

COLD STORAGE OF FOOD PRODUCTS

Effects of Introduction of Refrigeration in Marketing Certain Lines of Canada's Resources.

By J. A. Ruddick, Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner.

In regard to the natural resources of a nation two things have to be considered: first, their production, secondly, their transportation to the point where they are to be utilized. The latter part of the problem assumes different aspects according to the character of the product. A comparatively few years ago only those goods of the most non-perishable character could be transported any considerable distance. Now by the application of modern methods the drawbacks of time and distance have been largely overcome. The problem has been met in different ways according to conditions, but in no direction has the advance been more marked than in the way of preserving goods by cold storage. The Dominion Government, through the Department of Agriculture, has steadily promoted the adoption of cold storage methods with most beneficial results to the health and economic welfare of the people. By means of this agency perishable products are carried long distances to centres of population and also exported overseas. This steadies and extends markets and supplies valuable food products when and where they otherwise be unobtainable.

The public has been familiar for a long time with the sight of refrigerator cars on railway trains and of late years the subject of refrigeration on ocean steamships has been more than ever in evidence. To connect the railway transportation with that of the steamship it is necessary to have suitable warehouses for transferring the goods from one to the other. These have been located at different seaports. The largest of these cold storage warehouses is that recently completed by the Harbor Commissioners at Montreal.

The plant consists of two buildings,

the warehouse proper and the power-plant. The warehouse, eight stories high, of reinforced concrete and of the most modern design, covers a ground space of 440 by 110 feet. The building is so large that ten refrigerator cars at one time can be filled or emptied without loss of refrigeration. In addition to this, ten more cars can be loaded or unloaded just outside the building and thirty motor trucks at one time deliver or receive goods within it. By means of the very complete arrangements perishable goods of whatever kind can be transferred from cars to ship or from ship to cars without being exposed to risk of deterioration through rise in temperature.

Among the noteworthy features of the building are the apparatus for washing and purifying the air in the rooms from germs, and the thermometer installation for the purpose of ascertaining from outside the temperature within the rooms. The fire protection facilities include in addition to the character of the building itself, an automatic sprinkler system which will operate at a temperature below zero and an automatic alarm system which operates fire gongs and signal lights and closes doors in elevators and air shafts.

In this immense building different rooms are maintained at various degrees of temperature, so that the products may be kept just above freezing, just below freezing or solidly frozen for as long a time as may be desired and in this way the most delicate products of the farm, dairy, orchard, or the sea and lake, such as meat, butter, eggs, tender fruits and fish which a few years ago could be marketed only a short distance from the place of production, can now be landed in first-class condition on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Fascination of Russia.

"What is the inscrutable power that has hidden in you? Why does your aching, melancholy song echo forever in my ears? Russia, what do you want of me? What is there between you and me?" The passage is from one of Gogol's books, written while he was in exile, pondering the secret of the fascination that his native land held for him.

Not only Russians in exile but also foreigners who have lived in Russia have felt the strange spell of the country. What is the reason for it? I have often, says Maj. Maurice Baring in the Puppet Show of Memory, found myself asking that question.

The country has little obvious glamor and attraction, and the picturesque-ness peculiar to countries rich in historical traditions is absent in Russia; but beauty is not absent, though it is often obscure, and for that reason it is the more striking. The realization came home to me strongly in the summer of 1913. I was staying in a small wooden house in central Russia not far from a railway, but isolated from other houses and a fair distance from any village. The harvest was nearly done. The heat was sweltering; the country was parched and dry; and the walls and ceilings were black with flies.

Just at the cool of the evening there came out of the distance a rhythmical song that ended on a note that seemed to last forever; it was piercingly clear and clean. The music came a little nearer, and you could distinguish first a soloist chanting a phrase and then a chorus taking it up. Finally solo and chorus became one and reached a climax on a high note that grew purer and stronger and more and more long drawn out without any seeming effort until it died away. The tone of the voices was so high, so pure and at the same time so peculiarly strong and rare that at first it was hard to tell whether the voices were tenors, sopranos or boyish trebles. Both in range and in quality they were unlike the voices of the woman whom you usually hear in Russian villages.

