

DEATH IN THE ICEFIELDS

LAST DAYS OF CANADIAN WITH GREELY EXPEDITION.

George W. Rice, the Only Canadian Who Accompanied Polar Dash of '84 Tells in His Diary of Struggles of Party to Keep Up in the Ice North—Sergt. Frederick Describes Death of Rice From Cold.

At the present time, when the Cook-Pearry polar controversy is filling the world with its clamor, the following last few pages of the pathetic diary left by George W. Rice, the only Canadian in the ill-fated Greely Expedition of a quarter of a century ago, will be of interest.

Monday, March 24, 1884.—Temperature at three a.m., when I started out, 23.2 with wind from the west. I froze my nose and fingers as usual, and had poor luck with the shrimps, but got a few.

This day turned out the most horrible of all our miserable experience here. The wood has given out, and we have taken the alcohol as fuel. Ventilation was neglected, and the whole party was prostrated; many of us—in fact, almost all—being unconscious. A terrible experience! Some rushed out, and other were pulled outdoors, to the fresh air, and then almost everyone fainted, and all were more or less frost-bitten. Brainerd and Lieut. Greely had their hands frozen to the knuckles. I cannot get the experience out of my mind. Henry—my suspicions—his illness—my return—my conversation with the commander, etc.

Good luck with the shrimps, over which we are all highly elated. Brainerd has shot a fox weighing 5 lbs., 2 oz.—a good ending to a bad day!

March 25.—I am off again after shrimps at a little before 3 a.m. Whistler accompanies me to help me set a large trap at the berg outside where I hope to get larger fish. Cannot make it reach bottom. Did not have good fortune with the nets. Returned to camp at 8 a.m.

I opened the ball on Henry to-day, and everything is arranged, although I think we would have been justified in putting him to death. He succeeded in getting about four pounds more of shrimps this evening, making in all seventeen pounds to date. We have a shrimp stew—shrimps and tallow—and it is delicious.

March 26.—A stormy day. It has been discovered that ten ounces of chocolate, which was saved for the sick corporal, has been stolen off the shelf. The thief was traced to Henry.

I went out in the storm at low tide to draw my nets, and after a long time, in which I froze my face and hands, I was forced to return without any shrimps.

March 27.—Lieut. Greely's birthday. I go to the shrimp nets at 3 a.m., but get only about a pound. I have no bait, having to use old seal-skin pants, fox skins, sleeping socks, etc.

Long goes out to the open water with Jens, and Saler carries the kayak. Saler returns with sixteen doves as a present to Lieut. Greely. We are now all right. I caught twelve pounds of shrimps to-day.

March 28.—Long procured in all thirty-three doves yesterday, and I am furnished with bait from the red legs of the birds. Fred shoots a ptarmigan. I beat my traps at 2 a.m., and draw at 7 p.m. Secure in all over fifty pounds of shrimps, and we are finding shrimp and tallow stews fine and are saving our fuel. Long gets fourteen more doves.

March 29.—It began to storm at 8 a.m. I went down to bait my traps, and had to draw them after the storm began. It was so bad that Biederbeck, going out directly after me, could not find me in the storm, and returned. I found twelve pounds of the little fish and afterwards shot a ptarmigan. I had seen six on my way out.

March 29.—Temperature in house this morning, plus 21.

April 5.—I fished for shrimps for the last time on Thursday (3rd), and had very little bait, as Long had no fortune with doves. He has seen a perfectly fresh bear track and a seal or two in the water. I have caught in all one hundred and eighty pounds of shrimps, and have initiated Saler, who caught fifteen pounds yesterday, and is after more to-day. I start with Shorty to Baird Inlet after the meat to-morrow, although I am pretty well used up—weakened and ungrateful, with face and hands freshly rozen. Eskimo Fred died this morning. Linn, I fear, will soon follow. I saw Jewell and Lieut. Lockwood are also falling again. I hope Long gets well to-day. It will be our salvation.

Here Mr. Rice's diary ends. Sergt. Frederick gave a report of the fatal trip which contains the following: April 9.—I discovered about 4 p.m. that Rice was weakening. I therefore minded him of the agreement made for leaving Camp Clay, that in case either of us should show signs of exhaustion his companion should help him, in order that necessary steps might be taken to prevent disaster. I again urged upon Rice the necessity of returning to the sleeping-bag for rest and shelter.

But he said that he was only a little tired, and would soon recover by traveling a little slower. After a short time, however, I could plainly see that Rice was weakening rapidly, and serving an iceberg about 1,000 yards to the west of us. I urged upon Rice to reach it in order to obtain at least partial shelter. We fortunately accomplished this. I did everything for him that my limited means permitted, wrapped him up in my tent in order to keep him as warm as possible, and remained on the sledge amidst the drifting snow with my unconscious friend in my arms until 4.45 p.m., when poor Rice passed away.

