The Quiet Observer

THE GREAT PANACEA.

General Bramwell Booth has made a most pleasant impression on the general audiences he has been addressing, as well as on his own particular flock. He has an amiable humor and does not take either himself or the Salvation Army too seriously. He feels that his work does not need to be justified and that it is not necessary for him to attitudinize over it. It speaks for itself. The Army is now a trusted agent of governments, and its head is consulted by monarchs and ministers alike on problems of the submerged truth. In a Chinese city infested with beggars the authorities asked the Army what they would take and clean up the affliction. An agreement was made and the beggars disappeared. When the King of Sweden enquired how the transformation was accomplished, General Booth said: "We make beggars work." This is a panacea that might be applied to mendicants of all classes, and to the disgruntled, the dissatisfied, and all that are in sorrow or tribulation. Few people understand what a wonderful cure for all things work is. It has a healing quality, it has redeeming power, it has an ennobling influence, and the Salvation Army has discovered how to apply the panacea. The governments discovered it during the war, but they have laid it aside now that peace has come. Could the government not get the Salvation Army to keep us all busy? It is the sovereign remedy.

SPLENDID NAT IVE SCULPTURES.

Ontario has reason to be proud of the art of one of its native sculptors, Mr. Walter B. Allward. His memorial at Brantford of the discoverer of the telephone is not merely a worthy tribute to a great Canadian, but is in itself a matter for rejoicing as a product of Canadian art and genius. The Toronto memorial of those who fell in the South African war is a striking piece of work, the splendid figure of Peace on the top of the obelisk being of unusual and beautiful design. His latest work is the great war memorial at Peterboro, which shows Barbarism stopped and recoiling before the spiritual forces of civilization's manhood. In many of these memorial pieces the design covers a considerable area and this lends additional impressiveness to the figures which are of heroic dimensions. It is to be hoped that when statuary is selected by any of the memorial committees they will place the work in competent hands, after consulting recognized authorities like the Royal Canadian Academy or the Ontario Society of Art.

FARM VALUES AND PRICES.

Harvesting operations for 1920 are now reported as complete, but a large amount of threshing remains to be done. For one reason and other, in spite of, or perhaps on account of, the open season, a very small proportion of ploughing has been done. Some nature signs seem to indicate a prolonged and open fall, and the farmer is not loth to take advantage of an opportunity to procrastinate. November rains have put the fields in fine condition and the wise plowman does not lose his opportunity. Live stock are going freely on the market, the abundance of fodder being no consideration against commodity values. Potatoes are proving a plentiful crop, and prices run from $1 to $2 a bag. The cost of seed last spring is being considered in some districts. At $60 an acre for seed, and with 100 bushels an acre production, a dollar a bushel is not a long price. The fall in the price of milk is one of the notable signs in the general reduction of values. The adjustment in prices is not going to injure anyone who has been thrifty for five years past.

NIAGARA AND THE ZAIMBESI FALLS.

Leo Weinthal's comparison of Niagara Falls with the great Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River is almost unique from the fact of his intimacy with the great African cataract and the close study he made of the American one. He declared he had quite changed his mind about Niagara after seeing it, and the impression that he had formed from written descriptions had evidently failed to convey a proper conception of its grandeur. The height of the Victoria Falls is from 400 to 450 feet and its width 4,500 yards, as contrasted with the 160 to 170 feet of Niagara's height, and width of 1,000 yards. The greater tonnage of water pouring over Niagara conveyed to him an extraordinary sense of its tremendous resistless current. The rush of the rapids and the enormous force with which the Niagara torrent precipitates itself contracted with the sluggish current of the Zambesi, flowing through level country for 2,000 miles and fed by few rivers till it falls from a height as great as the golden ball of St. Paul's Cathedral above the churchyard, into a canyon fifteen miles long. The presence of extensive coal fields near the Victoria Falls and coal at a cost of $2.50 to $3 a ton prevented the development of hydro-electric power there. He thought the reservoir of the great lakes a natural storage of power for the people of Ontario. Mr. Weinthal did not allude to the Grand Falls of Ungava, now part of the province of Quebec, on the Hamilton River, which are among the wonders of the world, and should be known to Canadians. They are 900 feet high, and with the development of long-distance transmission can hardly fail to be utilized at a future day. So if Niagara becomes played out we have another card up our sleeve to trump the Zambesi lead.

