

WITH THE SCOTCH SETTLERS.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen Among the Northwest Farmers.

The Country and the People Graphically Described by the Countess.

(From "Onward and Upward" for September.)

Now in with you, if you do not want to be left behind! And please remember that you have to keep your wits about you during this journey when you get out at railway stations. We have left the whistles behind us in the old country, and in their stead you hear a bell, which at first reminds you more than anything else of the bell of a country church or school, and when you hear that bell, scramble in as best you can, for there will be no slamming of carriage doors, no crying of "Take your seats," no guard's whistle as a last warning. The conductor calls "All aboard," but if the train is a long one, you are as likely as not to miss hearing him. And at every station where we stop you will see after the train has actually started a rush of stragglers scrambling up on the "platforms" at either end of the long cars. Of course you know that trains in America are not at all like those in this country.

We thought we had chosen quite the best time of year for our trip although it might be considered a little late by some, for when we woke up the first morning after leaving Ottawa we found ourselves passing through roads, all flaming with the gorgeous autumnal tints of the maple and other trees, and underneath the trailing leaves of various berry-bearing plants made a carpet of rich yellows, and reds, and browns. I think, if I am to be truthful, I must admit that this scenery would have borne rather a forbidding aspect if it had not been for these rich colorings, and we can scarcely wonder if newly-arrived emigrants bound westward feel rather depressed at passing through a stretch of such apparently sterile country of the outset of their journey. The trees are stunted, the vegetation allows us to see the stony character of the soil below; some of the telegraph-poles even have to be upheld by heaps of stones around them, and the desolation is often rendered greater by many of the trees having been the prey of forest fires, the result either of the carelessness of settlers or Indians, or arising from sparks from the engine, falling on the dry inflammable substances all around. And yet this region has charms of its own—the fishermen can tell of the wealth to be found in the rivers and lakes, the geologist and the miner will tell you of the yet comparatively unexplored riches of silver and copper and other metals which are stood up for Canada's children beneath the unpromising looking surface, and the artist will revel in the wild grandeur of the mountain and lake scenery all along the coast of Lake Superior. A succession of magnificent promontories, frowning rocks and crags, surrounding the lovely bay of that vast expanse of water calling itself a lake, meet your eye as the train bears you along, and you lay down your pencil and brush in bewilderment as to which point to seize amidst so much beauty, and instead you revert to the faithful rapid Kodak to record your memories of Thunder Bay, and Jackfish Bay, and the Lake of the Woods, and many another spot of beauty. And then one day as you wake up and peep out behind the blind of your car the mountain and the lake, and the torrent have disappeared, and instead you behold a vast stretch of gray country and you realize that you are before you the far famed wheat lands of Manitoba, and that Winnipeg, the City of Prairies, lies hard by.

At Winnipeg we felt almost as if we had a home awaiting us, for our friend, Sir Donald Smith, about whose generosity to his native country I have told you before, had written to us even before we left England, and had bidden us to come to his house at Silver Heights and to make ourselves at home. And so, on the steps of Silver Heights you now see Lord Aberdeen and my brother (who met us here), and Mr. Traill, Sir Donald's manager. Here, too, see Sir Donald's buffaloes, the last remaining in Canada of the millions who used to inhabit the prairies, and whose bones you will see in dismal heaps as you pass along.

And now what am I to say about Winnipeg? It is 700 feet above the sea level, it has a population of 28,000 (twenty years ago there were only 215 inhabitants), it has some fine buildings, wide streets, it is lighted with electric light, it is a great railway centre, and is destined to become a great capital. You still, however, can see how recent is its birth, for side by side with a fine house stands an old Red River settler's log hut, the wide streets are still mostly unpaved, and on a wet day serve as admirable illustrations of the richness and the blackness of Manitoba soil, and you still see passing through the city by the side of a carriage and pair, the old Red River carts made entirely of wood, creaking as they go. The rate of progress amazes the inhabitants themselves, and it is very pleasant to hear stories of things as they were and as they are. For instance, look at this dog carriage; that is the vehicle in which the Governor and his wife used to be transported to Ottawa not so many years ago. Rather a different business now—days it is not much. We must not linger long here, much as I should like to tell you of the many impressions left on our minds by Winnipeg, its inhabitants and its surroundings and of all the truly Scotch hospitality with which we were entertained whilst there, and again on our return journey, not only by Sir Donald Smith, and the Lieut.-Governor, Mr. Schultz and his wife, but by many other friends of whose kindness we cherish grateful memories.

