

THE ABERDEENS IN CANADA.

The Northwest Prairies as Seen by the Countess.

THE WRECK ON THE CANADA PACIFIC.

Latitude of the Plain—Meeting with Home Folks—Resources of the Northwest—The Indians.

(From Onward and Upward for October.)

In the English newspapers of last October appeared telegraphic reports of a railway accident west of Winnipeg, finishing up with the statement that Lord and Lady Aberdeen were on the train, and that while the former went about ministering to the wants of the wounded, the latter took sketches of the scene. That was a tolerably hard-hearted proceeding, was it not? I wonder what those of our members and associates who happened to notice the statement thought of the doings of their President while she was here beyond their reach. Well, here is the true, unvarnished statement of the facts, as written at the time.

"We started from Winnipeg soon after six, and about eight we had just gone across to the dining-car and begun our dinner, when there came a sudden tremendous screwing of the brakes, a series of jerks, an abrupt transference of crockery and glass from tables to floor, and then the car was motionless, and all was perfectly still. People looked at one another for a moment—the same unuttered thought passing through each mind, then came the tidings, 'The engine is off the rails.' A rushed out with others to see what had really occurred, and we were amazed to find how much damage was done, when we remembered the comparatively slight shock we had felt.

The engine was lying on its side, on the bank, all crumpled and torn, the funnel half into the ground and still smoking away; the tender, upside down across the rails, towered above the luggage-van on its side. On the other side of the line, one car half down the bank, and three more of the rails, the three last cars, including the dining-car and ours, were still on the rails. No one could ascertain the cause of the accident, and for a few minutes there was great suspense as to whether any one was killed or injured. Marvelously and mercifully no one was killed, and the engine-driver, fireman and express messenger were only somewhat cut and bruised.

The driver, had, with great presence of mind, turned off steam, and put our fellow-passengers quite willing to tell us about all these things, and to explain the reasons as to why one man fails and the other succeeds. It was especially interesting to us to come across young men, from our own district in Aberdeenshire, who could speak in cheery tones of their past experience and their future prospects. One of these, Mr. Weil, from Methlick, who came and chatted with us on our car for a bit, had been working for a year or two on one of the huge 10,000 acre farms, formed originally by Sir John Lister-Kaye; when we met him, he was about to buy a farm of his own, and to bring to it as mistress an Associate of the Haddo House Association.

So there is no fear of his not succeeding—is there? For "Onward and Upward" will be the motto in their house. This young man's experience, and that of others whom we met, points to the fact that one of the best ways of getting on is for a new comer to hire himself as laborer to a good farmer for a year or two, so as not only to save up money for his start, but also, even if he have some capital, to learn the ways of the country under practical guidance. In looking to the future and to the probability of the continuance of the rich crops which have been obtained these last few years from Manitoba and the Northwest, there is an encouraging feature which was brought before us by a gentleman at Ottawa, Mr. Hartwell, who has prepared a series of very interesting maps under the sanction of the Canadian Government. One of these maps, which we have reproduced here on a small scale, shows us that all over the world there are regions where summer droughts prevail, where rain falls but rarely during the period while the crops are growing and requiring moisture. If you look at the map, you will see that but a small part of this region is included in the Dominion of Canada, and this is a matter of no small importance to intending settlers.

As we get farther West, we begin to hear about other sources of prosperity besides wheat—we hear of the grass lands of Alberta and its openings for large ranches for the breeding of horses; we hear, too, of coal fields of such extent that all past fears as to the fuel resources of Canada have been set at rest. Then, too, there is timber and large petroleum deposits. But I cannot enlarge on these things in this paper, nor will I describe to you the young towns of this region; Regina, the capital of the Northwest, where too are the headquarters of the smart red-uniformed Canadian Mounted Police; Medicine Hat, a little town in a cavity, surrounded by strongly indented hills, where we had the pleasure of inspecting a charmingly appointed hospital, erected through the efforts of Mr. Nesbitt, one of the C. P. R. Superintendents at Calgary, at the foot of the Rockies, where lives one of our associates, who still takes part in our competitions, though so far away.

