

AN IMPOSSIBLE ROUTE.

THE ICE AND THE EXPERIENCE OF THE GASPESIA

Showed Politicians and Railway Promoters how Chimerical the Idea of a Hudson Bay Route was—What Old Time Navigators say About it.

St. John's, Newfoundland.—The experience of the steamship Gaspesia of the new Canadian line, which has just escaped from the grip of the ice floes in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, after having been frozen up there for three months, while endeavoring to make the passage from Paspebiac to Millford Haven, throws an instructive sidelight upon the scheme for making Hudson Bay part of a short Atlantic grain carrying line, the feasibility of which has been strongly urged in Canada for years past. At first the project was based upon the commercial advantages held to accrue from it, and it did not meet a very favorable reception. Now, however, it is being advocated for patriotic and strategic considerations. At the recent meeting of the British Empire League at Ottawa one of the speakers made the point that Canada should inaugurate this route in order to insure the motherland an alternative line of carriage for foodstuffs in time of war. The dependence of the British Isles upon the United States for supplies of cereals has been frequently emphasized in the press, and on the platform, and only last month questions on the subject were addressed to the Hon. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, in the House of Commons. The Ottawa gathering, composed of the leading public men of both political parties in Canada took the stand that it was unwise to permit Uncle Sam to retain the control of the Western wheat traffic, which he now enjoys, which forms so important a part of the outgoing commerce of New York, Boston and Portland Me. The failure of the Joint High Commission to come to an agreement intensifies Canada's sense of helplessness, while the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railway branches through American territory place these two great arteries of vitality for the Northwest at the mercy of the Washington authorities the moment friction between the powers would occur. The agitation in Canada for deepening their own canals and excluding the United States from the use thereof, the desire to secure new railways touching the tidewater through purely Canadian territory, the struggle to galvanize into existence the fast Atlantic line, the Pacific cable movement—all these are but phases of the one main effort to sever Canada and the Empire from that dependence upon the United States which is all the more irritating because it is so violent. The Gaspesia line was started with the avowed object of providing an all-Canadian route with a port in the Gulf which would be ice free and thus avoid the stoppage to navigation which the annual freezing of the river St. Lawrence entails. The promoters of this venture, though, could not overcome the forces of nature, and the three months imprisonment of the Gaspesia among the floes is a far more eloquent argument against the attempt to navigate ice-bound waters with ocean tramps than a thousand speeches or able articles could supply.

The Hudson Bay scheme is even more visionary still. It is coolly proposed to build a railway through a sub-Arctic country and haul grain there to be stored on the shore of a vast body of water which is only accessible for three months of the year. As far back as 1882 the movement for a railway to Hudson Bay took shape in Canada, the proposed route being from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill, a splendid inlet on the southern extremity of the bay, which would be the loading point for steamers running to Great Britain. Its advocates contended that this route formed the cheapest and easiest one for sending the products of the Northwest to market and that its adoption would induce the settlement of an immense tract of agricultural country in the northern section of Manitoba. The railway haul, so the promoters urged, is 760 miles less from Winnipeg to Churchill than via Montreal, while the sea voyage by way of Hudson Bay is about the same length as the present St. Lawrence route, and as it is the railway mileage that counts in the matter of freights, the saving to be effected in distance and cost of haul would be something considerable, experts estimating it at 15 cents a bushel. In addition to this it is held that a remunerative traffic could be developed in cattle, meats and fruit by the cold northern route, and as the country traversed by the railway became settled and wheat crops were raised there, a proportionate cheapening of the cost of carriage would result.

Having extensively boomed the project

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness? No; good pure tea, properly steeped will prevent a healthy person from sleeping—on the contrary, a tea like that sold in Teller's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." MRS. SUMMERVILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Get only Hood's, because

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

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are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. 25c.

through the Canadian press of the time the promoters applied to the Canadian Government for a subsidy toward the construction of the road, but the Ministry hesitating to pledge the credit of the country without being satisfied of the feasibility of the venture despatched an expedition under the late Lieut. Gordon, R. N., to determine the period for which Hudson Bay and strait were navigable. The expedition went north in 1884, 1885 and 1886, in the steamer Alert of Arctic fame, and in addition to her cruises to and fro in the straits parties of scientists wintered at selected points to take meteorological and tidal observations, besides noting the ice conditions and other facts of the value in determining the question at issue. Lieut. Gordon's conclusions published in his report at the close of the work were as follows:

