddish brown; that of the young branches a bright green.

The fruit is pear-shaped, and when ripe, has a yellow golden color, and consists of four parts; the outer flesh part, (which resembles candied fruit,) then the membraneous substance, known as mace, then the shell, and finally the kernel or actual nutmeg. Nutmegs grow all the year round. They require a hot, moist climate. The tree, which lives for one hundred years, begins to bear in its eighth, and produces twelve pounds nutmegs. It takes 100 pounds nutmegs to produce 1 pound mace. Mace is a very rich and delicious spice, equal in value to the nutmeg itself, and is extremely fragrant and aromatic. Like the oak tree springing from the acorn, so the nutmeg tree grows from the nutmeg, and the Dutch, to secure the monopoly of the spice trade, tried various ways to prevent the spread of the products of their islands to the territory of other nationalities. So as they tried to prevent the transplanting of clove plants, they also, by boiling or baking the nutmegs, tried to ensure their not sprouting when sold abroad. Then, later, they extracted the oil by sweating, and then covered up the defects by liming the nutmeg. It is said, however, that the wood pigeon has been the means of thwarting the covetous spirit of the Dutch government, by conveying the nuts to other islands. The trees having been thus transplanted into countries beyond the control of the Dutch, the ancient system could not possibly be maintained any longer.

The great hunter and traveller, Sir Samuel W. Baker, in his interesting book on Ceylon, thus describes the wild nutmeg: "At a similar altitude, the wild nutmeg is very common throughout the forests. This tree is a perfect anomaly. The tree is entirely different to that of the cultivated species. The latter is small, seldom exceeding the size of an apple tree, and bearing a light green myrtle-shaped leaf, which is not larger than that of a peach. The wild species, on the contrary, is a large forest tree with leaves equal in size to those of the horse chestnut. Nevertheless, it pro-

duces a perfect nutmeg. There is the outer rind of fleshy texture, like an unripe peach; enclosed within is the nutlike shell, enveloped in the crimson network of mace, and within the shell is the nutmeg itself. All this is perfect enough, but, alas! the grand desideratum is wanting—it has no flavor or aroma whatever.

It is a gross imposition on the part of nature, a most stingy trick upon the public, and a regular do. I think Sir Samuel must mean a Dodo. At any rate the flavor in the wild nutmeg is just as extinct as that mythical bird. There are a great many spices ground which are just as much of the Dodo character as the wild nutmeg; and to avoid them you must ask for Schwartz's "Peerless" Spices. They use nothing but the best cultivated nutmegs in their "Peerless" mixed spices, as well as the best of everything else.

Taking sail again, over the Arefura sea, and through the Torres strait, between the islands of New Guinea and Australia, and thence over the Coral sea to the New Hebrides and Fiji Islands, famous for heroic Missionary exploits. Thence to Samoa, passing through Polynesia east by north to Panama, crossing which we take a steamer to the fine island of Jamaica, which we have described in the first chapter. Here, however, we will visit the owner of a Pimento walk, who will no doubt give us a great deal of information about the Pimento tree. This valuable tree, the fruit of which is known to consumers as Allspice, is indigenous to the West Indian Islands but is chiefly confined to Jamaica. It is an evergreen tree growing to the height of 20 to 30 feet, and has oblong or oval leaves about four inches long, of deep, shining green, and numerous auxiliary and terminal trichotomous panicles of white flowers, followed by small, dark purple berries. It is a very beautiful tree, with straight, white trunk and branching head. About the month of April it is covered with an exuberance of flowers, which diffuse a rich, aromatic odor. The fruit, when ripe, is filled with a sweet pulp, and the aromatic property, which so strongly characterized it in an unripe state, has in a great measure

disappeared. The gathering of the berries, therefore, takes place as soon as they have reached their full size but still unripe. In July and August they are gathered by hand and dried in the sun on terraced floors, during which process great care is taken by turning and winnowing to prevent them being injured by moisture. Their color changes in drying from green to reddish brown. The name Allspice was given to Pimento from a fancied resemblance in flavor to a mixture of other spice. The Allspice of commerce is furnished exclusively by the island of Jamaica, and all attempts to cultivate the tree where it is not found growing spontaneously have hitherto failed.

