

## NO CHINESE LABOR!

We are not at all surprised that the Trades and Labor Council should, in view of the stories which have been in circulation put themselves on record by way of protest against the employment of Chinese labor in connection with the Esquimalt fortifications. They are a Dominion as well as an Imperial work, and, in view of Hong Kong being a British colony, to which many Chinese profess to belong, it may be that the authorities at home will fail to see matters in the same light as they are viewed by our people here. We want as much as possible of the work to be done by home labor, of which there is any quantity that cannot at present find means of utilization.

We hope that the petition already presented by Col. Prior, and backed up by the Trades and Labor Council will have due weight with the Governments of the Dominion and the Empire. There ought, in this particular, to be a proper demonstration of the advantages of protection. That policy was introduced into this country and has been operated with the ostensible object of promoting the interests of home industry. We cannot call Chinese labor home industry; let us have the principle carried to its legitimate conclusions in connection with the fortifications. The principle of protection does not exactly comport with the trade policy of the Mother land, but the sentiment in its favor is growing there. Let Canada insist at least on its being carried out here.—*Commercial Journal*.

## GREENLAND'S CRYOLITE MINE.

In the month of April of every year a curious fleet of vessels that at that time is usually scattered about at the widest intervals in the ports along both coasts of the Atlantic Ocean puts to sea and heads away for a point in the lee of Cape Desolation, on the southwest coast of Greenland. The ships of this fleet are the strongest and best of canvas and are aloft, while the hull is not only as strong everywhere, but is built solid and bows, covered with an extra layer of plank there, and then armored with steel plates. The passage before this fleet is at the best, one of the most arduous in the world. The destination is but a few miles south of the arctic circle. An ocean river sweeps along the coast, bearing masses of field ice hundreds of miles in extent, and into and across this barrier the fleet must fight its way to the harbor for which it is bound, and when loaded there the fight must again be undertaken in order to return. It is a fight fit to turn a landsman's hair gray even under the most favorable circumstance; but when the gales arise, and especially gales from the south, and their black fogs, the position of the ship as it tosses about between the threatening ice masses is so frightful as to be beyond the power of man to describe. During last summer, out of a dozen ships that attempted the passage one succeeded, after beating about in the ice for over thirty days; two failed to get in and returned with crews almost worn out and starved, while a fourth was never heard of after leaving port. The rest had very successful voyages, happening to find the ice fields open. The voyage is undertaken by the fleet in order to carry to civilization the product of the cryolite mine in the Arsuk fiord. This mine is so odd that it is unique. There is no other cryolite mine in the world. It is worked in odd fashion, by the men of an odd mine camp, and it was discovered by an old prospector.

In 1808 a German prospector named Giesecke went to Greenland, landing at Cape Farewell, where he lived with the Eskimos,

and with whom he traveled up the rugged coast in the skin-covered komiks until he reached the Arsuk fiord. An Eskimo who resided there told him that a few miles up the fiord was a curious stone, which his people called the ice-that-never-melts. They use it in dressing pelts, rubbing the stuff on the flesh side, where it acted somewhat as soap might. Giesecke went to the place and found at the water's edge a cropping of white, soft rock, that when wet looked exactly like wet, snow-mixed ice. It was an entirely novel substance, so he gathered samples, prospector fashion, and he had hard luck with them, which is also after the fashion of prospectors. On his way home in a Danish ship a British cruiser captured the outfit, and Giesecke lost all he had. However, the chemical world learned that Giesecke had found the fluoride of sodium and aluminum, and it was named cryolite, which means ice-stone.

No one but chemical students took note of it, however, until Prof. J. Thomsen, of Denmark, made some experiments with it about 45 years after it was found, and demonstrated that chemically pure alum could be cheaply made from it as well as sal-soda, bicarbonate of soda and some other useful substances. So a company to work the mine was formed, and, about 1860, men and materials were sent up there to mine the stuff and ship it to Copenhagen. Thereat Ivigtut came into existence as a mine camp, and it is to this day the only white settlement in Greenland. It is, of course, a Dutch settlement, for Greenland is one of the colonies of good old King Christian. First of all they built a house to live in, using timber and boards to build up walls and stuffing the spaces between ceilings with moss. Then most of the houses were shingled over all, but that built for the superintendent was covered with smooth Norway pine. There were double doors and double floors and double windows, and the best of coal-burning stoves, while huge coal bins were erected close by. So, the storehouses to hold other supplies sufficient to last three years were erected and filled, and they have been kept full continuously.