One of the impressions most strongly left on our minds by our stay in Winnipeg was the strongly marked religious tone of the community. This is not only shown by the number of churches and religious institutions, but in the evident earnestness of purpose, which causes people who have but little time in this young city to devote themselves to active works of religion and benevolence. The great scarcity of servants throws a great part of the household work on the ladies themselves, and

yet they contrive to throw themselves into Christian work, and to take charge personally of the orphans and the aged poor, and to befriend the stranger in a way which may well push us to shame. One of their latest organizations undertake to send out monthly parcels of literature to settlers in Manitoba and the Northwest. It is difficult for those at home to realize the isolation of such settlers; everything has to be begun and carried on by the work of their own hands, and their whole thoughts are absorbed by the desperately hard work which is an essential for success. Church is far away, there are no libraries or reading-rooms or means of self-improvement at hand, and the temptation must be great in such lives to forget mind and soul in the struggle for material prosperity. Those who stay at home and have friends in these distant parts should remember that no greater kindness can be shown them than by sending out good weekly newspapers and magazines, perhaps a picture now and again to brighten up the walls of the wooden house, perhaps some flower seeds from the garden at home, which will bring tender thoughts to the minds of those now so far away, and who will teach their children to tend the little plants sent by "grannie" or "auntie," and to make them think of doing their best to make their homes beautiful and home-like. Frugality, and self-denial, and strength of character are developed by the stern life which must be led by the settler in Manitoba who means to prosper. It is our part to do our best to prevent the possibility of their sterner virtues from becoming too stern, and from becoming a mere passion to get on and to make money. And if you have no friends in Canada yourselves, may I ask those who are willing to do so to save up their papers, and pictures, and magazines, and to send them to—Madame Gauthier, Ladies' Union for Distributing Literature to Settlers, Winnipeg, Manitoba, per Dominion Line and C. P. Railway. And add to this address—"Carried free by special permission of the Directors of Dominion Steamship Line and C. P. R." For we have special permission to send parcels of literature free of expense of carriage, and so I hope that the readers of "Onward and Upward" will send many contributions, helpful for mind and heart and soul, and tending to give thoughts which will uplift the common daily work which would otherwise be drudgery.

Now let me tell you of a visit we paid to some new settlers from Scotland who are among those who need help and sympathy to be shown in this way. Mr. Scarth, Dominion member of Parliament for Winnipeg, took great personal trouble in the settling of these Highland crofters, and he and Mrs. Scarth lived amongst them for the first few weeks, when they arrived as strangers, without friends, and had to be camped out in tents. He now kindly made all arrangements for us to visit the settlement, and I will give you a few extracts from my journal about our visit, written at the time, along with some pictures which tell their own tale.

TUESDAY, Oct. 7th, 1890.—Went to little hotel for breakfast, and by 9 were ready for our start. Killarney, a respectable little place for four years, is the seat of the local merchant, who has taken great charge of the Highland crofters whom we had come to see, had arranged to drive us to Mr. Scarth's request. So, off we went, A. Coutts, Mr. Lalor and myself, in what they call a "democrat," a sort of long, four-wheeled cart, with two seats, one behind the other. It was a perfect day for our forty miles drive across the prairie, not much sun, but a bright shining always in the long fleecy clouds, which stretch themselves in long, long stretches of manifold shapes in the way which we have come to look upon as especially Canadian. No wind, but an indescribably fresh bracing air, which we want to inhale in long breaths all the while. And, as we thought while we were driving on a previous occasion in Texas and Dakota, driving on the prairie and on the trail, running through the prairies is unlike any other driving. The soft elasticity of the ground carries us over all the bumps, and jars, and ruts; and roots and hillocks are all passed over as the most natural things in the world. But with all this, I am not going to rave about Manitoba. Oh, the inexpressible dreaminess of these everlasting prairies with their serpentine black trails winding through them!

