

THROUGH THE FAR NORTH-WEST AN AMERICAN'S TRIP THROUGH CANADIAN TERRITORY.

His Impressions of the North-West and Our Trans-Continental Highway.

Frank G. Carpenter writes as follows in the Buffalo Express:

We people of the United States have but little idea of the vast extent of Canada and her provinces. Did she belong to the United States we would long before this have built an empire upon her territory. Look at her agricultural area. From north to south for a distance of 1,600 miles the cereals can be cultivated, a distance about as far apart as Rome is from St. Petersburg. The Province of Ontario is as wide, taking its northernmost and southernmost points, as Cleveland, O., is distant from Mobile, Ala., and Canada can grow anything that we can, with the exception of rice, cotton and tobacco. Ontario grows more corn to the acre than any of our states, except Missouri, and the wheat fields of the Dominion are among the best of the world. The Manitoba wheat is noted in the markets of Europe, and it is said good wheat can be grown as far north as the Mackenzie River basin. Along the Canadian Pacific road I passed a number of big farms and there is one great agricultural stock company which runs its farms on a big scale and has about a dozen farms of 10,000 acres each. This company engages in wheat raising, as well as stock and sheep farming, and aims to keep about 4,000 acres under cultivation at each of its ranches. It manages everything on scientific principles, and is, I am told, doing well.

This is not the case, however, with some of the farmers here. Many young fellows have come out from England to pick the dollars out of the soil with kid gloves, who are now going about bare-headed and red-nosed, with patches on the seats of their pantaloons. Some of them are the good-for-nothing second sons of old families, who came here and bought land, thinking it would farm itself, and others were sent out by their rich fathers to learn farming. A few years ago a number of

SHARP CANADIANS

made a business of going to England and bringing back young Englishmen for agricultural tuition. They would get from \$500 to \$1,000 per year for bringing the young men here and having them work on their ranches learning practical farming. The young men when they arrived were allowed to do much as they pleased, and between doing a little work at long intervals and smoking and hunting and drinking, they passed the time till they could persuade their fathers to buy ranches for them. A number of such men, and younger sons, are in the Dominion to-day. They are facetiously termed remittance men, because they depend on remittances from home to keep them going. Numbers of good stories are told here of how they keep up appearances and of the excuses and arguments which they send home to extract more money. The latest is regarding a British Columbia good-for-nothing, who had bled his father until the old gentleman had written from England positively declining to send any more money. This state continued up until six weeks ago, when the boy wrote home an enthusiastic letter about his ranch and his prospects. Among other things he told his father that he had now a stock of 700 blooded gophers on his place, and if he had \$500 to keep them in good condition he would come out all right. The name of gopher, ground squirrel, was a new one to the old man, and he sent the money. He evidently thinks his boy's stock a fine variety of sheep or cattle.

The wheat crop of the province of Ontario in 1893 was estimated by the Bureau of Industries at about ten million bushels less than that of 1892; the crop in Manitoba in 1893 was very little, if any, larger than in 1892. Considerable of the crop of 1892 was carried over into the present crop year, allowing for this, it appears tolerably certain that the net exports from the Dominion during the twelve months ending September 30, 1894, will fall short of the quantity exported during preceding twelve months.

Some of the grandest scenery of this world is seen at its best under a covering of snow. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs for about a thousand miles through some of the most beautiful parts of the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk range. During the summer the sides of these mountains are covered with a dense growth of green, though their tops are capped with snow and ice. There is no vast desert of cactus and sage-brush, such as you find on the other trans-Pacific roads, and the picturesqueness and grandeur of the Rockies are seen at their softest and best. I have seen them, however, under different aspects, and one of

