

stuff, and tea, and tobacco, which are to be found in every store are good, and, considering the long and risky transport, cheap; and, although the Indian has learnt to appreciate the fact, he cannot always resist the "free trader's" temptation of a bright tint. That, however, does not shut him out from help when he comes to a fort with his tale of want and woe. His promise is readily given, and as readily broken, to hand in his fur in the following spring, and his needs are met. News of starvation, is, too, always followed by a Company's escort to the rescue, and hardly a winter passes without the saving of many an Indian from starvation. "Ah, monsieur, une fois j'ai goute le pain avec le beurre; le bon Dieu a fait ces deux choses la expres pour manger ensemble," so said a half-breed to Mr. Pike on the shores of the Great Slave Lake. Were it not for the goodness of heart of the Hudson's Bay officials and the policy of the Company which gives them that latitude, "le pain," with or without "le beurre," would very seldom pass the lips of these children of the far northern plains.

In the past the Hudson's Bay Company has been credited with a desire to keep dark the agricultural wealth of the prairie regions lest the monopoly of former days should be disturbed. Now the officers of the Company are often the pioneers of agricultural development. This has been the case at Prince Albert, Edmonton, and other out-of-the-way spots, and it is also the case in the Peace River region. At Danvegan the Company and the missionaries harvest crops which afford abundant evidence of the fertility of the soil. Twenty miles away is the Company's cattle ranche, and with its thoroughbred stock it affords an example of good farming which should bear fruit. It is evidently to cattle-raising rather than to other forms of agriculture that this district must look for its future development.

But in thus speaking of the work of these "outposts of civilization," we must not fail to render due meed of praise to those who voluntarily put themselves beyond civilized life to minister thus to the wants of the white man at home and the red man out there. It is, as Mr. Pike says, no sinecure for the man that has to keep this vast extent of country supplied with everything necessary for the existence of the Indians, making the best bargain he can for the product of their hunts, and endeavoring to please the Chipewyans in the woods and the shareholders of the company in England at the same time. Many of the officers coming in their youth from that home of the staunchest in the Canadian population—the Highlands and islands of Scotland—have given the best years of their life to the service, and they keep alive as best they can their associations with the old land. It may be that the sole link is some British journal regularly received and regularly read—advertisements and all. We have heard of one of these representatives of civilization in the wilds receiving the *Times* with as great regularity as the intermittent mail packets would permit, and, in the hope of keeping up the memory of home, causing the issue for the day exactly six months previous to be placed on his table each morning. He might have many issues to read, but never more than the appointed one would be read in the day, and though

his news was half a year behindhand, what mattered it? He had his *Times* with his coffee every morning. But distance cannot fail to weaken the ties with the old land, and when, after forty or fifty years spent in the wildest parts of North America, a return is made to the haunts of boyhood, it is often only to find oneself completely lost in civilization, and wishful of hurrying back to the land of snow. The far north has, indeed, a magnetism of its own, which one who has spent much of his life there can never lose. Even Mr. Pike felt this charm. Ask a Hudson's Bay factor or a Roman Catholic priest when you meet him struggling against a keen head wind and driving snow on his way to some Indian encampment whether he ever sighs for his native heath or for sunny France. "No," he will tell you; "here I have all I want, and perfect health; why go back to the worries of the great world, when here I can finish my life in the peace which only the far north knows?"

### A Nova Scotian on Western Canada.

The following pithy account of a trip through Western Canada appeared in the *Winnipeg Tribune* in the latter part of last month:

"The writer arrived in this city September 9 from Nova Scotia on a visit to the Pacific coast; went to Estevan by the Deloraine branch C.P.R.; thence to main line over Souris road; remained some days in Brandon, Virden, Elkhorn and Broadview, being out in the country at all these points. From Broadview to the coast city, Vancouver, Victoria, and Seattle in Washington. Returning stopped off at Calgary on Saturday, the 8th inst., and was south in the country some miles. Went to Edmonton, St. Albert and surrounding districts on the following week.

Estevan is undoubtedly a fine site for a large town. If the coal mine be a sure thing Estevan will no doubt be a prosperous city. From appearances at present "black diamonds" are plentiful. A bountiful supply of good coal so near will be a great boon to the people.

Calgary is a very pretty and well laid out town, situated between the Bow and Elbow rivers, at their junction. The people are justly proud of their stone edifices. The stone is obtained from a quarry on the south bank of the Elbow in great quantities, only half a mile from town, enabling parties to build cheaply.

From Calgary to Edmonton the land for part of the distance is dry, but finely adapted to ranching, which is largely carried on. Approaching Red Deer, the timber appears and a goodly supply prevails as we go north. The railway ends on the south bank of the North Saskatchewan river, whose banks here are about 200 feet high, while the town is on the north bank, a distance of three miles from the station. Buses meet the trains, conveying travellers free across the river, by ferry, to Edmonton. We were set down at the "Jasper House" where comfort awaits the weary tourist.

At St. Albert, ten miles northwest from Edmonton, a "fair" was held on Tuesday, 11th inst. Small but good. Saw a cabbage that weighed 16 pounds, a potato girthing 14 inches, other vegetables large accordingly.

There we met Mr. Cash, a native of London-

derry, Ireland, who came to this country in 1858. After exploring various parts of it, settled in the Sturgeon river district near St. Albert, in 1877. "This," said he, "is the best country on the globe for mixed farming. Have three farms of 500, 640 and 880 acres each. Last year raised 12,000 bushels of grain. This season the quality excels last. Have three hundred head of cattle; average value \$20. Each finds a market in British Columbia. Had \$3,000 to begin with here. When I came in '77 flour was \$25 per hundred, now it is \$3.50."

In Nova Scotia we hear a great deal about this country, its greatness, resources and productiveness, but the "half has never been told." In our homes we pass from "ocean to ocean" in imagination in a moment but only a trip across the continent in the cars can give us any definite idea of its vastness. How immense it is with its great water stretches, its mountains, rivers and matchless prairies.

Room for tens of millions to dwell in peace and prosperity.

During the decade '81 to '91 Canada's population increased but little. Will anything be done to better this condition of things in this decade? This is a very serious question and one that requires the greatest attention from our legislators. If means were adopted to retain our own people much would be accomplished. If some means were adopted to induce our young people of the maritime provinces, farmers' sons and daughters, the beauty of our population, who go to the States yearly in thousands, building up "Uncle Sam's" country, to come west and settle and make homes in this beautiful country for themselves great benefits would result to Canada, and how much better off many of them would be in the near future.

A word about the C.P.R. To that corporation this part of the country we think in a great measure owes much of its present prosperity. Had the great enterprise not been undertaken and carried out, the country, with its abundant resources, would have remained, to a great extent, an undeveloped desert.

The railway has been largely instrumental in building up the country. It is a fine organization. Its officers, one and all, are polite, kind, and pay every attention to the comfort of its patrons, and are happy when conveying information required by travellers on their first trip. If the I. C. Ry. were only run on the same business principle and ability how soon would the overlasting deficits vanish and profits appear instead.

On the train from Vancouver there were a number of Americans. A gentleman from Baltimore remarked, "I have been over the Southern, Union, and Northern; but this C.P.R. route lays them all out for the grandeur and beauty of its scenery." Verily, the country is all right; all that is required is more people.

The number of the *London Graphic* of October 15th might almost be called a Tennyson number. The illustrations of the funeral scenes were exceedingly fine, and the accompanying reading matter described in fitting language the various incidents in connection with the great poet's burial.