

FOOD ADULTERATION.

The annual report of the Inland Revenue Department, respecting the adulteration of food, was distributed last week. Out of 1,265 samples analyzed, only 105—barely nine per cent. of the whole—have been found to be adulterated. Of all the samples of food examined fruit jams and jellies were found the worst adulterated. Out of 155 samples examined 25 were adulterated, 4 doubtful, and 3 unclassified. There is, however, an improvement perceptible in the freedom of foodstuffs from adulteration. An improvement is to be noted in all classes of food, excepting maple syrup, which was this year analyzed for the first time, and has been found to be, in many cases, adulterated with glucose.

For some years the attention of the department was directed solely to the inspection of foods and drugs. The area of its operations was later extended to take in fertilizers, and, still more recently, articles of commerce largely used by the farmers of the country. Of the latter "Paris green" was an important item. The analysis of this commodity in 1894-95 showed about 70 per cent. of the samples to be pure within the meaning of the Act. The results of the past year's operations demonstrate that nearly 90 per cent. complied with the requirements of the Act, a very gratifying change for the better.

KANSAS SHOULD SECEDE.

The Populist Kansas City *World*, a valiant defender of our noble cause of sixteen to one and repudiation, prints a thrilling story to the effect that Kansas is going to secede from the Union. At first thought this seems a little—not very, but just a little—startling. But as the idea sinks deeper, it strikes the root and grows, and waxes strong and blossoms, and bears logical and delicious fruit. The idea is a good one.

Let's secede. Let's tear loose from the plutocracy and arrogance, and brains and respectability of the corrupt and unsympathetic East. Let's gather to ourselves here in Kansas all our jewels and founce out of the sisterhood of States. Let's take our doll rags and quite civilization, and annex ourselves to barbarism. Let's abolish interest; make poverty a felony; punish work with a sentence of enforced silence; make thinking a penal offence; enact brains into buttermilk; paint over "ad astra per aspera" with blue mud, and in its place inscribe in letters of seething goose grease: "Vive la Lease; hurrah for hell!"

What's the use of being bound up with communities that are chained to old superstitions about what they call honesty? We, of Kansas, want to pulverize the money power; we want to pay our mortgages in silver, or sheet iron, pot metal, asbestos, papier mache and wampum. The pent-up Utica and Schenectady and other plutocratic centres contract our powers. With these communities constantly treading on the ruffles of her garments, Kansas is handicapped.

Therefore let us secede. What! Ho there, Alabama! Aux Armes Citoyens of Arkansas! Arouse ye, Florida! Rally round the standard of Jerry Simpson, who boasts of his "fiat money lunacy," shouting the battle cry of Kansas Peffer forever—hurrah, boys, hurrah; np with Bill Bryan, down with the law, for we'll rally round his Whiskers; we'll rally once again, shouting the battle cry of Kansas!

If war shall show his wrinkled front, let's get a flatiron and smooth it out. This is a great day for Kansas.—*Emporia Gazette*.

HER GREAT SACRIFICE.

"Papa!" she said. (The ennobling impress of high resolve was visible upon the young girl's brow.) "Papa, to help you pay your mortgage I have decided to make the most complete sacrifice a devoted daughter can make."

"My child," cried the distracted parent, "surely you do not mean that—"

"Yes, papa, I will."

A look of intense determination appeared on her face, and her countenance lighted up with filial affection, as she added:

"Yes, papa, I will sell my bicycle."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A MONSTER CORPORATION.

A writer in an American journal, Mr. Carl Snyder, gives an interesting account of what he terms the greatest corporation in the whole commercial world, namely, the London & North-western Railway. And it is refreshing to hear this writer say that Americans are so impressed with the belief that the hugest things in the world belong to America that it comes as a bit of fresh news to learn that the greatest business institution in existence lies on the other side of the water.

The fact comes into notice from the celebration this year by the London and Northwestern Railway Company of its fiftieth year. This, the first of the great railway lines to come into existence, is still the first in point of capital, traffic and income among all the transportation companies of the earth. The company has 120 million pounds sterling of capital—\$600,000,000. And its stock—£100 per share—is worth 200. There is no railway line in America worth one-quarter of this, nor is there any American line which has an income which will compare for a moment with this great English corporation, whose income is close to £12,000,000 a year.

Yet where many United States railroad systems have 5,000, or 6,000, or even 7,000 miles of track, this English road has but 1,900 miles. When it came into existence in 1846 it represented the consolidation of three lines in England, whose total length was only 400 miles. The amalgamation brought together the London and Birmingham Railroad (1837-38); the Grand Junction from Birmingham to a point on the old Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the Manchester and Birmingham, 31 miles in length, opened in 1840.

Of these lines the most important, the London & Birmingham, was laid out chiefly by Robert Stevenson, with the assistance of his father. On the extension into London city at Euston station was a considerable gradient, and as the aristocratic residents near by could not tolerate locomotives puffing past their windows, this portion of the line had to be worked by two stationary engines, dragging endless ropes passing round horizontal wheels, placed at the foot of the incline. This worked well enough for a few months, but one day the massive hempen cable 2½ miles in length, full seven inches in circumference, and weighing nearly twelve tons, snapped in two, and one portion flying back dashed out the brains of a passenger. England was horrified. Thereafter the line was run with locomotives, and the aristocratic residents moved out. This was one of the costliest lines of railroad ever built, the outlay on a little over 100 miles amounting up to nearly \$30,000,000. This was before the days of steep grades, and Stevenson would have no gradient worse than a foot rise in 330 feet of road.

