

PERILS OF PIONEERING.

How Canada's Mountain Pathfinders Do Their Work.

People loll in cushioned Pullmans and leisurely discuss their dessert in the diner as the train whisks them through the mountains, clattering across trestle-spanned gorges, now rushing along the edge of dizzy cliffs, where the roadbed, a narrow shelf carved in the rock, clings to the face of a precipice.

Those travelers in luxurious high speed trains, how many of them, as they gaze indolently toward the towering snow peaks and the shadowy depths of the canyons, pause to think of the surveyors who mapped the road, and whose pioneer work has made it possible to travel de luxe through this grand scenery?

Pathfinders at Work.

To the average occupant of the parlor car the thought of camping out in deep snow of the winter woods would be no less abhorrent than the idea of crawling for hours in the boiling sun along steep side-hills and over rock-slides bereft of shade, one's tongue akin to dry fannel, and water—well, perhaps half a mile away. But these are commonplace events in the life of the railway surveyor.

Let the reader imagine that he has taken conge of civilization, and that he is one of the sun-burned, smoke-scented, overworked crowd that constitutes a survey camp—fifty miles up the pack trail that winds off through the mountains from the very last jumping off place on the railway.

The "Get Up" Call.

Early in the morning—horribly early—just as a faint light—the first pale shade of sunrise—is pushing up over the big mountain across the valley, and while yet the stars gleam in the frosty sky, above the black tops of the pines, comes the reveille, an abominable din of tinpan and stick, harshly discordant. This melody produced by the cook (the chef's assistant) means "get up," and fifteen minutes later a similar, but greatly modified, alarm suffices to call the faithful to breakfast. During the progress of the meal the daylight gets a chance to expand, and soon after the last man has satisfied his hunger comes the call "All out."

Now all hands "hit the trail" for the line, marching in single file, eyes downcast, and ever on the alert for the wind-fallen logs which beset the path, and the slender branches that fly back like whips to sting the unwary. It is a sad procession. There is little conversation, and that little generally anent the disposal of the cumbersome lunch pack, of which every one is glad to eat his share, and equally undesirous of packing on his shoulders, turn about.

Perils of the Work.

Lunch finished and a pipe smoked, and the afternoon grind commences. If the survey has had easy ground that morning there are now perhaps some bluffs to be negotiated. They can't be avoided by detours. For grade must be followed, and unlike the wagon road, there is no flexibility allowed. This rigid adherence to a fixed line often places the surveyors in most unpleasant positions, and quite frequently it is on some narrow ledge or projecting rock on the face of a bluff that the transit man must place his mark. This means that he has to clamber over with his instrument, set up the tripod, squint through the telescope, and read angles—and probably all this careful adjustment whilst standing precariously on a place that might be quite comfortable for a mountain goat.

When Footing Is Bad.

If the footing in bad places appears precarious, the rope is used, and with the end of this the more agile of the men proceeds to surmount the obstacle, the rest of the party following, aided by the rope. It is a most reassuring auxiliary is a good, strong rope securely attached to a reliable tree. Picture yourself scrambling along the well-nigh bare face of a rock slope—a slope not so alarmingly perpendicular in itself, but nevertheless a remarkably easy place on which to start sliding—and below, a dozen yards or so, a precipice sheer down, eighty feet! But it isn't all mountain-eering, even in the mountains, else the job would rank with that of steepclimbing, and there would be a dearth in the land of engineers and their assistants.

Return to Camp.

The return to camp is a veritable triumphant progress as compared with the doleful sortie of the morning. True, it is down grade instead of uphill, but even that consideration hardly accounts for the rapidity with which the distance is covered, and the celerity and ease with which the obstructing logs are hopped over. But there is a whole lot in knowing that the day's work is done, and that a good meal awaits you at the end.

Stork Beats Fast Train.

While a Michigan Central immigrant train was speeding its way to Windsor a boy was born to Mrs. Mary Rosenbloom, a Russian immigrant on her way to the United States. The mother was anxious that the child be born in the United States, the land of her adoption, and the engineer put on full speed at her request, but the stork took matters in his own hands, and the youngest member of the Rosenbloom family will have to claim the Dominion of Canada as the land of his nativity, though he missed being born under the stars and stripes by only a few hours. One of the railroad surgeons remained with the mother and her child until the train arrived at Windsor.

Signs of Spring.

With glad delight we greet each welcome; It counts not though it chirp or croak or sing. For, though only one swallow cannot make a summer, We know that just one frog can make a spring.

Happy Accident.

Passenger (about to leave the cars, sees his heavy satchel fall from the rack on a lady's head)—That's very fortunate. I had just forgotten it was there.

SHIP FALLS INTO "HOLE."

British Freighter, Steaming Over a Smooth Sea, Pitches Into Chasm.

Of all the extraordinary sea happenings that have ever found place in log books that related by officers of the Planet Neptune is the most remarkable.

It is of a big and heavily laden British freighter steaming quietly over a smooth, moonlit sea, and suddenly pitching head foremost into a chasm which some subterranean convulsion seems to have opened in the ocean's bed.