The so-called Pimento walks or natural plantations from which pimento is collected are formed by cutting down other growths upon the lands where the trees grow naturally, and thus allowing it to multiply freely. A large trade is carried on in young shoots of the tree. From 3,000 to 4,000 bundles (500 to 800 sticks) are shipped annually from Jamaica as sticks for umbrellas, so if the reader is caught out in the rain without that very necessary article he will have some idea of the unfortunate condition of people who have neither an umbrella nor Schwartz's "Peerless" Allspice in the house.

As we have pointed out in the first part of this little book, Jamaica is a very valuable and productive island. It is celebrated for the high quality of ginger. The price of Jamaica Ginger in the New York market to-day (May 24th, 1899) is just three or four times the price of any other ginger. Having given you an idea of its value, let us look into its history and get a few points as to its cultivation. Courtesy does not cost anything, and it is wonderful how it smoothes the wrinkles from and brightens the face of the poor commercial traveller, when in reply to his enquiry as to how your stock of goods stands he receives an answer, if it be favorable or not, in a pleasant, agreeable, polite manner. So it enhances the value of the information gained, when it is

imparted in such a graceful, courteous and charming way as it is by the people we have met on this not altogether visionary journey.

THE GINGER PLANT,

so our friend tells us, is a native of Gingi, in China, and from there has spread into western tropical Africa, Australia, South America, and was introduced into the West Indies by Francisco de Mendoca, who took it from the East Indies to New Spain. In India it has also been known from a very remote period, the Greek and Latin names being derived from the Sanscrit. The use of ginger has been known from very early times. It was supposed by Greeks and Romans to be a product of Southern Arabia, and was received by them by the way of the Red Sea, and it is stated that in the list of imports into Alexandria, which in the second century of our era, were then liable to the Roman fiscal duty, it is named among other Indian spices. So frequent is the mention of ginger in similar lists during the Middle Ages, that it evidently constituted an important article of commerce between Europe and the East, and it was well-known in England, even before the Norman Conquest, being often referred to in the Anglo-Saxon leech books of the eleventh century. Ginger seems to have been shipped for commercial purposes from the West Indies as early as 1547. The principal kinds are Jamaica, Cochin, Bengal, and African, and each in its turn has several sorts and qualities. As we have said, Jamaica ranks first, and as we are on the ground, we may as well go into the fields and learn something about the growing plant. The roots of the plant are jointed and the stalks rise two or three feet, with narrow leaves. The flower stems rise by the side of these, immediately from the root, naked and ending in an oblong, scaly spike. The land intended for the cultivation of ginger is first well cleaned with the hoe, then slightly trenched and planted about the months of March and April. It attains its full height and flowers about August and September, and fades about the close of the year. When the stalk is entirely withered the roots

are in a proper state for digging. This is generally performed (in Jamaica) in the month of January or February. Though the picking process is seemingly an easy one, an expert is necessary to make it a success. (We may say an expert is necessary in a spice mill, and if you want the best spices, buy those put up by experts, such as Schwartz's). Immediately after being picked the ginger is thrust into water, as it withers in a few hours if left in a dry condition. The cutting or after picking of the ginger is done soon after. The natives take much pleasure in this part of labor. The portion of the year devoted to it is characterized by harvest gatherings, while the Negroes celebrate all manner of festivities. You can imagine what hilarious garden parties they have. It seems incredible that, the two million of pounds of ginger sent from Jamaica is all picked by the hands of the natives.

The knife used in cutting ginger is a plain single blade between two wooden wedges.

After the outer skin has been removed layers of small cells can be seen. Most of these contain oil. The latter is almost colorless before being exposed to the air. After the ginger has been cut, it is thrown into water and left over night to soak. The water becomes dark and mucilaginous and oftentimes hard and thick when left in the air.

