

SOME INTERESTING SIGHTS PRESENTED BY THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF FAR OFF PERU

(James C. Hickey in New York Sun.)

Mollendo, Peru.—Most southbound ships leave Callao harbor in the evening and anchor off Pisco, famed for its ardent waters in the morning. Callao and Lima fade from sight as blurs of light on the horizon. The pleasures of a night run down the coast in balmy airs and the calmest of seas keep the passengers late on deck. Many dance away the hours; some lean over the rail and look at the stars.

The black tropical sky is studied with brilliant points of light. The North Star sank below the edge of the world when we passed the equator; now many northern constellations are standing on their heads. If there is a full moon even persons who seldom give our grinning old satellite a second thought will notice that there is something queer about it. The "face" seems to be tilted at a tipsy angle. In any other phase the shaded portion of the moon—from the northern point of view—is on the wrong corner. New constellations of the south are making their appearance. If the season is right the Southern Cross and the dazzling Centaur will be high in the heavens.

Pisco in the morning is a pleasing sight from the sea. The eye a bit wearied by the long barren stretches of the Peruvian coast is delighted to discover here a little patch of green. It is one of those rare spots where streams from the Andes find their way down to the Pacific and make the desert blossom on their banks. Back of Pisco are three fertile valleys, the best cotton growing ground in Peru. Pisco is also the center of the chief grape raising and wine producing region of the country. Some of the wine is distilled to make a white brandy of remarkable potency which bears the same name as the town. Pisco is drunk by natives and gringos alike all up and down the west coast. Its manufacture and export were the main business of the port before the days of King Cotton.

Pisco's Famous Pier.

Pisco has no harbor. A steel pier nearly half a mile long projects into the sea, but the slope of the beach is so gradual and the water so shallow in consequence that only small vessels are able to dock. The larger steamships often anchor a mile off shore. They work their cargoes with lighters and send their passengers ashore in launches. Pisco has few fleteros, those licensed pirate boatmen of the west coast, but the few she has upheld nobly the reputation of their craft. One good thing may be said of the fleteros; they know how to handle their boats. They land you right side up on shore and brine you back undamaged—unless it be in purse—to your ship.

Our party did Pisco in record time. It was 1.30 o'clock when we set foot on the seaward end of the pier, and Capt. Parker had sworn by all the whales of the Humboldt current that he would sail at 2.45 with or without us. During the walk to land we noticed that the black cormorants were croaking in chorus under the pier just as advertised in the guide books. The noise resembles the grunting of a drove of pigs. By leaning over the edge a bit we could see the big birds sitting on the cross-bars. A shout or a wave of the hand would send some of them splashing into the water.

At 1.40 we boarded two taxis—Pisco brand—and set out for the pueblo, or village, which is three miles from the port. The expedition was divided in purpose. Part of it was intent on photographing an ancient church said to be one of the most interesting in Peru. The other part was equally intent on making an important purchase of Pisco merchandise. We allowed ourselves twenty-five minutes to do both jobs and return to the pier. The purchase was triumphantly accomplished; a church was photographed but alas, the wrong one. We inspected the picturesque public square with its double rows of ficus trees and made the ship with a good fifteen minutes to spare, but Capt. Parker, the deceiver, did not pull up anchor until 4 o'clock.

The Tres Cruces.

As a ship turns its prow toward Mollendo the pale greens of Pisco

fade from view and the coast becomes again an uninterrupted line of hills of desert brown. On one hillside, plainly visible for miles at sea, is a great rock carving known as the Tres Cruces. It is supposed to be the work of the Incas. If so it has no relation to the Christian cross. The figure resembles a three-branched candelabrum, with several short cross pieces on each arm. From a distance it looks as though it were formed of trenches dug in a smooth sandy slope. Those who have examined it at close range, however, testify that it is cut in solid sandstone.

The hills often take on beautiful colors in the late afternoon, just before the sun drops into the Pacific. Pink turns to lavender and then to gray; tufts of mist attach themselves to pastel summits. An invisible brush paints all the harshness out of the world. After the sun has disappeared the western sky glows brilliantly with reds and yellows. Peruvian sunsets are among the finest on the planet.

Mollendo is the coastal terminus of the Southern Railroad of Peru. One may entrain here for La Paz, by way of Arequipa and Lake Titicaca, the highest navigated lake in the world, or for Cuzco, the Inca capital, where the chief architectural remains of the old civilization are to be found. One of the sights of Mollendo is the arrival of a train from the interior. Most of the passengers struggle up the hill from the station with their baggage and babies on their backs. They have the marks of a hard journey upon them. Many carry small bundles of sugar cane which they have chewed for nourishment along the way, together with other primitive provender. Some Bolivian types appear among the throng of Peruvian Indians and mestizos. Here and there a caballero strides along with a porter at his heels.

A Passenger Derrick.

Going ashore at Mollendo is sometimes a rather exciting experience. After the usual journey from ship to dock in a fletero's launch the traveler may find the landing stairs closed because the water is considered too rough for their safe use. That means that everybody must be hoisted up to the dock in a derrick chair. It isn't half as bad as it sounds. It is surprising how many timid women, who have heard of the chair of Mollendo from afar and viewed that nothing would ever induce them to ride in such a contraption, submit without a murmur when suddenly brought face to face with it. There is something in humanity, as in sheep, which makes it easy to follow the crowd.

The town has at present not a single American resident, though there are twelve Englishmen, four Italians, and three Germans here, nearly all in the employ of foreign business houses. The jobs here do not pay, well enough to attract Americans, we are told. Perhaps they don't, but neither, apparently, do they require very strenuous labor. Conditions seem not unlike those in another West Coast port, where a shipping agent has living quarters above his office, overlooking a wharf. When he arises in the morning he surveys the scene of toil from his window, shouts orders to his workmen through a megaphone and tumbles back into bed. Later in the day he really gets up.