"It seemed," said Chief Officer Brown, who has just quitted the bridge at the time of the strange occurrence, "that a big section of the ocean's bed had suddenly caved in to some tremendous depth and sunk so suddenly as to have caused a huge, well-like depression on the ocean's surface."

Going to the Bottom.

The bow of the ship plunged downward so suddenly that I thought she was going straight to the bottom."

It is estimated that it was between six and seven seconds before the diving forefoot found the bottom of the pit. The vessel has about an eighteen foot freeboard forward, and when it is said that a mass of water that was fully fifteen feet in height was "discharged" over the bow as the vessel began recovery from her downward plunge some idea of the depth of the chasm can be had.

Standing lookout on the forecastle head was a seaman named Shalberg. After he had recovered consciousness he said that when he felt the bow dropping from under him he instinctively crouched behind the breakwater and grasped a ringbolt. But the weight of fifteen feet of water coiling over his head was too much for his strength.

Curled Around Stanchion.

He was found curled about an iron stanchion, the upper part of his body on one side of the stanchion, the lower limbs on the other. One leg was broken, a wrist dislocated, and the man otherwise so severely injured that he will be a cripple for life. The Planet Neptune is from Montevideo, from which port she had sailed Feb. 22. She found the "hole" into which she pitched four days after leaving that port, and when she was about 200 miles off the southern coast of Brazil. The precise latitude and longitude could not be ascertained, but the log book showed that the vessel at noon that day was in latitude 29 deg. 45 min. south, longitude 47 deg. 3 min. west.

Coming Warship.

A paper of great importance, indicating what the battleship of the future will be like, was read at the meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects at the Society of Arts last week.

The paper dealt with the "influence of machinery on the gun power of the modern warship," and showed that if a large number of guns are to be effectively mounted, they must be placed so as to fire on either broadside. In the Dreadnought, out of 10 12-in. guns, only eight fire on either broadside.

To enable all the 10 to fire with the utmost effect it was shown that funnels must be abolished, and also all deck erections. But if the funnels are to be eliminated steam can no longer be used, and the boiler must go. The great firm of Vickers have faced this fact, and after three years' almost continuous research work have now perfected the system of gas machinery for propelling ships. The explosion engine, in a word, is to replace the steam engine.

The design for such a vessel has been worked out. She has no funnels, and is thus an extraordinary-looking craft. Her speed will be higher than that of any existing battleship, and her dimensions are moderate. But she carries a battery more powerful than even the Dreadnought, since all its 10 guns can fire on either beam and six ahead or astern. This is the ship of the future.

Proper Way to Churn.

The agitation in churning should be as violent as the form of churn will admit, says Farm Progress. The churning is to be stopped while the butter is in the granular form. In order to have as thorough churning as possible the temperature of the cream should not be over 53 degrees.

The buttermilk should be drawn from the churn and the butter washed. The butter must be removed from the churn and salted while yet in the granular form. The amount of salt should be to the taste of the customer. For most people, one ounce to the pound is required.

Bottled Love Letters.

Missouri girls are still throwing bottled letters into the Missouri river to see what will turn up. A year ago a Carroll county girl cast a message on the waters at St. Louis. Recently she received an answer from a young engineer in the employ of the Government river improvement service stationed a few miles below Memphis, Tenn. The letter stated that the bottle had been found in a covey by workmen engaged in the work of repairing the levee.—Kansas City Times.

A World of Dangers.

"Spiritous beverages," says Mrs. Cumrox, "have wrecked many happy dispositions." "Yes," answered her husband, "and so have salad, ice cream and coffee taken after 10 o'clock at night."—Washington Star.

Dress Corsets

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CANADIAN'S GREAT PLAN.

Would Change Climate of North America By Drastic Action.

Undo the awful work of Noah's flood, change North America into a semi-tropical paradise, make Minnesota and North Dakota and Manitoba and Winnipeg like to California or the Carolinas, destroy our winters within five years.

That is the legislation before the Canadian Parliament today. It isn't a dream of a lunatic. It is as hard-headed a proposition as ever legislators considered. The scheme, in a word, is for the United States and Canada to unite to destroy the rigors of the North American winter by blasting out the channel between the Arctic and the Atlantic, melt the long sunken ice and allow the warm current from the milder Atlantic to permeate the frozen fastnesses of the Arctic.

The plan is R. A. McLennan's. He lives at Russell, Manitoba, where it is nothing to see the mercury down to 40 below zero on a cold winter's morning. He is a farmer on a large scale, one of Canada's rich men. His hobby is to make all North America a continent with very mild winters and less torrid summers.

The plan has just been presented to the Canadian Parliament. It involves the aid of the United States as well. It is now in the hands of Frank E. Oliver, Minister of the Interior for the Dominion of Canada. He has gone over it very carefully, and as proof of his own conviction that it is possible he has communicated the details to several scientists of worldwide fame with a request for an opinion.

Gets Encouragement in Scheme.

Lord Kelvin has been consulted and will report later. Minister Oliver has communicated with Mr. McLennan, informing him that he may be encouraged in his scheme and asking for more particulars.

