



ICE HARVEST

THE harvesting of ice for a city such as Montreal is no mean proposition, even in the abstract, but for a moment we will enter into figures and see just what it means.

There have been harvested in the city during the present winter something like 160,000 tons of ice. Multiply this by 2,000 and we arrive at a total of 320,000,000 pounds. Divide this into the population of the city and outlying districts, allow for the necessary waste, and it is found that every man, woman and child consumes in the neighborhood of 500 pounds during the year. However, a great deal of this consumption is indirect, as it were, for in these figures come the restaurants, butchers and other large consumers of ice. The calculation is a fair one, however, for sooner or later the members of the community benefit thereby.

The ice upon which Montreal depends is drawn from several sources; for instance, the Back River furnishes some, the St. Lawrence below St.

sharp ice hooks, set in long handles, the men conduct it down toward the skid, one end of which is in the water and the other ending in a long platform, set at a convenient height to load the sleighs without any lifting to speak of. At the foot of the skid the men tackle the ice raft with bars again,



SHEARING OUT THE STRIPS OF ICE.

breaking off the cakes which go flying up the skid propelled by a team of horses, hitched to a long rope. The rest is all easy, for the sleighs stand there waiting for their loads to take over to the houses.

The work of the ice harvester is not unlike that of the lumberman, and one shares the dangers as well as the fascinations of the other. That it has its fascinations is shown by the fact that one hoary old gray-beard told that he had been cutting ice every winter for twenty-five years, and as he worked the saw up and down through the blocks of blue crystal he really appeared to enjoy it, and that too in spite of the fact that the wind was blowing keen and strong over the St. Lawrence, making the footing anything but secure.

A cubic foot of ice weighs fifty-seven and one-half pounds. Cut that into quarters and the result is four very small pieces, hardly sufficient to fill an ordinary Derby hat four times over, and still each will weigh upward of fourteen pounds.—Montreal Star.

PICKING OUT THEIR CAREERS.

Children Begin in These Days as Soon as They Talk.

A group of five Brooklyn children, cousins, were playing in the nursery a few mornings ago, the eldest perhaps 10 years of age and the youngest, the only boy, nearly 5. Their mothers are club women, alert and intelligent, and these youngsters had heard much discussion of "the new woman" and of "advanced" topics mentioned in addresses before the clubs. They had absorbed more of the information than their parents realized, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

On the morning in question the children were talking over what they had heard and the oldest said: "Well, everybody's got to be something nowadays. Mother says you can't be just humdrum and comfortable and sit around home any more. Must have a career. I shall be a musician. People will come to hear me play and will clap and give me lots of 'plaws'."

"I," said Jeannette, "shall be a sculptress. I already make very nice things in clay modeling at school."

"Proudee!" yelled the others.

"No, I ain't. 'I know my immutations,' as mother says when she reads a paper. But I know what I can do! So now!"

Marie thought she would be an actress or a teacher, she had not decided which, only that she "would know a lot" and wear a long gold chain.

"I'll be a p'leesman," piped up little brother. "Nen if you ain't good I'll ketch you an' you'll be sorry. 'Nat's all."

Dear little Marjorie, 6 years old, who had many dolls to care for, sat contentedly in her little chair rocking, hugging her baby doll and crooning a "bye-low" to it. She had not spoken and was asked to contribute her idea of a career to this symposium. She glanced up, a puzzled look on her contented little face. "Yes, I heard you all talkin'," said she with a sigh. Then her usual happy expression returned, she lifted baby doll to her shoulder close under her chin and said: "I'm just goin' to be a mother with a nice family o' chill'ren."

A Cerebral Sandwich.

Sharpe—A Baltimore man is busy organizing all the joke writers into a union; I wonder what kind of an emblem they will use.

Wheaton—Why, a chestnut, of course.

(And immediately the ice-pack was replaced about his fevered brow.)—Philadelphia Record.

Death Rate of St. Petersburg. St. Petersburg has the highest death rate of any European capital.

When a toper stops drinking it may be either to his credit or to his lack of credit.



Most of the men who own flying machines are holding them for a rise.—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Henpeque—Married men live longer than single men. Henpeque—Yes; and it serves them right.—Detroit Free Press.

"Mary," said the mother, sharply, "you musn't say 'Well I never.' That is slang." "Well I never slang mother if I know it."

"I used to consider him one of the most interesting talkers I ever heard." "Yes; but that was before he began telling the cute things his baby says."

Not one, but many: Mrs. Stubbs—They have captured the cleverest hotel robber in the country, dear Mr. Stubbs—Indeed! Which hotel did he keep?—Tit-Bits.