Of course, to-day, we have been going through land but newly taken up, and there has not yet been time for the desire of beauty or comfort in any small way to grow. The struggle to live has swallowed up all the energy, and it has been quite the exception to see even an attempt after the commonest sort of tidiness, much less any attempt to nurture a few flowers, a plant, a tree. But the Macdonalds have, for their value education, for little schools are planted down everywhere where there are 15 children to attend, and the teachers are not badly paid. We went into one of these schools to-day, there were about 20 children, and a pleasant-looking young man, an M. A., who has also a farm in the neighborhood, was teaching them. He said the great difficulty was the irregularity of attendance, which made his work resemble that of Sisyphus and become real drudgery. Such country schools are shut up during the winter, and in the autumn the children are kept away for harvest work, so that it is only the three spring months that can be depended on.

Our first visit was to the old Irishman, O'Brien, who had constituted himself the good father of the place, and had insisted on it being called Killarney. I am afraid that my smothered exclamation of amusement on first sight of the lake, remembering our first sight of the real Killarney, was taken as disrespectful by our cicerone, but in truth, it is the prettiest thing we have seen in Manitoba.

After seven or eight miles we came to the first crofter, one John Macleod, who had been one of the grumblers about small things, but he made no grumble to us, and said he thought he should get along well now. Then came John Nicholson's section. He is one of the most successful, but unfortunately he and his wife were away from home. He had his 10 acres cultivated according to stipulation the first year (1889), this year he had 35; next year he is preparing for 55. His wheat had been threshed and we saw it all in his new little wooden barn—900 bushels, representing somewhere about £150. His first barn was still standing, made of soda. Other four crofters to the west are relations, and all on one section, and are doing well. We saw two more of the Lewis families, John Campbell and his

wife and children, in whose cottage also was old Mrs. Macleod, whose husband holds meetings while the missionary is away in the winter. Mrs. Macleod, Peter Graham and his wife, a tidy, capable-looking woman with five bonny bairns. We photographed some of the people and their places, though some were rather unwilling, being in their working clothes. One requires to think of what these people were before they came out, to appreciate their present position and prospects. Some who came knew nothing about agricultural work, one had never used a hay-fork in his life. And that they should have got on so well as they have done is very creditable, both to themselves and their neighbors. After leaving the crofters we came in sight of Pelican Lake, and then, descending a steep braise, the sight of which rejoiced our hearts, we came upon a prosperous-looking farm of 640 acres owned by a man whom we passed, ploughing. We stopped to ask our way, but after all, got rather astray, and went a good bit out of our way up a rough hill, which landed us on the edge of a ravine, on the other side of which was the house where we were to have luncheon. A young English farmer of cheery and hopeful aspect, and newly married, put us right again, and we were then ready for our 4 o'clock luncheon at Mrs. Darough's, at the farmhouse of Glenfern. The threshing was going on there, and they had had a busy day, with 16 or 17 men in to dinner. The yield had not been so good as was expected, and one field, from which they had expected twenty-five bushels per acre, had only fifteen. They were doing better to-day. That same field in 1887 yielded 40 bushels per acre (sold at 48 cents), in 1888 it was down to five bushels per acre (sold at 84 cents), in 1887 I forgot what she told me the number of bushels were, but the price was 84 cents. The Daroughs came from Ontario, and are of Scotch extraction. There are five sons, three working, the eldest just married to one of the crofter girls living on a section of his own, and two daughters, who gave us proofs of their prowess in the home-made bread and jam and pumpkin pie. But Mrs. Darough said that sugar had been too dear to make much jam. All the small kinds of fruit do well, and wild berries abound. Potatoes, cabbages, cauliflower and other vegetables grow magnificently. Apples are not yet a success. Cattle left us here, and we drove on to Glenboro, about twenty-one miles further, calling in at two of the Harris crofters en route, Morrison and Donald Stewart. Only saw the wife of the latter, who worked for Lord Dunmore until he sold the island. Many messages sent to Dunmore.

