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SPYING OUT LAND FOR THE G. T. PACIFIC.

Thirty-two Parties Strung Out Between Moncton and Lake Abitibi.

THE BUSINESS OF GETTING IN SUPPLIES IS ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS OF THE ENTERPRISE.

Good Work is Being Done.

Mr. Arthur B. Hannay, writing in the Montreal Herald, from Ottawa, says: "There are a good many important things going on in Canada. But one of the most important, as well as the most interesting is the surveying of the National Transcontinental Railway line. It will probably come as a little surprise to most Canadians to know that they have given an order for as large and difficult a piece of surveying as was ever carried out. When the representatives of the people voted two years ago for the building of the road, they gave this order on behalf of the people. When last session they voted for the revision of the measure they gave the order a second time. Finally the people put their O. K. to the order on November 3, when they voted the government back into power. It is certainly the people who are responsible for this survey. They will be interested in knowing that it is being well done.

Four Canadian business men, not one of whom knew the other three, were taken from four widely separated places in Canada, about the end of September. They were called the "National Transcontinental Railway Construction Commission," and told to go ahead and build a railroad from Moncton to Winnipeg, a distance of about fifteen hundred miles through a wilderness. That was the beginning. Today there are eight hundred men searching the wilderness for the best path on which to lay the rails. Next summer the parties will be putting the finishing touches to the surveys and next winter the contractors will be moving supplies in over the snow preparatory to the pushing of the active work of construction, grading, cutting rail laying and bridge building, during the following summer.

In the way they have organized the survey commissioners, Wade, Brunet, Young and Reid have justified the choice of the government. And in the manner the work has been pressed, Engineers Lumsden and Butler have justified their selection.

BRAVING THE ELEMENTS.

There are thirty-two parties strung out between Moncton and Lake Abitibi. While the winter wind is howling, while the snow is falling, while the mercury in the thermometer is dropping and Canadians generally are thanking their fortunate star for providing them with a warm fire-side, almost eight hundred men are living in tents, a hundred miles to the north of civilization, busy with theodolite, chain and rod, marking the line where eight years from now the traveller will roll along in the luxury of a palace car. It is not exactly correct to say that the whole eight hundred of these men are on the line. There are a good many individuals, and these not the least hard working, engaged in packing supplies to the scene of operation in the wilderness.

THE GREAT TRANSPORTATION QUESTION.

The business of getting in supplies is one of the great works of the enterprise. Almost every party has its own peculiar problem according to the nature of the country it is working in and its relation to civilization. Each is like a little army which has to keep in touch with its base of supplies. It was hard work getting the parties to the scene of operations in the first place. The transportation of the men, the instruments, the provisions taxed the ingenuity of the engineers and the transportation resources of the edge of settlement. One or two of the parties rolled, without an effort on their part, in a first class coach, to the place of their labors beginning. Others were hauled in over winter roads. Others poled and paddled themselves in. A good many more of them just walked and packed their stuff.

There was a limit to the amount of stuff that most of the parties could take for the autumn rains were beginning to fill up the streams and swamps and make the roads

heavy. A couple of the parties in New Brunswick were caught by the formation of ice that was too hard for a canoe to pass and not strong enough to bear a man. They had to sit down and wait for the weather to furnish them with ice to travel over. They waited for about a month. Now is the golden time of the transport men. The snow has come. The holes and the hollows have been wiped out by the soft and almost frictionless material, and the loaded toboggans are hurrying to the frontier line in the wilderness, with supplies for the parties. There will be enough accumulated to last for the operations during the summer. There is no stinting of the men. The commissioners know that you cannot get good work without good grub, so the flour is good, the beans are the best, the pork is first class, the prunes and the coffee and everything else is all that can be desired. And there is lots of everything.

EVERYTHING IN TOUCH.

