

CALGARY.

Bow River, Kicking Horse, Selkirk Rogers Pass and Eagle Pass) to Junction with Onderdonk's Contract.

Calgary, the future Sacramento of the North-West, is situated on the Bow river, 127 miles from the summit of the far-famed Kicking Horse pass, and 177 miles from the east crossing of the Columbia river. Approaching Calgary from the east the traveler is struck by the peculiar beauty of its situation. It seems to nestle at the foot of the serrated snow peaks that appear to overhang the town, though they are forty miles away. The Bow river, clear as crystal, winding through the grass-covered flats, and the back-ground of timbered slopes reaching up to the eternal, making a fairy picture. Sunrise and sunset at Calgary are too gorgeous and grand a display ever to be adequately described, and when the silver moonbeams tip the icy peaks sentiment runs riot. Far away to the east

THE BOUNDLESS PRAIRIE

stretches, and the winding valley of the Bow with its tree-covered slopes completes the picture.

So much has lately been written on mountain passes with so vast a divergence of geography and opinion that it might be well to give a description of the valley of the Bow river to the mouth of the pass and continuation. The Bow river is a stream about 300 feet wide, and flows with a velocity of four to five miles an hour at Calgary. It cuts its way through the foot hills in a series of bends, and is too shallow for navigation above Calgary, though below that point it might be used during floods for steamers of two-foot draught.

The construction of the railway line to the entrance of the Bow river pass was a very simple matter; the writer, then in the employ of the C. P. R. Co., recommended the crossing and re-crossing of the Bow to avoid excessive work, but generally that the line be carried up the right or south bank, where it is at present constructed. The

ENTRANCE TO THE PASS

is exceedingly easy, and thence continuing up the Bow river almost to the summit, a distance of 70 miles from the mouth of the pass (Padmore's) the work is very little heavier than ordinary prairie work. (The writer had access to the profiles of this work in October, 1882).

Directly the summit is passed the Kicking Horse river commences to tumble down to the Columbia, and here some difficult and excessively heavy work was met with, but nothing at all impracticable to the east crossing of the Columbia river, a further distance from the summit of 50 miles. In the writer's experience it has always been easy to obtain any altitude for a railway line with fair work in any portion of B. C., but when it came to the descent a great many rungs were wanted in the ladder. In other words the whole bottom of the country appeared to drop out, and it is the clinging business that costs. Mountains do not present regular slopes and the numerous streams that flow down their sides present deep ravines that in descending become wider and more formidable. This is always the case on the interior slopes of the Rockies, the Selkirks, and the most of all the Cascades. The now

FAMOUS KICKING HORSE PASS

differs little from many others, excepting, perhaps, that it is more costly to build a road through owing to its abrupt descent. Major Rogers fixes its altitude at 5,309 feet, and taking the crossing of the Columbia river at 2,309 feet above sea level, we have a descent of 3,000 feet to make, and a distance of 50 miles to make it in. This would give, roughly, 60 feet to the mile, a fair gradient. So much for the Kicking Horse, the crossing of the Columbia being a simple matter of bridging. The line commences to scale the Selkirks. Mr. Sanford Fleming, late engineer, has reported on the

FEASIBILITY OF THE ENTIRE DISTANCE across the Selkirks, and he doubtless not only had complete access to the plans and profiles, but had aneroid and other means of trying if the impossible existed; though very often the engineer, through practice and training can readily determine by mere inspection the feasibility of any route. The total distance across the Selkirks is 63 miles, and again the Columbia river is crossed at the entrance to Eagle pass. There is nothing at all formidable in this last pass. This writer has carefully examined it throughout; it has no abrupt descents, either east or west; its length is 45 miles to the great Shaswap lake. From this last point there are no great engineering difficulties to vicinity of Kamloops, some 80 to 85 miles more from this last point. Thorough surveys made by Government have determined the perfect feasibility for road making connection with the present contract (Onderdonk's) at Savona ferry.