And the last part of the drive which passes through rich wheat land and past a prosperous Scandinavian settlement was lost on us, for it had become quite dark, and our attention was concentrated on our driver avoiding the many vehicles returning from Glenboro Fair, waggons, and carts, and buggies, and gigs, and droves of cattle and horses. He managed very creditably, and the demeanor of the home-going folk contrasted favorably with what it might have been on a similar occasion at home.

Another New Move.

The National Anti-Nuisance League, with W. Jennings Demorest behind it as a promoter, is the name of a new organization at New York, whose work will be the proving before the courts, by suits in equity, injunctions and for damages, "that the fascinating, scorching and deadly poison of alcohol is the most dangerous enemy of our health, homes and country—a public nuisance, and as such to be abated."

This declaration of purpose has the merit of novelty as well as truthfulness, for it is proposed by Mr. Demorest and his followers to cause the outlawing of alcohol, both as to its manufacture and sale, on the ground solely of its being a poison. It is said that the society expects to influence the courts by arguing that the investigations of Pasteur, Baron Liebig and other eminent chemists demonstrate that alcohol is the excrement of microbes, that it is a deadly poison, and that it should be treated as such, and used as opium and other poisons as who used except by order of physicians. There is a good legal backing for this sort of crusade against alcohol found in the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which declared in the Kansas case:

"No Legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."—Exchange.

Don't "Queer" the Preacher.

A clergyman well known to Buffalo people says that when the Lord made him he forgot to put any pegs in his mind on which to hang the names of his acquaintances. He can remember faces, but not names. He became pastor of a large church a few months ago, and after discharging his duties long enough to know his sheep by sight he was visited one evening by a lady whom he knew well, but whose name he could not, for the life of him, recall. (Wishing to be reminded of it without exposing his ignorance he said:

"Let me see, ah—how do you spell your name?"

To which she replied, with reproachful dignity:

"S-m-i-t-h."

For a moment the clergyman was floored, but he rallied quickly and escaped rebuke by replying:

"Oh, then you don't spell it with a y?"—Philadelphia Call.

Don't Mention It.

Rochester Herald: Kate Field is "petite in figure and as lively as a young girl," but—ah-h—her hair is turning gray. Oh, the wickedness of those untaxed bachelors!

At Long Branch.

Brooklyn Eagle: De Pumpkin—I don't think that decollete and short skirted bathing suit is in good form.

De Pumpkin—Of course not, dear boy. The good form is in it.

Mrs. Wanamaker is said to keep up a regular correspondence with the 150 young girls who make up her Sunday school class in Philadelphia.

Dwarf trees in Japan only two feet high are exact reproductions in miniature of sycamore, oak, cedar and apple trees.

HOMING PIGEONS.

Some of the Peculiarities of the Wonderful Flyers.

"I cannot tell what it means," observed a Detroit bird fancier this morning, "but the instinct or the intuitive knowledge, or whatever you may call it, which characterizes homing pigeons is something wonderful in nature. No matter what distance they may be carried they will return to their lofts, and it must be understood that they do not possess a knowledge of the country through which they fly. As a rule we send them by rail in an express car. They cannot possibly see outside of their prison, but the moment they are liberated by the station agent of the town we intend flying them from, they usually make directly for Detroit."

"Instinct, it is claimed, is unerring, therefore, I would infer that homing pigeons have not this characteristic as a guiding element in returning to their lofts. The power which they exercise is some mental force or magnetism unknown to mankind. Take, for instance, the action of some of our birds which were liberated in Indiana, a few hundred miles from here, some time ago. Immediately on regaining their freedom they circled around the railroad depot, and after taking a view of the country departed westward instead of northeast toward Detroit. The station agent watched their movements, until they flew out of sight. They had been gone fully a half-hour when he was astonished at seeing them return and alight on the roof of the depot. They remained there, apparently resting, for 20 minutes, and evidently held a council of deliberation, for they soon took wing again, this time directly for Detroit."

