

## THE ABERDEENS IN CANADA.

### The Northwest Prairies as Seen by the Countess.

### THE WRECK ON THE CANADA PACIFIC.

Salitude 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 off 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 off 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 on the brakes at the first jerk, and then jumped off; the fireman remained, thinking, as he himself expressed it, that the engine would not go right over. It is wonderful how he escaped, when the part of the engine where he was sitting was all broken. All in the darkness and by the light of a lantern held by A., I tried to make a sketch of the wreck, but it was so dark and drizzling that it was rather difficult work. It all looked very weird. The engine gave one the impression of a great gasping living thing, with its head buried in the earth, still hissing and steaming in impotent misery, and to increase the mystery of the scene, dark figures flitted about here, there and everywhere, with lanterns, and in the near distance there loomed a great threatening fiery eye, barring our way. This latter apparition turned out to be the lights of the engine of a freight train, which had been waiting at the next station (Poplar Point) till we should pass, and now came up to see what could be done. It was past 12 when we heard the tinkling bell announcing the arrival of the wreck-train with a 'break-down gang' from Winnipeg, thirty-five miles away, with superintendent, doctor and engineer aboard. We, from our post of vantage at the end of the train, saw the lights approach slowly and cautiously. A party from our train were on the outlook for them, and motioned them to proceed by swinging a lantern backwards and forwards, but they crept up inch by inch, making sure of their way as they came. And then all at once the place was alive with groups of the new-comers surrounding the remains of our train, examining, enquiring, testing the amount of damage done, and ere long setting to work with pick-axe and spade, to remove the wrecks which lay across the torn-up line. It was soon decided that the quickest method was to construct a temporary new line for the few hundred yards or so which had been destroyed, and while this was being done the uninjured cars were being pulled back to Raeburn, the first station back.

It is wonderful how such accidents do not occur oftener on dark nights, when the train is passing along such stretches of unfenced land, over which cattle roam at their own free will. As it happened, there were fences on either side of the line at this particular spot, so the cattle must have strayed in by an open gate, and were doubtless lying on the track because of its comparative dryness after the deluge of rain which had been coming down. You will notice in the illustration of the fallen engine the iron-pointed contrivance in front invented on purpose to guard against such accidents. It is called the "cow-catcher," and is intended to sweep any animal off the line who may be bent on self-destruction. Our accident, however, proves that it is not always successful in its purpose, but I should add that accidents on the C. P. R. have hitherto happily been exceedingly rare, owing to the constant and vigilant care of those in charge of the line, and who arrange perpetual supervision of every part of the track, so that all possible danger may be averted.

"The 'cow-catcher' in front of the engine has sometimes been put to another and original use at times. Adventurous travellers have obtained permission to sit on it whilst travelling through the magnificent scenery passed on the C. P. R., in order to obtain the best possible views of all that is to be seen from the line. You would not imagine such a position very comfortable, would you? But those who have tried it speak of their experiences with enthusiasm. Amongst others, Lady Macdonald, the wife of the late Premier of Canada, took a trip West on the 'cow-catcher,' of which she has written a charming account. We were not so bold, and contented ourselves with the outlook from our car, and this for two or three days after leaving Winnipeg, consisted solely in vast stretches, which the poet Bryant describes

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 encircling 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.