The music drew nearer and filled the air with majestic calm. Presently in the distance beyond a dip between the trees and in the middle of the natural stage that the garden made I saw against the sky figures of women walking slowly in the sunset, carrying their scythes and their wooden rakes and singing as they walked. Once again the phrase began, and the chorus repeated it; and once again chorus and solo melted together in a high and long-drawn-out note that seemed to swell like the sound of a clarion and then to grow purer, more single, stronger and fuller till it ended suddenly and sharply as a fizzle ends. The song seemed to proclaim rest after toil and satisfaction for labor accomplished. It was like a hymn of praise, a broad benediction, a grace sung for the end of the day; the end of the summer, the end of the harvest. It expressed the spirit of the breathless August evening.

The women walked past slowly and disappeared into the trees. My glimpse lasted only a moment, but it was long enough to start a train of thought and to call up pictures of rites, ritual and custom, of rustic worship and rural festival, of pagan ceremonies older than the gods.



Would Feel Rich at That Rate.
Wife—"I feel like thirty cents!"
Hubby—"Why grumble? In Germany you'd feel rich at that rate."



THE CAT CAME BACK—AND GOT THE COLD SHOULDER
The return of the "Clown Prince" to Germany has failed to make any impression on the political life of Germany.

—From the News of the World.

Stories About Well-Known People

The Blind Organist.

Though he is quite blind, Dr. Alfred Hollins, of Edinburgh, is one of the most gifted organists in the country. He has fought and conquered his affliction, and one would ever imagine that he had not the use of his eyes. He never makes the slightest slip and every part of the music is perfectly timed.

Dr. Hollins was trained at the Royal Normal College for the Blind, and is now the organist at Free St. George's Church in the Scottish capital. Recently he received the degree of Doctor of Music. No one, I believe, has ever deserved this honor more.

The Trust Buster.

In succeeding Mr. Harvey, Mr. Frank Kellogg, the new American Ambassador in London, will find himself looming larger in the affairs of Great Britain and America than any of his predecessors.

Mr. Kellogg is a great admirer of British institutions. He is a lawyer who has been engaged in some of the greatest commercial cases of modern times. In one suit alone his fees totalled nearly \$100,000.

His nickname in the United States is "The Trust Buster," because of his victory in the Government action against the Standard Oil Trust.

In a Forbidden City.

To have penetrated to mysterious Lhasa, in Tibet, which is known as the Forbidden City of the Living Buddha, is an achievement of which few, if any, other white men than an English scientist, Dr. William Montgomery Govan, can boast.

Dr. McGovern, who made the journey on anthropological, literary and antiquarian grounds, had to go most of the way disguised as a coolie. He had to study for a long time the habits of these coolies. Tremendous courage was required to carry the enterprise through, and that he not only reached

the city, but also gained possession of many priceless manuscripts and took many photographs, is tribute to his dauntlessness. He remained six weeks, and then had to fly for his life, when his disguise was discovered and the city raised against him.

Teaching the Blind in Burma.

Few people realize the devotion to duty shown by foreign missionaries. "I live as a native," said the Rev. W. H. Jackson, director of the Mission to the Blind of Burma, "dressing as they do, and sleeping on a mat in a climate that kills 40 per cent. of European inhabitants."

"I made my first printing plant," he continued, "out of old kerosene tins, hammering out the Braille dots on the flat sides. I calculate that it took 5,000 strokes of the hammer to complete one sheet, of which one-third were on my thumb."

"We have 25,000 blind in the jungle villages, and on an income of \$12,000 a year we keep up a staff of four Europeans and fifteen Burmese, to say nothing of supporting sixty children until they become independent."

Who Did?

