

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1900.

TO SEARCH FOR THE POLE.

Capt. Bernier, a Veteran Navigator, Will Conduct it, and He Plans to Follow a Course Similar to Nansen's.

The first distinctively Canadian expedition in search of the North Pole will probably set out for the Arctic next year. It will be commanded by Capt. Bernier, an old time navigator, then whom no Arctic explorer was ever more confident of achieving his self imposed task. The captain's plan includes several novel propositions for facilitating his reach of the desired goal. A seafaring man from his youth and a captain of many year's experience and of wonderful success in his vocation, the study of the great problem of Arctic exploration has been the hobby of his life. He is of French Canadian extraction, and confident of his ability to plant the flag of the empire and the arms of his native country upon the exact end of the world's imaginary axis. The captain has promised of generous Canadian aid for his expedition, and has gone to England to interview Sir Clements Markham, President of the Royal Geographical Society, on the project, and also to make arrangements for the construction of a new ship. It will be decided in England whether the vessel is to be of wood or maleable steel; that is, the Siemens Martin mild steel.

His experience of Nansen's Fram makes the captain rather unfavorable to a wooden ship, because of the fears that the vessel engendered among her crew when in the ice floes. His preference is for a steel ship the sides of which can be so heated from within that she will avoid the evil effects of ice pressure, and being shaped like the Fram will readily rise from the pressure of opposing ice floes. Capt. Bernier estimates the total cost of the expedition at from \$80,000 to \$90,000 of which \$45,000 to \$50,000 will be required for the vessel and its outfit. He gives his own services free.

Sir Clements Markham has already declared that another expedition ought to continue Nansen's work, taking the drifting ice further to the east than he did, in which case he believes it would float over or nearly over the pole. Bernier does not share the belief of some that there is any extent of land in the neighborhood of the pole, that would interfere with the regular drift of the Arctic ice. He declares it unreasonable to believe that there is other than deep water in the vicinity of the pole, when 300 miles south of it in the direction of Greenland, the depth of water is from 1,800 to 2,000 fathoms.

Capt. Bernier proposes to set out on his voyage about June 1, leaving Vancouver for Behring Straits, accompanied by a crew of twelve, all possessed of special scientific attainments. The coast of Siberia will be followed as far as the new Siberian islands, the expedition passing to the west of them to survey Sannikot Land and to finish the survey of North Bennett Island commenced by the Jeannette's crew. There the opportunity will be watched for in the latter period of navigation, to proceed to the north of the Jeannette's Arctic position through one of the northeasterly openings in the ice that are always found to exist about October. The winter quarters of the ship will be about 500 miles from the pole. Here the explorers will slaughter the live stock brought with them for food and store the flesh in a depot on the ice alongside of the ship, against the time when there will be nothing to kill around them. In the latitude where the first winter will be passed, the explorers expect to kill large quantities of bear, seal and walrus, not only for current use but also to add to their reserve stores.

All this time the captain expects to be gradually nearing the pole, carried toward it by the drift of the ice in which his vessel and attendant camps will be imbedded, or upon the surface of which they will be borne. So gradual is the drift and so slow will be the progress of the party that they only expect to reach the pole during the third summer of their absence from home. It may not be possible for the expedition to take the drift ice far enough to the east to be sure of passing directly over the pole, because of the westerly drift. In order to counteract this, however, a series of observation stations will be established on the ice, ten miles apart, and stretching away due east of the main camp. These obser-

vation camps will constitute one of the main features of the expedition. Not only will they be sighted from one another, but they will be connected by telephonic communication, supplemented by a system of wireless telegraphy. The flagstaffs of these stations will be composed of hollow aluminum pipes, two to three inches in diameter, containing emergency supplies of food. These pipes will be eighteen feet high. Each station will be supplied with self registering thermometer and barometer. Five of them at least are to be established, and if this eastward extension of communication for fifty miles is found, by observation, to be sufficient for overcoming the westward drift, the number and extension of these observation stations can readily be increased, so that the passage of at least a portion of the party, immediately over the pole may be definitely accomplished.