Once upon a time, as geology plainly proves, North America enjoyed as balmy a climate as there was in the world. The remains of mammoths and trees and semitropical shrubbery are to be found all along the edge of the Arctic circle and in northern Siberia.

The great flood of Noah's time undid all this. It made North America a land of bleak winters and scorching summers. It blocked up the channel to the Arctic and kept the warm waters of the Atlantic from lavishing those ice locked northern shores. All this and more has been Mr. McLennan's life study.

He speaks about it frankly. His arguments seem unanswerable. As he talked about his plan with a writer to the World Magazine he grew enthusiastic.

"Now, what caused the mild winter in which these fossil trees once lived?" he asked, and he answered the question himself.

"Undoubtedly," he said, "it was caused by a greater stretch of open ocean to the north than now exists. Labrador is in the same latitude as the British Isles, the south of Greenland corresponds in this particular to Norway and Newfoundland to the north of France. Were it not for the modifying influences of this great stretch of open ocean the winters in Europe would be of Arctic severity."

"What caused the once open ocean to the north of Canada to be turned into an icefield?" he asked, and he answered the question himself.

"It is a scientific fact which you can verify by consulting any geographer that in the bed of the Atlantic there is a channel on the east side extending from south of the equator northward and passing between the Feroe and Shetland Islands to a depth of 670 fathoms. This passage is about 350 miles wide and I believe that it is through this channel that the current between the Atlantic and Arctic oceans formerly flowed."

"Now, precise scientific calculations will show you that a current flowing through this channel at the rate of four miles an hour and at a temperature ten degrees above freezing point would allow of sufficient water to pass through to melt 1,000 cubic miles of ice a day."

"That is to say, in four or five years this would melt all the ice in the Arctic Ocean, and Canada, from being a country of rigorous winters, would become almost semi-tropical, and all the land which stretches in such vast areas to the north of us would share in that climate and become habitable."

"My proposition," he went on, "is to petition the British Government and to get it to approach the United States Government also with the object of detaching a section of the fleets of both Powers to undertake the work after the several countries interested have given pledges and such securities as may be considered adequate."

"If the icefield of the Arctic be stranded in one large island or on two small ones, besides coming against the north of Greenland, I would propose to break up the ice by starting in to work at the east of Greenland and then proceeding north and west. The work could also be commenced at the head of Davis Strait and Behring Strait."

"The work of breaking up the ice could, I believe, be done by shooting great torpedoes under the ice, so fixed that they would explode at a considerable distance. Ice floating on the surface, as the ice in the Arctic Ocean does, would be very easy to break up, as experiments have proved."

"And once broken up, the ice east of Greenland would flow out into the Arctic and melt. If the whole mass of ice were found to float out when its connection with Greenland were severed, we should probably have to depend on Davis and Behring Straits to convey it away."

"I might point out to you that when this scheme of mine has been carried out, as it will be some day, the area of habitable land in Canada will be more than double that of the whole United States. Moreover, Greenland, with a mild climate, would unquestionably become valuable, and you can depend upon it that the United States would try to get possession of it in that case."

Painting Under Difficulties.

A. A. Boussoff is a Russian painter of arctic scenes. To produce his sketches he was compelled to make toilsome and hazardous journeys, during which he could only use charcoal and pastel. It was not possible save in the spring to use oil colors, and even then it was hard to mix them, the paints being frozen. "Some of my sketches," he says, "I painted in the open air when it was bitterly cold. I had to put on fur gloves to hold the brush and work with rapid and energetic strokes. There were moments when my hands were frozen and refused service, my brush splitting with the cold. Yet I continued, having the ardent desire to fix on the canvas all those fantastic phenomena of the far north, so full of fascinating charm."

Why They Like Mirrors.

Every season there is an increased demand for mirrors in public places in New York. "Just bear this principle in mind," said an old architect the other day, "if you ever intend to adopt my profession. When an architect finds a few inches of space that he does not know what to do with he just fills it up with a looking glass, and he does not make any mistake. People in New York are proud and want to look at themselves on all possible occasions. They want mirrors in elevators, in cars and ferryboats, on stairways and in all old chinks in the wall, and it is the architect who provides these first aids to the good looking that is going to get the bulk of the business."—Boston Herald.

For Buttons, \$15,000,000.

Little things count mighty big in this great country of ours. For instance, in the past year it took \$15,000,000 worth of buttons to keep the clothing on our men, women and children. This does not include hooks and eyes. Those who use lead pencils also spent money, the sum rising a bit over \$4,000,000.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A CASE IN WEST ARIZONA.

Mrs. A. P. Ferguson a well known Cape Bretoner, has cured asthma by "Catarrozone." Her statement is convincing. "Although I was troubled for years it was only recently I tried Catarrozone. When an attack started I got out my inhaler and invariably got quick relief. Feeling satisfied Catarrozone would cure, I continued the treatment till one bottle was finished. I didn't use more because I was cured and the asthma has never returned." Catarrozone is sure death to asthma and bronchitis. Try it and be convinced. Two sizes, 15c. and \$1.00 at all dealers.

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