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES

of my life was a ride which I took this week on one of the engines of the Canadian Pacific Railroad down the wildest and roughest parts of the Rocky Mountains. Seated in the cab of the engine near the grimy fireman, who was shoveling bushels of coal into the furnaces, and on the other side of the boiler from the stern-faced engineer, I rode for miles and miles—it seemed almost an eternity to me—through vast snow-walled gorges, under massive overhanging rocks, in and out of tunnels and snow-sheds, now hanging above a raging river and now shooting about curves into other canyons equally as grand. The cab of the engine was walled with glass, and I could see as well as though I had been riding on the iron snowplow fastened to its front in place of a cowcatcher. The great iron horse throbbled like a thing of life. It puffed out vast quantities of smoke in two spiral columns, and as we neared one of the little mountain stations it cut the cold air with a steam shriek which made me think that all the souls in hades were loose in the Rockies, and the pent-up agony of the damned was concentrated in the scolding steam of that engine. After riding a while, however, one's nervousness goes off. You see the care of the engineer, the parties of watchmen stationed at almost every mile of track, the frequent snow-sheds, where the danger is the greatest, and you can then note the wonders of nature about you. The scene changes at every turn of the great wheels of the locomotive. Now the mountains on both sides of the track rise almost straight upward in a snowy wall for hundreds upon hundreds—it seems to me for thousands—of feet, skirting out the sun and their tops kissing the pure sky. Now you shoot out into the open, and there is a

long vista of ragged hills, which rise one above the other till they fade away into the glacier peaks of the horizon. Here a great river of blue ice runs for miles along the track, and you know you are almost at the headwaters of the Columbia, which goes on its course down through Washington and Oregon and empties into the Pacific. Further back you saw the Saskatchewan River flowing toward Winnipeg and Hudson Bay, and a few miles further you will find the rocky, blue Fraser plowing its way through great gorges and over

THE GOLDEN SANDS

which so excited the gold hunters in the days of early California, and which, by the use of modern dredging machinery, I am told, bid fair to excite them again. On through these waters into scenery which almost takes away your breath. You think of the Texas cowboy who made his pile and awoke one morning amid the finest of the mountains of Switzerland. His life had been spent on the plains, and the grandeur filled his soul, till he could contain himself no longer, and he threw up his hat and yelled, not irreverently, but honestly, these words, "Hurrah for God!"

Now you see Mount Stephens rising 3,000 feet above you, and holding on its top, just over your head, a glacier of green ice 500 feet in thickness. Now you pass Sir Donald, another vast mountain, whose naked, rocky peak, as I went by it, had cast a great shadow on the sky, a thing I have never seen before in any mountain range or anywhere. Then on under mere glaciers, through mighty hills which have beards of gray, thin pines, each containing enough Christmas trees to supply the world; on into ravines the rocky walls of which you could almost touch from the engine window, and out into other gorges, through walls which are made of stones piled one upon the other by nature's giant hands, till the height of the Tower of Babel is surpassed and they seem to reach to heaven itself.

The scene changes at every turn, and the wonders of engineering in building a great road over the Rockies amaze you. This road was completed in about five years. It made something like \$3,000,000 of profit, I am told, two years ago, and it is one of the few railroads in America which are paying to-day. Its service is good and the intention is to double the number of trains on the mountain division next year. You note the difference between it and one of our roads the moment you enter the cars. The accent of the employees is English, and every official is either a Canadian or an Englishman. Even the negro porter of the sleeper was of Canadian birth, and the dining-car conductor, who wore brass buttons and looked like Henry Irving the actor, said "don't you know," and really paid some attention to seeing that the passengers were served.

Speaking of Fraser River and its gold deposits, this was, you remember, one of the

RICHEST PLACER RIVERS

of the world along late in the fifties, and something like fifty million dollars worth of gold has been washed out of the sands of British Columbia. The stream is very rough and rocky, however, and much of it has been inaccessible to the placer miners. It is known, however, to contain great quantities of gold, and four different American companies are now at work here trying to get this gold out. They have had dredge like pumps made, which are to suck up the gold-bearing sand and throw it into a sluice box, which will extract the gold. The experiment is a new one, but it was tested only a day or so ago in the shallow water at the edge of the river, and some gold was the result. I talked last night with the president of one of these companies—a Mr. Young—who comes, I think, from Minneapolis. Said he: "There is no doubt but there are millions upon millions of dollars of gold in these rivers, and I think there is no doubt but that we are going to get out a large part of it. We lease certain strips of the river from the Government a so much per mile per year. We now have under lease 57 miles, and we have men prospecting and locating other tracts. Our machines cost us from four to seven thousand dollars apiece, and I expect to see some of them earning a thousand dollars a day. In a month from now I can tell just what they will do. Each machine ought to wash and reduce 100 cubic yards of gravel a day, and we can get out stuff from the very centre of the river, where the most gold is supposed to be. In the old days of placer mining a man did well to wash out three cubic yards a day, and here he had to rely upon the banks only."