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This soil is very hard to break at first, but subsequent ploughings are easy. As we went along, we found one and another of our fellow-passengers quite willing to tell us about all these things, and to explain the reasons as to why one man fails and the other succeeds. It was especially interesting to us to come across young men, from our own district in Aberdeenshire, who could speak in cheery tones of their past experience and their future prospects. One of these, Mr. Weil, from Methlick, who came and chatted with us on our car for a bit, had been working for a year or two on one of the huge 10,000 acre farms, formed originally by Sir John Lister-Kaye; when we met him, he was about to buy a farm of his own, and to bring to it as mistress an Associate of the Haddo House Association. So there is no fear of his not succeeding—is there? For "Onward and Upward" will be the motto in their house. This young man's experience, and that of others whom we met, points to the fact that one of the best ways of getting on is for a new comer to hire himself as laborer to a good farmer for a year or two, so as not only to save up money for his start, but also, even if he have some capital, to learn the ways of the country under practical guidance. In looking to the future and to the probability of the continuance of the rich crops which have been obtained these last few years from Manitoba and the Northwest, there is an encouraging feature which was brought before us by a gentleman at Ottawa, Mr. Hartwell, who has prepared a series of very interesting maps under the sanction of the Canadian Government. One of these maps, which we have reproduced here on a small scale, shows us that all over the world there are regions where summer droughts prevail, where rain falls but rarely during the period while the crops are growing and requiring moisture. If you look at the map, you will see that but a small part of this region is included in the Dominion of Canada, and this is a matter of no small importance to intending settlers. As we get farther West, we begin to hear about other sources of prosperity besides wheat—we hear of the grass lands of Alberta and its openings for large ranches for the breeding of horses; we hear, too, of coal fields of such extent that all past fears as to the fuel resources of Canada have been set at rest. Then, too, there is timber and large petroleum deposits. But I cannot enlarge on these things in this paper, nor will I describe to you the young towns of this region; Regina, the capital of the Northwest, where too are the headquarters of the smart red-uniformed Canadian Mounted Police; Medicine Hat, a little town in a cavity, surrounded by strongly indented hills, where we had the pleasure of inspecting a charmingly appointed hospital, erected through the efforts of Mr. Nesbitt, one of the C. P. R. Superintendents at Calgary, at the foot of the Rockies, where lives one of our associates, who still takes part in our competitions, though so far away. If space had permitted I would have wished to tell you something of the former masters of this country, the Indians, who are diminishing in numbers, and will ere long disappear. Their tents or "tepees" are pitched in groups on the plains you pass by, and miserable specimens in dirty squalid-colored blankets haunt the railway stations, with the object of selling buffalo horns, or baskets, or feather-work. Their babies, whom they call "paposes," and who are strapped to boards which their mothers carry on their backs, seem to be model babies. You never hear one crying. There they are, swathed up tightly on their boards, and they appear to be equally unconcerned if they are riding on their mothers' backs or are put down against a wall, whilst their guardians are otherwise occupied. But travelers who pass through these countries only by the railway can know nothing of the lives and customs of the true type of Indian. For knowledge of these we must go to the hunter, the Hudson Bay Company trader and the missionary, and we must hunt records of the past, which already have supplied material for

the gardens of the Desert, these. The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, For which the speech of England has no name. The Prairies. I beheld them for the first. And my heart swells, while the dilated sight Takes in the ever-changing vastness. Lo! they lie in airy undulations far away. As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell, Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed And motionless for ever—Motionless! No—they are all unchained again. The clouds Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye.

A DEADLY CANE.

The Novel Weapon A Cincinnati Detective Carries.

Detective John T. Norris is in the city, and as usual, has a new firearm to display. Detective Norris has a hobby of collecting odd weapons of various kinds, but his latest acquisition is probably the most formidable of his whole collection. It is a cane of about three feet two inches long and seemingly harmless. It has a rather long steel-pointed ferrule, which, when the cane is used in walking, keeps its owner from slipping, but when he is cornered by a crowd it can be turned to use as a bayonet.

The cane, with this exception, shows no signs of being the dangerous weapon it is. By a simple device the long steel ferrule can be loosened in a second and in its place appears the barrel of a 32-calibre gun. Another second suffices to pull back the handle of the cane and the weapon is cocked and loaded. The detective can kill a sparrow off the top of the tallest telegraph pole or hit his man a square away with this little Winchester. If the first load doesn't bring him there are five more cartridges in the handle which can be fired with lightning-like rapidity. The hammer and trigger are just at the beginning of the curve in the handle of the cane. The whole barrel of the gun and the curved handle as well are covered with thousands of feet of plaited lines, the work of Evan Jones, a watchman of the snail-box C. S. Senter, which plies up and down the Mississippi River.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why Some Men Are Bachelors.

