

A NOTABLE EXCURSION.

"Well, I shall never be afraid of a lake voyage again. This is the most comfortable trip I ever made on a steamboat."

"Oh, I say, wasn't that a royal breakfast on Saturday morning, and wasn't it served nicely? I have never seen or tasted a nicer meal, even on a Cunard or Inman steamer." The speaker was an Englishman, and it was much for him to say.

A quiet but observant New Yorker thus expressed himself: "What takes me is the space you have on board. Here we have had some 300 passengers for two days, and yet there was no crowding anywhere, no discomfort."

"Boys, she's a bird, and they know how to fly her. A Bird of Paradise you may call this ship; anyhow it's Paradise for her passengers. Strawberries for breakfast—Gee whiz!" This from a breezy Westerner.

"Catch on to the naval style of everything, will you," remarked the man from Chesapeake Bay. "Why, there wasn't a blamed deck hand who wasn't clean shaved and had his blue guernsey on, with a star in the bosom of it."

"Say, fellows, ain't you glad you came? I am, you bet. These folks have got every thing down fine, even to the weather. But then I reckon they fixed things with Old Probs, both in Washington and in Toronto."

"This excursion has been a poem, sah. As symmetrical as a sonnet, yes, sah. Such hospitality could not be surpassed even by a Southern gentleman's house. I feel honored and proud, sah, to have been a guest of this ship. I have never seen these Great Lakes before, and never dreamt of such vessels but on the ocean. I shall see both again, sah, I promise you."

And what especially pleased a Canadian of the party was "the order, the discipline, the civility apparent in every part of the ship's work. The absence of profanity, the lack of hurry, the smoothness of procedure, indicated a settled system, planned beforehand and adhered to."

Such are a few of the sentiments expressed by the guests on board the steamer "Northwest" of the Northern Steamship Line, plying in connection with the Great Northern Railway between the ports of Buffalo and Duluth. The transportation agents of the American and Canadian railways were tendered a complimentary trip on this swift and beautiful ship on Friday and Saturday of last week from Buffalo to Cleveland and return. Nearly three hundred gentlemen accepted, from every part of the United States and Canada. And they had an excellent opportunity of observing the character of the vessel and the nature of her *cuisine* and appointments. The result, as we have indicated above, was an universal chorus of approval, a united expression of pleasure.

An ocean steamer, to all appearance, 383 feet over all and 44 feet beam, of four thousand eight hundred tons, with quadruple expansion engines, for each screw, of 7,500 horsepower in all; heated by steam, lighted by electricity, and ventilated by electric fans, carrying thirty officers, five engineers and 158 of a crew, requiring 600 tons of coal for a round trip, running at eighteen miles an hour in the rivers and twenty miles the hour in the open lake, this great white steel yacht with raking spars and triple funnels, is a sight for the eye as her appointments are a delight to the passenger.

It was a shrewd arrangement on the part of the Northern Steamship Company's management to secure for guests on a Lake Erie trip such a representative gathering of railway men from all over this broad continent, a critical company, to be sure, to test for themselves the capacity of these vessels—there are two, the "North West" and "North Land"—built at Cleveland, on Lake Erie. And the great scale of the excursion was only equalled by the excellence of the provision made and the perfect manner in which it was carried out. As a piece of advertising it was noteworthy; as a scheme of hospitality it was princely.

No wonder that the passengers united in a voluntary testimonial to the general manager of the steamers, Mr. John Gordon, and the general passenger agent, Mr. A. A. Heard, and their assistants, of compliment upon their magnificent vessels, and gratefulness for so memorable an outing as that of May 24th to 26th, 1895. Success to the line, for it is deserved.

—A lady commenting upon pretty feet to a friend in a street car, said: "I have a Trilby foot, and have had a bust taken of it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

AN INCIDENT OF THE NEW WHITE LAW.

Before the supervising inspectors decided that the smaller class of tug boats would be permitted to comply with the White bill regulations by using a 30-pound bell, a representative of a local ship chandlery firm was in a small Lake Erie port and came across a tug about 20 feet long. He proceeded to instruct the owner in the new law.

"So I have to put a bell on the steam launch, eh?"

"I have nothing to do with it. I am just telling you the requirements of the law."

"What kind of a bell?"

"Sixty pounds, good bell metal, and we warrant our bells to stand government inspection."

"Sixty pounds! Sixty pounds?"

"That's the law!"

"Maybe you sell cork-jackets, too?"

"Yes, sir! Warranted genuine granulated cork. Will float in water thirty days without becoming water-logged."

"Make them any size?"

"Regulation size—"

"You might send me one cork-jacket big enough to put around the launch, so as to keep her afloat when we put that sixty-pound bell on."—*Marine Review*.

HOW ACCIDENT CLAIMS ARISE.