The ginger on being taken from the water must be dried by the tropical sun. A so-called *barbica* is generally used for this purpose, many, however, resorting to a home made device. It is made by placing a number of sticks in the ground and covering them with wooden boards. As the sun is most essential for the drying process, careful people put the ginger out to dry in the morning, turn it at noon, and take it in the evening. On damp days the drying process is not so successful. As may be conjectured, wet weather is most ruinous for the ginger merchant, as artificial drying of the fruit robs it of its flavour and makes it crispy. Evaporators, therefore, are not looked upon with favor, as they can-

not furnish the same kind or amount of heat given out by the tropical sun. The moving of ginger to market is reserved for a certain time. It is most interesting to see the dark-skinned women moving along the hills and valleys with one hundred or more pounds of ginger on their heads. They move along gracefully and with an impressive motion. It is not weighed or measured, but is sold by heaps. The best ginger in small heaps; inferior grades in large heaps. It is sold in one place reserved for the purpose. There are other ways of preparing ginger, but space and time will not permit further description, except to say that the quality of the root varies from a worthless, dry, tasteless stuff up to the best grades of fine-flavored oily, pungent Jamaica, which cannot be sold cheap. Do not be carried away with the fact that a package is marked "pure." It is often that, and yet not better than so much sawdust. If you want ginger with flavor, strength, pungency, and all the attributes of the finest goods, insist on your grocer sending you Schwartz's "Peerless" Ginger, and do not let him shove off some cheaper goods on you. It cannot be sold cheap.

We now take leave of our friends, both colored and white, and take the steamer for England. And on the way one of the passengers tells us the following little story about the origin of English mustard:

The fens of Lincoln, Norfolk and Cambridgeshires, England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth were covered with water, around which various wild fowl congregated in such number that the shooting was let for sixpence an acre. The sturdy Dutchmen, who had fought the sea in their own country, on one hand, while they fought the Spaniards on the other, were employed to drain the fens, which they did by dredging dykes 40, 60 and 80 feet deep; then erected windmills to pump the water in to the sea. This land, so drained, now lets for 5 or 6 pounds per acre. In throwing out the earth from the 80 foot dyke, it was found to contain small brown grains, which, upon being exposed to the sun

and air, sprouted and grew into a plant producing a yellow flower, the seeds of which proved to be mustard. From the above date to this mustard seed has been cultivated on these lands, which is not equalled for flavor and pungency in any part of the world.

The form in which table mustard is now sold dates from 1720, about which time Mrs. Clements, of Durham, hit on the idea of grinding the seed in a mill and sifting the flour from the husk, the bright yellow farina thereby produced under the name "Durham Mustard," pleased the taste of George I, and rapidly attained wide popularity. Mustard was well known in ancient times. Hippocrates used it as a medicine, and at the present date, for the best plasters, or as a condiment, use Schwartz's "Peerless" Pure Mustard.

One thing leads to another, and conversation turns on our own dear Nova Scotian home. We have seen wonderful scenes, great countries, splendid cities and buildings; but underneath it all, what is it? Bayard Taylor, in his description of Lucknow, and on seeing it for the last time, gives expression to his feelings thus: "The sun is setting, and the noises of the great city are subdued for a moment; but all around us, far and near, the gilded domes are blazing in the yellow glow. The scene is lovely as the outer gate of Paradise; yet what deception! what crime, what unutterable moral degradation fester beneath its surface!" And this description would seem to be true of all Oriental countries; and thinking of the sadness of it all, we turn our thoughts back to our dear land, and try to realize the happiness of being citizens of the best country in the world. We repeat the beautiful lines of Joseph Howe:

"What though no ruins rise above
My country's pleasant streams,
Nor legends wild, of war or love,
Invoke the poet's dreams?
No lawless power can there disturb
The peasant's tranquil sleep;
No towers the free-born soul to curb,
Frown o'er each lofty steep—

Then German, keep your Drachenfels,
 Vine-clad and foaming Rhine,
 The taint of bondage on them dwells;
 Far happier streams are mine."

