

SHUNNED BY EVERY ONE.

THE HOMES OF THE LEPERS AT TRACADIE.

Canada's Outcasts Wearing out Their Lives Attended Only by a Few Devoted Nuns.

A mild interest is excited every year in the condition of the Canadian lepers when Parliament is called upon to vote the annual sum for the support of these unfortunate beings. But a more popular interest is being created by the investigations of two journalists, who are presenting all the facts connected with their dreary life and placing on record testimony to the sacrificing labors of the gentle sisters who minister to their bodily and spiritual needs.

Away up between the counties of Gloucester and Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, is a broad bay, into which a noble river empties, after draining with its many branches the whole surrounding country. This bay and the river, with the well-wooded district through which it flows, are known as the Miramichi, signifying in the Mic-Mac tongue Happy Retreat. This section of the Province has passed through many strange experiences, the vicissitudes of war, the devastating blizzards of fire; but yet it remains one of the fairest spots in picturesque New Brunswick. Here is the leprosy-tainted parish of Tracadie, upon which a terrible scourge has been laid, but which permits to a few devoted nuns an opportunity of exercising a self-sacrifice equal to that of Father Damien.

Down by the sea stands the lazaretto of Tracadie, the lepers' home and world, where the Gulf of St. Lawrence forces its way amid sand bars and flats until it spreads out into a peaceful bay, land-locked except on the seaward side. A little arm winds round a point of land, and a small creek the more securely quarantines

THE FATAL SPOT

from the rest of the world. Over this creek a small wooden bridge is thrown, the only connection between this tomb and the bright world beyond. The surrounding region is dwelt in by the tractable, peaceful Mic-Macs, and one of the districts is known as the Burnt Church.

The frigate charged with conveying the remains of Wolfe from Quebec to England in 1759 was driven by stress of weather into Miramichi, and the accidental anchorage was thought favorable for securing a fresh supply of water. Six of the crew were detailed to fill the casks from the springs with which the coast abounds, and, after loading their boat, they strayed off for a ramble in the forest, where they were captured by the Indians and barbarously murdered. The Captain of the ship thought the dead was the work of his natural enemies, the French, and determined to be revenged. He sailed up the river and poured a broadside into French Fort, killing all the inhabitants, and afterward destroyed the settlement at Canadian Point. Turning seaward, he burned the village and church at Nequanal, and the region lying around the lazaretto is known as "Burnt Church" to this day. This is a country rich in relics and remains of the old regime, and to this day the plow turns up the treasures of copper vessels with French and copper coins.

The lazaretto is a square wooden building and is in no way a marvel of architecture, but looks like a slightly-built wooden barracks for temporary use, instead of a structure designed to withstand the fierce winter winds that come in from the gulf. The nuns in charge of the hospital are of the order of the Hospitalieres of St. Joseph, and are a branch sent out by the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, the rest of whose earthly existence will be spent at this lonely spot.

One sultry afternoon in the August of 1828 the Rev. Mr. de Bellefeuille, a missionary priest visiting Tracadie, was called upon to administer the last rites of the Church to a woman named Ursule Landry, who was dying of a mysterious and loathsome disease to which none could give a name. Soon afterward she died, and her coffin was borne to its last resting place on the shoulders of four of her countrymen.

It was still in August, and the weather was warm. One of the bearers, a poor fisherman, Francois Saulniers, was in his shirt sleeves, and the coffin weighed heavily upon his shoulder, cutting through the woolen garment into the bare flesh. From the edges of the rude coffin came a poisonous discharge, which inoculated the fresh wound of the pall bearer.

WITH THE TERRIBLE POISON,

and he died a leper. The sister of Ursule Landry also fell a victim, and the wife of a Scotch resident of Newcastle, named Gardner, was similarly affected, and symptoms of the disease were developed in their children. What the strange disease was no one knew; no one had ever seen anything like it.

A young physician from Miramichi proceeded to Europe to attempt to find cases similar to these perplexing ones, and on a Norway fjord he came upon a shunned and isolated community, a community of lepers, and then he could report that his countrymen were afflicted with that most hideous of all diseases—leprosy. On his return he laid the matter before the provincial authorities, and a board of Health was constituted for the counties of Gloucester and Northumberland. This was in 1828, but nothing was done until sixteen years afterward, when the disease had spread to such an extent that twenty persons were affected.