The reports show that good work is being done. One of the remarkable things about this survey is that the frontier and the headquarters keep in constant touch. The engineers in charge of the parties report constantly to the district engineers located at Fredericton, Quebec and Ottawa. The district engineers report to the commissioners at the capital. The heads of the work can tell exactly what every man on the survey is or was doing within a week. It may be said here that some of them are making reputations for themselves. The reports and the supplies travel over the same routes and are carried by the same hands. A description of one of these routes will give an idea of what the others are like.

AT THE HEAD OF THE GATINEAU.

At the head of the Gatineau, for instance, supplies are taken to Manawaki by rail. From there the stuff is teamed to the north over bad roads for seventy-five miles. Before the frost came there was a twenty mile canoeing stretch to the Forks, where a supply depot was established. Since the ice was formed the canoes have been dispensed with. The depot at the Forks furnishes supplies or a party working to the east and another working to the west along the line which is being tested to run to the south of Lake Abitibi. It has supplied two parties working to the east and west along a line twenty-five miles further on to the north, which is being tested as the optional route to the north of Lake Abitibi. As these four parties work further to the east and west they put a greater distance between themselves and their base of supplies at the Forks. The men who pack the supplies to them have further to go, with every day's work. As a consequence of the way the work is stretching out here and elsewhere, the commission has invested in dog teams. The supply chief at the Forks has now about forty dogs at his disposal for the work and this is not the only place that the huskies will have to be used. Almost every party on the survey has five Indian packers to keep all the stomachs full and carry reports in and out.

FINISH OF PRELIMINARY WORK.

The organization is so good that the whole of the route will have been gone over in an exploratory fashion by next spring. This will include the stretch from North Bay to Winnipeg which the Grand Trunk has surveyed. The Commission are going to make an examination of this portion of the route on their own account and will soon have the parties out doing it.

That will mean more district engineers, party engineers, transit men, levellers, topographers, rodmen, chainmen, picket men, axe men, teams, teamsters, packers, store keepers, cooks and dog team drivers fighting the battle of civilization and commerce in the northern wilderness.

DRUGGING WON'T CURE CATARRH.

All the medicine in the world taken into the stomach won't cure catarrh, and it's useless to squander money on tablets, bitters and liquid remedies. Catarrh is a disease of the nasal passages, throat and bronchial tubes. Stomach medicines can't reach these parts. It's only fragrant healing Catarrhozone which is breathed all through the air passages that is sure to reach the seat of catarrh. No failure ever known if Catarrhozone was used. It heals and doesn't irritate; it soothes, kills the germs and therefore cures. Use only Catarrhozone the one certain cure. Two months treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

HE IS THE BOSS

The Idea That Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Is a Mere Ornamental Figurehead at Ottawa Only an Illusion.

Ottawa, Dec. 27.—The head of public affairs in Canada is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It takes about a month's absence of the Prime Minister to make this clear. One of these is just completed and the Prime Minister is again at the Capital. Things governmental are beginning to move once more. An impression prevails throughout the greater portion of Canada that Sir Wilfrid is a splendid ornamental figure at the head of the administration and that the business of the country is really done by the hard-headed, practical and laborious collection of competent ministers who constitute the government. This idea is so absolutely right and so utterly wrong that it is difficult to discuss it intelligently. It is a paradox involving a whole people.

That Sir Wilfrid is a striking decorative personality there can be no doubt. Wherever he has appeared on either side of the Atlantic his presence has been marked. In the gatherings of great men of affairs he has towered conspicuously. A British public man has described him as the foremost figure of the British empire today.

A PIECE OF TACTICS.

It is singular that at home this very quality of a commanding presence should be seized upon by his political enemies for exploitation as a weakness. Relying on the peculiar belief that the ornamental is seldom practical the opponents of Sir Wilfrid have proclaimed from the house tops that he is "no business man." They have said that he would starve if he had to make his living in the commercial world, and that the governing of Canada during its present period of development is a pure business proposition which requires the direction of a man of commercial instincts rather than a man who can make splendid speeches, who wears a sunny smile and who has the divine gift of being able to charm friend and foe alike by his mere personality. These ideas have been sown broadcast throughout the land and have taken root in the popular mind. However, the people showed in the recent general election their disagreement with the theory that such a man should not head the government. There are too many hero worshippers in the country to permit of the overthrow of such a figure as Sir Wilfrid is and his opponents painted him by any individual whose great recommendation was the capacity to run the country like a dividend-hunting business machine.