It is no uncommon thing to see pigeons fail at the first attempt to fly homeward, but their second effort brings them on the right course. They have an inordinate love of home, and a bird will fight to the death rather than give up its perch. Sometimes it happens that while some of the little flyers are absent from the loft on a long race, an old cock bird takes a fancy to another's coop. He remains only until the owner's return, however, for the latter will battle to the bitter end for his rights. "The homing pigeons are very punctual regarding time in sitting on the nest. The female bird will remain on the eggs from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 next morning, and then the male bird takes his turn. They can bring out broods at all seasons of the year. At the present time there are upwards of 400 homing pigeons in Detroit."—Detroit News.

Effects of Alcohol.

The Reichstag, at its last session, appointed a Commission of Inquiry as to the effects of alcohol, and the facts brought to light in hospitals, prisons and courts are startling. The use of spirit as a leading factor in crime, and the chief cause of suicide, of which there were 147 cases in Berlin alone, during the first half of July. The Emperor is willing to take more advanced ground than his ministers. Under their manipulation, his bill for the repression of drunkenness has become merely a proposal to increase the penalties for the offense. The ministry think the people would not tolerate legislative interference with their drinking customs. The Kaiser thinks differently. He is under the delusion that the evil influence is not in the alcohol, but in the adulterations. He hopes to effect reform by attaching heavy penalties to the sale of "bad liquors." Long before William has reigned as many years as his illustrious grandfather, we predict he will first learn that all liquors are bad, and then, that the only way to prevent saloons from selling bad liquors, is to prevent their selling any liquors. The morning is at hand when Germany wakes to the evils of intemperance. Whenever the Teuton mind deals seriously with any problem involving scientific soundings, it is apt to bring truth to the top. When it starts in quest of the effects of alcohol, the sociological facts will prompt to physiological research, and we shall hear better reasons for total abstinence than have ever yet been given.—Exchange.

Saving Drunken Sailors.

A lady who has been a missionary for ten years on the coast of China writes to friends at home: "If our American women knew how much the American sailors on the coast of China need their help to save them from intemperance, they would come to the rescue." Another missionary says that no more effective work can be done for foreign missions than holding gospel temperance meetings among sailors who are to visit heathen ports. Each drinking sailor who visits such a port, by his example undoes the work the missionary is doing, while every sailor converted to God and total abstinence in the gospel temperance meetings of America or England is a missionary for good at every port the keel of his ship touches. An illustration of this fact is given in the story of Sailor Jack, converted in a gospel meeting of the Chicago W. C. T. U. many years ago. After his conversion he "sailed the wide seas over," an unconscious forerunner of Mrs. Leavitt and Miss Ackerman. At every port he stopped, his first inquiry was for the W. C. T. U., and if he did not find one—as he seldom did—he told the people they ought to have one, and did what he could to start it. He wrote us from an American port, "I have organized a W. C. T. U., only it is all men. I could not find any women to go in."

Safer Than Any Safe.

Wishlets—These summer resorts are so full of all kinds of crooks, that, for fear of being robbed, I always leave my money in the hotel safe.

Bishlets—I have a much better plan.

Wishlets—What is it?

Bishlets—My wife carries the boodle in her dress pocket.

In the Ash Barrel.

New York Herald: "What brings you here?" the needle asked the pin when they met in the ash barrel.

"Oh, they said I was crooked, and threw me out. But how does it happen you are here?"

"I'm broke."

The way to tell a well-bred dog, according to a canine fancier, is to grasp him by the back of the neck and hold him up. If a cur, he yelps; if a well bred, he never utters a whimper.

"THE TWO MASTERS."

Samuel Grigg Tells the Landowners How He Served Both.

STORY OF AN EX-HOTELKEEPER.

(London Advertiser.)

"In all my life I have never had such an honor conferred upon me as I have to-day," said Sam Grigg on Sunday afternoon as he faced several hundreds of people in Victoria Hall, both auditorium and gallery being crowded with men of all ages. "There is no person who does not recognize me and does not know what I have been. There is no denying the fact that I am just what I am. There was a time when I felt I wanted to be somebody else, but now I thank God for being what I am and nothing less. It's a grand thing to be that way, and it took me some time to find it out."