There is an island in the Miramichi River, by the name of Sheldrake, and at that time it contained one small unoccupied house. It was purchased and became the first Canadian lazaretto. The wretched victims were sought out and conveyed in boats to the spot. A man and his wife were put in charge, who supplied the patients with the bear necessities of life. The misery at times became so unendurable that escapes were frequent, and once a woman, with a few weeks' old infant, made her way to the mainland, but she was recaptured and sent back to the hateful "hospital." Next year the lazaretto was burned down and then rebuilt, but it was determined to erect a quarantine station on the island and to remove the lepers to another part of the Province.

It was now 1849, and the number had increased in five years from twenty to thirty-one. A new building had been erected at Tracadie, a few miles distant, and thither the sufferers were conveyed, in boats, to a cheerless, comfortless building, their lifelong home. The Rev. Mr. Gauvreau was the cure of the parish, but though he tried his utmost he was powerless to give

them any aid. Without any supervision, the officials wasted the appropriation that was doled out monthly for the patients' support, and the only medical care was the occasional visit of a physician. There was a young French doctor practicing on the opposite side of the bay, and he pronounced the disease curable, and offered to become the resident physician to prove the truth of his view, but he was powerless either to cure the disease or prevent its appearance.

In 1852 a patient named Twigley in a fit of desperation burned the lazaretto to the ground, and, it being October, no new building could be erected that year. The lepers were now thirty-six in number, and they were driven to pass the winter in a house 32 by 30 feet, which had been used as a place of correction for prisoners who were unable to obey the ordinary rules. It contained only two apartments, and men and women were herded together in one uncareful for mass. Not the slightest attention was given to any sanitary arrangements, clothes were distributed only twice a year, and the clean ones were put on over the dirty ones. The small attention they got was from one another, and patients are known to have

LAIN DEAD FOR DAYS

in bed. Once when the Rev. Mr. Gauvreau was summoned to administer the sacraments to a dying girl he had to step over a dead body in the midst of the sleeping lepers, and an old patient still tells that the good father found the girl in such a condition of filth that he took a sponge and washed her sores before giving her the last consolations of the Church.

In the Spring of 1853 the lazaretto was rebuilt, but the old prison idea was retained. Iron bars guarded the window, high walls closed in the yards, and a guard was placed at the gate. The country was scoured, and those suspected of infection were driven by force to huddle with the rest. Once it was said that a mineral spring flowed on Prince Edward Island, of which, if they would drink, they might be healed. The experiment was allowed, but it proved useless.

In 1880 an important change was effected when the lazaretto was transferred to the Dominion Government and became subject to the department of the Minister of Agriculture, which placed in the hands of the Sisters the entire administration of the money voted for the maintenance of the hospital. The yearly grant for the lazaretto is \$3,000, \$8.0 of which is for the support of the nuns and \$100 for the chaplain and \$640 for the physician, who pays an occasional visit.

Of the sisters who came from Montreal only one has died in Tracadie, but two Acadian nuns died in the discharge of their duty from consumption. None of the sisters who have tended the patients and none of the priests who ministered to them have yet fallen victims to the disease, but there is a case on record of a doctor who, in making an autopsy of a patient, became inoculated and died a leper. Writing of the contagiousness of the disease, Dr. Tache says in his report:

"I am aware of many instances of the disease appearing to be contagious in the ordinary sense of that term. I mean instances in which heredity cannot be invoked, and in which contagion is the only cause capable of reasonably account for the propagation. The

TYPICAL CHARACTER OF LEPROSY,

its general history, and what I have ascertained in New Brunswick leave no doubt in my mind about the contagiousness of the disease. I firmly believe it is communicable from the diseased to the healthy. I do not think that proximity, no matter how close, nor mere touch can convey the contagion; there must be an adequate contact of some kind, mediate or immediate. I hold contagion as the cause of the propagation of the disease, and in so saying I do not lose sight of the fact of occasional spontaneous production of leprosy."

