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Across the Big End of Canada.

Impressions of a Traveller

WHO JOURNEYED FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER.

(Frank Yeigh in the Montreal Herald.)

One breathes a different atmosphere once the Ontario boundary is passed and Manitoba is entered. The effete East is left behind; the living, youthful, hopeful, wakeful, energetic West is reached. The traveller, indeed, soon catches the western fever. A dread disease it is, seizing violently upon a new-comer, and no cure, outside of a monetary loss in a boom, is effective.

"From the East, eh?" casually remarks the true Manitoban, after his hearty salutation. "From the—East?"—the gradual drop in the voice revealing a tone surcharged with sorrow that a man should be content to drag out an existence anywhere between Halifax and Winnipeg.

"How're things?" Again the mournful note indicative of a belief that bankruptcy is the normal condition of the Eastern centres.

Then as the man from the East asks, in return: "And how're things in the West?" a startling change takes place in the Winnipegger. The funeral look of hopeless sympathy disappears, the eyes take on the prairie sparkle, thumbs are hung up in the waistcoat, legs are stretched wide apart, and with hat tipped back and cigar smoked vigorously, the reply comes with a rush:

"Booming my boy; booming! This is the country to really live in. Eighty million bushels of grain in Manitoba alone last year; a hundred this year, two hundred in nineteen-five, four hundred in nineteen-ten, a billion before we know it. Going to run a steel tube from Winnipeg to Fort William and shoot the grain into elevators and ships by compressed air. Only ten per cent, of our Manitoba land under cultivation, with millions left. Going to run automobile self-binders. Railways building new lines in every direction, laying tracks night and day, Sundays and holidays, all the time kept during Exhibition week; elevators going up as fast as barns; farmers are growing rich as Morgans; mortgages being lifted; banks as thick as grocery stores; getting on? Well, I should say we are? Want to buy a lot on Broadway?"

Winnipeg is one of the new world centres of a varied population, a strangely composite procession of humanity walking its streets or passing through its immigration sheds from day to day. The services of numerous official interpreters are needed, as the tongues of all Europe are heard, from Iceland and Scandinavia on the north to Italy and Greece on the South, from the shores of the Baltic as well as the Black Sea, from the kingdoms of Czar and Kaiser, King and President. Intensely interesting from a sociological point of view in this movement of peoples from lands centuries old to one that dates as if from yesterday, and even more perplexing is the suggested problems of assimilation. The home grown Canadian is led to anxiously ask: What type of men will the Canadian of the future be, as the racial result of such a heterogeneous inflow? Will the dominion of the West be able to digest this mixed human mass? Will it succeed in Canadianizing Galician and Donkhor, Mennonite and Mormon, French and German, Icelandic and Polish, Chinaman and Jap? It is too soon to venture a dogmatic answer, though there are signs that the problem will satisfactorily solve itself. Already it is difficult to recognize the various nationalities, as, dressed in Canadian garb, they mingle with the Anglo-Saxons of the Western cities; or, studying the children in the Winnipeg public schools, to tell those of foreign extraction from the Canadian pupils so far as dress and deportment are concerned, or, indeed, in their use of the English tongue.

As the Imperial Limited rushes across the ten thousand acre ranches of Alberta, the westbound traveller is soon brought within range of vision of the glittering white crowns of the Rockies, serrating the skyline from north to south. Truly a soul-moving panorama it is—the sweep

of the grassy foothills, the distant barrier of the scarred peaks, the end of the great plains, the beginning of the sea of mountains. The same regal train also brought one to the banks of the tortuous Bow River and to the washed away tracks and wrecked bridges caused by the floods of a few weeks ago. Given a great river, full to its yellow banks, rushing with angry speed, given bridges with missing abutments or collapsed spans; given, moreover, train after train pouring out their human freight, and the combined state of affairs constituted a mighty problem for the Canadian Pacific officials. The manner in which they grappled with and overcome the unexpected difficulty won for them the highest praise of every belated traveller, and the way in which the company looked after the congested streams of humanity, during the interruption of the train service, is no less worthy of public recognition. The railway man may well pray to be delivered from washouts!