Alone! Yes, I think that settlers on the prairie must realise what solitude means in a way which can scarcely be understood by those living in mountainous regions. The mountains and tree-clad crags seem to encircle and protect those who dwell among them with so real and living a personality that these can never feel "alone" in their company. But go to the prairie country and look around—you may see the bright colors of butterfly and flower, you may smile at the cunning looks of the little rabbit-like sort of creatures called "prairie dogs," who rear themselves up on their hind legs and look at you, and then "heigh, presto," they are off; you may hear the rushing through the air of the flocks of wild geese overhead, on their way to their winter quarters, but of human habitation you will see but scant signs. Your eye may scan many square miles around, and yet you may scarcely be able to detect any indication of the fact that the lords of this rich harvest land are beginning to enter upon their inheritance. Yet it is so. And if we had paid our Western visit during harvest-time, we should have seen some such sights as you see represented in the accompanying pictures. When you are reading this, the bounteousness of the harvest which farmers in Manitoba and the Northwest have been gathering in this year without any damage from the dreaded early frosts. I shall be trying to grow wise as to the reasons why the Manitoban black mud, which rises from two to four feet in depth on the surface of the soil, is so rich as to produce more, too, it will be impressed on us that the settlers who do best are those who adapt themselves most to the methods of the farming found successful in the new country. For instance, they must not plough deep as they do at home, but only about two inches, and then they must put in a crop at the first breaking, as this has been found the best way of subduing the sod, besides the advantage of yielding profit to the farmer the first year, when his means are not generally plentiful. 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. Well, from Methlick, 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—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 one encouraging feature which was brought before us by a gentleman at Ottawa, Mr. Hurlbert, 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 re-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. Neblock, one of the C. P. R. Superintendents; and 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 mothers' backs, 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

tales of thrilling adventure to the writers of boys' books.

When the Europeans came to America, all this vast region of which we have been speaking, was only inhabited by various tribes of Indians, who lived almost entirely on the proceeds of their fishing and hunting. Gradually the white men came to realize what a source of wealth existed in the herds of fur-covered animals which roamed over these endless plains and mountains, and easily from the Indians for a few beads, ornaments, or, better still, for muskets, or for the spirits, which were to use such havoc among the native races. And in 1669 Prince Rupert formed a Company, which was endowed by King Charles II., with "all countries which lie within the entrance of Hudson's Straits, in whatever latitude they may be, so far as not possessed by other Christian States." The new Company entered vigorously on its work, establishing central trading stations throughout their domain, formed of a few wooden huts, well-barred gates, and surrounded by palisades or walls and near rivers, and to these the savages brought their merchandise of skin, and feathers, and horns, at stated seasons of the year. They encamped before the fort, and a solemn transaction of bartering and affectionate speeches took place, and on the results of this bartering the company grew fabulously rich. A century later their continued success caused another company to be formed, and many were the feuds which ensued, until the two decided to unite and to work together. Oh, the yarns hunting, of the adventures and hair-raising escapes, and in all the red man's loyalty or his enmity centres many a tale. Those days are over now. In 1869 the Government took over the domains of the Hudson Bay Company for £300,000, and from that time the era of the Indian was over. They cannot stand before the forces of civilization, and they are doomed to give way to those who have entered on their predestined work of cultivating the land and building cities, thus multiplying the population and replenishing the earth. Meanwhile, the missionaries have been busy. The authorities of the Hudson Bay Company always encouraged their efforts, and did much for them by forbidding the use of spirits at their stations, and in later times the paternal care over these perishing tribes, gathering them into reserves, trying to teach them cultivation, educating their children, granting gifts and pensions, and in doing all the missions. But of heroic work of these missionaries, and of what they have been able to accomplish, we must tell you some other time, if you will not tire of the subject. And of the American Indians, as they now are, we hope very soon to be able to give you some exquisitely-done drawings from the pen of Mr. T. G. Millais, which we trust he will supplement with some descriptions of his experiences when sojourning amongst them.

### Husbands' Privileges.

A New York Magistrate, in lately dismissing a suit for divorce brought by a wife who complained that her husband had called her out of her name, took occasion to remark, in explanation of his action, that "good husbands even sometimes swear at their wives." The judicial announcement that a husband may demean himself in his parts of speech like a Jack the Ripper without detriment to his standing as a good husband before the law opens up some rather delicate legal and moral questions. If a good husband may do this "sometimes," the interesting question arises: How many times? At what precise number of expletives does the excess of virtue become a vice and an offence in law.