What a happy thing it would be for Nova Scotia, if all her citizens were endowed with the patriotism of the great Howe. What a new era of prosperity would set in along the banks of "My country's pleasant streams." When Nova Scotians cease to desire to live in eight-by-ten huts, on the banks of streams of red mud; out in the wild and woolly west. But the steamer is entering the dock, and we must gather up our "grips."

We have had a long journey, without any of the discomforts incident to travel in foreign lands. We have visited nearly all the coffee and spice countries, hastily passed through India from north to south thence east around the world. We now land in Liverpool, England, going there on a visit to places where mustard plants are grown to perfection. We inspect the great factories on the way, and reach London by rail; take the steamer to Havre in France. From this city in the north we pass by rail to the south of this beautiful and historic country, and enter a great city, founded two thousand five hundred years ago, on the Mediterranean Sea. Cyrus, with his Persian troops, had driven forth an Ionian tribe—the Phocæans—from their native land. Leaving it, as Horace tells us, to wild bears and wolves, they had sailed from the west; and coming to the spot where Marseilles now stands, had made it their new home. With the coming in of the ships of this diligent, enterprising race, commenced the history of the port of Massilia, or Marseilles.

How surprised one of those ancient Phocæans would be were he to return to-day and see this city numbering nearly five hundred thousand inhabitants, and known throughout the world as the first seaport not only of France, but of the Mediterranean. Full of historic interest is this old city. Crowding its streets are people

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from all parts of the earth, and we are deafened and distracted by the noise and confusion of this modern Babel. We are jostled and jostled by Africans, Hindoos, Russians, Chinese, Spaniards, Portuguese, Frenchmen, Genoese, Italians and Englishmen. Here a turbaned Turk, and there a burnoused Arab, near by a Dutch skipper exchanges greetings with a German or a Norwegian, and hurrying to the docks to join his ship there goes a Malay. Following him to the water front, we see the great breakwater, 7,220 feet in length and the careening basin, on the site of the old burying ground to the right of the harbour. A very polite French gentleman informs us that the harbour accommodation exceeds 430 acres; there are five magnificent docks—the Old Port, Joliette, Lazaret, Arne and the Gare Maritime; and the quays, placed end to end, would extend ten miles. We also learn that the Old Port is 1,000 yards in length, and can contain about 1,200 of the 2,500 vessels which Marseilles is able to accommodate at any time. Between 9,000 and 10,000 vessels enter and leave this port every year. Fifty thousand tons of merchandise can be stored in the great warehouses, on the east side of the Bassin du Lazaret at one time. Why do we come here? you ask; What has this place got to do with spices? Well, we thought while we were "on the road" we might just as well come this far, and order ten tons of

CREAM TARTAR CRYSTALS

and see our friends who have been in the habit of shipping to us, from this port, nearly all of that valuable article of commerce we purchase, which, although not a spice, is always handled in connection with spice mills.

You ask what is Cream of Tartar? Of course you remember those luscious grapes, that kind old Frenchman handed to you, as we passed his vineyard the other day? Well, that is the fruit from which it is produced. The Tartar is an acid concrete salt, and is deposited from wines completely fermented, and adheres to the sides of the vats in the form of a hard crust, which in its crude

state is named argols. The argols are refined into crystals, of different qualities. Red wine is usually richer in cream tartar than white. A ton of grapes yield according to the nature of the fruit, quantities of between one and two pounds of argols.

Our good friend who has just pointed out so many places of interest, informs us that Tartar is a very important article of commerce, and that it is a curious fact that it depends for its existence upon the refuse products of another industry. Tartaric acid is contained in a number of vegetables, chief of which is the grape. All that scum which rises upon the surface of the wine, by the fermenting of the fluid, and gathers upon the sides of the casks, is very rich in the acid, containing sometimes as high as forty per cent. of the chemical. All this stuff, together with the lees of the wine, in short, all sediments and accumulations about the wine tuns and presses, as well as all the pomace and hulls of the grapes, residue from the pressing out of the wine is sold to the makers of Cream Tartar crystals. When received at the factory the stuff is first put under a hydraulic press and all of the juice squeezed out of it, the same being sold and used as cheap wine, brandy also being distilled from the remaining portion of this seepage from the lees. The Tartar pomace, squeezed as much as possible, is then spread out in the sun to dry and perhaps to take on an additional character by thorough oxidization. When thus exhausted of its moisture the substance is put into great vats, where it is stirred with hot water, white clay and bone black is then introduced and the boiling process continued until the coloring matter in the liquid precipitates and then is left a clear fluid, which upon being filtered and cooled will generate crystals, semi-transparent, rhomboidal in their prisms, which gathers partially in the bottom and partially on the surface like cream, from which manner of forming the product takes its name. These crystals when ground into a powder form the Cream Tartar of commerce.