The total number of patients who have died in the lazaretto since it passed under control of the nuns is 76. There were 20 patients when they arrived. Since then 81 have been admitted, 41 of whom were women. Eight years ago there were 27 victims; now there are only 18, and it would appear that the number is decreasing gradually, so that it is not impossible that the terrible malady may eventually be stamped out. The visiting physician is Dr. A. C. Smith of New-Castle, who pays a yearly visit, and with that exception the Sisters have full charge of the management.

All the lepers of Canada are by no means confined to this institution. There is another parish, in Northern New-Brunswick, which furnishes its quota, increasing each year. There are also cases in Nigouac, Tabusintac, Pokmouche, Carquette, and Shippegan. Some years ago there were cases in Prince Edward Island, where at least two patients died of the disease. During this year three cases were discovered in Nova Scotia, and in isolated country districts other cases are known to exist. The greater number of the lepers are French, the Scotch come next, and the rest are English and Irish.

There are few things more terrible than a visit by night to the lazaretto of Tracadie, and men are known to have fainted at the sight. One goes along a gallery into a ward thirty feet long and only eight feet high, containing beds, benches and a stove. It is used as a dormitory for some of the men, and is, besides, dining room, living room, and smoking room. There the patients are grouped, most of them deformed out of all semblance of humanity, and the sepulchral cough

HAUNTS ONE FOR WEEKS

afterward. One of them is a young man named Noel, who was earning a comfortable livelihood in the world as a woodman, but three great blotches like iron mold, showed themselves on his legs, accompanied by a terrible drowsiness. He had inherited the disease from his grandmother, though it did not make its appearance in the intervening generation. One of the female patients is Mrs. Saulniers, who has been a leper for fifty years. She was born in 1813 and married at the age of nineteen. After two children were born leprosy was noticed and three were born after that time. One of them was only five weeks old when the mother was forced into the old lazaretto on Sheldrake Island, in 1844. She appeared to be cured and returned home, when two more children were born, but in 1880 she was obliged to go back. In his report Dr. Tache says that he followed the course of her disease and observed "a slow but still apparent progress of the morbid process in the appendages of the eyes, pains in the bones, anesthesia fixed in her mutilated hands and feet, and undergoing change of localization in other parts of the body, with

the outbreak of occasional leprosy ulcers. The husband was perfectly free from any leprosy taint, and of her great-grandchildren only one has been the victim of the malady. The father and mother of the woman, as well as her ancestors, were all free from the disease to their death, but a sister-in-law with whom she was in intimate relation died of leprosy and two of her younger brothers also fell victims to the malady.

The sisters have observed that leprosy attacks its victims under two different forms. In one case the head and limbs swell, the hair and eye-brows drop off, the eyes become covered with a thick film, and the skin cracks into divisions like that of an alligator. The other symptoms are those of consumptive person; the form wastes away, the skin becomes shiny, the fingers and toes, even the hands and feet drop off, and a hollow cough sets in. Another symptom is a silvery appearance, as of quicksilver, in the creases of the palms of the hands, and a contraction of the muscles between the thumb and forefinger.

It is merely a matter of tradition how leprosy was brought to America. One explanation is that early in the century a ship from Europe put into Carquette Harbor, and that the laundry women washed for the sailors and became inoculated with the disease. Another solution is that a leper may have escaped from a Trinidad or Norway lazaretto and scattered the seeds of leprosy as he passed.

Zealous for His Client.

Prosecuting attorney (to witness)—"State of where you were born."

Attorney for the defence (rising in great excitement)—"I joss y'r Honour!"

"What is your objection?"

"This man has no positive knowledge where he was born. All he knows about it is what his parents have told him. Hearsay testimony, y'r Honour, is not—"

"I think it will do no harm for the witness to answer the question."

(Hastily consulting with colleagues)—"We take exception, y'r Honour."

Prosecuting attorney—"You may answer the question now, Mr. Thompson—by the way, you spell Thompson with a 'p,' do you not?"

Attorney for the defence (jumping up frantically)—"Bject!"

The Court—"The objection is overruled."

Attorney for the defence (again consulting colleagues)—"We take exception."

Prosecuting attorney (wiping his brow)—"Gentlemen, isn't it too warm in this room?"

