

## ROMANCE OF JAS. J. HILL'S LIFE

HE WAS ONCE A DOCK LABORER  
IN ST. PAUL.

A Glimpse of Some of the Character-  
istics of the Great Railway  
Magnate.

One of the intimate friends of the late J. J. Hill, the greatest of American railroaders and the man who opened up the North-Western States of the American Union to settlement a generation ago, is Mr. Elias Rogers, of Toronto, says the Toronto Star.

Mr. Rogers knew J. J. Hill in the early days, having met him first in St. Paul in 1882. Hill formed a strong affection for Mr. Rogers, largely because he had gone to a school in Rockwood presided over by Rev. William Wetherald, a member of the Society of Friends, of whom Mr. Rogers is also a member.

"J. J. Hill was the biggest railroad man in the United States or in the world," said Mr. Rogers. "There was not his equal. Van Horne was a friend of his and there were many points of similarity, but Hill made Van Horne. He brought him to the C. P. R. Strathcona and Stephens wanted Hill to manage the C. P. R., and Hill took hold for a while, but he picked Van Horne to take his place on the C. P. R. and went back to the Great Northern.

### Was a Dock Laborer.

"J. J. Hill was a big looking man, although he was not so tall as I. He was square-shouldered with a leonine head. He was blessed with a very strong physique. He had worked as a boy on the farm, and when he came to St. Paul first he worked as a stevedore on the docks. They say the stump is still to be seen of the last tree he chopped at Rockwood. A man named Harris was working with him that day. Harris since came to work for me, and he told me the incident. Hill, who had conceived the idea of going West, laid his axe against a tree.

"That's the last tree I'm going to chop," said he.

"He started West on a ten dollar bill next day.

"Hill was a particularly quiet spoken man," continued Mr. Rogers. "But his words always carried weight. He was well read, one of the best read men in America, I suppose. He was well up on such subjects as the modern science of agriculture, botany, flowers, chemistry of soil, and so forth. He was strong in geology. There were few subjects he was not thoroughly familiar with, but he had no fads. Among other things he was a connoisseur on precious stones and jewelry, and had a cultivated taste in matters of art. But he was self-educated, the schooling he had received at Rockwood being chiefly valuable for teaching him how to learn. He had a prodigious memory.

### Fond of Old Memories.

"He was fond of indulging in reminiscences. He used to talk to me for an hour at a time of the old days when he was a barefoot boy in Canada. There was one house where

he used to call, and the woman there always used to give him a piece of bread and butter, although he never asked for it. He confessed to me that he was always very glad to get it, just the same.

"Hill always had a remarkable capacity for details, but he maintained his breadth of vision. He was opposed to extravagance and display, but was never penurious. He lived in a very nice house in St. Paul, with beautiful grounds around it, but it was not a showy place. He had another house in New York. Mrs. Hill is one of the finest ladies I have ever met. She is not a society woman, although she is accepted everywhere, of course. She is a motherly woman. She is a Roman Catholic, but of the broadest type.

"Hill had a model farm at St. Paul and a laboratory where he kept chemists employed. He had model farms dotted throughout the territory of his railroads to the coast. Here he experimented with crops, and had samples of different soils sent for analysis to St. Paul. Then he would determine what crops were best adapted for each particular region, and what fertilizer was the local requirement. This information he would publish for the benefit of the people, together with the comparisons of the crops in the different districts under the different treatments. His farms could generally produce twice what was produced on the farms of their neighbors. In this way he improved the agricultural standing of the territory through which his lines ran. His methods were always practical rather than mere academical or theoretical. He used to sell improved seed at a nominal figure. He also introduced the best stock. When he became impressed with a farmer as a progressive, common-sense man, he would often present such a man with a fine breeder, and thus improve the stock of his district.

### Kind to Animals.

"Hill was very kind to animals, and it was because he saw the stranger's horse was tired, that time at Rockwood, that he carried a pail of water to it. The stranger, in appreciation, gave him a copy of an American newspaper, where he read that men were wanted in Minnesota, and wherefrom he derived his determination to go West.

"Hill wanted to fight for the North in the Civil War in the States, and organized a company. They would not let him go, however, because he was blind in one eye. It was not an apparent infirmity, in fact no one would ever have known it. His other eye was strong and did all the work. He told me himself a couple of years ago that one eye was blind or I would never have known it. He did not wear glasses except in later years to read by.

"He owned most of the First National Bank at St. Paul, and the controlling interest in the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. The three institutions occupy one building, newly completed, which takes up a whole block and constitute the finest building in St. Paul. The bank is in the centre, with a glass roof, one or two stories high. This allows the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific office buildings to tower up each side, and have plenty of light all around them.