Sergt. Frederick returned the following day, dug a grave in the ice with his axe—and buried the body of his friend.

Occasionally a man takes his wife's advice so he can taunt her with the worthlessness thereof if it turns out bad. The less a man knows about women the more he thinks he knows.

THE DEW CHIEF.

Why "Joe" Rogers Was Chosen to Command Police.

The appointment of Inspector "Joe" Rogers to the post of Superintendent of Criminal Investigation of the Province of Ontario, has led to a great deal of criticism which reads rather strangely to the reporters who have been accustomed to work with him in the investigation of cases in the province for a good many years past. What he has done to merit the wholesale condemnation visited on him by one or two newspapers, who in this case were certainly not actuated by party motives, is difficult to explain. The explanation probably lies in the fact that a detective, by virtue of his calling, makes a good many enemies. Moreover, there is no calling in which professional jealousy is so rampant, and more of the pleasant things which fall to the lot of the detective in the way of trips abroad on extradition cases have fallen to Rogers' lot than to most other Canadian officials. He was always more noted for his executive system in handling a case than for the showy methods associated with the great detective. That is to say, he pursued more of the method in use at Scotland Yard and by the Pinkerton agency of making a complete record of all details of a case in writing. In this way he had his witnesses tied down to their original assertions. For this reason criminal lawyers in charge of the defence in cases which he had charge of were rather "leery" of tampering with witnesses in cases which he had charge of.

The qualities which the public appreciates in a detective are brilliant initiative, but this quality alone does not always secure convictions. For instance, a lawyer is familiar with the discoveries of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, but in most of the mysteries solved by him a clever crown prosecutor would find a very weak case to go to a jury with. The difference between Rogers and men of more considerable reputation is that between a good methodical desk-man in a well organized newspaper office, and a brilliant descriptive writer. And under the reorganization of this department of criminal investigation it will be desk work that he will have to do. His especial fitness for the position lies in his knowledge of every nook and corner of the vast province of Ontario, and of the capabilities of the local officials who have for years back been a stumbling block in the way of justice. There are many arguments against the bureaucratic system in ordinary affairs of Government, but unquestionably the time has arrived when it was the only solution in this province. Not only in criminal matters was this so, but in the administration of the health regulations and of the license law there has been much difficulty owing to wrangling between the local officials and those of the Government. It will be the task of Mr. Rogers to see that the men under him attend to their duties and to "keep tabs" on them, and no one who is familiar with his executive capabilities doubts that if he sets himself to the task that he will prove capable in this respect.

It may be said that the work of cleaning up the circus business in Ontario was practically his work, although the Hardy administration got the credit of it. Before the present laws were put in force, the advent of a circus, especially of the smaller variety, meant the arrival of a troupe of burglars, confidence men and pickpockets, in addition to more violent types of criminals. It was Rogers who suggested the statute which took the regulation of circuses in a measure from the municipalities and substituted a provincial license and provincial inspection. He was also the man who put it into execution so effectively that the business has been cleaned up in Canada, and most of the northern States have adopted similar legislation.

An Unfortunate Earl. There have been one or two unlucky episodes in the career of Earl Grey, who got lost in a Canadian forest recently. A short time ago, when he was about to retire one night, an incandescent globe, near which he was standing, exploded, and fragments of glass penetrated his right eye. Fortunately, a successful operation saved the sight. A Parliamentary experience of 1878, too, when he put up for Parliament as a Liberal, was a rather unfortunate affair. His opponent was Mr. Ridley, and they both polled the same number of votes. The returning officer declined to give a casting vote, with the strange result that both presented themselves at the table of the House of Commons to take the oath. Subsequently, however, a scrutiny was made, and some of the ballot-papers being found to be unmarked, Mr. Ridley was declared to be the legal holder of the seat.

War's Terrible Side. "If people could only see the inside of a field hospital as I have," says Gwendolyn Smith, "they would be more careful." Just so. But in the literature extolling the pomp and glory of war, but little is heard of the field hospital. And yet the field hospital is one of the terrible realities to be nourished by war literature, let us have the whole of it. It is said that the bones of the Russian soldiers who fell pitifully, but bravely, in the recent war with Japan are now used in great quantities to make animal charcoal for the powder mills at 50 cents for 140 pounds, and are used to form the basis of a new explosive, capable of supplying other bones, when the present supply runs out or before. There's glory for you.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Loss to Militia. Brigadier-General Buchan's death is a great loss to the Canadian militia. Of the Canadian officers who show distinction in South Africa, none did more than he to compel admiration for Canadian manhood and military skill and efficiency. And it is perhaps not too much to say that of all the officers in the Canadian contingents he was the most popular with the rank and file.—Hamilton Herald.

The average man's idea of a "good story" wouldn't go in a church paper. Some men get up with the lark to take a swallow before breakfast. The more we need advice the less likely we are to get it.