"Having carefully considered the subject, I give the following as the season in which navigation may, in ordinary years, be regarded as practicable for the purpose of commerce; not indeed, to the cheaply built freight steamer known as the ocean tramp, but to vessels of 2 000 tons gross, fortified for meeting the ice and of such construction as to enable them to be fair freight carriers. These vessels must be well strengthened forward; should have wooden sheathing, and be very full under the counter; the propeller should be of small diameter and well down in the water. I place the limit of size at 2 000 tons, because a larger ship would be somewhat unwieldy; could not make such good way through the loose ice, and, being unable to turn so sharply, would get many a heavy blow that the smaller ship would escape. I consider the reason for the opening of navigation to such vessels will fall between the 1st and 10th of July. The closing of the season would be about the first week in October. In estimating the period of navigation in an ordinary year I should say from July 15 to Oct. 15, with a possibility of navigation from July 1 to Nov. 1; but in the first half of July, and, indeed, occasionally in the latter half, there will always be delays, and later than the 15th of October the risks of navigation are so increased that the question of insurance would, in all probability, settle the date for both opening and closing.

After the publication of this anything but favourable report, the scheme languished for some years, but in 1895, prior to the last Dominion election, it was made a political issue in the Northwest, and Laurier, then in opposition, promised if elected to send another expedition north to determine if Gordon's conclusions were well founded. The steam whaler Diana of this port was selected for the purpose, and her experience showed the hopelessness of attempting to navigate these waters with a freight boat. She left here on June 3, 1897, and was nineteen days making her way through the ice floes along the Labrador coast, entering the straight on the 22nd. The whole ocean was covered with the frozen sheets, and her progress was so impeded thereby that it was July 12 before she reached the western extremity, though if the passage were unimpeded she would make the run of 200 miles in one day. But it was only by the merest good fortune that she escaped being wrecked, for she was caught in the floe the day after entering the strait, and for four days lay helpless, drifting to and fro. Dynamite was used to explode the mass and loosen it from her sides, but it was seen to be ten to fifteen feet thick, and so serious did her position become, with the impending prospect of her sides being crushed by the ice, that the provisions were got on deck and the boats made ready, leaving sea would have to be abandoned. She was ultimately lifted out of the water by the floe passing under her, and she

rested as in a cradle on the pack. Later on the ice 'tritted' again and carried away the rudder stock, a piece of fourteen-inch oak. Commander Wakeham, who had charge of the expedition stated in his report to the Dominion Government: 'It is needless to say that no ship, unless especially constructed for the purpose, could have survived the pressure to which the Diana had been subjected during these days, and even the Diana could not have withstood it had the ice not passed under her. In venturing through the straits she gave and took blows that could not be risked by an ordinary iron steamer.'

Harrow and Plough.

From the acres of Aroostock, broad and mellow in the sun,  
Down to rocky York the chorus of the farmers has begun.  
They are riding in Aroostock on a pat-ent sulky  
They are riding, taking comfort, for they've learned the secret how,  
They are planting their potatoes with a whirling  
new machine,  
Driver sits beneath an awning—slickest thing you've ever seen,  
There is not a rock to vex 'em in the acres spread-  
ling o'er,  
So they sit upon a cushion, cock their legs and smoke  
and ride,  
Gee and haw! go lurching onward in the furrow's  
mellow steam;  
Over there, with clank of whill, tugs a sturdy Mor-  
gan team,  
And the man who rides the planter or who plods the  
broken earth  
Joins and sweats the mighty chorus of the season's  
budding earth,  
And they've pitched the tune to a jubilant  
strain,  
They are lifting it merrily now,  
We want that melody down here in  
Maine—  
'Tis the song of the harrow and plough.