Many million pounds are consumed annually, and the United States use about twenty-five million pounds yearly, the value of which is over five and a half millions of dollars. In California where grapes are very largely cultivated, they produce about half a million pounds annually. It is a new industry in that country and yet the wine makers receive about \$60,000 each season for the waste stuff from their presses and wine vats, that otherwise would go on the fields as manure.

Cream Tartar is used in materia medica, principally for the compounding of seidlitz powder, in which it is employed in connection with bi-carbonate of soda; but its chief use is in the manufacture of baking powder. The best baking powders are those made from the purest and best Cream of Tartar, and it is very important that you should have the best. If you, in baking, use cream tartar and soda, which is really the best powder, see that your grocer supplies you with Schwartz's "Peerless" Cream Tartar. He may wish to sell you something he makes more money on, but Schwartz's is what you must insist on, if you want to avoid the poor, cheap grades.

In conclusion, if any of our lady readers, in making their choice of a husband, have been so unfortunate as to have caught a Tartar, she can correct the acidity of his temper and general make up, by putting him through a course of homeopathic treatment giving him minute doses of Schwartz's "Peerless" Cream Tartar daily, varying the treatment with allopathic doses of light feathery biscuits made from the best flour, in which she has used Schwartz's full strength high grade "Peerless" Cream Tartar, in proportion of two-thirds, to one-third best baking soda.

We now take the train for Bordeaux, and from there take passage in a steamship to London and from there home, by of course the fast line to Halifax. We hope you have enjoyed the trip and have been somewhat interested in what we have seen and learned about coffees and spices. And while you find the writer

does not shine as an author, please remember you must not judge him by what he writes, but by the fact that his business is to sell the best goods that the coffee and spice markets of the world afford. And with the kindest and a special regard for your welfare we now ask you to insist upon your grocer sending you the coffees and spices enumerated in the last pages of this book, all bearing the signature of "W. H. Schwartz and Sons."

"And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."



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and
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P. O.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

Read on pages 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, the List of

Standard Goods

Manufactured and Packed by

W. H. SCHWARTZ AND SONS.

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W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS'

CELEBRATED CAREFULLY BLENDED

GROUND COFFEES,

Packed Fresh from the Roaster in

5, 10, 15, 25, 50 and 80 lb. Cans.

N. B.—These Compound COFFEES are celebrated for their fine flavour, strength, general excellence, and good drinking qualities; nearly sixty years' experience prove them to be the most satisfactory sellers on the market. Grocers who have been distributing these Coffees to their customers from five to twenty-five years, and some for a longer period, find they can gain and retain customers, and give better general satisfaction than with any other Coffees sold in Canada.

The following are the names of the different brands, and are in order of merit, beginning with the best:

"Peerless" Blend Java Coffee,	for Finest Trade.
"Orient" Blend	" " for Finest Trade.
"Batavian" Breakfast	" " for Fine Trade.
"German" Breakfast	" " for Good Trade.
"English" Breakfast	" " for Fair Trade.
"French" Breakfast	" " for Ordinary Trade.

N. B.—See how to make Coffee on pages 35 and 36.



W. H. Schwartz & Sons'

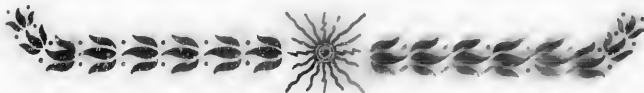
ABSOLUTELY PURE

"Gold Standard" COFFEES

Whole, Roasted or Ground, packed in
25 & 50 lb. cans.