FAKING COURT DRESS.

Lawyers in a Hurry Resort to Queer "Doggles."

Every lawyer that appears either to argue a case or to make a motion before any of the High Court judges in the non-jury court is supposed to wear his black gown when so doing. Occasionally a lawyer will arrive in court from out of town, or from another court minus his gown, or a case will come on so suddenly that he won't have time to get into his legal togs. So with many apologies and asking the sanction of the court, one occasionally takes part in a case clad in his business suit. Wallace Nesbitt, county Justice Riddell has "called" lawyers for trying it.

With the black gown necessarily go the white shirt front and the white tie. There is a tale of a daring barrister being called into court suddenly before a stickler of a judge, who folded the black cloth lying on a typewriter, over his coat and appeared to speak to a motion without the court's noticing the deception. But while it is hard to appear in a white shirt and tie, a lawyer actually hasn't matter with the shirts and ties. Although to gaze at them in court one would say that each lawyer under his black gown wore a white shirt and tie, an examination for discovery would disclose the fact that at least a third of them don't. A lawyer hustled into the rear room of this court recently, pulled off a red tie, unbuttoned his collar, took a handkerchief already crumpled in his pocket, slipped one end of the handkerchief over his collar button, buttoned the collar over this substance, put on his waistcoat and gown, and behold, there he was clad for the fray. He looked as if he had a raffish white shirt on. In reality he had on a checked colored shirt, hidden by the handkerchief.

A brother lawyer did precisely the same thing, only it was found that he also lacked the white bow tie that goes with the shirt and collar. He tried vainly to beg a tie. Finally another lawyer took a paper pad and drew on it the outline of a white bow tie, cutting it out afterwards with his knife and passing it to the man minus the tie.

"Just the thing," exclaimed the other lawyer. He put a dab of muck-lage on the back of this paper tie, stuck it on the bogus shirt front and sailed serenely into court to represent his client. Three feet away from him anyone would imagine he wore a white tie.

Besides pressing handkerchiefs into service as temporary shirts lawyers use dikkies, and occasionally a large sheet of white paper for a flying appearance. Others would scorn to show up unless immaculately clad. There is one lawyer who always appears in a "white" shirt, but while it may conform to correct tradition, it is generally in such a dilapidated shape that one wonders at the custom that allows such a thing in court. The shirt always appears to have been worn from three days to a week, and every High Court judge on the bench has privately remarked on it.

Canada's Far North. The reports of Cook and Peary, both of whom claim to have reached the North Pole, agree in this—that there is no land at the Pole and none within many miles of the long-sought spot. It is a region perpetually ice-bound and beneath the ice are the waters of the Polar sea, being the conditions there it is impossible to set up the claim of national ownership to the region, for that ownership can only attach to land and to the surrounding waters three miles distant. In no manner do the exploits of these Arctic explorers vindicate Canada's ownership to the numerous, and in many cases, large islands which lie north of the mainland and extend far toward the polar region. These islands are adjacent to Canada's continental possessions and of which they have always been considered as appendages. They were always considered to be part of British North America and British North America is now the Dominion of Canada. And, further, these islands have formally been taken possession of by Canada and her sovereignty right to the same firmly established. Captain Bernier has been in the Far North extending this work and making explorations which will further add to our knowledge of the geography of the region.

Lucky Journalists. A number of Canadian journalists and former journalists have fallen heir to a piece of good luck in the northern Ontario silver field, says The Editor and Publisher, New York.

It is claimed that in August of last year they unearthed three lumps of native silver weighing 22 pounds, and they have just received word from the engineer in charge that a second discovery has been made in the shape of a 22-inch vein very rich in silver. The syndicate owning the property is comprised of the following gentlemen: Col. E. W. J. Morrison, editor of The Ottawa Daily Citizen; Brenton A. Macnab, managing editor of The Montreal Star; Wm. H. Moore, proprietor of The Canadian Courier; John T. P. Knight, editor of The Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association; Frank T. Ahearn, of Ottawa, formerly of The Ottawa Citizen; Wm. J. Carrique, of Montreal, formerly of The Hamilton Herald and Ottawa Citizen, and Major W. O. H. Dodds, of Montreal.

Finer Man of Two. Capt. Bernier was as eager to discover the Pole as Peary was, and tried hard for twenty years to raise enough money to fit out a polar expedition. It was the dream of his life. But not only has he borne his disappointments like a man, but when he learned that Cook was on his way to the Pole he helped the doctor with provisions, and when he learned of the doctor's success he sent him hearty congratulations. We think that, although Peary reached the Pole and Bernier didn't, our bluff Canadian sailorman is the bigger and finer man of the two. We're all proud of the Cap.—Hamilton Herald.

How many men do you know who do just as they please? There are lots of great men—until you get close to them. It is human nature to act inhumanly occasionally.