The musician was making such a terrible hash of his piccolo solo at the church meeting that finally an agitated masculine voice in the congregation cried:

"Oh, shut up, you darned fool."

Whereupon the minister locked the doors and announced that no one would be permitted to leave until he learned the identity of the person who called the piccolo player a darned fool.

At which announcement another voice from the congregation replied:

"I don't care who called the piccolo player a darned fool. What I want to know is, who called the darned fool a piccolo player?"

Scenic Wonders of Jasper Park.

Jasper National Park in the Canadian Rockies has just concluded its most important tourist season. The predictions made at the opening of the year have been fulfilled and the great scenic playground in northern Alberta has come into its own. This park, which is the largest of the areas reserved by the Government of Canada for park purposes, was set aside in 1907. Lack of adequate accommodation for visitors prevented its use by the public in proportion to its importance and it was not until after the erection of Jasper Park Lodge on the shores of beautiful Lac Beauvert by the Canadian National Railways two years ago that tourists began to arrive in appreciable numbers.

Notwithstanding the increased facilities for accommodating guests provided at the Lodge in the 1923 season, its capacity was again taxed and numbers had to be turned away. The delightful surroundings and the splendid service contributed considerably to the great popularity of this region and it is proposed in the coming year further to enlarge the Lodge, increase the number of bungalows, and possibly erect camps at Maligne Lake or other important scenic points.

Since the reservation of Jasper Park, the National Parks' authorities have steadily carried on development work in the construction of roads and especially trails to the scenic beauty spots of greatest importance. Jasper Park's expanse of 4,400 square miles offers great possibilities for trail travel, hence it may be considered chiefly as a "trail park." Facilities for motoring are limited and as the only convenient means of access is over the main line of the Canadian

National Railways from Edmonton the amount of motoring within the park is comparatively small. The Maligne Canyon road, 9 miles in length, the Edith Cavell highway, which has been completed for 14 miles out of the town of Jasper, and the road along the Athabaska valley are the most important motor roads in the park. Over 600 miles of trails have been completed linking up the majority of the scenic wonders of the park and opening up a world of beauty to the pony back rider.

Of the many beauty spots which may be reached by trail in this park those, which through the striking beauty of their surroundings demand mention, are, Maligne Lake, Tonquin Valley, Mount Robson, and Athabaska Falls. All are within two days' trail travel of the town of Jasper.

Maligne Lake, considered by many the most beautiful lake in the Canadian Rockies, is 35 miles from Jasper. During the trip Maligne Canyon and Medicine Lake are passed before the wonderful setting of Maligne Lake is disclosed. The lake is 18 miles long and is divided into two parts by what is known as "The Narrows." Probably nowhere can a concentration of such fine scenery be found as in the lower half of the lake. Giant mountains encircle it rising sheer from the water's edge, their sides clothed with unscarred forests and their heads crowned with gleaming white glaciers from which waterfalls come tumbling down to the lake, with Mount Unwin, climbed for the first time last season by Howard Palmer and Allan Carpe, members of the Appalachian Club of Boston, standing out prominently to the south. The return trip is made over Shovel Pass, with its altitude of

8,000 feet, from which one of the most magnificent panoramic views is obtained.

This year a new trail was completed to the Tonquin Valley, bringing this wild and majestic mountain region within one day's ride of the town of Jasper. Bare, castellated peaks along the Divide, dominated by the unconquered Mount Geikie, feature the landscape in this section.

Mount Robson, although not within Jasper Park proper, is reached by rail from the town of Jasper, horses being secured for the remainder of the trip at Robson station. The trail winds up the Valley of One Thousand Falls to Lake Kinney and Berg Lake at the base of Mount Robson.

The beautiful Athabaska Falls are reached by following the west side of the Athabaska Valley as far as the Whirlpool River along the old route, worn a century ago by fur traders and trappers to the Athabaska Pass. The falls and the wonderful gorge are about 22 miles from Jasper at the foot of Mount Kerkeslin.