JAVA—Finest Selected Genuine - - - For Finest Trade
MOCHA—Finest Selected Genuine - - For Finest Trade
MOCHA and JAVA—F'st Sel. Gen. - - For Finest Trade
JAMAICA—Finest Selected Genuine, For Finest Trade
MARACAIBO—Finest Sel. Genuine - For Finest Trade

SEE HOW TO MAKE COFFEE ON PAGES 35 & 36.





W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS'

ABSOLUTELY
PURE **Fine Coffees**

Whole, Roasted, or Ground, Packed in 25 and 50 lb. Cans.

~~~~~  
**SELECT JAVA,  
STERLING JAVA,  
MOCHA AND JAVA BLEND,  
FINE JAMAICA,  
MARACAIBO.**

~~~~~  
SEE HOW TO MAKE COFFEE ON PAGES 35 & 36.





W. H. Schwartz & Sons'

COFFEES

Packed in
Glass Quart
Fruit Jars.

Schwartz's "Javanese", 16 ounces, retail at - 50c

The Sultan's Blend Mocha, 16 oz. " - - 45c

Schwartz's "Victoria" Blend, 20 oz. " - - 40c

N. B.—The jars are complete for canning purposes. After using coffee, clean with sal soda water.

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ns. ∞

W. H. Schwartz & Sons'

Packed in
One Pound
Fancy Cans.

COFFEES

Gold Standard Java and Mocha Coffee 1 lb cans, gold color

Gold Standard Java Coffee 1 " " orange "

Gold Standard Mountain Coffee 1 " " pink "

Peerless Blend Java Coffee..... 1 " " red "

Batavian Breakfast Coffee..... 1 " " blue "

German Breakfast Coffee 1 " " green "

N. B.—SEE HOW TO MAKE COFFEE, PAGES 35 & 36.

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6.



N. B.—Do not let your grocer give you something HE SAYS is just as good. His only reason for saying so would be that he gets more money out of cheaper goods. Insist upon having_____

W. H. Schwartz & Sons'

"HIGH
GRADE"

ABSOLUTELY
PURE

'Peerless'



PACKED IN

"Peerless" White Pepper	1 lb. cans,	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. packages
"Peerless" Black Pepper.....	1 " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Allspice	1 " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Cassia	1 " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Cinnamon	1 " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Cloves	1 " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Ginger	1 " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Mixed Spices.....	1 " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Mace	1 " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Nutmegs.....	1 " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Mustard.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ " "	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "
"Peerless" Cream Tartar	$\frac{1}{2}$ " pkgs.	$\frac{1}{4}$ " "

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Read about the - - - -


“New Model,” on page 84.

We have it in our house and can say “It is a good thing.”



Like ourselves, Messrs. Longard Bros. are Nova Scotians, and as such and being Manufacturers and Inventors, are entitled to your support. A large industry, such as theirs is bound to be, built up in Nova Scotia, means money in your pocket. All things being equal, spend *your* money *out of* the country and *you* and the country are the poorer for it; spend your money *in the* country, and Nova Scotia and *yourself* will be the richer for it.

W. E. S.

 See pages 77 to 82.



(Front View of Boiler.)

NO POKERS! NO CLINKERS! NO DUST!

The "Centripetal" Grate

is constructed on a revolving principle working to a centre, and is in two parts. The under grate is operated on by a scroll cam set on rollers; one revolution of this cam sweeps the entire grate surface cutting off fully two inches of ashes and clinker, bringing the same to the centre opening, where it is dumped to the ash-pit below. When the operation of cleaning is not in progress, the opening in the under grate is closed by a movable centre piece.

Circulars and Testimonials on application.

LONGARD BROS.,

**The Latest
and Best!**

The "New Model"
HOT WATER BOILER,
For Warming Buildings.