Literal: Mistress—What in the world are you putting ashes on the floor for, Bridget? Bridget—Shure, ma'am, an' didn't yez say to doost the parlor?—Town and Country.

The modern novel is bounded on the east by blood, on the west by thunder, on the north by gossip, on the south by inanities, and is surrounded by advertisements.—Baltimore News.

"Doctor," said the wife, "do you think dyspepsia makes my husband irritable?" "I know it," replied the man of medicine. "I'll try to get him well so I can get my bill without a kick."

"John, dear," said the poet's wife, "I wish you'd write a poem that'll buy three pounds of beef; and we'll need a sonnet for ham, an ode for a sack of flour, a lyric for lard, and a quatrain for a box of matches. There! I believe that's all this morning."—Atlanta Constitution.

"In your vermiform appendix," the surgeon told him after the operation was over, "we found, strange to say, a small brass tack." "That proves I was right," feebly answered the sick man, "when I said it was something I had eaten in mince pie."—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes," said the meek-looking woman, "I'm glad Mr. Barker isn't on jury duty any more." "Did he find it irksome?" "Very. Mr. Barker couldn't express an opinion without appearing to agree with some of the other men, and it irritated him terribly."—Washington Star.

Jeweler—Diamond shirt studs? Yes, sir; here's a set, neat little stones, for \$125. Customer—Huh! Out home in California I can get—Jeweler—Ah, yes, pardon me, here you are. Just look at these big flashes. Three carats each! Sell you that set for \$3.50.—Philadelphia Press.

Personal: Mrs. Clifton—Yes, she was furious about the way in which that paper reported her marriage. Miss Avondale—Did it allude to her age? Miss Clifton—Indirectly. It stated that "Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well-known collector of antiques."—Saxby's Magazine.

"Why don't you try to live down your past?" asked the visitor at the jail. "It's no use," answered the prisoner. "Not if you're sincerely sorry." "Bein' sorry don't do no good. When dey've got your picture in de rogues' gallery you've got to git out o' de business. It's worse dan bein' up agin a trust."—Puck.

Washington officials say young women handle money more rapidly than older ones, and there can be no doubt about it. The amount of money that can pass through the hands of a young woman has frequently paralyzed a young husband who thought he was something of a spendthrift himself.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Fiendish revenge: The burglar softly opened the door of the suburbanite's sleeping apartment, slipped inside, but found nothing worth stealing. "Damn him!" he soliloquized: "I'll get some satisfaction out of him, anyway!" Thereupon he set the alarm clock on the bureau for the hour of three, and softly departed.—Chicago Tribune.

Could recommend them: "I would advise you," he said to the friend he was taking home to dinner, "to try some of my wife's branched peaches. Of course I know you don't care for them ordinarily, but these are worth trying." "Extra good, are they?" "Well, I bought the brandy myself and dumped an extra bottle of it in when she wasn't looking."—Chicago Post.

The baby's cries outclassed: Mrs. Finnegan—Shure, Mrs. Murphy, does yez baby croy much wid cuttin' his tathe? Mrs. Murphy—Indade, Mrs. Finnegan, he twists up his mouth a bit, but whether its croyin' or laughin' it's meself that don't know. Mrs. Finnegan—It's kiddin' me, yez are, Mrs. Murphy. Mrs. Murphy—Indade O!m not, Mrs. Finnegan; it's a doller foundry that we live next dure to.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Spring Humors

Come to most people and cause many troubles,—pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, fits of biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner one gets rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system that has suffered from them is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Forming in combination the Spring Medicine *par excellence*, of unequalled strength in purifying the blood as shown by unequalled, radical and permanent cures of

Scrofula Salt Rheum
Scald Head Boils, Pimples
All Kinds of Humor Psoriasis
Blood Poisoning Rheumatism
Catarrh Dyspepsia, Etc

Accept no substitute, but be sure to get Hood's, and get it today.

A Different Species.

"I thought you said Brown was a regular bibliomaniac." "Not on your life. I said he was a bibulous maniac."—Baltimore News.

Since writing for the April Century "The Evolution of American Census Taking," which gives interesting details of the magnitude and intricacies of the "decennial snap-shot of the nation," the Honorable W. R. Merriam has resigned the office of director of the census, to become vice president of the International mercantile agency.

Harmless Infatuation.

"Confound these literary clubs, I say. My wife's crazy over Browning." "So's mine. But I'm not raising any objections. Browning's dead."—Washington Times.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Same Old Complaint.

Old Emdee—Well, how do you like your profession? Young Emdee—Profession's O. K. It's the practice I'm kicking about.—Town and Country.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Worse Than That.