"What will be the result if you succeed as you expect?"

"It will make this whole country boom. I don't think there is a doubt of our success, and I expect to see a great deal of placer mining done in this way in the future. It is only applying to mining the machinery that has been used for years in dredging. If we succeed it will bring millions of capital to Vancouver, and will make times good again."

"How are the times here now?"

"They are hard here and all over the world. The only place I know where they are at all good is in South Africa, and you would be surprised to know what an emigration is taking place to that country. Within the past few months at least 100 have sailed from here alone, and others are going. They expect to make fortunes in the new gold mines there. As for me, I would rather stay here."

There are about 3,000 Chinamen in this town of 20,000 people. Victoria, which is about as large as Vancouver, has a like number, and it is from here that many Chinese are smuggled into the United States. There are numerous trails over the border, and many are taken in by sea. We have no good protection of our Northern boundaries, and I am told that quantities of opium as well as numbers of Chinamen are taken in every month. The opium is prepared at Victoria, it is said, and smuggled in. It takes only a small package to hold a pound, and each pound thus brought in escapes a duty of \$12. Ten pounds can easily be hidden, and a hundred or so pounds can be carried in a canoe. The hundred pounds would bring a profit of \$1,200, so you see there is money in the business. I doubt not that Uncle Sam loses hundreds of thousands of dollars in this way every year, and the only prevention would seem to be for him to swallow up Canada or to establish a more efficient line of customs detectives along the frontier. As it is, the Canadians protect their border better than we do. At every station I saw their mounted police, and they have a very fine organization to watch over their interests and to keep order along the border.

HOUSEHOLD.

Baby's Compliment

His father and mother were both away. And baby and I had been friends all day; Many and gay were the games we played, Baby ordered and I obeyed— We cared not at all for the rainy sky. We built us a block house three feet high; We threw pine knots on the nursery fire And watched the flames mount high and higher. We hid in the most improbable nooks, We looked at the pictures in all his books; We ran in "tag" till his cheeks were red, And his curls were tangled about his head, So when the twilight was closing down Over the fields and the woodlands brown, And nurse declared we must say good-night, He clung to me still in the soft firelight. He trampled my gown with his rough little feet, He climbed on my lap and kissed me sweet, And as he scrambled from off my knee, "You'd make a good mother," said baby to me.

I have had compliments, now and then, From grown-up women and grown-up men, Some were commonplace, some were new, Never was one of them sung so true, Never was one seemed half so real; Baby compared me to his ideal!

S. St. G. Lawrence.

How to Make Good Bread.

The art of breadmaking is a very ancient one, and from age to age great strides have been made forward, but still to multitudes of housewives it is a task, a duty they are specially glad to mark off the kitchen chore slate, if only for that bugbear reason "It is so long lying around." This aversion to the great weekly, bi-weekly or tri-weekly task is caused by the old-fashioned way of making the "sponge" at night, leaving to rise until morning, and then kneading the bread and setting it to rise again, before finally baking it. The kneading has to be done the first thing in the morning, right after breakfast, before anyone feels in really good humor for manual exertion; and therefore the bread dough does not receive the attention and treatment which is absolutely necessary for good bread.

It is best to state clearly here that to make good bread means work with a large "W" and not play, thus, by pawing and pinching the dough at a time when disinclined for actively working it, the fault of inefficient and incomplete physical labor is added to the other evils of what ought to be an obsolete method.

When the average housewife is told that under the improved method she can start in at, say, 10 s. m. to make her sponge, and have the bread baked by 1 o'clock, she will, I trust, be disposed to give the idea consideration.

When further it is claimed that to the welcome gains of time and ease, etc., are added more wholesome bread better to the taste, that will keep fresh much longer, and furthermore that bread made in the new way is indorsed both by the expert baker and the physician, the advantages of making a change ought to be obvious.