MIGHT PLAY THE COMMERCIAL GAME.

In spite of the popular belief there is a good deal of business capacity about Sir Wilfrid. If he should turn his talents to a commercial avenue it is probable that some of his detractors would find him a formidable rival. It is certain that he would not do business on a small scale. As head of the government he shows great business capacity. In the beginning he was able to place powerful, practical men in the possession of every one of the portfolios. Carnegie, Rockefeller and all the other great captains of commerce attribute their great success chiefly to their ability to pick out the right kind of men for their lieutenants, and to bring out the best that is in them. Finally, it is necessary to control such men.

A RULER OF THE STRONG.

Sir Wilfrid has always succeeded in gathering men of great capacity about him, in commanding their respect and generally their affection and their loyalty. While he has been content to leave matters of detail to his lieutenants, never for an instant have they been permitted to lose sight of the fact that in matters of policy he is and always has been the court of last appeal, and that in such affairs he is willing to be advised but not coerced. It requires the capacity of leadership to control such men. Like all strong men the members of the government have their likes and their dislikes. They have their personal ambitions which occasionally clash with those of their colleagues or with the exigencies of administration. They have hobbies and weaknesses. All of these things have to be controlled.

The great binding tie of the administration is the respect which the ministers have for the prime minister. There is not one of them who is so big or so reckless that he does not shrink from incurring his leader's displeasure. However his own views may differ from Sir Wilfrid's, when once the decision is rendered it is accepted by any minister. This respect is fortified by affection. There is not a member of the government who has not the warmest regard for the brilliant and lovable head of the administration. The secret of this is the fact that the prime minister is thoroughly sincere and honest with himself and with every one else, he is human and has the greatest sympathy for human weaknesses, and admittedly his judgment of men and of affairs is the best. Finally he is willing as a last resort to mete out punishment. Since he came to power two ministers have broken with him and have suffered for it. The country knows their story and they have passed judgment upon the cases at the polls.

ORDERS FROM THE CAPTAIN.

So now when Sir Wilfrid is out of the capital in search of health for looking after the interest of the Dominion abroad there is a feeling throughout the whole of the administration that the head is absent and there can be little done until his return. The ordinary routine of administration goes on in the same old way, but on matters of importance the word to the inquirer is that "it will probably be taken in Council when Sir Wilfrid returns." Appointments of importance wait, propositions for promotion of the country's interests wait for the approval of the man who has properly been called the figurehead and who it cannot be denied is the real head of affairs in the country.

A week ago he was away and affairs were marking time. Now he is at home and preparations for the coming session are swinging on in anticipation of the opening of parliament.—A. B. H.

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The Effect is Instant—Makes You Snap And Dance With Vitality.

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"I felt weak and dispirited, was tired out the whole day long.

"Ferrozone accomplished wonders. It gave me a strong nervous system, a good appetite, and abundance of health."

Ferrozone contains concentrated nourishment you can't get in any other way. No other medicine benefits so quickly. 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers in Medicine, or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Distress at Fall River.

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 28.—The greatest distress prevails among the striking cotton mill operatives here, and many Canadians are among the sufferers. The Salvation Army yesterday distributed tons of food and warm clothing, yet the leaders said there was much actual suffering in the city which they could not relieve. The city was divided into districts and systematic efforts made to visit every family. Soup kitchens were kept open all day, and bread and steaming broth were given in generous quantities. Numerous families received fuel, while others were supplied with needed clothing. Three carloads came from Boston and materially assisted in the work of relief. A large meeting was held in the Salvation Army hall yesterday afternoon, and addresses of encouragement were made by President Golden, of the Textile Workers and Charles T. Sherer of Worcester, who has established many soup kitchens.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

TWO POLICEMAN DYING.