They are picking rocks in Oxford and in Waldo  
basting legs,  
And they're forming down in Lincoln on their acres  
set on edge,  
Down to the kitchen gardens of the slopes of  
Cumberland  
They're sticking in the garden sass as thick as it  
will stand,  
And every nose is sniffing at the scent of furrowed  
earth,  
And every man is living all of life at what it's  
worth,  
Though the farmer in Aroostock sails across a vel-  
vet field  
And his mellow, crumbly acres vomit forth a  
spray,  
All the rest are just as cheerful on their hillside  
farms as he,  
For there's a cosy wealth in gardens and a fortune in  
a tree.

So they're singing the song of the com-  
ing of spring,  
And the song of the empty mow;  
Of the queer old firth that is stirring the  
earth—  
'Tis the song of the harrow and plough.

Halifax Campaign Poetry.  
You may try to defeat our Neddy,  
We do not think you can,  
For he has won more victories  
Than any other man,  
We dearly love our Edward,  
He's served us true and well,  
We would sooner have our Neddy  
Than any blooming "swell."

You may subscribe your money  
Just to buy a vote or two,  
And keep outside the Ward yourselves,  
But we've caught on to you;  
You think we've no men in the Ward,  
But we have them always ready  
To fight, and can afford  
It we wished to beat our Neddy.

Our Neddy has an interest  
In common with our own;  
He has no special axe to grind  
As he has always shown.  
You cannot beat our Edward,  
Is absurd for you to try,  
In him we have an excellent man,  
Although some him decry.

There's some who hate our Neddy  
And that's the reason why  
We send him to the Council,  
You cannot beat our Neddy,  
You cannot pull our Neddy's leg,  
Or draw him into line  
To vote for things that are not right  
'Tis not that way inclined.

You cannot fool our Edward,  
He is as true as steel,  
He'd sooner vote and stand alone  
Than be a party to a deal.  
Why be hard on Neddy?  
We think it most unfair;  
Without a count he is as good  
As any you have there.

You cannot beat our Neddy,  
You need not think you can,  
You may scorn the City  
You cannot beat a man,  
Our Neddy is a Daisy,  
Our mascot and our pet,  
With all the combats against him,  
They haven't beat him yet. —Recorder.

What Dorothy Says.  
When first to Dottie I was wed  
One morning unto her I said:  
"The pies that mother used to make,  
And likewise, too, her bread and cake,  
Were of the best. Now strive, my lass,  
To get in mother's cooking class."  
She looked me squarely in the eye  
And made this innocent reply:  
"To cook like her I'll surely try;  
But—and her lock was very aly—  
I want a cook stove nice and bright  
Sent up to me this very night—  
A stove like father used to buy."

The years are many o'er my head  
Since unto Dorothy I said  
A word about how mother cooked,  
I've not forgot how Dr. Le looked  
The day I first made that had break  
About how mother used to bake,  
But let me say, twixt you and I,  
That more than once with heart-felt sigh  
I've seen her unto me draw nigh,  
And with a glitter in her eye  
Say unto me: "I want a hat,  
And yards of this and yards of that;  
Just like my father used to buy."

The Broken Towel.  
When I think of the towel,  
The old-fashioned towel,  
That used to hang up near the printing house door,  
I can think of nobody  
In the days of nobody  
That could hammer on iron to wear as it wore.

The "d. v." who used it,  
The tramp who abused it,  
The "comp" who got at it when these two were  
gone,  
The make-up and foreman,  
The editor (poor man),  
Each rubbed some grim off, while they put a heap  
on.

In, over and under,  
It was blacker than thunder,  
Harder than poverty, rougher than sin,  
On the roller suspended,  
It never was bended,  
And flapped on the wall like a banner of tin.  
It grew harder and rougher,  
And blacker and tougher,  
And daily took on a more inkier hue,  
Until one windy morning,  
With out any warning,  
It fell on the floor and was broken in two.



Conversation Without Words.