The cryolite deposit was walled in and covered over with gray granite. When the covering had been cleared off they found a mass of pure white cryolite about 600 feet long and 200 feet wide. Investigation showed that this was the top of a pocket or chimney of the material that plunged down to an angle of 45 degrees with the horizon into the mountain that rises there. It was also learned that the cryolite, though pure on top, was mixed with much carbonate of iron in the chimney of ore.

For several years the working of the deposit did not pay, but in 1864 a Yankee firm, contracted to take two thirds of all that the mine could produce, and since then the mine men have been getting rich while paying the crown a royalty of one-fifth. The most interesting use made of the stuff is in the production of aluminum, the metal that has made such rapid strides in the arts recently.

Not only are the homes of the miners odd. It is an odd community. It consists of 180 men and three women in summer, and sixty men and the three women in winter.

The women of the camp are interesting. The superintendent only is allowed to have his wife and children and a maid with him. Two children have been born in the superintendent's home in this odd camp. The first, it is interesting to know, was Dan Smith, the artist, whose father was the first superintendent of the mine. The third woman of the camp is Maria, a very fat and very jolly old Eskimo. She and her son Julius have a little stone house by themselves, and both are employed as servants.

## THE TALE OF POVERTY

YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT, BUT THE POOR ARE GENEROUS.

They Are Not as Unyielding as Mountains Nor as Cruel as the Sea, When They Listen to a Tale of Woe Like or Worse Than Their Own.

Go often enough into any humble quarter of any city in the republic and you will see acts that will stir your admiration for the masses who are so completely unknown. You might suppose that in their narrow dingy abodes, ill-fed and ill-clad, ever fighting the hard fierce battle of life, they would be as savages. Why or how should they have minds to think of, souls to feel for, the woes of the unfortunates about them? They could not be blamed if they were unyielding as the mountains, as cruel as the sea. Are they? Let us look!

In this tenement, consisting of three little rooms, is a family of six—four small children. The parents are ill, caused by bad air and insufficient food, and may die. The neighbors have given of their slender store to buy a few comforts. Two women across the dirty hall have left their washing, and are taking care of the little folk. When that is done they will prepare the simple meal, will administer the medicine prescribed, will put the tenement to rights so far as it may be righted. In these plain offices they will occupy four or five hours, most precious to them in earning their daily stipend, and never think how good they are. Other women will then come in and watch by turns with the sick couple. So these invaluable kindnesses will continue until death or recovery makes their service for the time superfluous.

In a dark basement, through whose rattling windows the noonday light scarcely struggles, a baby has just been born. It lies writhing on a soiled, ragged quilt, as if to protest against entering so grim a corner of a relentless world. The mother, young and not uncomely, appears happy, even in that dismal cellar, smiling faintly at a wrinkled female, who, having volunteered for the occasion, has hobbled down from the top story to render, unsolicited and unrecompensed, such assistance as she may. Other elderly females, hearing of the new birth, are brought thither by sympathy with the event, and are eager to proffer their assistance. The father, ordained like his order to repeated paternity, was called away at sunrise to his task—cleaning the streets—and knows not yet what his fellow scavengers, unconscious of sarcasm, term his good luck. He will be only less happy than his wife when he is told of what has occurred in his absence.

Happy? Can he be happy, born to indigence, ceaseless labor, and ever-frowning destiny? The majority of the prosperous would be in the depths of despair, would hardly care to live, were their lot his or hers. Surely happiness is relative. The very poor, invariably wretched as they must appear to the rich, have their compensations, after all. One of these is the will, without pondering or self-felicitation, to do good where good is most needed and fortune most malignant.

The poor, in order to be resigned to the world, must be optimists. May it not be that they who have least cause for contentment possess the largest share. May not the poor be too engrossed in austere bread-winning to reflect on what constitutes contentment? Is not there formless faith generated by lack of leisure, by grinding, consuming toil? Can this be another disguised compensation?—*Harper's Weekly*.

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