Perfect Spiral Circulation,
Absolutely Free Water Ways,
Self-feeding Magazine running
from 12 to 24 hours without
attention
Easy Access to all parts for
Cleaning,

and provided with the

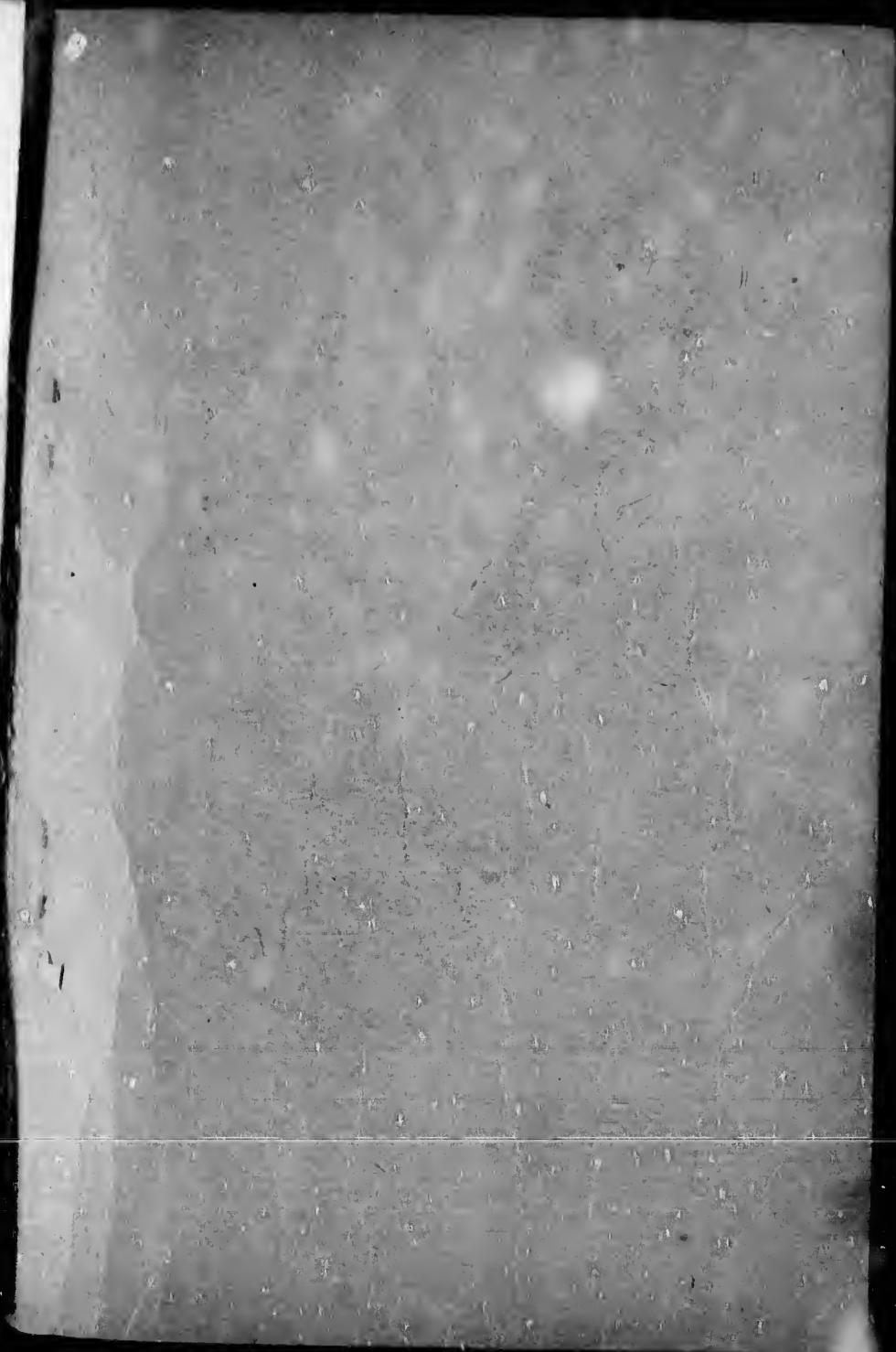
Peerless "Centripetal" Grate

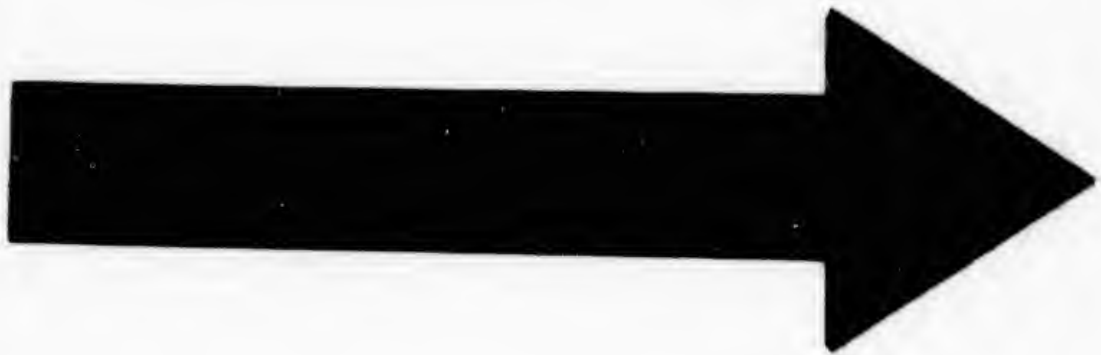
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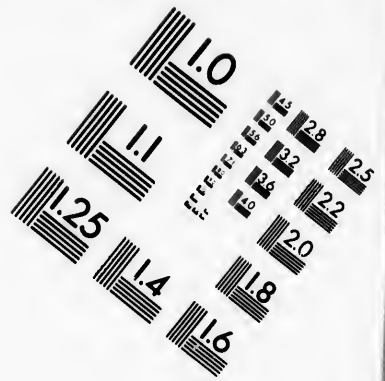