The distance of road to be built next year would be from summit of Rockies to Columbia river, east crossing, 50 miles across the Selkirk range; 65 miles to west crossing Columbia; west crossing Columbia to Shaswap lake 45 miles; total to be built to connect with the navigable water system of the Shaswap lakes. Thompson river, and Kamloops lake to Savona ferry, end of Onderdonk's contract, 160 miles; water stretch Shaswap lake to Savona ferry, about 115 miles; total mileage the Canadian Pacific railway have to complete to reach the Onderdonk contract, 275, say 280 miles. In 1882 the company

BUILT OVER 500 MILES

and this year over 500 miles. Mr. Van Hon can make good his boast of closing in 1885, if he uses the force he had in 1882 and works from both east and west; but in no other case. In the event of working solely from the eastern end the time of completion would be prolonged for very likely a year and certainly for six months. And now another matter. The writer has little reason to thank the syndicate for any favor while in their service. Yet truth demands and the fact remains, that they have carried on their operations with commendable energy and an apparent desire to fulfill not only the letter but the spirit of their agreement with the Government. The reasons, or rather one reason for the many conflicting newspaper accounts, is that when the relocating engineers arrived on the ground last spring it was found that many important changes could be made and these changes are still in course of operation. It is possible for any one engineer to better to some extent the work of his predecessors; this is acknowledged among all practicable men; so much

for the "jealousy report," unless indeed the syndicate have boy engineers, in which case, no doubt, constant trouble would arise owing to inexperience, etc. During my two years' service in the company I saw no jealousy, and felt none; each man did his best and that was the end of it.

Another reason for injurious reports would be the fact of the company closing down and stopping work for the winter. This is very easy of explanation; they have ample time to complete their contract with the Government. Van Horn believes in improving alignment and curvature by employing different engineers to the very last moment; in fact, taking every foot of advantage the ground affords, and he is right.

It is to be hoped that a more patriotic spirit will animate the various members of the press, and that

UNFOUNDED REPORTS

calculated to injure, not only the Canadian Pacific Company, but the prestige of our whole country, will not be allowed to find places in the columns or obtain the countenance of the great lever that controls the nations.

Brigandage in Sicily.

A Naples dispatch to the London Telegraph says: "The duke of Calvino, who was captured by brigands on the evening of the 4th of November in the neighborhood of Trapani, has been released by his captors on payment of a ransom of 160,000 francs by his family, who never expected to see him alive again, he being very obese, advanced in age, and afflicted with a nervous malady. He had passed thirty-five days with the brigands, and, strange to say, the treatment he had received, though by no means pleasant, has had the effect of completely curing him. The duke relates that in the night when he was taken he was put on horseback and made to ride till morning, when the brigands stopped at a kind of warehouse. There he remained the first day, and wrote at his captors' dictation, a letter to his family, asking them to send the above named ransom. In the evening, the journey was resumed, and, as the rain was falling in torrents, the duke was clad in some tarpaulin, and a sack was thrown over his head to protect him. The second night the party reached an abandoned shed, where the duke was left, with a guard outside the door. The third night the journey was continued, and ended at the place destined beforehand for the duke's concealment. We had to enter this retreat on hands and knees, through a narrow opening, into a cave, and then through a second hole into a subterranean grotto. Here he remained for thirty days without any light, lying on a bundle of straw which was never changed. His food consisted of bread and cheese, and water. The brigands left him alone, only returning to bring him food." By the light of a lamp, which was lowered from above, they forced him to write other pressing letters to his family, and dictated what he should say.

His family, to obtain his release, used their utmost influence to prevent the military authorities from pursuing the brigands until the ransom had been safely paid and received. The band liberated their victim after having conducted him on foot for a considerable distance, to the territory of Castellamare, where a peasant's house had indicated to him, whence he would be conducted by the inmates to Trapani, about twenty miles distant.

The Evils of Hot Bread.

There is no law in this country to prevent the consumption of hot bread but the law of common sense, and unfortunately that is a dead letter as a governing principle in the lives of a great many people. That hot bread in nine cases out of ten will produce dyspepsia is no newly discovered fact, and especially is this terrible result sure to follow persistent indulgence on the part of those whose pursuits are quiet, in-door and sedentary. And yet the reformers, or those who call themselves such—the men and women who work themselves into a white heat over the sale of a glass of cider—will go on year after year, not only making no outcry against this pernicious indulgence, but actually filling themselves up day by day with the hot and poisonous gases of the oven. This servant of the housewife can be made as terrible a stomach-destroyer as the distillery, and the sworn foes of the latter are apt to be its best patrons. Dyspepsia paints the nose and sours the temper as surely as dram drinking, and many sufferers from the former, though by their own willful acts, inveigh the most loudly against the latter. A well-defined case of jim-jams is the climax to a course of intemperance and warns the victim that his alternative is death or immediate reformation. But the dyspepsia that hot bread, mince pie and kindred abominations cause has no sudden warnings. The man who uses them goes on making both himself and those around him wretched, and refuses to acknowledge that he is a sinner above these whose lighter faults he fiercely condemns.—*American Miller.*

"A Subject Not a Slave."