### Helped Strathcona.

"J. J. Hill helped to make Strath-

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**FLEET FOOT**  
SHOES  
Cool, Cosy and Comfortable  
WORN BY EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY  
SOLD BY ALL GOOD SHOE DEALERS



cona's fortune. I remember talking to Hill during the South African war and remarking on the big expense the Strathcona Horse must be to Sir Donald.

"He can easily stand it," said Hill. "I've made more than that for him in one deal that he knew nothing about."

"Hill and Strathcona met the first time on the Red River trail between St. Paul and Winnipeg. Each was traveling with a dog sleigh.

"At the time of the first Riel rebellion at Fort Garry, when the people were housed up in the fort, it looked as if they would be starved out. Strathcona sent word to Hill asking if he would get word through to Fort Garry that there would be food there by the time spring opened up. Hill could not trust anybody, so he went himself, traveling by dog-sled a distance of over 400 miles, and taking an Indian with him to cook and help with the dogs. The Indian proved a traitor, however, and when about half way there, he refused to do as he was told, Hill got suspicious. The Indian had been told to cook breakfast, and not obeying, words followed, when the Indian attempted to seize the rifle. Hill was too quick for him, and grabbed it first. He told the Indian to run.

"If you look around or let up your stride until out of sight you're a dead man," said Hill. The Indian went straight ahead and stayed not. Hill then started for Fort Garry alone, traveling all day and all night, to get away from any possible pursuit. He was familiar with the Indians around Fort Garry, and was able to work into the barracks during the darkness and deliver his message. He stayed there a short time, and when he started back the river had broken up. He was waylaid by a party of Riel's Indians and forced to cross the river. This he did by swimming among the ice floes while the Indians were shooting. He got his dogs around him and crossed all right, but one of his dogs was shot while in the water. He made for a light and was taken in by a settler and put to bed. He was unable to travel for two or three days, but came out none the worse in the end.

### Couldn't Be Idle.

"Hill used to plan vacation trips of two months' duration down the Labrador shore and elsewhere. He was very fond of fishing. But he never stayed out the period he had planned. His business instincts got the better of him. He could never stand being idle long.

"I saw James J. Hill in New York only five weeks ago, and he looked to me as well as ever he did, full of life and energy. He always moved as if on steel springs. I cannot understand how it was that the operation killed him. I thought he was likely to live for ten years or more."

## VARYING VIEWS OF WESTERN FRONT

OPINIONS OF CIVILIANS AND  
MILITARY MEN.

The German Armies Will be Caught  
Like Rats in a  
Trap.

According to John Balderson a well informed American newspaper correspondent in London, there are four opinions and only four among civilians and military men concerning the situation on the western front. One of these is to the effect that the Germans cannot be driven out of their present positions by a general offensive, and oddly enough this pessimistic view has been strengthened by the fighting at Verdun. There, say the doubters, the Germans after months of preparation have been unable to make any material headway. How, then, can the Allies in their turn expect to crumple up the Germans, drive them out of their trenches and start on the triumphal march to Berlin through France and Flanders? Mr. Balderson explains that those who hold to this belief are almost all civilians. Among the military men he spoke to he did not find any who believed that a grand attack against the Germans in France and Flanders could not succeed.

### The Optimist's View.

This brings us to the second opinion, namely, that the first great general attack upon the German lines will result in a clean break through and on a wide front. Then the German armies will be caught like rats in a trap and will suffer the greatest military disaster in the history of the world. They will not retreat to Berlin; they will not be able to; they will have to stay and fight against superior forces or surrender. Those who hold this view insist that the great Allied offensive ought to be undertaken at whatever cost, since it is sure to succeed, and though the casualties will be enormous, it will end the war. Opposing this view is one to the effect that a great offensive now might imperil everything, that the Allies ought to continue their present tactics, that time is on their side, and that patience alone is necessary to bring about the downfall of the German armies in the West.

### A Question of Luck.

Finally there are those who contend that luck plays an abnormal part in modern warfare; and that it was simply bad luck that robbed the Allies of tremendous victories at Loos and in Champagne. They argue that the only thing to do it to imitate the tactics of the Germans to attack again and again first at this point and then at that, suffering defeats occasionally and learning from them, but never relaxing the efforts. They are opposed to a huge offensive along the whole line, because if it failed it would so exhaust the Allies that they would have to give up the hope of decisively beating the German armies in the field. The generals, according to those exports, ought not to put all their eggs in one basket. It is proper to mention that the pessimists who believe that the Germans cannot be driven out of their positions in France, look to the Russians advancing through Germany, and thus bringing about her defeat; while others think that from Salonica will be launched the great offensive that will crush in turn the military strength of Bulgaria, Austria and Germany.