Trail riding as a means of seeing the national parks is rapidly gaining in popularity. It is being realized more and more that in order really to get the best of mountain scenery and at the same time reap the full benefit to health of the great out-of-doors, the trip should be made on pony back. Intending visitors who desire to essay this delightful mode of travel need not fear lack of facilities because the means have increased with the growing demand and during the past season between 400 and 500 horses were employed for the transportation of individuals and parties from Jasper to all parts of the park.

The Blot on a Sportsman's Day.

Lions are apparently still plentiful in parts of Africa. They leap and play in throngs across the pages of Mr. J. Stevenson Hamilton's article in the Cornhill Magazine. The author somewhat diminished their numbers, however, for his eye was good, and his rifle was in excellent working order. Here is the account of one blot of lion stalking:

After a while "Watch" nudged me and whispered, "Nansi Inkuni!" I peered out cautiously; sure enough, a couple of hundred yards away a big black head was moving over the grass. The problem was how to get within easy shot of the creature, which was a big male, without disturbing any of the females that very likely were in the vicinity.

Leaving my companion, I began to crawl slowly forward and found myself at last under a thorn bush. Some sixty yards in front of me and to the right I could see the head of a lioness; she was gazing about, but luckily never in my direction. Straight in front of me and a little more than a hundred yards away the big male was lying down, at intervals flicking his forepaws. He was sideways to me and I could see little more than his head; he had a fine black-and-yellow mane. Presently he rolled over and was entirely lost to sight. Probably half an hour passed. There was not a sound except the humming of insects, and it was becoming uncomfortably hot under my bush. Then another lioness got up suddenly and, walking over to the old lion, lay down close beside him. She proved to be restless and kept sitting up and staring about to all directions.

Once or twice in the next half hour the old lion roused himself, but the female was always in the way, and I could not fire. At last the moment came. From somewhere in the background a younger male, followed by a couple of females, appeared slowly approaching. The old lion sat up on his haunches, and for once his attendant remained quiet. His back was turned to me, and I had a perfect shot at the nape of his neck.

Crack! He dropped like a stone, but in that instant there was pandemonium. Lions seemed to jump up from everywhere. Not knowing whence the danger came, they dashed wildly about in all directions, staring and leaping blindly hither and thither.

The old lioness on my right sprang to her feet and trotted straight toward me. When she was about twenty-five paces distant she halted and began peering about. I did not want to shoot her, but instinct made me do it. In the excitement of the hunt I had forgotten all about my camera man waiting patiently in the rear; I had cheated him of a unique photograph. He had got his machine set up about twenty-five yards behind me and was about to take a picture when I spoiled his chance. One snapshot of a lion under such conditions would of course have been a finer trophy than half a dozen merely shot. My friend was good-natured about it, but I must say that I felt the incident was a blot on an otherwise perfect day.

That night there was feasting and rejoicing both among our own followers and among the people of the small adjacent village. For hereabout lion flesh is esteemed the greatest of all delicacies.

Cleaning Policemen's Bulls'-Eyes.

One of the quaintest of old-time jobs which still survive in London is that of cleaning the oil lamps used by members of the Metropolitan Police. These have not yet been entirely discarded in favor of electric lamps.

The police are not responsible for the cleaning and filling of their own lamps. This has been done under contract for many years by the firm of J. C. Christie, who employ a staff of twenty-nine men, especially for the work.

The men are known as "trimmers," and for thirty-five years it has been their job to trim the wicks, fill the lamps with oil, and make them quite fit for service by the policemen of 200 stations in and around London.

It is remarkable how the oil lamp has survived the era of progress in which we live today. Only about eighty stations in the London area are equipped with electric lamps.



We're Eating It Too Fast.
"Lumber is getting scarcer and scarcer—the market is terrible."
"Yes—those breakfast-food factories are putting it on the bum."