"If I were an eloquent speaker it would be unnatural, and God does all things naturally. I am not a man of great education. I have had no tutors. God has been my teacher, and I stand here to-day independent of any man, any 'ism,' any doctrine—just as I am and what I am. I say it boldly. I must say it; for God has said in his precious word, 'He that loveth me shall cast out all fear of men.' The trouble is there are too many afraid of men. I have been 32 years in the hotel business with those who knew nothing of God's teachings, and I was far from understanding his precious word. Now I find it very easy. I have often made the remark that a little good whiskey would do a man's heart good. Well, so it does for a time; I believe it saved my life once. But the religion gives peace. The other unrests you—don't feel well next day; but this is as if you had gained a victory."

"You can't serve God and mammon. It's all right to have plenty of the world's goods, but if they make a slave of you then it's wrong, and there are lots of men in that fix. I wish I could burn into the heart of every man here the text that first caught me. Bless God for the catching, for it stuck into my heart. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Some people have not time for religion week days. They display it all on Sundays and cry 'Our Father while the rest of the week they go about orphans.'"

"There are men who don't believe in sudden conversion. Some of my old friends won't speak to me since I took this stand. They point me out on the streets as a hypocrite. 'Did you hear the news,' others say; 'Grigg's gone out of his mind; he's crazy—he's turned to be a crank.' I thank God for the crank if serving the Lord Jesus Christ is to be a crank! I am satisfied. Things I used to like I dislike now. I want to testify that once I was blind and now I can see."

"I carried on the hotel business honestly, and there are many in my trade that deserve a great deal more credit than they get while endeavoring to raise their families properly and do what is right. By some people they have been injured in many respects, not with intention, but for want of knowledge of the nature of the business. I served one master—the world—for 43 years, and the last two years I have been endeavoring to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. He took me out of that business, but it took me some time to realize his way of doing things. The two years I have served the Lord have been worth to me more than all my life—and I have had some trials, too."

"If you start out for Hamilton you can't go to Windsor; yet there are many people with their mouths one way trying to go the other. There are some who pat me on the back and say, 'Go on, Grigg, you're doing well,' and at the same time run back and hide behind a stump while others do the fighting. I have spent \$5,000 getting out of the hotel business, although I strove hard against it. I do wish I could tell you the joy of this glorious religion. Some one has said: 'If all the water of the earth were ink, if all the feathers were pens, and all the people writers, they could not tell the blessed love of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"Like others, I had my worldly aspirations. I was going to be the richest man in this city; but God ordered otherwise. I lost a good deal of money, and it was the best thing ever happened to me, otherwise I might not have been here. Don't let whiskey, cigars or money run you and make a slave of you. God wants to honor you and then you will be an honor to him. I don't know that I have carried his message. I hope to say something in future, and I am thankful to meet those who are here."

Baccarat of Tranby Croft.

A dog with a historic pedigree has turned up at the Dundee dog and cat show. The animal, which has taken the first prize in the Bedlington class is named Baccarat, and belongs to a Glasgow gentleman. The catalogue states the pedigree thus: "Baccarat, date of birth, 6th August, 1889. Breeder—By Scandal, off Tranby Croft." Visitors may be inclined to regard this as a joke, but we are told that the pedigrees of all animals are revised, and if any mistake occurs, the dog concerned is struck off the list—a probability which the owners would not be likely to risk.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Aluminum Bicycle.

A well-known manufacturer of Paris has been experimenting with aluminum in the production of bicycles. In order to make it applicable it was found necessary to alloy it with copper, as it can only be used in its pure state for guards and cranks, where its extreme lightness gives a distinct advantage over steel.

At Marienbad, Mr. Joe Rosenberg, of Chicago, has died, aged 40. He was the principal heir and executor of the San Francisco millionaire, Michael Reese, who left \$10,000,000. Reese had gone to his native village to visit the graves of his parents. To save the 2 cents charge for opening the cemetery gate he climbed over the wall, fell, and died in consequence.

A man named Gilbert, arrested in Versailles as a tramp, turns out to be the Communist who gave the order to the squad which shot Monsignor D'Arhey, Archbishop of Paris, in 1871.