Attorney for the defence (mechanically)—"Bject."—(Chicago Tribune.)

A Question of Advantage.

"Excuse me, sir," said a self-important landlord to a man who approached him.

"You have the advantage of me."

"You mean that you do not know me?"

"Yes."

"But you mistake it. As I know you, it is I who have the disadvantage."

The landlord went into his private office to figure it out.

What the Editor Said.

He was tall, thin and hungry looking, and when he told the editor he was a poet, the editor didn't get his poetical word. But he didn't get his poetry in the paper, just the same, and the man with the blue pencil and the preoccupied air made several remarks.

"Poets are born, sir!" he said haughtily, as he rolled up his manuscript.

"And I'm doggoned sorry for it," said the editor.

Der Burial of Mr. Shon Moore.

Not a drum ood beu heard, voice, on account der feller dood was feelin' pooty goot, und some foonerel notes was dherofore Augus Shpiel, ven ve vas dook his dead body dhem ramparts ofer. Dey cooden't gif a good-bye shoot his grafeyard ofer, which vas awful pad on account of the ooks of der ting.

We put him der hole in when der moer vas got up, und done der best job we cood for Mister Moore.

We dond did thafe time to said some few brayerful observations, but expressed plaindy of sorrow an account he vas go die.

Slowfully and sadly we vas lay him down, und ahtuffed all his glory und fames in der box mit him.

We vas put a goot abette on his tombstone, and left him dhere, all alone, to-gedder by himself.—Carl Pretzel.

Close, Sure Enough.

First Artist—Well, I see the portrait painter has taken the first prize after all.

"Twas a close race, though."

Second Artist—Yes; won by a head.

New Way to Advertise.

Brown—And so you got a first rate cook? What paper did you advertise in?

Fogg—Didn't advertise in any. My wife told Mrs. Gray we wanted a girl, but made her promise not tell anybody.

"Well?"

"Well, we had the door bell ringing for a fortnight from morning till night. No less than a hundred applications for the place."

A Bad Case.

Miss Luendi (bursting into the doctor's office). "Doctor, doctor, you must come down to the house at once."

Doctor. "Why, what's the matter? Who's sick?"

Miss Luendi. "I am. But as there was no one to send, I came myself."

Vary.

Skipper Quick. "No. In all my voyages I never had an accident yet."

Fan Tastic. "You 'wreckless' fellow!"

The fur par excellence of the year is the Persian lamb. Many dresses will have bands of fur round the skirts. Children's coats of Persian lamb, lined with crimson or blue silk, will be much worn. The coats have a deep peep of the fur turned up all around so that they may be let down as the child grows taller.

The style of skirt known as accordion has met with immediate and general favour. They are very graceful, and as the wearer moves about the tiny pleatings part and close again with the very poetry of motion. These skirts are just the thing for dancing purposes. The materials that take the pleats best are China silk, crepe de chine, and lace fabrics.

How the Red Men Kill the Monster of the Ocean.

The Indians of the Neah bay reservation, Washington territory, discovered an immense whale spouting in the Pacific opposite and about three miles off shore. Following the custom of the Indians, says the Portland "Oregonian," a report of the fact was made to the medicine man or dreamer of the tribe, who called a hurried council and allotted a number of picked men to the different available canoes. Incantations were then held, wherein a certain harpoon was blessed by the dreamer and handed to the ho-chin-ca-ha or thrower, with the warning not to let go from his hands except so ordered by the dreamer himself, lest their efforts in the chase should prove abortive.

The harpoon on this occasion was constructed of two pieces of elk horn, each about four inches long, a half inch in thickness one way, and three-quarters of an inch the other, elaborately carved, beveled at one end, and the two joined together in the shape of a "V" with a sharp piece of steel fastened between them at the apex. To the angle of the harpoon was woven one end of a rope about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and from sixty to eighty feet in length, made from the sinews of a whale. The harpoon, when hurled, is fastened into a slot cut in the end of a yew wood shaft from an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter and nine or ten feet in length; when the harpoon enters the body of the whale the two other points, which are sharpened, act as barbs and spread, securely imbedding itself in the flesh, with the sinew rope avastard, the shaft having dropped out from its own weight. All the harpoons used by the Indians are similar in construction to the one described, but only the enchanted ones are embellished or engraved.