GOOD REPUBLICAN CABINET TIMBERS.

No one should have been surprised at the result of the Presidential election in the United States. All things considered, the surprise would have been to have found Governor Cox the favorite. Senator Harding declared himself opposed to the League of Nations, but Hon. Elihu Root, Herbert Hoover, ex-President Taft and other prominent members of the Republican party evidently took this in a Pickwickian sense, and apparently the French, the German, the British and other European papers now accept the situation as an indication that there will be some revision of the covenant of the League and that Uncle Sam will take his place with John Bull, Johnnie Crapaud, Fritz the rowdy and all the other European gentlemen. The fact is, Mr. Harding won't be able to help himself, any more than Mr. Wilson was when he declared war after saying he wouldn't. There are possibilities of a very fine administration in the Republican party, and the men who are being mentioned, should they prove to be Mr. Harding's choice, will outshine and outweigh Mr. Wilson's aggregation. Mr. Wilson did not seem to have the great modern business faculty of picking a good staff. It is impossible to suppose that there were not abler men to be had than the men he chose. Mr. McAdoo was perhaps as able as any, and he did not remain in the cabinet. That Mr. Wilson betrayed fundamental weakness in this respect should not, however, deprive him of the credit he deserves for his idealism and his academic faith in human nature. He is likely, like many other great men, to have more appreciation from posterity than from his contemporaries, and he should as a scholar be satisfied with that, even if his fourteen points do not penetrate the political cuticle of his countrymen.

A DOLLAR HAIR CUT.

A hair cut is costing a dollar in Chicago now, and it does not appear that this is an inclusive charge. One only gets what is described as a trim for the nimble buck. If the charge included a face massage and bay rum or some of the anti-dandruff applications, along with a free singe which is guaranteed to remedy the damage done by the scissors, as well as sanitary and antiseptic treatment throughout, and if the operating surgeon would consent, like the New Thoughters, to go into the silence for half-an-hour, a dollar hair cut might come to be regarded as not unreasonable, provided one got a hair back. It is reported that the reason hair cuts have been so cheap in the past has been on account of the bye-products. This is beyond us, but with the reputation scientific research has achieved in the utilization of waste products one is not prepared to deny the possibilities latent in blonde and auburn sweepings. If we pay a dollar we should get the hair back. There is no doubt about that. In the old days in Chicago, a generation ago, a hair cut cost anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five cents, according to the equipment. Clippers were only coming in and there was a prejudice against them in some quarters. Brushing by machinery was tabooed. The tonsorial artists, as they called themselves, struck against the dust-storms in which they found themselves involved. When the simooui arose they declared they became affected with all the diseases on the medical health officer's list, and they declined to do more than blow down your neck and negotiate a side parting with the ordinary comb and brush. For twenty-five cents at most these delicate attentions could be purchased almost anywhere, and in many places of equal respectability for less. And now the Chicago barbers charge a dollar. No wonder baldness is increasing.

SALT IMPORTANT PART OF DIET

Practically everybody thinks salt is only used to give food a pleasant flavor, when from a physical standpoint it is most important part of the diet. Where salt is scarce it is considered one of the greatest luxuries and probably no one article is in more universal use, unless it be water. You pick up the salt shaker and sprinkle your food with it, not once thinking of its wonderful qualities, where it comes from or how it is prepared for use.

Salt is sometimes found in an almost pure state, but as a general rule it is mixed with other things that must be removed before it is suitable for table use. However, there are some salt mines where the only thing necessary for its preparation is to pulverize it.

Salt is found in large quantities in sea water, but this kind has never been used for the table, as the purer forms are so much more available. Rock salt is the purest form of salt, and the greatest deposit of this kind is in Russian Poland, where one bed alone is known to be 500 miles in length, 20 miles wide, and about 1,200 feet thick. In many of these European salt mines the men working there never come to the surface, as they would lose too much time. As a result some of them have been known to spend their entire lives down in the bowels of the earth with their four walls of nothing but salt, salt, salt. In one of these mines there is a church sculptured entirely from salt.

Salt wells of Michigan and New York, the Great Salt Lake out in Utah, and the famous rock salt mines of Lousiana and Kansas furnish practically all the salt used in the United States. Besides its table use, salt occupies a most important place in the commercial world. It is used extensively in the process of glazing earthenware and in the preserving of meats, hides and many other articles. Certain smelting processes require its help in separating metals from their ores, and it is utilized in fertilizing dry soils.