The Grand Junction line was built by Joseph Locke, a pupil of George Stevenson. Locke believed in the climbing power of the locomotive when no one else in England did, and by adapting his lines to the surface of the country, was able to build them cheaply. The London and Southwestern Railroad, from London to Southampton, was built by Locke, and cost only \$140,000 per mile, while the London and Birmingham had cost upwards of \$250,000 per mile. The line has been continuously extended until it now comprises about 1,900 miles, of which 381 miles are single track. Even stocked at \$330,000 per mile, it earns a steady dividend of about 6½ per cent. per annum.

It is rather curious that this colossal corporation has been dominated, almost from the first, by but three men. The first chairman of the board of directors was Mr. Glyn, who held the post down to 1862, when, after a short interim, Mr. Moon, now Sir Richard Moon, became chairman. The latter is by odds the most interesting and easily one of the greatest figures in the century. He had been a director in the London and Northwestern for fifteen years when he became its head, and its head he remained for more than thirty years. Moon was one of those Englishmen who give their lives up to the business they control. There was not a foot of the L. and N. W. he did not know almost as accurately as the track walker. Down to the day of his retirement, about a year and a half ago, he was accustomed to be at his office by seven o'clock in the morning, and often was to be found there at midnight. As a manager he was stern and unbending, a good deal of a martinet, but withal no respecter of persons.

The stories that are told of his oddities and

sharpness of speech are endless. It is related that one day one of the chief directors of the line made an appointment with him for nine in the morning. Arriving ten or fifteen minutes late, the director jestingly apologized for his lack of punctuality. "Precisely, sir," the old manager retorted, bluntly, "It's a very bad habit, sir." On another occasion, at one of the directors' meetings, a noble lord was observed reading a newspaper. Sir Richard rapped sharply on his desk and announced abruptly, "A directors' meeting is no place for reading newspapers." "John," turning to his servant, "Go and take Lord So-and-so's newspaper away."

The huge corporation is ruled by a board of thirty directors, of whom the Duke of Sutherland is allowed to name one. The business head is the chairman of the board, and under him is the general manager, and then come the chief goods manager and the superintendent, and ten district managers. Whether it be the system or the strict regimen inaugurated by Sir Richard Moon, it is certain that the London and Northwestern is one of the most carefully, profitably and perfectly managed corporations in the world, carrying something like 70,000,000 passengers and 38,000,000 tons of merchandise and minerals a year.

The employees of the London and Northwestern alone comprise an army of 60,000 men. Crewe, where its machine shops and rolling mills are located, is a manufacturing town of 30,000 people, supported entirely by the railroad. Here the road builds all its engines, all its cars, rolls its own rails, makes its own machinery.

In the history of the world there has never been a human enterprise so colossal in all its proportions, and its successful management, alike without scandal, periods of insolvency or corruption, presents a curious contrast to the average American railroad.

—Application for letters patent have been made at Toronto, by the following associations, all apparently intending to work in the Lake of the Woods mining district of Ontario:—The Sovereign Gold Mining and Development Corporation of Ontario, Limited; directors A. E. Jones, London, Eng.; J. S. Dignam and F. Philip, Toronto; H. Jones, Niagara Falls; J. F. Latimer, mining expert. The Inter-Ocean Mining and Prospecting Company. Head offices at Toronto. The Thessalon Gold Mining Company, Limited; directors, N. Dymont, A. E. Dymont, J. S. Dobie, B.Sc., J. Knight and John Gunne. The Rupert Land Mining Company, Limited. The directors are Winnipeg people, who propose to operate the Thompson property. The Plutus Gold Mining Company, Limited. Head offices at Sault Ste. Marie. The Western Ontario and Manitoba Gold Mining and Development Company, Limited. The following are among the directors: J. F. Howard, John Dick and T. H. Gilmour. The Gold Fields Mining and Development Company, Limited, has a nominal capital of \$2,500,000 and is composed chiefly of Toronto people. The Ontario Prospectors' Mining and Developing Company. Head offices Rat Portage. Among the names of the directors are: Mr. N. C. Westerfield, Neil Campbell and J. E. Wickham, Keewatin.

—Arrangements are making for the sixteenth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, which meets at Cincinnati soon for a session of eight or ten days. "The two English representatives have already arrived. There will be only 150 delegates, representing a membership of over 600,000. The paramount question this year will be to perfect a more complete organization of all the workingmen. More strenuous efforts will be made to have the eight-hour law go into effect."

—The possibility of securing an electric light plant for the town of Middletown, Nova Scotia, was recently discussed at a meeting of the Board of Trade, of that town. A committee of its members were appointed to confer with the street commissioners regarding the cost of same, and to report at a future meeting.

—"I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing," said Mrs. Hickleby. "He spends two hours a day at it." "Really? How did you get him to do it?" "Oh, I told him to write me out a list of every thing he wanted for Christmas, and he's still at it."—*Harper's Bazar*