### SKIING IN NORWAY.

An Exhilarating Sight to See a Troop  
of Soldiers on Skis.

When anyone writes of skiing in Norway, it is the purely Norwegian aspect of the sport that is of the most interest, says a correspondent of the London Times. Mountain skiing is, with the minor variations, due to local conditions, the same the world over; forest skiing is essentially the pastime of Norway. Those who are accustomed to the long runs over perfect snow common in Switzerland find little pleasure in following narrow and tortuous tracks through forest, and are, of course, incapable of marking out such a track for themselves; for forest skiing requires skill of a wholly different order from that necessary in the open. The paths are often hard and very bumpy, speed is quickly gathered, and great command over the ski is necessary to keep the balance and take the sharp turns between the trees. Few more exhilarating sights can be imagined than a troop of Nor-

## STINGING NEURALGIA

The Trouble Due to Nerves  
Starved for Lack of Good Blood.

An eminent medical writer has said that "neuralgia is the cry of starved nerves for better blood." The one great symptom of this trouble is pain, fierce, stabbing pain, that almost drives the sufferer frantic. The one cause is poor blood; the only cure is to enrich the blood. Heat applied to the inflamed nerves will give relief, but does not cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills furnish the blood all the needed elements, and the blood conveys them to the nerves. The only way of getting food or medicine to the nerves is through the blood, and the only way to enrich the blood is through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In this way neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve disorders are promptly cured, and the whole system benefited and strengthened. Mrs. M. Gleason, R.R. No. 1, Uxbridge, Ont., who was a great sufferer from neuralgia, says: "I suffered intensely from neuralgia for four years. My blood was thin and I was completely run down. I suffered intense pain all the time. At different times I consulted three doctors, but their treatment did no more than give me temporary relief. Then I tried different medicines, but the result was the same—they seemed no good in my case. I was growing steadily worse, and finally could not do a bit of work. The last doctor I consulted could do nothing for me but give me morphine tablets to ease the pain, and by this time I had about resigned myself to a life of pain. Then one of Dr. Williams' almanacs came to our house and I read of similar cases cured through the use of Pink Pills. I got three boxes and before they were all gone the pain began to decrease, and I began to have a better appetite. By the time I had taken six boxes I was again a well woman, and my neighbors could hardly realize that such a change could be made in so short a time. Later I was bothered with eczema and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me. I have found these Pills worth their weight in gold and I cheerfully recommend them to all who are ailing."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### A Lesson in "Business."

"No, sir," said a wealthy merchant to his confidential clerk, who had asked for the hand of his daughter; "no, sir; if you were a rich man it would be different; but as it is—" He spread his hand out palm upwards to signify that the young man's chances were hopeless. But they were not altogether without hope. Some months later the wealthy merchant was astonished to find that his confidential clerk had bolted with practically the whole of his fortune. He was still more astonished to receive a telegram from the absconder, who was somewhere in South America, with the following message:—"Am rich—very rich, but regret to say am not in position to marry a poor man's daughter."

Norwegian soldiers fitting through the forest in Indian file, hard on each other's heels, all going full speed, prodding with their sticks to increase the pace even down the hills, never faltering at the bumps, and swinging round the bends without a check.

The course of the fifty-kilometre race, which takes place annually before the great jumping competition at Holmenkollen, is laid right through the great forest of Nordmarken, and is covered by many of the competitors in about four hours and a quarter—not bad going for thirty-one miles up hill, down dale, and cross lakes, with the finish no lower than the start. The track to be followed is marked by little red streamers hung to the trees at intervals. It is laid by officials of the ski club, who delight in choosing the most difficult way they can find, and the actual tracks of whose skis constitute the course.

Last year I spent a night in a hut in the forest and went out in the morning to see the runners pass. They had been going about six miles when they passed me, and I chose a nice, Ethick place on a good slope to see them go by. As they must go in single file they are started at two-minute intervals, and a competitor who is caught up with must give his pursuer room to pass him. There were thirty or forty starters, all very young men, and they went through the thicket at full speed. I had the ill-natured satisfaction of seeing two fall who failed to clear a particularly malicious bush with the tips of their skis; they pitched on their heads, but they were up again in a trice. Several of them avoided that particular bush with a side jump taken at the last moment, which served further to increase their pace. They were all going with an easy swing, which carried them with hardly an effort over the ground.

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