At last, all delays and transfers were a thing of the past, as the train wound its sinuous length up the Bow River Valley through the mighty gateway of the Rocky Mountains, under the shadow of the lofty peak of the Three Sisters and grim old Cascade to Banff amphitheatre in hills. How regally they lifted their summits above river and lake and the forest-fringed slopes; how Lefroy defiantly pushed its sword-edge toward the west; with what purity the snows on Ingals-maldie shone in the noonday sun. There is only one Banff!

There is only one lake Louise. The spell it wove in other years has not lost its power, a spell of subtle beauty to its own matchless purity; mingled with the awesome majesty of its protecting palisades of rock. Once more the trail under the pines is used to reach Mirror Lake, in its deep granite bowl, and Lake Agnes a shivering gem, in a July snow-storm, set high above its sister lakes. But the veil of white lifts long enough to reveal the marvellous view to be seen from the edge of Lake Agnes; Louise is shrouded in a pond, its glacial stream is only a suggestion of a silver streak between the tree tops, and far below stretches the Bow Valley, flanked by rocky monsters to the north.

Heterogeneous as is the crowd of settlers flocking into the West, equally so is the procession of pleasure-seekers invading the Canadian mountains. Nearly 50 per cent. are from the Eastern States, a type in striking contrast to the globe-trotting Englishman who speaks as familiarly of Calcutta and Sydney as of London. The one type unreserved, talkative, a bit boastful, and a trifle patronizing; the other a somewhat buttoned-up class, not wearing hearts on sleeves nor displaying a noisy enthusiasm over the scenery. The American will use a dictionary of adjectives, while an Englishman confines himself to a simple verb. The one talks too much the other too little. The United States praises by comparison, measuring a rocky peak against an Alp; Lake Louise with Lake Lucerne. The Britisher keeps his opinion to himself.

There are three outstanding types of travellers, those, for example, who with wealth and time to spare, distress themselves in filling up the days set apart for their summer trip. They stay in one resort so that they may not reach another too soon. To a second class it is the event of a lifetime, and every moment not spent in sight-seeing is an agony. To such, travelling for pleasure is a serious business. A third class are blasé and blind to beauty. They will read a newspaper while the train tears down the wild Kicking Horse canyon or hugs the base of Cathedral Peak. They have travelled too much. All these classes of travellers form the endless tide of humankind that daily sweeps east and west through the Canadian Rockies and Selkirks.

When Vancouver and Victoria are reached on the long across-continent trip, their individuality serves to accentuate the distinguishing characteristics of all our Canadian cities. Vancouver is vigorous, hopeful, self-confident, saucy indeed, and justly proud of its achievements since its great fire. Where else will even a world-trotter view such an absorbing marine picture as in the harbor of young Vancouver—crafts of all kinds, cruising in all seas, and flying all kinds of flags, or where else will he see a finer natural

retreat than Stanley Park, with its forest monarchs and its green tangle of ferns and flowers?

In Victoria is reached the real outlet to the Orient. Old in comparison to its sister city across the straits, dignified and sedate is the provincial capital, as befits an elderly character, happy in its suggestions of the Motherland, and living its days quietly and therefore safely. The British Columbian is as enthusiastic over his land of riches as the Manitoban over his fields of grain, and rightly so. With almost every mineral of value to mankind hidden in its ribs of granites or depths of earth, with water powers of incalculable extent awaiting the harnessing of man, with forests and fisheries; with rich agricultural valleys, who dare say, when in British Columbia, that our far western province is not the Eldorado of the Dominion?

And all this vast territory, from Mount Royal to the peaks of the Pacific; from the St. Lawrence to the Fraser, is all in "the big end of Canada!" No wonder every true Canadian grows more proud of his Dominion as he views its scenic beauties, learns of its resources and pictures its future; no wonder he "loves his land because it is his own, and scorns to give aught other reason why."

Pleasant Cure for Weak Lungs.

The best remedy for sore weak lungs. is the soothing vapor of Catarrhzone which traverses every air cell and passage of the breathing organs. It treats remote parts that cough mixtures and sprays can't approach, and kills thousands of germs in every breath. Catarrhzone drives away pain, congestion and inflammation; it makes breathing easy and regular, and exerts a marvelous influence on Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Deafness, and Lung Trouble. Catarrhzone cures at once, is delightful to inhale, and simple to use. Price \$1.00; trial size 25c. Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston Ont. Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

PETERSVILLE.