Probably you do not know that your blood contains about the same proportion of salt as the water of the ocean does normally. For that reason whenever you put an excessive amount of salt in any of your food very soon afterwards you feel a craving for water. This is because your system calls for water or liquid of some kind to counteract the oversupply of salt you have absorbed.

SHE WILL BE ACTIVE IN LEGION AFFAIRS

Miss Pauline Curnick has been appointed as executive secretary in charge of the affairs of the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion. Miss Curnick, who lives in Indianapolis, national headquarters of the Legion, has been a leader in numerous welfare activities for the benefit of service men during the war and has served as personnel and employment director for a large eastern industrial establishment.

The Sunday School Lesson

Lesson IX. November 28

HOW JESUS WAS RECEIVED

Lesson—Matthew 11 and 12. Printed Text—Matt. 11: 1-6, 16-19, 25-30; 12:14

Golden Text.—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11: 28).

Historical Setting

Time—A. D. 28 and 29. Place—Galilee.

Daily Readings

Monday, November 22.—How Jesus was Received (Matt. 11: 1-6, 16-19). Tuesday, November 23.—Warning and Invitation (Matt. 11: 20-30). Wednesday, November 24.—A Question and Answer (Luke 7: 18-25). Thursday, November 25. — A House Divided (Luke 11: 14-26). Friday, November 26.—A Withered Hand (Matt. 12: 9-14). Saturday, November 27.—A Band of Believers (John 6: 60-70). Sunday, November 28.—A Man of Sorrows (Isa. 53: 1-6).

Comments

Verse 1. According to the Gospel harmonies this verse belongs to a time later than the things described in 2-6. It is really the conclusion of chapter 10. Jesus was going from place to place healing the sick, teaching the people, attracting crowds and making many disciples. The picture is sketched in Luke 7: 21, 22.

Verse 2. John the Baptist had been imprisoned by Herod in a lonely castle nine miles east of the northern end of the Dead Sea.

Verse 3. John was somehow in touch with the outer world. In fact, Herod stood in awe of him; simply wished to keep him where he could not tell what he knew about Herod himself. The Jews were confidently expecting the Messiah. Was Jesus the Messiah, or was He not?

Verse 4. The witnesses were not to deal in hearsay, but were to tell John the truths they had heard and the miracles they had seen.

Verse 5. These miracles were to be described to John that his faith might be strengthened.

Verse 6. John was discouraged. Jesus cheered him up. Things did not look good to the rugged pioneer preacher, whose expectations had been right.

Verse 16. The conduct of the unfriendly Jews was so inconsistent that it was difficult to find an illustration.

Verse 17. Reference is here made to the contrary ways of children at play.

Verse 18. John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking, in harmony with the customs of the rest of the people.

Verse 1. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, just as other people eat and drink, and neither Jesus nor John pleased these fastidious faultfinders. They were determined to reject Christ and his representatives.

Verse 25. Those who were wise in their own conceit and who were determined to be critical did not understand Jesus, while the open-minded disciples did.

Verse 26. "Thy will be done."

Verse 27. All things pertaining to the origin and extension of the kingdom are in the hands of Jesus Christ.

Verses 28-30. All must wear the yoke of somebody's authority. In comparison with all others Christ's yoke is easy, his burden light.

12: 14. In spiteof the abundant love and childlike simplicity of Jesus' teachings, the Pharisees sought His destruction. Their pretended reason was that he violated the Sabbath and was condemned by the law.

Topics for Research and Discussion

I. John in Prison (vs. 1-6). 1. Who was John the Baptist? 2. How did he happen to be in prison? 3. What did John want to know? 4. How would John understand the word Jesus sent to him?

II. An Inconsistent Generation (vs. 16-19). 5. What is the meaning of Jesus' illustration in verses 16 to 19? 6. Why were Jesus' critics so insisttnt and inconsistent . 7. What had Jesus done that caused certain ones to be radically opposed to him?

III. The Authoritative Christ (vs. 25-30)). 8. Who were meant by the "wise and understanding"? 9. How can any yoke be easy? 10. Whose authority stands out here? 11. Must we have authority in religion?

IV. Enraged Pharisees (vs. 12-14). 12. Describe the Pharisees and the reason for their special animosity. 13. Were they, themselves, consistent observers of their Sabbath?