It is well that life is not hard in Mollendo, for means of recreation are few. The town has a good bathing beach, however, of which it is quite proud. There is a palace of the cinema, of course. "La Cabana del Tio Tom" has recently had a good run here. All up and down this coast moviegoers have wept over the woes of Mrs. Stowe's hero and shuddered as the bloodhounds pursued Eliza across the ice. Cowboy dramas are great favorites. Many of the kings and queens of Hollywood seem to be as well known in Peru as in Brooklyn.

No Traffic Problems.

The streets of Mollendo are unpaved and dusty, but clean. Most of the buildings are of wood, but re-enforced concrete is coming into general use. The public market, a new concrete structure, is a credit to the town. The street traffic consists almost entirely of donkey trains, and the little burden bearers behave so well that there is

OFFERS TO BUY CANADIAN SALT AT \$250 SHARE

(Financial Post.)

Sir Thomas Tait, president of Canadian Salt Co., will send a letter to shareholders immediately suggesting that they accept the offer of Canadian Industries Ltd., to buy the stock of Canadian Salt Co., at \$250 per share. An alternative offer is that Canadian Industries pay all the outstanding liabilities of Canadian Salt Co., including bonded indebtedness, and a sufficient sum to give the shareholders of Canadian Salt Co., \$225 per share on the liquidation of that company.

The last transaction in Canadian Salt on the Montreal exchange was on October 2, when ten shares sold at 175. The stock has sold this year as low as 154.

Capital stock of Canadian Salt consists simply of \$1,500,000 of ordinary stock of the par value of \$100. At the close of the last fiscal year the first mortgage bonds outstanding were \$1,480,400 of Series A and \$1,000,000 of Series B. Six per cent. equipment notes issued in 1923 are outstanding to the amount of \$84,000.

A statement issued on behalf of the proponent of the purchase says that this represents a step in the building up of a Canadian development to correspond with that of one of the parent companies of Canadian Industries Limited, i. e., Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, of London, which, among many other lines, is actively engaged throughout the world in the production and sale of products similar to those handled by the Canadian Salt Company.

Canadian Industries Limited decided to make what it considers to be a fairer and equitable offer for the stock of the Canadian Salt Company, rather than to implant a competitive industry in Canada, duplicating unnecessarily existing facilities for manufacturing the products in question.

The opportunity given to Canadian Industries Limited to engage in this wider field of activity was the direct result of the visit of Lord Melchett and Sir Harry McGowan to Montreal some two weeks back.

Makes Varied Products.

It will be remembered that Canadian Industries Limited through its various subsidiary companies already occupies an eminent position in the manufacture of explosives, sporting ammunition, artificial leather (fabrikoid), Duco, paints and varnishes, Pyralin celluloid, anhydrous ammonia, etc.

Capitalization of Canadian Industries Limited, consists of \$4,650,000 of 7 per cent. preferred and 649,950 shares of common of no par value.

no call for traffic cops. An occasional Ford motor truck, honking its way among the burros, seems a brazen intrusion. The stranger feels that both truck and driver ought to be locked up as disturbers of the peace.

No one should leave Mollendo without visiting one of the little earthen floored eating houses where the burro driver gets a satisfying meal consisting of a big plate of stew and a two-fisted glass of chicha for the equivalent of eight American cents. Chicha, the nectar of the Andes, is a fermented liquor somewhat similar to beer. The principal ingredient is corn, but other grains and vegetables go into the making of it, the formula varying with the locality.

In Mollendo's cholo restaurants it is kept in jars almost as big as barrels and ladeled out as required. The upper classes do not altogether despise this drink of the people. In some of the Aristocrats clubs of the larger cities it is the smart thing to drink a glass of chicha at a certain hour in the afternoon.

To the traveler bound to the lofty highlands of the interior, where Quichua, the tongue of the Incas, is often spoken more extensively than Spanish or for the tropical jungles on the eastern slope of the Andes, where savage tribes roam beside streams that flow down to the Amazon, Mollendo is only a stepping stone, a place of customs annoyances and of tedious waiting for trains. To the tourist whose route lies along the coast it is a window through which he may look a little way into the heart of mysterious Peru.

Home made Candy

Treat the folks this Easter-time to candy of your own make! None tastes so delicious, none so perfectly satisfies, none so pure and good for all as the candy you make in your own kitchen. Use Borden's St. Charles when the recipe calls for milk—its creamy richness improves the flavor, adds to the food value of all candy. Here are a few tested recipes made with Borden's St. Charles—try them—they will delight you—

Three Layer Candy

PECAN FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 tablespoon butter
pinch soda
¼ cup pecans (broken)
1 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk

1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 tablespoon corn syrup

Place sugar, milk, syrup, butter and soda on stove. Boil until it forms soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove, whip, add flavor and nuts. When creamy pour in buttered pan.

Butter Fondant

4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup corn syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tall tin Borden's St. Charles Milk
¼ lb. butter
Mix sugar, milk, syrup and butter. Add salt. Place over slow flame, stir constantly and boil until it forms a soft ball when tested in ice cold water or 238 degrees with candy thermometer. Remove and pour on to a platter which has been slightly sprinkled with cold water. When cool to blood heat, beat with wooden ladle until the whole becomes creamy and firm.

Cream Peppermint Drops

¾ cup Borden's St. Charles Milk
3½ tablespoonfuls water
2 cups granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
2 drops oil of peppermint.
Combine the first three ingredients in a saucepan and boil gently without stirring until a soft ball will form when a little is tried in cold water. Cool till tepid, then flavor, beat till creamy and quickly drop on oiled pans in small rounds from the tip of a teaspoon.

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