(Special correspondence to the Herald.)

Aug. 28.—The annual picnic of Petersville was held on the grounds of the Roman Catholic church on the 26th inst., and scored a very satisfactory amount. The day was beautiful and favorable for the business, and in the afternoon there was a large attendance. Everything was carried out in such an orderly and respectable manner that it encouraged the guests to indulge more freely in every luxury and amusing entertainment, such as music and dancing, footraces and merry-go-round. Every table was well furnished with delicious luxuries, and the appetites of a large congregation were satisfactorily appeased.

MAKE THE LITTLE ONES STRONG AND HAPPY.

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD

Is Valuable For Growing Children.

Malt Breakfast Food is the best food for children of any age after infancy. If you would have your little ones thrive by putting on firm flesh and making bone and muscle, their diet should, to a large extent, be Malt Breakfast Food. This king of foods is delicious, appetizing, satisfying and quickly digested; it quiets the irritated stomach and gives restful healthy sleep. At the present time we know of many mothers who are bringing up weakly and frail children on Malt Breakfast food by the advice of physicians and the results in every case are happy and promising. Malt Breakfast Food pleases the whole family. It produces a vitality and energy that oatmeal and ordinary foods can never bestow. Order a package from your Grocer.

The little steamer Brunswick from Dutch Harbor, Kodiak and the Seal Islands of St. George and St. Paul brought to San Francisco her whole season's catch of seal skins. The furs represent the covering of 22,243 seals and in the markets of the world they will bring in the neighbourhood of \$800,000. The Brunswick's cargo represents the season's work of seal slaughter on and around St. George and St. Paul Islands.

Corns Between the Toes

Or the soles of the feet can be cured by a few applications of Putnam's Corn Extractor, which has been successfully used for 30 years. Putnam's is sure, safe and painless, and much better than any substitute.

BURT'S CORNER.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald)

Sept. 1.—Haying is over, and harvesting has commenced.

Charles Staples, our blacksmith, has made an improvement on double team waggons and has applied for a patent. We hope he will be successful in his undertaking.

Mrs. Lewis Brewer of Upper Woodstock, made a bying visit to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Brewer on her way to her former home at Boiestown. Mr. Brewer is building a bridge there.

Invitations are out for another wedding which will take place in the near future. Willie Burt has gone to Houlton, Maine.

A basket social will take place at Dr. O. E. Morehouse's on Friday evening next.

Mrs. Lizzie Traves, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. Gabriel Brewer, her sister. John Sinnett and sister passed through here one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hallet passed through here today on their way to Fredericton.

A wedding takes place at the residence of Mr and Mrs Thomas Allen on Wednesday 3rd inst. The contracting parties are A. A. Grant and Miss Esther Allen.

FOR ONE KIND ACT.

Wilmington, Del., Sept. 2.—John T. Vandergrift, a mechanic, living at No. 408 Porter Street, in this city, has been notified that he is heir to \$50,000, left by a stranger, whom he aided twenty-two years ago. He has gone to Baltimore to obtain the fortune.

Mr. Vandergrift lived in St. Georges in 1880, and went to Philadelphia that year by boat. On the voyage one of the passengers an elderly man, became ill. Mr. Vandergrift nursed the stranger as well as he could. In Philadelphia the mechanic helped the stranger to a hotel and procured a doctor for him. He would take no pay at that time.

A Wonderful Tonic and Strengthenor.

Said a druggist today, "No doubt about it, the tonic that gives best results is the biggest seller, and that is Ferrozone. It enriches and purifies the blood, restores strength and energy to the feeble, and is a scientific reconstructor that was always popular. In chlorosis, anaemia, tiredness, languor, brain fog, indigestion and dyspepsia its action is prompt, and satisfactory cures always follow. Yes, I recommend Ferrozone to my customers because I believe it is the best tonic and strengthening medicine that money can buy." Large boxes cost 50c. Sold by C. A. Burchill.

FREDERICTON POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails Schedule Now in Force.