The incantation ceremonies over the dreamer seated himself in the stern of a canoe, and the ho-chin-ca-ha, or thrower, armed with the prophetic harpoon, which must be the first one hurled, took his position in the bow of the same boat. They were then run through the surf by the members of the tribe who were to accompany them, closely followed by two other canoes fully manned, which according to their instructions, kept astern of the first, but close at hand.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon their game was overhauled, and his heading being carefully discerned the approach was made directly from behind. It is the habit of the whale when he comes to the surface to blow to skim along the top of the water, appearing three or four times in a few seconds. On his last appearance he throws himself high in the air, turns his tail to the clouds, dives deep, and remains down several minutes. This habit is well known to the Indians, and they can calculate to a nicety when he dives how soon and where he will again appear, and when he does so the leading boat is generally not far away. In a short time the first boat had approached within thirty or forty feet of the proposed game, and the "dreamer," who, upon such occasions, is anything but asleep, fixed his practiced eye upon it to discover the auspicious moment to give command, for only when the animal humps its back to make the divs is it even comparatively safe to give him the harpoon. The thrower, bared to the waist, stood, statue like, with shaft and harpoon lifted high in air, his ears alert for the command, "Latah!" or throw, for well he knew if his instrument failed of its mark he would be deposed and some other appointed to his honored position. He had killed his eighth whale, and hoped to hold his position for the remainder of his days.

Presently the word came, and the blessed harpoon was thrown with unerring aim, and others followed in quick succession. At the same time the oarsmen backed water with all their strength to escape the great danger of being swamped by the animal's tail. Six harpoons, with lines attached, were successfully thrown into him, and the whale, goaded to madness, lashed the water into foam with his huge tail, not preventing, however, the canoes from binding one float line after another together, and soon the three canoes, tied to the line at intervals of two or three hundred yards and drawn by the monster of the sea, were sailing through the water oceanward at a fearful rate. The flat-line is made of cedar bark, twisted like "factory work" into a rope about an inch and half in diameter. To this line, at spaces of twenty or thirty feet, are attached air-floats made from the stomach of a common hair seal and much resembling the bladder foot ball of "ye olden times." All the openings of the stomach are sewed up with the exception of one, and at this is ingeniously constructed a valve which opens on the inside and is kept closed when the float is "blown up" by the pressure of the air. Each float holds about twenty gallons of air, so one can readily imagine the little chances a whale with a half-mile of float-line attached has to escape.

At sundown it commenced to blow a regular nor' wester and the sea became so heavy that the canoes were obliged to disconnect and leave their victim to fire himself out battling with the air floats secured to him. That night the wind increased in velocity and the sea ran mountains high, and on the third day two of the canoes were discovered, but the whale soon hove in sight, returning from the tour of many miles he must have journeyed during the night. The two remaining canoes gave chase, and were soon again attached to the float-line and enjoying the excitement of traveling through the water over the swells of the ocean at a railroad rate, drawn by a monster inhabitant of the deep.

The procession moved in a circle of about fifteen miles in diameter, and it was well in the afternoon of Monday the 31 before its leader commenced to lag. However, before darkness set in, the monster of the sea had succumbed to the inevitable, and lay floating on the bosom of the ocean. All this time the wind had blown fiercely and nothing had been heard from the missing canoe. Little attention, however, was paid to this latter fact, as, after separation from the others, an isolated boat would be expected to return to shore.

All Monday night and the succeeding day the two remaining canoes kept tugging at their prize to land him, and succeeded in getting within a few miles of the shore. The wind became so violent Tuesday afternoon that they were forced to leave him to the fast flooding tide to beach and make a landing themselves before darkness rendered it extremely hazardous, feeling confident, however, that the coming ebb tide would leave their game high and dry on the beach within view of the point where they must necessarily spend the night. Their hopes were fully realized, for at dawn of day a siwash who had kept early vigil announced that the whale was stranded at a high-water

mark a short distance below their camp, at a reef of rocks called by the natives "Coph Patis," or leading rock, about two miles northward from the mouth of the Chepilla river, and a keen race began to see who would be the lucky one to first touch its body, for he would thereby become eligible for the office of ho-chin-ca-ha should the present one be deposed or die.