A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

The sky above them arched in pitchy blackness, but the starlight was so keen and brilliant that it lighted up the white silence round them. Stephen, on his hands and knees, hung over the still figure and gazed down into the marble face. The short, silky black hair made a little blot of darkness in the snow, the white face was turned upward to the starlight. Talbot, looking down, caught for an instant the sight of its pure oval, regular lines, and the sweet mouth, and the passionate, reasonless face of the man crouching over it, and then looked desperately up and down the narrow, lonely trail. They were five miles from the town, a little over three from the cabins. Glistening whiteness lay all around, till the plains of snow grew gray in the distance; overhead, the burning, flashing, restless stars; and far off, where the two planets guarded the horizon, the red lights of the north began to quiver and flicker in the night.

The man on the ground noticed them, and straightening himself suddenly, looked toward them.

"The flare of hell!" he muttered, with staring, straining eyes. "It's coming very near."

Talbot saw that his reason had gone, failed suddenly, as a light goes down under a blast; he was delirious with that sudden delirium born of the awful cold that seizes men like a wolf in the long night of the Arctic winters.

For a second the helplessness of his situation flashed in upon Talbot's brain—alone here at midnight on the frozen trail, with a madman and a corpse!

He saw he must get help at once, and the cabins were the nearest point where help could be found. He could get men who would carry Stephen by force if necessary, but would he ever live in the fangs of this pitiless cold till they could return to him? He stood for one moment irresolute, unwilling to leave him to meet his death, and that horrible fear that he read in those haggard eyes watching the horizon, alone; and in that moment Stephen looked up at him and met his eye, and the madness rolled back and stood off his brain for an instant. He beckoned to Talbot, and Talbot went down on his knees beside him on the snow.

"My claims," muttered Stephen; "those claims will be yours now, do you understand? I've arranged it all with that lawyer Hoskins, downtown. They were to be hers if anything happened to me, but we shall both go to-night, and they will be yours. She said I had sunk my soul in them. Talbot, she was right. The gold got me; I neglected her; I let her slip back into evil; I've murdered her for the claims. They are the price hell paid me. But you keep them. All turns to good in your hands. They can't harm you. Keep them. They are my grave."

"Stephen, rouse yourself! You are alive! You've got to live!" said Talbot, desperately, shaking him by the shoulder. "I am going now to bring men back with me to help you home. You've got to live till I return, do you hear?"

Stephen had turned from him again and put his arms round the motionless form before them.

"They are coming nearer," Talbot heard him mutter; "but they shall burn through me first, little one." And he stretched himself across the corpse as if to shield it from the approaching flames, and far off the red eyes of the planets sunk nearer the horizon, but still seemed to watch them across the snowy waste.

Talbot felt the only one thin thread of hope was to go as fast as his fatigue-clogged feet could move up to the cabins, and he rose and faced the homeward trail. He felt the hope of saving Stephen was just the least, faintest flicker that ever burned within a heart; still there was the chance—the chance that, even should he be already in the sleep that ends in death when he returned, they could rouse him from it and drag him into life again. He forced his heavy feet along, and with a great effort started into a run. His limbs left like lead, and all his body like paper. The long hours of cold and fatigue, the excitement, the rush of changing emotions he had gone through, had been draining his vitality, but he called upon all that he had left and put it all into the effort to save his friend. He knew that any one second lost or gained might be the one to turn the balance of life or death, and he urged himself forward till a dull pain filled all his side, and his temples seemed bursting, and the great lights before him swam in a blood-red mist.

Stephen, left alone, raised his head and gazed round him once, then he laid his cheek down on the cold cheek, pressed his lips to the cold lips, and his breast upon the cold breast just over where the bullet had plowed its way through the flesh and bone. The night gripped him tighter and tighter, and slowly he sunk to sleep.

L'ENVOI.