At the present moment Brazil has a slave population of about 1,300,000. Besides these she has a large population of blacks, and from 250,000 to 300,000 free-born children of slaves. The future of these people is a question of no slight importance to Brazil, for it is the alternative between transforming them into free laborers, or permitting them to drift into a life of idleness, beggary and crime. Thus far the planters have been considering only their selfish, immediate interests, and have overlooked the problem of what is to be done with the emancipated slaves in the future. Elsewhere they have made the same mistake—as in the West Indies—and they have paid dearly for the error. The immediate success of the Cantagallo colony is an eloquent proof of how easily these ex-slaves can be transformed into free laborers, and if this one example does not lead to others of a similar character it will be because the planters are both blind and perverse and do not want their old slaves to get on in the world.—*Rio de Janeiro News.*

Our Lord God is like a printer, who sets the letters backward. We see and feel him set the types well, but we cannot read them. When we are printed off yonder in the life to come, we shall read all clear and straight. Meantime we must have patience.

LISSOING A LIONESSE.

A Hand-to-Claw Fight with the Vicious Creature.

From Texas G. W. Palmer came to Colorado and began to hunt antelope and deer for a livelihood. He throws the lasso with the accuracy of a rifleman. Up on Hard-scramble Mountains a few days ago he halted before a half-eaten deer that had been killed by a mountain lion. With a knowledge of the beast and its habits, Palmer concluded that there were a lioness and her cub near by, and he determined to capture her, and, returning to his cabin, a short distance away, he procured several ropes. Fully equipped, he proceeded cautiously, and finally discovered the lioness with her cub beneath a projecting rock.

It was then that he motioned to his son, who followed at his heels, to stop, and instructing him to make his appearance at a signal from him, he left the path to mount the rock that sheltered the beast. Reaching the summit, he uncoiled the rope from his arm and prepared to make the battle. The signal was given to the brave young fellow, who made his appearance a short distance from the lair. The beast was about to leap forward, but the father sent the loop over her head. There was a brief struggle, in which the noose was slipped, but in a second more it was secure upon the hind legs. The end of the rope had been previously thrown over the limb of a tree whose boughs spread around, and the contest began in earnest.

After a terrible struggle, Palmer succeeded in suspending his prize in the air, and, fastening the rope securely, he sprang from the rock and proceeded to tie the remainder of the limbs. Accomplishing this, he thought it about time to bag the cub, and reached down to grasp it; but the little fellow turned as quick as a cat upon his back and fastened his claws in his throat. He held on like a leech, while the father, who had found it impossible to extricate himself, shouted to his son to use a club. This was ineffectual, however, and throttling the infant lion with his left hand, he pressed down with all his might, and it was not until he had almost killed the animal that the son was enabled to release the claws from his father's neck. Yesterday Mr. Palmer arrived in the city with both of the animals, and caged them in Schloss's old building.—*Leadville Democrat.*

A GERMAN ROMANCE.

Herr Rummel's Daughter Takes Her Gold and Comes to America with a Girl Friend and the Latter's Lover.