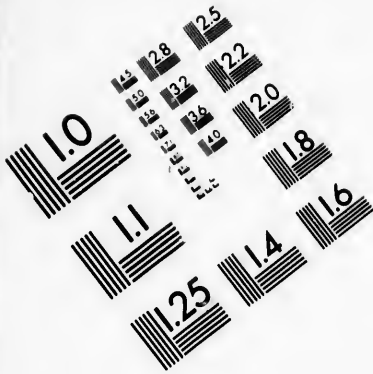


View of Grate showing Revolving Scroll Cam,
Centre piece, and Operating Wheel at side.

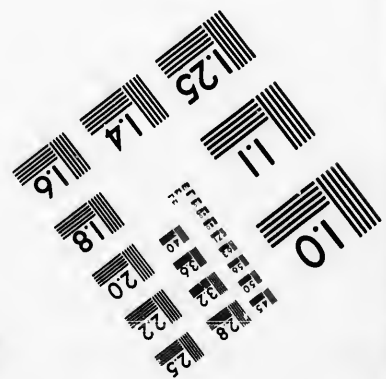
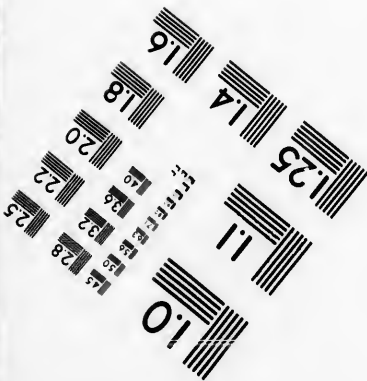
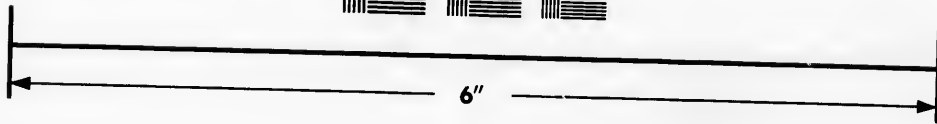
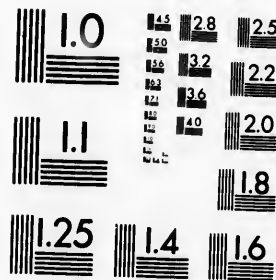
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