Fight Follows Arrest of Drunken Blacks at North Plainfield.

FIREMEN CALLED TO HELP.

Plainfield, Dec. 28.—Two policemen fatally injured, a third badly hurt, and four negroes locked up, is the result of a battle in Somerset Street, North Plainfield, at 1 o'clock this morning between policemen, firemen and citizens on one side, and a gang of drunken negroes on the other. Marshal Joseph Flack and Special Policeman William Klein are dying in the Muhlenberg Hospital, the former with a deep knife thrust below the right shoulder, and the other with razor cuts over his entire body. A third policeman, Walter S. Malley, is at his home, his face battered and bruised and suffering from a kick in the groin. The prisoners are Samuel Hunt, Walter Tams, Albert Tunstall and James Henderson, all residents of this city.

The negroes had been standing on street corners yelling "Merry Christmas" at every one who passed and demanding money to buy drink. Smalley attempted to arrest one of them and was knocked down and beaten. Klein, in citizen's clothes, went to his assistance, but was struck in the face and then slashed with a razor. Passersby summoned assistance, and Chief F. A. George Weiss and Flack responded. The negroes drew knives and razors, and even the sight of revolvers failed to stop them.

The police did not shoot for fear of hitting some one in the crowd, and a call was sent to the Fire Department. The firemen responded and with the citizens joined in the battle, which was waged nearly half an hour.

When the negroes were finally subdued, and about to be taken to jail, there were shouts from the crowd which was augmented by members of St. Joseph's church returning from a Christmas mass, of "Bring a rope," and "Lynch them!" Chief Weiss warned the hot-headed to keep away but some members of the crowd got close enough to strike the negroes. A crowd hung about the jail for hours and all through today, in both Plainfield and North Plainfield there were frequent tilts between white men and negroes.

A GREAT WOLF HUNT.

Four Hundred Eager Sportsmen Mostly Mounted.

London, Dec. 28.—Wolf-hunting is now the popular sport in the Northumbrian dales. Four hundred eager sportsmen, many of them on horseback, joined in the great drive which had been organized on Saturday for the capture of the predatory beast, which escaped from a collection of wild animals at Shotley Bridge, near Newcastle, and whose taste for fresh mutton is costing the farmers of Allendale so dear.

The wolf, as usual, had the best of it. In the afternoon he was seen by his disgusted pursuers calmly trotting over the fells to the remoteness of the Blanchland Woods, one of the most isolated spots in the north country.

The hunt afforded a really remarkable spectacle. Almost every man carried a gun, and the weapons collected would have represented the history of the fire-arm almost from the day of its invention. One enthusiast swaggered about with a muzzle loader, the barrel of which was fastened to the stock of the string. Fortunately for himself, he had no opportunity of discharging it.

Another hunt is arranged for today. Panic prevails in the neighborhood. Thirty sheep have now been killed and many more worried. This wholesale decimation of stock is an eminently serious matter to the small farmers, and one man—who has lost ten sheep—is practically ruined.

It is feared that the wolf, as its blood-bred ferocity increases, will turn its attention to the horses in the fields, and bonfires are lit nightly over the whole of the countryside to scare the brute away.

FOR A STIFF NECK

Or any soreness in the muscles of the back or sides you can't get anything half so good as Nerviline, the most powerful liniment made. "My neck was so stiff I couldn't turn it a quarter of an inch," writes Fred T. Baldwin of Portsmouth. "I had it rubbed with Nerviline a few times and all the soreness and stiffness disappeared. I don't know another liniment you can depend on like Nerviline; it's splendid for colds, lameness and can't be beaten for cramps and internal pain." Try Nerviline yourself. Price 25c.