Ever since his birth there has lived in Munich, the old capital of Bavaria, a staid and respectable barber, named Johann Rummel. He reared a fine daughter, named Gretchen, who, when she became 18 years of age, had a firm friend in the daughter of a neighbor, named Bertha Kraus. Bertha had a sister who several years ago came to America and married a young farmer, Long, at Collamer. She prospered well and sent glowing letters of her new home to her people in Munich. Bertha also had a lover, who, being poor, thought he could win a fortune in the land of the free. Gretchen Rummel read many of the letters, and also became fired with a desire to come to America. Bertha Kraus was, of course, willing to accompany her, and the lover was eager to depart at once. None of them had money enough to support them during a week's journey, and Gretchen, whose father is considered wealthy, was looked to as a refuge in this, their time of financial trouble. She confirmed their good opinion by stealing about 1,500 marks, or \$975 in American money, from her father. The fond old father's surprise and grief can better be imagined than described when he awoke one fine morning in last July to discover that his daughter had fled with some of his money. Margaret generously paid the passage of both her companions to this country. They arrived in Cleveland, and went to the home of Mrs. Long. By this time Margaret had only \$75, so lavishly had she expended the money on her friends during the journey through the States. There was no room for her in Mrs. Long's family, and she took up her abode at a boarding house, the location which she has forgotten. To make the matter worse, she deposited her \$75 with the proprietor of the place, and went to Collamer to accept a position as servant in the family of a farmer. Meanwhile, Herr Rummel, in Munich, was wearing away his surplus flesh in worrying about the fate of his beloved daughter. A month after she had disappeared he received a letter from her stating that she was well and happy, but not mentioning the town in which she was living. He answered, directing his letter to Cuyahoga county, the only name he could decipher on the envelope. Of course it never reached the girl. Finally he resolved to go in search of his daughter, and started for this country, arriving in Cleveland last Monday. He sought out an old friend in this city, and, by inspecting the post-mark on the letter from the girl with a microscope, they were able to make out the word Collamer. Yesterday they drove to Collamer and found the truant girl without difficulty. She was sincerely penitent, and her father was forgiving. The meeting between them is said to have been quite affecting. It was not long before the girl agreed to go back to fatherland with her parent, and they will leave the city tomorrow.—*Cleveland Leader.*

HOT DRINKS.—Dr. James H. Salisbury and Dr. Ephraim Cutter, of New York, have strongly recommended the drinking of hot water as a cure for special diseases of the digestive organs. The London *Lancet*, on the other hand, says that too frequent fomentation with hot water may permanently congest the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines, and do a lasting injury. It may be quite possible that much of the prevalent indigestion and other stomach diseases of to-day are attributable to the common use of hot tea or some other hot drink, at every meal.

Love is a habit. God has given to us the love of relations and friends, the love of father and mother, brother, sister, and friend, to prepare us gradually for the love of God.

It soothes and cools a feverish patient to bathe him in warm water in which a little saleratus has been dissolved.

TOWARDS THE ROCKIES.

The Character of the New North-West

One sees little anywhere from a railway carriage, and when the country is pretty much of a dead level, covered with a uniform net of thick grass, green or russet, according to the time of year, the view from the window ceases to interest, and no one regrets that he misses 200 or 300 miles of it during the night. And we learn as little by hearing as by seeing. The information picked up by the way, chiefly in the odd minutes at stations, is not of the most reliable nature; and nowhere is it so difficult to get at the truth as in the North-West on either side of the boundary line. Of course, it is part of every man's religion that the country, and his section in particular, must be cracked up. And when you point to indifferent crops, or tell of hardships your friends encountered, or drawbacks undeniably connected with the North-West, these are at once put down to some malign genius indifferently known as "the government," or "the syndicate," or "the banks." A man with these to fall back upon is armed at all times. He has a complete Ready Reckoner, and is saved the trouble of thinking, while he has the comfort of knowing that somebody—against whom he has no personal ill-will—is to blame for every calamity. His casual judgment is satisfied, and at the same time his patriotism and self-respect are preserved intact. Fortunately, I was not dependent for information on the only sources open to flying visitors. I had visited the country three times and spent several weeks chiefly in farmers' houses, and had learned something of the hard facts of the case. It is no use blinding our eyes to the truth that the sun of the North-West has its spots. Ten or eleven years ago I could get few to believe that there was anything good there. Two years ago few would allow that there was anything bad. By and by we shall understand that like every other country it is a mixture of good and bad. We may be thankful for enormous areas of good land, vast fertile plains that shall be an inheritance for our children's children, unless we go on begging strangers—in mercy to us—to come and enter on possession of 160 acres apiece, without necessarily fancying that it is better than Ontario or Nova Scotia. I, for one, would be very thankful for another Ontario. The North-West has many disadvantages. The one that will be felt most sorely for many a day was the "boom" of two years ago that unsettled values and demoralized the people. Floods, grasshoppers, early frosts, monopolies and chameleon land policies have been small evils compared to the drinking and gambling, the rage for speculating engendered, the laying out of imaginary town sites and consequent cheating by wholesale, the formation of wildcat companies, the fictitious value everywhere, the attempt to build up towns before there was any country to support them, and all the other evils connected with the craze to get money suddenly, to get it without working, and to get it at other people's expense. Gray-haired men seemed to lose not only their old-fashioned honesty, but their senses. They talked as if half a million or a million people could be poured into a country by one road in a year of five or six months, and a wilderness of stubborn glebe turned into the garden of the Lord by affixing names to town sites and locating railway stations. The settlement of the North-West will take time, and the more time it takes the better for the country in the end. Intending settlers, too, had better make up their minds to endure hardships or stay at home, for they need not expect to escape what has been, and always will be, the fate of the average immigrant. The men who made Ontario and the other older Provinces were of the right stuff. So are the men who settled in Minnesota and Dakota, hardy Norwegians, Swedes, Welshmen, Canadians, who lived at first on potatoes and milk, and were blind to the necessity for completing railways before they had obtained patents for homesteads. The change wrought by them on the appearance of these prairie States in ten years is marvelous. Men of the same stamp have gone into our North-West, and unless we flood the country with a baser sort, like wild draw to life. But it cannot be told too plainly that for years to come nobody need go to the North-West but workers, and that almost the only workers needed are farmers. There is hardly any honest way of making a living there except by taking it out of the ground.—*Rev. Principal Grant in The Week.*