Small balloons with records of the expedition's progress will be released at monthly or fortnightly intervals, and each succeeding balloon will contain the record entrusted to former ones, to provide against the loss of any. Each will be furnished with twenty days' supply of hydrogen. To avoid evaporation they will be so freighted as to be imprisoned in the cold air near the surface of the sea, and Capt. Bernier is convinced that the prevailing currents of air will carry them first to the south and then east. Boats for use in cases of emergency will be taken out in sections.

The expedition expects to return by way of Spitzbergen. Judging by the fact that the polar basin has a higher level than either the Pacific or the Atlantic ocean, that the latter is lower than the Pacific, and that the cold winds of the polar basin help the ice and water thence on the way to the North Atlantic to feed the evaporation always going on there, Capt. Bernier believes it now to be nothing more than a matter of time and patience until he shall have passed directly over the pole and returned safely home to tell the story of the expedition. At first his only anxiety was as to the possibility of reaching the mouth of the Lena river from Behring Straits. Dr. Nansen writes him that he has no doubts that he can easily do so. Prof. Nordenskiöld, who reached the polar sea via Behring Straits from Stockholm, also writes encouragingly:

The Royal Society of Canada and the Quebec Geographical Society have endorsed Capt. Bernier's plans. So has J. W. Tyrrell, the explorer of the barren lands and the chairman of the committee on Polar Researches of the Ontario Land Surveyor's association, who says: "I believe you are on the right track to success." Dr. G. M. Dawson, director of the geological survey of Canada, writes: "The recent voyage of the Fram seems to indicate that an expedition carried out along the line of Capt. Bernier's project, if properly equipped and manned, would have every probability of a successful issue." And Dr. Bell the assistant director general of Dominion surveys, supplements the above with the following: "I think you have chosen the best course and the best method and that if you follow out these plans you will succeed."

THE REST-MOTHER.

Good Work of a Woman Among the Sioux Indians.

In the earlier days of Western emigration, says a veteran home missionary, a man with his wife and son moved to North Dakota, took a section of prairie land, and built a sod house. The wife and mother was a woman of quick mind and adaptive genius, who would have honored almost any position of delicate and difficult duty. Withal she was a trustful Christian, to whose faith the providence of life had no dark side.

Nearly every day parties of Indians travelling between the reservations passed her little home, but she made friends with them, sometimes inviting them to come in and rest. Her quiet voice and beautiful composure won them entirely, and when she had caught a few phrases of their language she began to explain to the ro-

ving creatures as well as she could that the Son of the great God had a message for them. They had been moving from place to place, but he called to them from the Happy Fields of the sky, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." The wild men loved the good "peace lady," and called her the "Rest-Mother."

By and by land-hunters and home seekers with their families came to her neighborhood, and came to stay. There was no timber on the prairie, and the new settlers dug clay, and began making brick to build better houses. The little farming colony grew to be quite a village. There were troubles to be borne, and the woman pioneer had already found her share.

When, during the second summer, the sand wind destroyed her husband's wheat crop, her son, in a fit of impatience, quit the farm and went to the Black Hills to mine for gold. The sorrowing mother never complained nor lost her confidence of her sweetener's spirit. The same faith sustained her when later her husband died and she was left alone. To her white friends—and her red friends—she was the incarnation of peace.

One day, however, the Indians began to show signs of excitement. The cause was a whimsical misunderstanding, but one which might easily result in danger to the whites. Surveyors had just passed through the place, laying out a railroad, and they had promised that a station should be located in the settlement, adding the jesting remark as they went away, "There are not many of you, but every man is a brick."

The Indians had twisted the translation of this remark to mean, "Every brick is a man." The baking kilns were manufacturing a terrible white man's army out of bits of clay! The white man's lightning-wire and fire-wagon would put life into every brick when they came along. White men could do anything.

