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\$1 per annum, in advance.]

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[Single copies, 3 cts.]

VOL. XXII.

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1900.

No 44

"The Liberal"
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY MORNING
AT
THE LIBERAL PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE
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MISS E. ELDERFIELD GREEN.

Toronto's neat and cosy Union Depot never seemed so dear to me as when the clock struck fifteen minutes past five on Saturday afternoon, March 17th, 1900, and my hour for departure to England had come, and I must in a few minutes say good bye to those who are very precious to me, and whom I may not see for many days. As the train pulled out of the station and I looked over the great city that lies near the hearts of all true Canadians, I thought of all the blessings we enjoyed by being allowed to form part of this dear, dear country, and in my fancy I tried to picture the people of other nations, in whose domains I must soon find myself. In a little while Parkdale was reached, and those who had come thus far with me must now surely retreat, and I must travel alone, at least so it seemed then, but by the hour Hamilton was called, I stood on the platform to welcome an old friend and send greetings back home, and as I stepped into the car again I noticed a gentleman I knew, who was going down to New York, and we exchanged newspapers and kindnesses which are common to travellers who are at all general and who wish to break the monotony of a long journey. Arriving at Niagara Falls we crossed into the United States and began to settle down again after the inspection of satchels, etc., by customs officials. All went well till Buffalo was reached, when to our astonishment we were in reality "put off" at this centre and compelled to change sleepers, as a bumper had been broken. Imagine the annoyance to those who had either retired or were about to do so for the night. Passengers hurrying to and fro in all directions, half dressed, one shoe here and another there, "Porter, where's this or that you moved when fixing up my berth?" and in a jiffy we found ourselves in an ordinary day coach, looking like lost children, waiting for a bed, and wishing for Toronto and the luxury of one's own home and friends.

However, "all things come to those who wait," and about 2 a. m. found me asleep, and when I awoke we were in Albany, N. Y. The train moved very slowly on account of a snow storm which had raged the day before, and even after two engines were attached with much difficulty we steamed into New York, five hours late. Outside the busy throng I saw my friend who was to meet me, and more faithful than some waited all those long weary hours till I should find myself safely and comfortably housed in Brooklyn.

I was conscious from within that it was the Sabbath Day, but from outside appearances I realized I was in a strange land, and where the quietude of our Eastern City is unknown.

People of all nationalities, colors, shades from fair to dark, the old and young, rich and poor, were hurrying on, some to Sunday School, church, opera, bar-room, and others to work, for as we passed along I could look down from the elevated railway and see many at their sewing machines or in the shops, while others in back streets were apparently tearing each other to pieces. However, I managed to understand that these scenes are common in this city on Sunday, and I must let it pass into the history of the first part of my trip, and until other important places are written up, I shall not make any comparison between this special scenery until I see how others do when they are "At Home."

I am sorry to say that on account of such a short stay in New York and being very weary, I did not go to any place of worship, but heard on every side of the beautiful churches and cultured ministers who break the Bread of Life to the teeming thousands who throng the sacred edifices. On Monday, March 19th, I made a tour of New York, and took in such sights as I had time for. We visited the aquarium, and here I met Rev. Mr. Hincks and son of Toronto, who were also en route to Europe, and who were enjoying a stroll round the city previous to their departure on the s. s. Kensington to Antwerp.

Passing on to Broadway one sees hundreds of busy people, some on business, some pleasure, and others of the poorer class hastening they know not where.

How strange it seems to find one's self among such a crowd and yet be in the very midst of the city of the dead, for here in Trinity church-yard lies some of the State's noblest families, who having gone to their reward have found peace and rest in Him, earthly things having passed away and to them the noise and din is forever over.

A ride on the cars showed me many sights at a glance, and when we changed to a bus and did Fifth Ave., I saw what New Yorkers call their many mansions, beautiful certainly, but oh what a lack of grassy lawns and shady trees, but since one cannot build such places there, while if they

have the fine architecture must lack nature's beauties, so we must take it for granted that these palaces are just as grand to the owners as the mansions of England are with all their acres of land and the sunny brightness which surrounds them.

Central Park doesn't show to advantage in winter, so I will not try to describe it; doubtless many of your readers have seen it for themselves. The Museum on the grounds of the Park is very fine, as is also the Obelisk to the right.

I also made a visit to the Stock Exchange. This was very interesting to the buying and selling draw crowds of onlookers, and from the visitors' gallery I noticed long rows of telephones, all going at the same time, and boys rushing hither and thither with important messages, and to see the littered paper about the floor one might imagine five hundred waste paper baskets had been upset, and it only needed a janitor to set things right for the morrow.

Tuesday, I went up to the top of the World Building, twenty-three stories high, and upon looking over the city one could not help but wonder how its millions of people earned their livelihood, or rolled in so many dollars. How tiny every one looked as they walked up the pavement, and even the buildings looked small from such a height, but when "Liberty" was sighted, I could form some idea of its size and hoped it would remain for centuries to give light to those at sea.