"He wrote a girl a love-letter once, and it's costing him a pretty penny now." "Breach of promise suit?" "No, alimony."—Philadelphia Press.

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

Her Plan.

"I've been two weeks trying to get my husband to give me \$50 to buy a new dress," complained Mrs. Gazzam to Mrs. Wiffles.

"I never do that."

"What do you do?"

"I have my dress charged and leave my husband to fight it out with the collector."—Harper's Bazaar.

The Appreciation.

The Author (after the first performance)—Well, what do you think of my play?

Feminine Friend—It was just lovely! Who designed the heavenly dresses?—Brooklyn Life.

Fate's Injustice.

Nocash (disconsolately)—The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. Friend—What's wrong now?

Nocash—Miss Fullpurse has refused me and is going to marry Mr. Coupon.—New York Weekly.

Will Smash Him Then.

"He has challenged you," said his friends. "Why don't you fight him?" "It isn't the right time of the moon yet," exclaimed the enraged man, grinding his teeth horribly.—Chicago Tribune.

Just Sulted the Scorcher.

And the soul of the wicked one was next condemned to fall through space at the rate of a mile a minute for 10,000 years. "Say," he shouted as he passed the 10,000th ghostly mile post, "this beats any riding I ever tried!"—Automobile Magazine.

You Can Get Allen's Foot Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot Ease. It cures chafes, blisters, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

One Form of Argument.

A Denver justice comes to the support of the New York crusade against wheeling baby carriages on the sidewalks by saying that if God meant babies to go on wheels he would have put wheels on them.

FITS Permanently Cured. 50 fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ocean Liners of 1880.

By the breaking up of the Servia and the Alaska there disappeared two of the three famous Atlantic liners whose appearance twenty years ago was regarded as the opening up of a new and most important page in the history of Atlantic steaming.

Somewhat of a Dampener.

Mrs. Simpson—Just see what mother has sent us—a lovely big turkey for our Christmas dinner! It came by express this morning.

Simpson (joyfully)—Bless her heart! That's just like her.

Mrs. Simpson—And she sent us a note saying she would be here to help us eat it.

Simpson (not quite so joyfully)—The dickens! That's just like her, too!—New York Times.

Our Aristocracy.

"She claims, I believe, to be descended from a king."

"Yes. Before her grandfather struck it rich he was known as the poker king of White Hoss Flats."

The Ecclesiastical Tender.

Cashier—In what denomination do you want your money?

Uncle Rube—Wa'al, I'm a Methodist myself, so ye might as well make 'em that.—Princeton Tiger.

At the Horse Show.

McBrier—Did yez ever see a horse jump foive feet over a fence?

McSwatt—O!ve seen 'em jump four feet over. I didn't know that a horse had foive feet.

Wisdom of Age.

Bess (sweet sixteen)—Did you notice what a knightly air Mr. Dashing has? Aunt Mary—Yes—sort of an up-all-nightly air, as it were.—Chicago News.



THE SAW AND BAR IN PLAY.

Mary's current furnishes more, while the river opposite Nun's Island contributes by far the larger share. The ice in this latter locality is beautifully clear and is now being harvested as fast as men can cut and teams can draw.

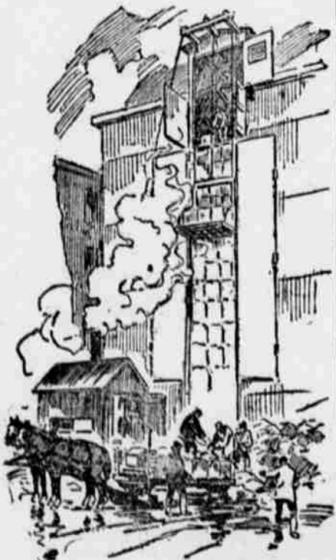
The process proper of procuring ice begins with the removal of the snow, this being accomplished with horses hitched to scrapers. Next comes a machine termed a marker, which is a



ICE HARVESTERS AT WORK.

series of teeth set at given intervals. The teeth are so adjusted that they cut at intervals of forty inches and again at twenty inches, the width and length of an ordinary cake. A cutter, consisting of a series of big teeth, set one in front of the other, is then run over these marks by means of horses, making the cuts some five inches deep.

Next the saw comes into play. In the old days each cake was sawn, but experience has proven that ice, if properly handled, can be broken very readily with a sharp iron bar, thus saving a



HOISTING ICE BY STEAM POWER.

great portion of the necessarily slower method of sawing.

The City Ice Company's men in place of sawing the ice into comparatively small cakes content themselves with going through it with the toothed instrument at intervals of sixty-four feet, cutting through only the short way. This raft, sixteen cakes long and four wide, is then broken off the main body by means of bars and with



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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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