The neighbors noticed, not without apprehension, a swarm of savages gathered around the Rest-Mother's house, gesticulating and uttering general exclamations, and the little white-haired woman standing quietly in the midst of them, making signs and talking; but they did not know till afterwards that her heathen friends were begging her to let them take her away from the settlement because the white people were all to be killed.

It was no light task to enlighten and pacify these superstitious children of nature, but the tact of the little mother was equal to it. Betraying no agitation, she told them they were wrong. They should hear her say the strange words, and they should smile.

"It is this way. See!" And she made the Indians stand in a row, "built into a wall," as she told them, "a wall of men; strong, safe, every man a brick."

The imaginative savages soon caught the idea, and circled round their instructor, laughing, making a wall of themselves like boys at play. And that was the end of a threatened Sioux insurrection.

The red men could not disobey the gentle Rest-Mother. She bade them sit down and pay attention, and then she made them understand that she wished them to find her son. "I shall rest here till you bring him home," she said, and sent them away.

It was not very long before she had her wish, and the return of the son to his mother completed the first chapter in the history of a thriving town. The young man had prospered, and it was his money that built the first schoolhouse and the first church.

Faithful to his training, he seconded his mother's influence as a Christian teacher to the Indians, many of whom learned the arts of peace and now live welcome neighbors to the whites, owning farms and raising God-fearing families. When their friend the aged widow, had a fine new house built for her, they helped to make and lay the bricks; but her little sod cabin is still preserved.

"Did you have any words with your mistress which caused you to leave your last place?"

"Niver a word. Shure, an' O'locked her in the bathroom and tuk all me things and shipped out as quiet as yez plaze."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Good—It is drink that has brought you so low.

The Tramp—Yes'm. It has brought me so low that I can't get a drink.—Puck.

"I promised my wife to bring home a deer. 'Deer? There are no deer around here.' 'Oh, well, I'm just as likely to hit a deer as anything else.'"

CATCHING A BANK THIEF.

It is Often Easy to Get Away. But Almost Always Hard to Stay Away.

"The recent embezzlement by the note teller of the First National Bank of New York and the ease with which he was captured," said a well known ex-detective last week, "recalls one of the most remarkable and interesting cases I ever had anything to do with. It was the robbery of the Townsend Savings Bank of New Haven, Conn., which occurred in 1866. I think at any rate, it was, shortly after the end of the Civil War, in which great conflict the principal in the affair had distinguished himself and won many highly prized laurels. His name is Jerry Townsend, a son, of the cashier, and a nephew of the President of the Townsend Savings Bank of New Haven."

Jerry, soon after his return after the war, was given a minor position in the bank, and being a clever well educated fellow he rapidly advanced until he was made paying teller.

Well, things ran along all right for some time, until one fine morning the cashier discovered that about \$100,000 in cash and bonds had been taken from the safe the preceding night. The safe has not been blown open. It was simply unlocked by some one having the lock combination. Now, according to the bank's rules, only the President, the cashier and the assistant cashier had this combination, hence suspicion was not directed toward any other person at first. Jerry was hardly mentioned in connection with the robbery, until his father, the cashier, remembered that some days prior the former had suggested the expediency of his having the combination, so that in the case of the absence of all the other officers at the same time he could have access to the safe if necessary. And the old gentleman, regarding the proposition reasonable, gave his son the combination; yet strange to say, he had neglected to inform the President that he had done so.

"Now, Jerry had sent word to the bank the day before the robbery was discovered that he was so ill he feared he would not be able to attend to his duties for a day or two; so he was not expected at the bank the day of the discovery; but as soon as his father had admitted that his son also could open the safe a messenger was sent to the latter's home. I hardly need say that he was not there."

Hitherto the bank officers had conducted the examination in their own way, and as secretly as possible, yet when the paying teller could not be found by them and the story of the big steal was getting out, they saw that other steps must at once be taken in the case, and so it came about that I was called to take a hand in the game. I was on duty in New York city at the time I received orders to run up to New Haven. On my arrival at the bank I found everything in a state of great confusion, and hundreds of excited depositors were clamoring at the bank doors for their money. In the case of many of them it was the hard earned savings of years of toil.