The medical opinion is based upon the fact that there is no need for any foreign ingredient such as sugar and potatoes, that the fermentation is more rapid and the natural sweetness in the flour retained to the fullest extent, and that therefore the bread is more nutritious and easily digested.

It is somewhat difficult to describe any process in words. It would be much easier show the detail with a practical piece of dough. But failing that opportunity I give the formulae for making two loaves.

SETTING THE SPONGE.

In an ordinary gallon bowl dissolve two-thirds of a fresh cake of yeast, with about a pint of tepid water.

Add a very little salt, about as much as will lie on a dime; this cannot be gauged closely, and the only guide to the quantity is that the mixture must not taste salt, but only a little "brack." If the mixture is permitted to taste salt at this stage, when the fermentation takes place it will be much saltier. Therefore care is necessary until the quantity becomes, by use, more or less instinctive.

Add sufficient flour to make the batter thick enough to be beaten with a spoon, but not any thicker. Beat it well, put the bowl in a very hot place, either on the shelf over the range, or on a chair close to the front of the range. Cover with a cloth to keep off the dust, being careful the cloth does not sag down and touch the sponge, and then leave it to rise.

HOW TO KNEAD.

In an hour and a half the sponge will be light. The bowl must then be transferred to the table, and sufficient flour worked in to make a stiff dough. Then add a piece of sweet lard as large as a small hen's egg, and work it in with the hand so that it is thoroughly mixed and the dough will "leave the bowl clean" and in such a condition that it can be "worked" and not stick to the kneading board. It is the sign of a good breadmaker that the board is always free from surplus flour, and perfectly clear from all litter after the kneading once commences.

Flour the board lightly around the center, being careful that it is very dry, and knead the dough vigorously for twenty minutes. This is a very important part of the process and great care should be taken not to break the dough or tear it—that is to say, the kneading should be done with the lower end of the palm—the "heel" of the hand, as it were—and not with the fingers. Half the poor bread now made is due to this one fact of ignorant kneading. No amount of "pinching" will have the fine effect of palm work.

The dough should be placed in the center of the board and the hands placed lightly upon it; then the heel of the palm should be pressed firmly downward, and at the same time the hands thrown forward slowly, in such a way that the upper part of the dough is held fairly stationary in the hand while the palm grinds its part down and under. As the arms straighten the dough should be deftly turned, and with the same motion brought backward, with the same grinding movement is again gone through, thus systematically working the dough round and round until it is perfectly smooth, looking like satin and free from air blebs.

Less than twenty minutes' conscientious work will not produce this effect.

It is important that there should be no let-up in the kneading after it is commenced. The best bread is produced where the temperature of the dough has been kept regular. Every break to attend to something else produces a lowering of the surface heat.

The kneading must be good, vigorous

kneading, to which the whole attention must be devoted, with no time given to talking or looking out of the window. In fact, if kneading is done properly it will be found that there is no chance for attention to be given to anything else, any more than there would be in the case of any other delicate domestic detail.

Having progressed thus far, cut the dough into two pieces. Place one out of the way at the upper corner of the board. Take the other into the center of the board with the cut surface uppermost. Then with fingers and thumbs of both hands work the outer edges of the cut surface forward and slightly downward (with the same action as that of inclosing an apple in dough for baking) until the cut surface disappears, and a smooth seamless ball remains, with a tiny gathering, like that of a bag, at the top. Repeat the process with the other piece of dough.

TINS AND BAKING FIRE.

Now as to bread tins. They are of various sizes; the tins I use measure at the top nine inches long, and five wide and three deep.

Carefully grease the tins, paying special attention to the corners; then place in each tin one of the pieces of dough, and press it down with the knuckles well into the corners and along the sides, so that it will present an even surface, coming about halfway up the sides of the tin.

Then place the tins in a very warm place, such as the chair on which the sponge was placed to rise. They should be allowed to remain there until the dough has risen to double its capacity or quite to the top of the tin. This, if the heat be right, will be in about an hour. The tins should, of course, be covered to keep out the dust.

The fire in the meantime should receive close attention, as a fierce fire is not required, but a steady fire—one that has burned up steadily with a good moderate uniform heat, which will be maintained in the oven with but little increase or diminution for some time.