The Deadly Oil.

Kerosene becomes more deadly every year as the hours of evening lamplight lengthen, and the frequent lighting of fires becomes a daily duty. The fact that these accidents are utterly unnecessary renders them the more lamentable. In the hope of preventing some of these accidents, we state a few facts which everybody ought to know. It is not the kerosene that explodes, but the invisible gas that arises from it. If the oil is poured into a lamp that needs filling, this gas rises out of the lamp or can, or both, and explodes, often with deadly force, if there be any fire within reach. Pouring oil from a can upon a burning fire or into a lighted lamp ought to be followed by a terrible explosion. Sometimes it happens that no explosion occurs, but the risk is frightful.

The only safe rule is never to pour oil on a burning fire or into a lighted lamp. Now, you may give Bridget positive orders with regard to the fire, but when no one is at hand in the morning hours, the temptation is strong to assist the smouldering blaze by the aid of a little kerosene. She has done it without injury formerly, why not do it again? So the nose of the can is tilted over the range or grate, there is a flash, a scorch, and poor Bridget will never have a chance to disobey orders. Perhaps it would be better, if Bridget must not be allowed access to the can at all—the suggestion is timidly made—to show her how she may aid the fire with comparative safety. All she has to do is to pour the oil from the cup upon the fire. It is not likely that she will suffer much injury from the comparatively mild explosion that may follow.

A Neglected Disinfectant.

When the household of our grandmothers was threatened with infection the common practice was to sprinkle brimstone on a hot shovel or on hot coals on a shovel, and carry the burning result through the house. But now this simple method of disinfecting has gone out of fashion without any good and sufficient reason. The principal reason is neither good or sufficient, viz., that nobody can patent it and sell it in twenty-five and fifty-cent bottles. On the 18th of September last M. d'Abbadie read a paper at the French Academy on "Marsh Fevers," and stated that in the dangerous regions of African river mouths immunity from such fevers is often secured by sulphur fumigation on the naked body. Also that the Sicilian workers in low-ground sulphur mines suffer much less than the rest of the surrounding population from intermittent fevers. M. Fouque has shown that Zephyria (on the volcanic island of Milo or Melos, the most westerly of the Cyclades), which has a population of 40,000 when it was the centre of sulphur mining operations, became nearly depopulated by marsh fever when the sulphur mining was moved further east and the emanations prevented by a mountain from reaching the town. Other similar cases were stated.

Inter-Provincial Trade.

It is gratifying to note the steady and rapid growth of inter-provincial trade in Canada. There is probably no section in this wide Dominion that has not experienced a great change in this respect within the past few years. Nowhere, however, is the change more apparent than along the great inter-provincial highway known as the Intercolonial Railway.

The amount of the products of the manufacturing establishments of the Maritime Provinces passing over the Intercolonial for Quebec, Ontario, and points further West, has grown to large dimensions, and this is, perhaps, the most gratifying feature of trade that presents itself just now. The market for probably more than half of the products of the six cotton mills now running in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is found in the Upper Provinces and the West, and the same may be said of our sugar refineries. Nor are these industries altogether exceptional; for we find that the products of the lock factory at Moncton, the hat factory at Truro, the skate factories, the nail works, and the starch factories all find a ready market in the West, and in the aggregate the benefits derived are not inconsiderable. *Moncton Times.*