The variety of circumstances to be considered in taking an accident risk and fixing an adequate rate is illustrated in what was said by Mr. M. R. Prior, chairman of the Sun Life, of London, in his annual address to the shareholders. We make an extract or two: "We have had a lot of accident claims already, although they have not affected our accounts injuriously. The most dangerous thing in the world seems to be to keep a pet. One gentleman suffered severely—and this was one of our heaviest claims—from the bite of a monkey; another man tumbled over a dog; while two people were bitten by dogs. These pets are really terribly dangerous. Polo, of course (as we do a little business in India), is also a serious peril, but as it conduces to the health and welfare of men over there, we can quite afford to take the risk. A very promising young officer died the other day actually whilst his policy was in the post to him at Calcutta, he being killed whilst playing polo. That, of course, is all in the way of business, and sorry as we are that a promising young officer should be cut off in that way, we certainly, probably all of us, would yet wish to encourage polo in the interests of good health and good spirits. We have not had any serious number of people tumbling about in the unusual frost this year; in fact what little frost there was in the previous year was, I think, more dangerous to us. But it is very uncomfortable to slip down in the ice caused by last winter's fierce frost, and I commend the expediency of accident insurance to you all in view of that."

THREE FARM PRODUCTS.

In 1881, the small country of Denmark exported what was valued at about \$21,000,000 worth of agricultural products. In the same year Canada's total exports of farm products amounted to \$30,000,000; and in 1893, the value of farm products exported from each country amounted to equal sums, \$40,000,000. That Canada, a new and fertile country, made no more progress than the little, old European peninsula, shows that there is great need for the expansion of dairying and agricultural interests in the Dominion.

Canada is not taking advantage of her own great possibilities. Her resources lie dormant. While Canadians have for some fifteen years wasted their time building and counting the tall chimneys of protected industries, other countries have grasped the opportunities to which Canada was blind. Yearly England imports cheese to the value of \$25,000,000, butter to the value of \$62,000,000, and bacon to the value of \$55,000,000. The trade returns last issued show that Canada exported to Great Britain \$16,218,131 worth of cheese, only \$949,319 worth of butter, and only \$2,748,072 worth of bacon. In other words, Canada supplies the British Isles with only about 14 per cent. of what England alone imports of the three products specified. Figures on the other Canadian farm products in demand on the British market are yet more disappointing, and constitute

as it were an index of what Canada might do and yet leaves undone.

There are some reasons for the unsatisfactory returns. Exporters have not branched out extensively enough to send representatives of their firms throughout Canada in order to secure the best produce from the farmers, to send that produce in good condition to the British market, and even to have the consignments handled in the old country by members of the Canadian firm. To prove profitable, the transportation cannot be effected too quickly. Transportation will be much improved this year by the establishment after May 14th of an excellent refrigerator car service, which will extend not only over the main line, but also on branch lines of the Canadian Pacific. The refrigerator car service should prove a means of saving many thousands of dollars. Another need inadequately supplied is cold storage. With the branding of all cheese exported, with the instruction from specialists on cheese and butter making, and with the better understanding of the demands of the British market, no doubt Canadian exports of farm produce will make in the future a better record than in the past.—*Winnipeg Free Press*.

DR. LARDNER'S MISTAKE.

Referring to the well-known dictum of Dr. Dionysius Lardner, the scientist, to the effect that steam navigation of the Atlantic was impossible, because no boat could then (60 years ago) carry coal enough to propel her across, a writer in *Notes and Queries* says, under the heading of "Lardner's Mistake," as follows:

"I was present at a meeting of the British Association, at Bristol, in August, 1836, and listened with great interest to the speech in which Dr. Lardner certainly did endeavor to show that steam navigation between England and the United States was practically impossible. With greater interest I heard the younger Brunel, engineer of the then growing Great Western Railway, point out an arithmetical error in the early stage of the 'demonstration' which vitiated the whole of it. I remember also that the learned doctor sat down suddenly without a word.

"My father, who was also present, talked it over with me afterward, wondering that so eminent a man should have fallen into a palpable error in simple arithmetic; while I, recalling my own many blunders, rejoiced that a philosopher could stumble as well as a school-boy."

FLOWERY PENCILLINGS.

Under the head of "Pencilings," and occasional correspondent of the *Huron Expositor* works off some philosophic sentiment in a way to make one wonder whether it is a parson or a female pedagogue who writes. Thus:—

"The warm weather of a few weeks ago has induced a vigorous growth, and nature is now fully clad in that beautiful green garb which is so refreshing and restful to the eye. It is a pity that the frost should nip the tender buds and blight the expectations of the husbandmen, but we should not worry. Surely the Bountiful Giver effects a compensation somewhere, when He thus blasts our fond hopes. The National Bank of Heaven never suspends payment. Up yonder in the ethereal blue the government makes no mistakes. The weather wise say that the last moon was a 'dry moon.' The state of the present moon is uncertain, as a new disturbing element must be taken into account. We refer to the fact that whisky has lately 'gone up.' The village savors of onions again this spring, notwithstanding the low price for onion sets; the acreage sown this season is greater than ever before. Nothing can discourage the onion kings."

—The annual meeting of shareholders of the Northwest Electric Company was held last week in Winnipeg. The following board of directors was elected for the ensuing year: G. H. Strevel, president; J. M. Graham, G. A. Simpson, J. A. McArthur, and H. Cameron, manager and secretary.

—"Confound it!" exclaimed Jackson, "What a stupid fellow that jeweler is!" "How so?" enquired his friend. "Why, I told him the other day that I wanted engraved on the engagement ring the letters 'From A. to Z.'—'from Arthur to Zenobia,' you know—and the idiot went to work and put in the whole alphabet!"—*Boston Post*.