Noontide in June. A sky on the clearest, palest azure, and a rollicking, swelling, tumbling sea, full of smooth, billowy waves chasing each other over its deep green surface—waves with their white crests blown backward, throwing their spray high in the air and seeming to laugh and call to each other in gurgling voices; and between sea and sky the liquid golden sunlight filling the warm, throbbing air, spreading itself in dazzling sheets upon the water, and glinting in ten thousand glittering points on the flying spray thrown up by a steamer's screw. It was the steamer "Prince," homeward bound from Alaska, carrying passengers, and a cargo as rich and yellow as the sunshine. And as if it knew of its precious and costly charge, the steamer cut proudly through the turbulent water, cleaving its straight passage homeward, homeward. On the deck of the boat, leaning back idly in a long chair, his calm, gray eyes fixed on its receding shores, where the golden sunshine seemed palpitating on their perilous loveliness, Talbot was sitting, with the freshening breeze stirring his hair and bringing to him the breath of a thousand spring flowers on the land. He was returning, and returning successful, with his work accomplished, his toil over, his aim achieved, and among all the lines of pain stamped on his pale and quiet face there was written a certain triumph, that yet perhaps was not so much triumph as relief. It was just four months since he had seen both laid side by side in their lonely grave in the west gulch; and those four months would ever be a blot of horrible blackness on his life. Should he ever be able to forget the blank desolation that had closed on him night after night as he sat by his lonely hearth or paced the floor, his steps alone breaking the awful stillness? Yet he had forced himself to stay and face it, had continued his work and his method of life unchanged. His men had noted little difference in him. He had stayed the time he had appointed for himself, had accomplished his self-appointed task, and at last, when he summer burst in upon the gulch and loosened all Nature's fetters, he found himself also free; and now, like a black curtain rent in twain and torn from the bright face of a picture, the clouds of the past seemed falling away, leaving his future clear to his gaze. It stretched before him bright as the laughing sunlit sea beneath his eyes. If they could have shared his joy, if they could have had their home-coming, his fellow-toilers, his fellow-prisoners! And the salt tears stung his lids until he closed them, shutting out the vivid yellow light, as he thought of the desolate grave in the gulch.

The fresh, cool air fanned his face, and the sun smiled upon him, a loose piece of canvas of an awning near him flapped backward and forward with a monotonous musical sound, the plash and gurgle of the tumbling waves fell soothingly on his ears. Gradually sleep came over him gently, and inwrapped his stained, wearied body, his sore, bruised mind.

When he opened his eyes again it was afternoon. The steamer was still flying onward, but the sea was quiet and smooth, and lay still on every side in the sun's rays as a pool of liquid gold, and the shores of Alaska had vanished, lost in a burnished haze of light.

The End.

WINTER CARE OF BEES AND HIVES

Packing and Storing Methods Should Receive Careful Attention.

The initial step in the successful wintering of bees commences in September when the hives are carefully gone through and the weak ones fed a syrup solution consisting of two parts sugar and one of water. An ounce of cream of tartar to 40 lbs. of sugar is usually added to invert the sugar and retard granulation. Continue feeding in October if necessary, and make sure that each hive has at least six full frames of sealed stores.

The hives should be packed or stored away in November, and various methods may be adopted. At the Experimental Station, Invermere, B.C., wintering in the cellar has been tried, in a pit in the Ontario wintering case, and in the Kootenay hive case. The last method has given the best results.

The Kootenay hive case is an improvement on the double walled hive, and has been introduced in the form of a permanent hive case, and made to take the ten-frame hive. There is a three-inch space all around the brood chamber and supers. Up to the top of the brood chamber it is kept permanently packed with moss or planer shavings the year round. This is covered in to prevent the moss or shavings from falling into the hive when open. There is also a three-inch space underneath the floor, which is kept permanently packed as well.

The stories,or 'lifts," are all alike, and as supers are put on they are added. The flat cover is ⅜ inch larger al round than the top of the case, and small triangular blocks nailed in each corner inside raise it and ensure permanent ventilation.

To pack for Winter all that is necessary is to have one "lift" above the brood chamber packed with moss or planer shavings. To facilitate the packing we usually have pillows, made from moss and ugnny sacks, just the size of the storey or lift. The cover is then added and the bees are packed for the Winter. The only attention now required is to keep the entrance clear of dead bees.

The bees have more protection in this case than in the double-walled hive, and the temperature is kept cooler and more uniform in Summer. There is not the trouble of packing in the Fall, or unpacking in the Spring, as in the case of the single-walled hives. It is less expensive than the double-walled hive, as ¾ inch shiplap is largely used in its construction. The bees come through the Winter in good shape and commence work early in the Spring. Beekeepers would be well advised to give it a trial, as it has many features that are superior to other methods of wintering bees.

