

# HAPPY DAYS

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## AMONG ICEBERGS.

Among the perils encountered by ships sailing in the north Atlantic Ocean is that of running into great floating masses of ice, called icebergs. In the northern regions where it is very cold, great mountains of ice form in the winter season, and when the spring draws near and the weather becomes warmer, large portions of ice become loosened from the mainland and are carried southward by the currents of the ocean. Vessels in passing, even as far south as the line between New York and England, are in danger of running into them.

Our cut shows a vessel passing one of these mountains of ice during a snow-storm at night. It is having a very narrow escape, but fortunately the berg was discovered in time to put on a full head of steam, and, by running the vessel as fast as possible, she passed just as the berg crashed across her stern.



AMONG ICEBERGS.

Many thrilling incidents are narrated by Arctic explorers and others of narrow escapes from being crushed by ice

ably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls—we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment we saw that

bergs. We will relate one, taken from Dr. Kane's Explorations in the Arctic Ocean:

"But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed to pieces against them, or whether the bergs might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But, as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-ice and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward this passage, and it; and we were ready to exult, when, from some unexplained cause—probably the wind against the lofty ice-walls—we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment we saw that