In the docks I sighted the s. s. "Oceanic," white as snow, and with smoke stacks as big as a factory chimney, only not so high. From this point my one desire was to see my future home for the next seven days somewhat nearer, and being reminded that my ticket was to be endorsed at the White Star office before sailing, I started off and having arranged my business, asked permission to go aboard that afternoon, which request was granted.

To give a detailed description of what I saw in this floating palace is out of question, beyond saying that the Oceanic is tip top and all right in every way. One doesn't need to go to a swell hotel to see grandeur, for its all found within the ship of which I am writing. The first-class state-rooms are just grand, large, airy, comfortable and well appointed, and the dining saloon is just fine. Plenty of waiters and stewards, and in the libraries for first and second class passengers one can apply for books just as in a city library. My particular interest was centred in room 24, and looking around I saw my berth where I should sleep, or not sleep, according to the weather and my conscience, to say nothing of being hopelessly seasick, especially when there is no guarantee against this trying part of ocean travelling. I came away well pleased with my cozy quarters. Of course it looked so nice, and sweet, and clean, that one wouldn't mind being on one of these steamers always if she didn't tip, and sway, and plunge regardless of one's feelings. I saw my baggage on the landing stage, where it had been checked from the Grand Central Depot on my arrival in the city on the 18th, and taking a last look at my goods and surroundings, went through the archway to await the proceedings of the following day.

The boat left her dock at 8.30 a. m. sharp. All on deck were waving their last farewells, and those on shore answered back in like manner, and amid a shower of blessings, good wishes, handkerchiefs and flags, tears, kisses and prayers, the Oceanic cut loose, and many who parted that day will meet no more until the Resurrection. At Sandy Hook we parted with our pilot, and no one, no matter how anxious they may have been to want the vessel stopped, tried their scheme, consequently no passengers got off, but one little baby boy came aboard when our boat was in mid-ocean, and I heard its name was to be "Oceanic," in honor of its birth-place.

The weather was very pleasant for March, and only rough on Friday, when all hands hung on to the rails and when the water washed over the decks and poured into the ports, and the sides of the boat cracked until we wondered what would be the next thing; we concluded that after all we were as safe on water as on land.

Since all days had been alike to me, I was glad of a change, which came in the shape of the coast of Ireland. Such hurrying on deck to see the sight, only rocks in the distance, and around our vessel were hundreds of gulls wild for the pieces which were swept overboard. By and by the shore brightened, and signals were hoisted to announce our arrival in British waters, and at 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon we put off passengers and mails for Ireland, via Queenstown, and took on a food supply of fresh fish and water-cresses. These were much enjoyed at tea. I came into the saloon for tea this night, the first time since I had left it on the day I left New York. I spent some time in finishing reading letters handed me when out of port on the American side, and now I wrote

brief messages to tell of our sighting home, or as good as such, for we were glad of the sight of land, which was to us British soil.

Next morning the steward called us at 4.30, and every one hurried to breakfast at 6 o'clock to be in readiness for our getting in Liverpool in good time. We reached the docks at 8 a. m., amid a heavy fog and tooting horns and whistles. Everybody was wide awake and seemed pleased to reach Dear Old England. At any rate I was, and after fifteen years absence I recognized sights and sounds I had heard in the long ago. Our goods we sent ashore and were passed customs in the usual way, and in a few minutes I was flying across this old city to the Midland Railway where I was to take the 9.35 train for Nottingham.

The journey south wasn't very pleasant, as even England isn't very attractive at this time of the year, and after dashing through tunnels and under bridges and being half perished for the want of a warm car, we steamed into Derby at noon and changed for Nottingham, and reached here at 12.45. I stepped off the train and met one of my brothers, who had grown from a young fellow into a full fledged contractor and a married man. In a few minutes I went off to lunch, where I enjoyed my first cup of tea since leaving Toronto.

Maple

The people of Maple were shocked to hear of the sudden death on Saturday last of Mr. Jacob Lahmer, who has been well and favorably known here for many years. He was on his way to the city accompanied by his wife and his son, Mr. Alfred Lahmer. When they reached Elia, not feeling well, he decided to remain at the store there until the return of the others, but in about fifteen minutes after they had gone he breathed his last. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of his death. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon to the Lutheran cemetery, and was attended by a large company of relatives and friends.

On Monday evening a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. Shunk met at their residence, previous to their departure to Toronto, and presented them with a very pretty silver cake basket and a silver butter dish, accompanied by an address. A farewell party was also held there by the younger people on Friday evening.

Rev. E. Dymond left this week on a four months' trip to England. During his absence services will be conducted in St. Stephen's by supplies from Toronto.

One of the ladies of the village was so annoyed by the music of the Canadian Band the other night, that she requested Charlie to have it removed. He assured her that it would be attended to at once. There has been no trouble since.

Mr. Burleigh left on Monday for Woodstock, where he has accepted a situation.

Mrs. M. and Miss E. Line are visiting friends in Thornhill.



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