Mails close at the Fredericton post office as follows:

6.00 a. m.—St. John, United States; St. Stephen, and Charlotte, Carleton, Victoria, Madawaska counties, Fredericton Jct., Waasis Station, Rasiagornis Station.
7.00 a. m.—Mouth of Keswick, Upper Keswick, Millville, Woodstock.
7.30 a. m.—Down river mails—Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.
9.15 a. m.—St. John and C. P. R. stations east—Nova Scotia, P. E. Island.
3.30 p. m.—C. E. Station—Chatham, Newcastle and I. C. R. points north, Quebec city and province.
5.30 p. m.—St. John, United States, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., Woodstock, St. Stephen, Moncton, etc., Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and N. W. provinces.

Arrivals.

9.15 a. m.—St. John, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., etc.
11.30 a. m.—United States, St. Stephen, etc.; Montreal, Ottawa and N. W. Provinces.
1.45 p. m.—Canada Eastern Mails, North Shore and Quebec.
4.30 p. m.—Down river mails.
8.10 p. m.—St. John, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., etc.
8.50 p. m.—Mouth of Keswick, etc., Woodstock.
2 wds.

The Boer Generals have issued a statement declaring that there is no truth in the reports of differences between themselves and Mr. Kruger, Dr. Leyds and the Boer delegates in Europe.

The Way He Came.

At the finish of a football match a youngster in his hurry to get out scrambled over the paling that surrounds the ground.

A burly policeman standing by shouted to him as he was about to drop outside, "You young rascal, why don't you go out the way you came in?"

"So I am!" shouted the boy as he vanished into the crowd.

The policeman also vanished, amid the laughter of the bystanders.

Profitable Walnut Trees.

The English walnut is said to be the most profitable of all nut bearing trees. When in full vigor, they will yield about 300 pounds of nuts to the tree. The nuts sell on an average at about fourpence per pound. If only twenty-seven trees are planted on an acre, the income would be about £135 per acre.—London Answers.

Two Sad Things.

I have just fallen upon the two saddest secrets of the disease which troubles the age we live in—the envious hatred of him who suffers want and the selfish forgetfulness of him who lives in affluence.—"Journal of a Happy Man."

A Matchless Face.

Ida—She thinks she has a matchless face.

May—I agree with her. She will never make a match as long as she has it.—Chicago News.

Albumenized Milk.

Albumenized milk is a most nourishing drink for an invalid, and in hot weather, taken at intervals of three hours between breakfast and a 6 o'clock dinner, would be all the nourishment required by a person in health. Drop the white of one egg in a glass, add two-thirds of a cupful of milk, cover and shake until thoroughly mixed. Strain into another glass and serve.

Both Blunt.

"I'm too practical to do as heroes do in books, Miss Slight, so I'll just ask you bluntly, will you be my wife?"
"No, thank you. Mr. Terse. I myself don't believe in those silly bookish notions, and as the silly heroines always say yes, why, I'll tell you bluntly, no, sir, I won't!"

Just Cries.

"What makes the baby cry?" asked the little visitor.
"Oh," explained Ethel, "our baby doesn't have to have anything to make it cry."

Fair Warning.

He (nervously)—Who is that tramping around overhead?
She—That's papa. He always gets restless toward morning.

Affects One's Imagination.

"When a man gets good an' mad," said Uncle Eben, "he's liable to 'magine he's a volcano when he ain' nuffin but a firecracker."

Where Things Are Made.

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a good coat, I go to London. They make them there." Before leaving the shop he inquired, "By the bye, do you attend my church?"

"No," was the reply; "when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to London. They make them there."

A Good Quarter Dollar's Worth

Is contained in a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, which cures rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, toothache, headache, cramps, sick stomach and indigestion. Mothers find Nerviline a first class liniment for children's sore throat, hoarseness, cold in the chest, and taken in hot water before retiring is a splendid remedy for colds. Don't be without Nerviline; it is the most economical, potent and reliable household liniment made, and costs only 25c. Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

Aunt Frances said to her nephew one day: "What will you do when you are a man Tommy? 'I'll grow a beard,' was the unexpected reply. 'Why? she ask—because I won't have nearly so much face to wash,' said Tommy.—Little Chronicle.

An Indiana man forgot the date of his wedding until the girl came around and called his attention to it. He will probably remember it the rest of his life.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.