A decreasing heat is as bad as a fierce or increasing heat. A clear fire with a moderate draft open is what is required. This is an item in which practice alone can make perfect, and many a baking of bread is spoiled by inattention to it or ignorance.

When sufficiently risen, the bread should be placed in the oven, and should be well baked in about forty-five minutes, or an hour at the outside.

To procure the best results attention should be given to it as it bakes. Ovens are cranky affairs, subject to wind, and other outdoor agencies; and thus varying it will be found necessary at times to turn the loaves around as they brown, crosswise or lengthwise, according to the way in which they bake. A sure sign of sufficiently cooked bread is gained by thrusting a clean broom straw through the loaf, and if it comes out dry the bread is done, but if any dough adheres to it more baking is required.

Remove the bread from the oven, shake out of the tins immediately, and wrap the loaves up in separate cloths, or in one cloth so that there is a double fold of the cloth between the loaves. This is imperative. Let them stand until cool, which will be in an hour. Then unwrap, and if possible do not cut the first loaf until the next day.

Bread should always be kept in a tin box amply large, and having a close-fitting lid which should be kept perfectly closed. If this is done a loaf a week old will be as good as it was the day after it was made.

UNNECESSARY THINGS.

Many people put sugar, potatoes, milk, etc., into bread, but any other thing than good flour, lard, yeast, warm water and salt is unnecessary. Bread made as described is rendered as sweet by the natural saccharine matter contained in the flour as any reasonable palate cares to have it.

Expert chemical opinion holds that the merits of this method are due to the fact that rising or fermentation is practically a fungous growth evolved in a much more perfect state from the moisture, the yeast germ in the flour and the long, steady manipulation, than it would have been by the natural slow process of "letting it stand." It is claimed that these fungi should be retained as far as possible in an unbaked state; that any double kneading, tearing of dough by the fingers, or delay after the perfect fermentation has once been effected, results in a depreciation and a loss of the most vital elements of the bread. This loss is the reason why in other methods the use of sugar becomes necessary.

It should be especially remembered that bread must be worked well; that the dough should be as stiff as it can be comfortably worked, this necessitating active handwork—which is what is required.

It is always advisable to make rather small loaves. Where a greater quantity is required, it is best to make more loaves rather than large ones. It does not make up as well, or keep as well, in the larger ones. It will be found better to bake twice a week, than to have one large baking and not get the good bread desired.

Lime Juice for Scurvy.

Probably few persons outside the industries actually concerned are aware that under the provisions of the British lime juice act the Board of Trade are empowered to compel the ships' captains to serve out to their crew a fluid ounce of lime juice per day, and to hold the masters responsible for the actual swallowing of the dose by the men. Any case of recalcitrancy on the part of one of the crew has to be entered into the official log book, and in case these precautions are neglected the master is liable to a heavy penalty. Thanks to the provisions of the act, scurvy has been almost stamped out.

Merely a Matter of Form.

Dentist—"I'm afraid it's too late to save the tooth, Miss. It will have to come out." Self-possessed Young Woman—"Is the corresponding tooth on the opposite side a sound one?"

"Perfectly."

"No probability that it will get to aching?"

"None whatever."

"And this one that's aching—is it likely to keep my jaw swelled up as it is does now?"

"It is."

"Then take it out, doctor. It destroys the symmetry of my face."

Women are now widely employed in the manufacture of watches. Over 1,800 of them find occupation in the Waltham Watchmaking Company, and 1,260 men.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

The Sailors got Rid of a big Shark by Giving Him a Dynamite Pill.

One of the oldest sea captains who visit the port of New York is a German who years ago left his fatherland to take service in one of the English vessels plying between London and the East Indies. In conversation a few days ago he gave an account of his most exciting experience.