TREES FOR PRAIRIES.

Native Maple Does Not Do Well on the Plains.

One of the most interesting papers read at the convention of the Canadian Forestry Association held recently in Regina was that by Mr. Angus Mackay, superintendent of the Indian Head Experimental Farm, his subject being "Tree Planting on the Prairies." The results of his experiments, as given in his address, are that the native maple is a very unsatisfactory tree in some respects; its propensity to send out suckers from all parts of the trunk being grown singly, though when used for hedge purposes the suckering is an advantage. The ash may be considered one of the best trees yet obtained for the prairies, its only fault being its lateness in leaving out in the spring, and earnestness in losing them in the fall. Native or American elm for street or avenue purposes are the most satisfactory yet secured, their only fault being the liability to have branches broken in heavy winds. Dakota cottonwood has so far proved a good avenue or shade tree on the experimental farm. This variety is easily propagated from cuttings, and, except the Russian poplar, surpasses all others in growth.

Russian poplar, which at one time gave promise of being a valuable variety for this country, has for some years been injured by a fungus disease which makes the trunk unsightly and eventually kills the tree. The native birch which grows in many sections of the prairie, is well worthy of extensive growth, both for ornamental and commercial purposes. This is usually abundant each year. The cut-leaf birch is quite hardy, and the most beautiful tree to be found in all Canada. Mountain ash which in the early years was extremely tender, is now quite hardy and at all seasons open to the most beautiful white blossoms can be grown. In the summer with its white flowers, or in the fall with the large clusters of red berries, it is especially attractive.

In the evergreen family, the Scotch, jack and stone pine, Rocky Mountain, Norway and white spruce, and balsam fir are quite hardy. Tamarack or larch, both native and European, is hardy, also nearly all the Arbor Vitae (cedar) family, but the latter are very slow growers.

In the twenty years of tree-growing on the experimental farm, cultivation has been the main reliance towards success. With a few exceptions, water has never been used, even in the driest seasons. In all cases the land was prepared the year before planting, either by breaking and back-setting if new, or by summer-fallow, if old. In no case has failure occurred with either of these preparations when the trees were in proper condition at the time of planting. The last week in April or the first two weeks in May have been found the best time to plant deciduous trees. Late in May has given better results with evergreen varieties, on account of the strong and warm winds prior to that time injuring the leaves or needles.

In propagating trees from seed, maple, ash, elm and birch are the only varieties attempted on a large scale. Elm ripens its seed early in June, and should be gathered at once and sown shallow as soon as dry. The other varieties come in about the time of wheat harvest or early in September. Ash and birch should be sown late in the fall or early spring, with no danger of being winter-killed. Maple can be sown in the fall with considerable risk of being killed, or can be sown early in May with safety. When fall sowing succeeds, as it has done for some years back, the growth of the young plants over the spring sown, is very marked. A wise plan is to sow both in fall and spring.

Farms in Clay Belt. Hon. James S. Duff, Minister of Agriculture, has returned from a trip to the little Ontario. He went as far north as Cochrane. He said that the quality of the soil along the Tamiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is such as to warrant him in predicting that within the next twenty years there would be more good farms surrounding the Government railway than there are from Toronto to North Bay. Despite some muskog there is an abundance of rich clay soil, of which the town site of Cochrane is a good sample.

The experimental farm at Drott-wald has made satisfactory progress in demonstrating the quality and productivity of the soil in that part of the province. Oats sown last spring have matured splendidly, and turnips, cabbages and other vegetables have yielded excellent specimens. Two acres of fall wheat sown this year are showing up well.

"While north," said the Minister, "we discussed the question of the town site of Monticith, and in all probability arrangements will be made in the course of a few days for making a survey on the opposite side of the railway from the farm buildings where a promising location is to be found."

Overheard in Saskatoon. The following was overheard in the reading-room of the Flanagan House, Saskatoon:

Typical Westerner (which means a man who did nothing, for next to nothing a week, in some Ontario village) came West on a harvest excursion, "made a stake," bought a few city lots—talked prosperity till it came—sold his lots, and wouldn't go back east—No, Sir! to stranger who is just folding up his newspaper: "Toronto paper? Ain't seen one for a long time. Let's have a look." He glances through paper and returns it with the remark: "A Toronto paper, and not a darned thing about Saskatoon in it!"

Toronto's Boy Phenom. Wilfred Morrison, the thirteen-year-old boy singer of Toronto, is to be paid \$500 a week by a New York concert company for a tour of the United States from New York to San Francisco, and thence to Australia, the entire trip to last one year.

And there are probably a lot of good people in this world who do not look the part. What has become of the old-fashioned boy who would rather stay home and work than go to school.



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Advertisement for Black Knight Stove Polish, featuring a large illustration of a man in a top hat and a woman, and text describing the product's benefits.