In other words, why are some men unable to find a woman to love? There are many reasons.

One given by a prominent New York bachelor was that "he didn't go out in ladies' society enough to select any particular one."

And then, perhaps, the like and dislike is on the other side. Perhaps he is so jealous, selfish disposition and shows it; or perhaps he has some traits which are not the best in the world. The girls are not slow to see into these things, ah, no!

As one young girl said lately: "It is all over between Jacques and me; we have said good-by. I can never marry a jealous man—never."

And the same silly quarrel often separates a young man and his sweetheart. Both are too proud to give in, and though they love each other desperately, they will, for love of one little word, separate for life. Many a man in this case has reached his grave unmarried and unloved, being at the same time almost too worldly to admit it.

Thus, whenever you see a gay, handsome bachelor who never bothers to turn his head ever so little toward the fair sex, do not condemn him, dear girls, but just think a little, and may be you will be able to excuse him.

A Royal Reformer.

The progressive King of Siam, in his anxiety to better the condition of his people, has taken to wandering among them disguised in plain clothes. Amusing stories are told of the scant courtesy which he received last winter from his subjects, who did not recognize him and regarded his curiosity as a bit of impertinence. A few months ago he visited the Straits settlements to obtain information about improvements he wished to introduce at home. He has decided to curtail the number of days devoted to processions—and royal shows in his capital, which he says are too expensive for the taxpayers, encourage the people in idleness, and take up the time of officials. He intends to make changes in the laws of slavery, which are the most flagrant evil of Siam. Any man in debt becomes the slave of his creditor if he fails to pay the sum due. The King must originate every reform himself, for he is an absolute monarch, and not even his most progressive subjects would dare to commit so great a breach of etiquette as to suggest any innovations upon established customs.—Boston Traveller.

Number of Stitches in a Shirt.

There are just 21,000. There are four rows of stitching in the collar, 3,200 stitches; cross ends to the collar, 550; button and buttonhole, 150; gathering the neck and sewing on the collar, 1,205; stitching wristbands, 1,328; ends of the same, 68; button holes in wristbands, 148; hemming cuffs, 254; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1,468; stitching on shoulder straps, 1,880; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing in sleeves and making gussets, 3,050; sewing up seams of sleeves, 2,554; cording the bosom, 1,104; "tapping" the sleeves, 1,526; sewing up all other seams and setting the side gussets, 1,272. That represents the amount of labor that must be put into a shirt, and explains why the home-made article has gone out of fashion.

Dreadful Possibilities.

Fair Visitor—Dearest friend, what is the matter?

Mrs. Knewlived (sobbing)—This mummy—morning I made some lul—lovely cake.

F. V.—Well?

Mrs. K.—And dear John ate a great lot and gave a little piece to the kitten before he went to his train.

F. V.—Well?

Mrs. K.—And the tick-kick-kitten has just died and the telephone has been ringing like mad!

She Thought It Strange.

Clarissa—And young Freshleigh has proposed to you?

Ethel—He has.

Clarissa—Well, it is very strange.

Ethel—Why is it strange?

Clarissa—Well, you see, they have always said that he would be hard to suit.

Old Mrs. Bentley—Have you heard how Mrs. Brown is getting on? Old Mr. Bentley—She was doing very well, and although one lung is gone, the doctor said he thought she might live for some time; but last week she ketches cold, which developed into pneumonia. Old Mrs. Bentley (with pensive hopefulness)—Ah, well, if she's only got one lung, she can't have it very bad.

"I do love Mr. Dhowell's books for summer reading." "You like realism, then?" "Oh, no; but his characters do nothing so gracefully."

The average time consumed in sending a cable message to London and getting an answer is only four minutes.

Washington Star: "I never saw a man run through his property like Blinx did," remarked a department clerk. "Why," exclaimed the man at the night desk. "I thought he was very steady-going." "Yes, but you ought to have seen him when the bull chased him over the farm his uncle left him."

Running Through His Property.

WOM