Helps for the Housewife

TWO CULINARY HORRORS

There are two cullinary horrors—hard, dry, horny scrambled eggs, and watery, mushy scrambled eggs. This seems a great pity, as there is no better or more easily prepared dish for the home luncheon or supper than a light feathery mass of golden eggs cooked to just the right degree of perfection in this way.

Then, too, this dish may be rendered a very economical one as well, for the number of eggs may be reduced and bits of minced leftovers added just as the eggs begin to slightly thicken in the pan. Asparagus tips, cooked peas, bits of chopped cooked celery or carrot, chopped cooked spinach, minced cooked sausage, ham, bacon, meat and poultry are all specially good additions and may frequently be the means of using up leftovers too small to use in any other way.

When the eggs are to be served alone, beat them thoroughly, allowing one for each persons to be served. Add a tablespoonful of milk for each egg and also a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. If the family objects to parsley surprise them some morning by adding chives chopped very fine. Salt and paprika may be added to suit the individual taste.

But even if tactfully seasoned the eggs can be ruined in the cooking! Let a tablespoonful of bacon dripping melt in the frying pan (the chafing dish is ideal for cooking scrambled eggs)) and when it sizzles pour in the egg mixture. Let the degree of heat beneath the pan be moderate, for if too hot the eggs will brown on the edges and the rest will turn to "curds and whey."

Now the usual procedure is to take a kitchen spoon in a tightly clenched fist and stir with might and main to produce the scrambled effect. Don't do it! Use instead your most gentle and skilful touch. Lift the cooked part in large pieces and let the uncooked part run to the bottom of the pan. Continue this shifting and lifting until the whole is a light, creamy mass and serve immediately.

The same rule of one tablespoonful of liquid to each egg holds good when different liquids are combined with the eggs, and tomato sauce, catsup, stock and gravies are all good. Chicken giblet gravy is delicious with a small quantity of chopped chicken, catsup with ham or sausage and a piquant brown or highly seasoned cream sauce with the cooked vegetables.

Three eggs with half a cupful of leftovers will serve four persons generously and it is recommended that the "scramble" be served on buttered toast slices, thereby improving not only the appearance of the dish but securing a convenient service of the principal course as well as the bread course of the meal.

RHUBARB GROWN IN WATER

Rhubarb that has taken root may be grown in water, care should be taken, when lifting the roots from the garden, not to injure them.

It is well to leave them fully exposed to the weather for two days before bringing them indoors. Then half-fill empty jars with water; if you can get rain water so much the better. Put the rhubarb roots right into the water, if some of them are too big they may be cut in portions, though care must be taken to avoid damaging the top buds from which the stalks will spring.

The rhubarb does best of all in the early tages of its growth if it is kept away from a bright light. In a wonderfully short time the pretty pink stems begin to come up. Then the plants may be removed to a lighter position and they are seen to be really very attractive indeed.

It is surprising what a large number of stalks quite a small root will send up and eventually the roots should just be placed in the ground again. Any shoots they send up must be left alone, and, if this is done, the plants will be in bearing again next year. The only thing to keep in mind in connection with this novel culture is that the rhubarb roots should never be allowed to become dry.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LINEN

Paper doilies, are now being made so closely to resemble those of more substantial fabrics that it is quite difficult to distinguish them from the linen varieties. When made of heavy ribbed linen paper, with no cut-out designs, and finished with raised borders to suggest scalloping and dainty embroidery, they are most attractive to use for the hasty luncheon. These doilies come in many sizes and shapes and may be used several times, if care is taken, because they are so durable.

REMARKABLE PASSAGE

A remarkable passage has just been accomplished by the Danish three-masted schooner Harris, which has made the voyage from Campbellton, N.B., to Coleraine with a cargo of timber. Before leaving the other side, three of the crew deserted, and the difficult task of bringing the vessel across the Atlantic devolved on the Danish captain (Mr. B. Harris), the Danish mate (Mr. C. Rasmussen), and the steward (Mr. O. Gadow), a young man of German descent, who has only just passed his eighteenth birthday. Not only were they successful in negotiating the long trip, but they brought the ship across in the good time of 20 days. When it became known in Coleraine that a vessel of such proportions, carying 500 tons of timber, had been manned by such a small crew, the townspeople entertained the latter to dinner and presented them with mementoes of the occasion.