The traveller in a foreign land is not necessarily helpless because he does not know the language. Nor was a correspondent of the Chicago Record, who admits that when he entered Italy his nine words of French and fifteen words of German were of no great use to him. He says:

In Genoa I went into a photographer's shop and selected a dozen photographs. I pointed at the photographs and looked at him inquiringly, which meant, 'How much?' He nodded his head and wrote '14' on a slip of paper. I nodded, signifying, 'I will take them.' He walked over to a calendar hanging on the wall and pointed to 29; then he walked back and picked up the photographs and shook his head, which clearly meant that he could not allow me to take the ones I had selected, but would have others printed by the 29th. Thereupon I pointed to 25 on the calendar and said 'Roma,' which meant that I should depart for Rome on that date. He nodded and then pointed to 30 and asked, 'Eh?' which meant, 'Shall you be in Rome until the 30th?' I nodded violently. 'Hotel?' he asked. I wrote my Rome address on a slip of paper. In making change he held out one lira. 'Poete,' he explained. Then I departed. Ordinarily a shopper selecting a dozen photographs to be printed to order and forwarded to him at the next town would spend ten minutes or more in making inquiries and giving directions. Our total of conversation was just five words.

The Right Letter.

The familiar situation of the bashful wooer, who doesn't know whether to propose, and doesn't know how to propose, is given a new turn by a story in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The hero, John, had been calling on Mary for three years, but that was as far as he got until, visiting St. Louis on business, he found himself detained beyond the expected time.

He had to write to Mary explaining his absence on the usual evening, and while writing the courage he had so long lacked came to him, and he made a pointblank proposal of marriage. He mailed the letter, and for two hours was one of the happiest men in Missouri.

Then he began to believe he had been precipitate, and was assailed with doubt as to how his letter would be received. That night he didn't sleep. He thought all sorts of things, and vainly wished he could intercept the letter before it reached her. But that was manifestly impossible.

It was not until noon the next day that he received an inspiration as he was passing a telegraph office. Rusting in, he seized a blank and nervously penned the following:

"Miss Mary—Chicago: Mailed you wrong letter yesterday. Please do not open, and deliver to me on my return." After that he breathed freer, at the same time wondering if he hadn't played the fool in not letting the matter stand. That evening a telegram was awaiting him at the hotel. It read:

"John—, St. Louis: 'you mailed right letter. It was about time.' And John didn't allow business to interfere with his return to Chicago.

Too Sharp.

A couple of showily dressed youths strolled into a tobacconist's shop, and one of them asked for a box of cigars as displayed in the window. The assistant proceeded to wrap up a box taken from a handy drawer, when one of them said, 'I say we want those in the window.'

The assistant assured them that those he had wrapped up were according to the sample, but to no purpose. 'Those in the window, or none at all said they. 'We are up to your trick of showing one thing in the window and selling another at the counter.'

'Very well, gentlemen,' replied the assistant, 'you shall have those in the window, only you must not blame us if after being exposed so long, they are not altogether satisfactory.'

'Oh, that's all right,' they retorted, thinking that this was only another dodge on the part of the shopman in order to wriggle out of the bargain he had made. When they had been served and had

gone their way, the shopman turned round to another customer who was waiting, and with a knowing wink said, 'I wonder how they'll like 'em? They've got a bundle of our best—dummies!'

No Harm was Done.

Not long back a strongly built fellow was brought up at the G— Petty Sessions, to meet a charge of violent assault. The case was proved, and the prisoner was sentenced to a month's hard labour. During the trial he had contrived to loosen one of his heavy boots, and, just as sentence was pronounced, he flung the boot vigorously at the head of the presiding magistrate. What followed is graphically related by a local newspaper with a delightful touch of unconscious humor:—

'This desperate act,' (says the leaderette writer) 'might have been attended with most disastrous consequences, but fortunately the missile only struck a reporter, so that no harm was done.'

Look the Same.

Yeast—'Did you ever take any of those mud baths?'  
Crimsonbeak—'Well, I ran for office once.'—Yonkers Statesman.

Soothes the bronches and cures your cough  
Dr. Harvey's Southern  
RED PINE  
25c. a Bottle.  
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Mfrs., Montreal.

Spring Lamb, Cornwallis Beef, Cukes, Spinach, and Rhubarb.

THOS. DEAN, City Market

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 65887, in Book 50 of Records pages 30, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the same part, and George E. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following: That is to say:—

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Wentworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Wentworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Wentworth Street thence Northerly along Wentworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situated fronting on said Wentworth Street described as follows beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Wentworth Street Southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Wentworth Street thence Westerly to right angles to Wentworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Wentworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon  
Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1899.  
GEORGE E. FENETY,  
MACRAE & SINCLAIR, Mortgagee  
Solicitors to Mortgagee.