"A great shark," said he, "had followed us—our vessel was not very large—for five days, on one of the very early voyages. It was impossible to satisfy his ravenous hunger, and he swallowed almost everything that we threw overboard. We tried in vain to capture the animal and almost decided to give up the attempt. Then, unhappily, my cabin boy died, and we, of course, made preparations to bury him as sailors wish to be buried, in the depths of the sea. We watched closely for the shark on the morning of the funeral, naturally not wishing him to make a meal of the ship's little favorite. We had not seen him for an hour or more, and believed the time favorable for the burial. But we had been deceived. The body, loaded with cannon balls to carry it to the bottom of the sea, had just touched the water when the great shark opened his mighty jaws and swallowed it. The sailors who had lowered the body were almost drawn overboard by the forceful pull of the shark.

"This angered the seamen beyond endurance, and they swore that they would kill the creature. They prepared a bomb, which was made to explode under the water in a certain time, inclosed it in a cowhide and threw it to the shark when he again appeared near the ship. The cowhide quickly disappeared. As a rule the shark, after getting something in its mouth swam away from the boat a considerable distance in order to eat the morsel. We, of course, expected it to do the same thing this time, as the ship might be endangered by the coming explosion. But to the terror of all of us the shark remained in close proximity to the vessel. One of the sailors suggested that the bite was not large enough to inconvenience the monster and proposed that we make a larger package for his stomach. It was done as quickly as possible.

"One of the seamen got a sack which was filled with old rags and other useless things and threw it into the water. The jaws opened, but he could not get the stuff down his throat easily, so he swam away, to the great delight of all on board. But the time had come for the explosion and we waited with quick-beating hearts for it, praying that he would keep away from the ship. We could just see the shark start below the surface, when a dull sound was heard, the waters parted and flew in the air. The shark was divided into pieces and our danger was past. I shall never forget our terror while the animal remained near us with that bomb in his stomach."

Condition of Winter Grain.

The possibilities of damage to fall wheat by freezing are nearly passed. The recent heavy falls of snow have been advantageous to the plant and from what we can hear from different parts of this district the wheat looks fairly well. The condition of fall or winter wheat on April 1st as reported by the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, averages 86.7 per cent of the entire country as against 77.4 on the same date last year. As soon as spring weather tests the vitality of browned or blackened plants, a very accurate view of the status of winter grain can be had, and an approximate forecast of harvest results made. About now, especially with the weather that has prevailed in this district, there is always a little uncertainty as to the recuperative power of frosted plants. Up to the last week of March the winter was exceptionally favorable in this country. Then followed a severe freezing, which was more injurious owing to the previous warm and growing weather of March. In low, black soils, where drainage has been neglected, the crop no doubt has suffered. In well drained and well prepared soils there has been very little injury. Wheat not so far advanced, though brown and sere in some localities, is not supposed to be much injured. The report alluded to says the weather from seeding time until the recent cold weather swept over the country, except in certain cases, has been very favorable to the growth of the plant. In the Eastern, Northern and Northwestern States snow covering has afforded protection. In addition the temperature was mild.

The acreage is an element in the calculation of possible production, and we may say as far as this part of the Province is concerned there is a general statement in most reports of an reduced area, and this appears to be general throughout Canada and the United States. There is no doubt that low prices have tended somewhat to decrease the acreage. At least it is hoped that this is the case, and that prices may feel the effect of this reduction. Too much reliance cannot be placed on this view, for there have been few years in the last twenty when popular intimations of decrease have not been more or less general, while the breadth of wheat has been nearly doubled in this period. The spring wheat area, it is claimed, will be reduced, in fact, in Ontario this crop has been only a cipher anyway during the last few years. Seeding was in progress in many places before the cold wave appeared, and it is feared that on low ground the seed will have rotted, and have to be re-sown. Much the larger portion is not yet completed. There is, however, a possibility of blight of summer grain, and possible further injury to winter wheat and rye, though after going through the vicissitudes of low and changing temperatures the chances of loss after the middle of April are small. We may expect, therefore, aside from extraordinary conditions, an average crop of fall or winter grain, not a full or large one, but at least a medium rate of yield. If the area shall not prove more reduced than now appears, probabilities favor a large an aggregation as in 1893.

Teddy's Opinion.

"Please give me some more chicken," said Teddy, as he passed his plate the fourth time.

"I'm sorry there is no more, but we only had half a chicken on the plate," answered the hostess kindly.

"Humph," grumbled Teddy. "I don't see why you don't kill a whole chicken when you're about it."