After the eyes of the whale had been removed by the dreamer, as the custom goes, and had been carefully laid away for succeeding ceremonies, fleet footed messengers were sent in every direction to notify the Indians, who live within a day's run, and the work of removing the blubber and cutting up the remains began.

The whale was found to be of the species known as the black, and measured 55 feet in length by 8 or 9 feet in diameter. He had a mouth about 6 feet long, which seemed to corroborate the olden "Jonah" story. The entire skin of the animal was about a half inch in thickness, and, with the exception of the throat and belly was jet black. The throat and belly were beautifully striped black and white, what a Mexican would call a pinto. The blubber was from 6 to 8 inches in thickness, and resembled very much the fat of a hog. The Indians estimate they will obtain from 1,000 to 1,500 gallons of oil from it.

In the evening the Indians of the surrounding country who had been reached by the runners, assembled, and a "cultus pot-latch" was held. Formerly the "cultus pot-latch" was a meeting of the Indians to trade among themselves, but since the advent of the whites it has degenerated into a drunken debauch. On this occasion the ceremonies opened with incantations over the eyes of the whale, after which the skin of the animal was passed around to be eaten by the guests raw, being considered by them a rare tidbit. After this the flowing bowl was brought forth, and from the howling we heard above the ocean's roar, at a distance of half a mile, we judged that the "wolf was on the hill."

We left the coast on the following day, and up to that time nothing of the missing canoe had been heard, and the Indians were convinced that it must have been wrecked and the seven occupants must have perished.

Turkey's Bad Navy.

A naval awakening is being forced on the Sable Porte by the visit of the German Emperor. The condition of the Turkish fleet is so bad, costly iron clads have been allowed to rust into decay so long in the waters of the Bosphorus, that the Ottoman Government would be wise not to offer any maritime display to so keen a critic, so good a judge, as the Emperor William. Corruption and incapacity combined have made what might have been an important factor in a European war a mass of useless metal. Hobart Pasha was a strong man, but he was not strong enough to get the dock yard men paid their wages when they were due. In no part of the Turkish Treasury is there such gross dishonesty as in that which has to do with the navy. If \$1,000,000 were put at the disposal of the Government tomorrow for naval purposes probably not one-tenth of the sum would be really expended in fulfilling them.

Inexperienced.

"I have here an article on 'How To Manage a wife,'" remarked a man, as he advanced to the editor's desk.

"You are unmarried, I believe," replied the editor.

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing. I just thought so."

Under the Mistletoe Bough.

She (cooly)—Now, you must only take one, George.

He (gallantly)—But one from one leaves nothing, Mabel. Let's make it one each and tie.

She (blushing)—It's very sudden, George, but you may ask papa.

Too Much Married.

Prodley: I hear you've been getting married.

Tooler: Yes.

Prodley: Whom did you marry?

Tooler: Milly Jones, her mother, her stepfather and two maiden aunts—Harper's Bazar.

A Certain Indicator.

Fresh Young Man (to his gouty employer)—Beg pardon, sir, will you kindly tell me how your legs are feeling to day?

Employer—Legs, sir! Legs—what do you mean, sir?

Why, these newspaper weather reports are not certain, and I heard you say your legs were a certain indicator of a coming storm—and I'm going out with a young lady to-night, you see.

Her Own Fault.

Sympathetic friend—How are you and Miss Fanny coming on?

Conceited dude—She gave me the grand bounce. She said she did not like me. My creature! When a girl don't like me, she has got nobody but herself to blame for it.

She ought to Be.

First Broker—How is that pretty typewriter?

Second Broker—Oh, she's all write!

The Fashionable Amusement.

Mildred (who hears that her aunt is going to take a fencing lesson). "Oh, auntie, do take me with you, I'd love to see you jump over the fences!"

Heard Him Once.

Blake—Come up and hear our new minister to-day.

Nobbs—No, thanks; I heard him once and have always regretted it.

Blake—Why, I guess you are mistaken.

Nobbs—Not a bit of it; he is the minister who married us.

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Patnam & Co. Get "Patnam's."