"After getting all the information possible at the bank, I struck out after the thief. I soon found that there was a girl in the case, and that Jerry had spent part of the evening of the robbery at her home. From there he probably went to the bank and got away with the swag before midnight, for about that time he called at a restaurant near the railroad station, and leaving a large valise with the bar tender, he went away and did not return until just before the 2 o'clock train left for New York. He was seen to board that train, yet then and there the trail of the robber was lost, entirely lost. Indeed, the man vanished as completely and suddenly as if the earth right there had opened and swallowed him. Not in New York or anywhere else could any trace of the absconder be found. A big reward was offered, and detectives in all parts of the country, attracted by it, were in the hunt, and scoured every nook and corner in which they suspected he might lie hidden. The search was kept up for weeks, and all our efforts were fruitless.

"After several months had passed I began to lose interest in the Townsend case, for having other important professional matters to look after, I seldom gave it

much thought. Of course, the strange, mysterious disappearance of the culprit still excited wonder and speculation.

"One day, six or seven months after the robbery, as I was walking leisurely up Broadway, New York, just below Wall street, I was approached by a man who requested me to direct him to a money broker, as he wished to dispose of some United States bonds and was a stranger in the city. My mind being pretty well occupied with another matter at the time I gave this incident but little thought. We were near Wall street, and I pointed to the house of a well known firm in that street, and assuring the man that it would be all right there, I walked on. But I had gone scarcely a block when the recollection of the Townsend bank robbery flashed like lightning through my mind. Might not this man have some of the Townsend bonds? I turned and fairly flew back to the broker's office to which I had just directed him, and reached it barely in time to meet the stranger coming out. Showing him my authority and taking the chance, I arrested him and took him back into the office. He had sold one bond there, which upon examination I found to be one of the Townsend Bank bonds. And searching this man, two or three more of these bonds came to light. But what was of vastly more importance, he had a letter from Jerry Townsend, dated Havana Cuba, to his sweetheart in Connecticut. The letter was to be delivered by the bearer to the lady in person, and it contained instructions to meet the writer at a certain hotel in Liverpool, England, at a certain future time.

"That my prisoner was thoroughly scared I need not assert. He pleaded utter ignorance of the robbery, and declared that he had made the acquaintance of the man who had given him the letter and the bonds some months before in Havana, where the latter had posed as a captain of the United States Army. Of course, he went under a fictitious name there. The prisoner was held and the matter kept from the newspapers until I and some others, including an uncle of Jerry, had crossed over to Liverpool. We found the hotel and the robber who started out to resist, but finally surrendered. All but some \$11,000, I think, was recovered, and the prisoner was brought back, tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for seven years."

A Cool One.

It politeness can ever be considered a fault it would be in such a case as the following, which is reported by a fireman and printed in Collier's Weekly:

"The coolest man I ever saw," said a New York fireman. "I met at a fire in a dwelling house on Fifth Avenue. We found him in an up stair front room, dressing to go out. The fire by this time was surging up through the house at a great rate.

"Hallo, there!" he bellowed at him, when we looked in at the door. "The house is afire!"

"Would it disturb you if I should remain while you are putting it out?" he said, lifting the comb from his hair and looking round at us. He had on a white evening waistcoat, and his dress coat lay across a chair.

"Seeing us staring at him, he dropped his comb into his hair again and went on combing. But as a matter of fact, he was about ready. He put down the comb, put on his coat and hat and picked up his overcoat."

"Now I'm ready, gentlemen," he said. "We started, but the stairway had now been closed up by fire. We turned to the windows. The boys had got a ladder up to the front of the house.

"Now, then," we said to him, when we came to the window.

"After you, gentlemen," he said, standing back. And I'm blessed if we didn't have to go down the ladder first!"

"I should like to subscribe to your paper. Would you be willing to take it out in trade?"

Country Editor—Guesso; what's your business?

"I'm the undertaker."