In less progressive days than these a somewhat different standard of good husbandry prevailed. It was even held in primitive times that the good husband was, when things went wrong about the house or voice; to speak soft answers, and to assume a sunny smile. He was, in truth, esteemed a model spouse who, upon finding that some favorite garment—for instance, a coat only half worn out, which he had hung securely in the darkest corner of the closet for a third season's wear—had been transmuted by the process of free trade into a pair of angel statuettes for the front parlor, should stifle the sentiments raging within him and mask his personal feelings by imitating the facial expression of his new art treasure.

The new dispensation leaves the husband legally free to say more than his prayers; in short, to take on like an army in times—this is to say, not in an incessant stream. Happy for the interests of domestic tranquility and good morals, there is a higher law than that expounded by the magistrate; and while the Decalogue's place in politics may be somewhat hazy in the minds of many men, few of them will have the hardihood to assert that it is not a binding force in matrimony. If at times the force may seem to be relaxed, it is not a difficult assumption that it is rather from want of thought than from want of heart.

### Who Are the People?

Wives and Daughters: Frequent reference is made to the low moral tone of "the people." But the reins of Government have never been held by representatives of the people. They have always been in the control of the representatives of less than half the people. The general moral tone of more than one-half the people of Canada remains as it has always been—law-abiding, gospel-abiding, home-loving and humanity-loving. But this greater half of humanity of which we speak is composed of only women, who have no more political importance than lunatics and paupers.

The Bishop of Derry, Dr. William Alex[ander], an eloquent preacher and the author of a work on the Psalms, has accepted an invitation from Columbia College to deliver a course of lectures next year on the evidences of Christianity.

"You say you don't drink, George?" "No." "Nor smoke?" "No." "Nor gamble?" "No." "Nor stay out at night?" "Never." "Well, we never could be happy as man and wife, George. I have been brought up in New York, not heaven."

### 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 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 with 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 fish lines, the work of Evan Jones, a watchman of the snag-boat C. S. Senter, which plies up and down the Mississippi River.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Why Some Men Are Eshelors.

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 of a 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—ah, no!

As one young girl said lately: "It is all over between Jacques and me; we have said good-bye. 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 want 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 two expensive 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 slits, 264; 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 kick—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 ketched 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.

### WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

Rose Coghlan Knows No Reason Why She Should Not Ride Astride.

"I never knew what horseback riding really meant," says Rose Coghlan in a recent letter. "I have ridden all my life—in the conventional way, I mean—but it is only now that I appreciate the old distinction between being on horseback and sitting on top of a horse. A woman on a side-saddle doesn't ride a horse; she is simply carried, and her safety depends on whether the groom has done his duty in putting on the saddle securely. No man can realize what a difference it makes to a woman to discard skirts and exchange the awkward, cramped side-saddle seat for the natural, easy position of riding astride. Indeed it is a wonder to me that women ride at all under so many disadvantages, and ride well at that. There are plenty of women in England who hunt regularly and negotiate the stiffest of timber with all the dash and coolness of a colonel of cavalry. I am used to jumping fences myself, but, honestly, I never put my horse at a leap without a feeling that my heart was doing its best to get into my mouth. If the saddle is well made and the pommels are properly put on, a woman's seat is firm enough as long as she keeps her head and the girths hold out, but it isn't to be compared to the security that a man gets from the actual grip of the knees against the horse. A man can ride a horse without any saddle at all, while a woman's seat is entirely artificial.

"As to women taking up riding astride in earnest, as I look at it, it is entirely a question of fashion. A costume has been devised which answers every requirement of modesty and beauty as well, and yet gives entire freedom of action. It has been described and illustrated over and over again, and everybody knows what it is. If it were only once made the mode, a side saddle would as soon be as obsolete as the spinning wheel.

"I infinitely prefer the masculine style to the side seat. The first time that I ever tried it, I felt as though I were a bird. After I had screwed up confidence enough to use my wings, as you may say, I never enjoyed anything so much. If it wasn't flying, it was the next best thing to it. It is better for the horse, too. Very few women, you know, sit perfectly balanced in the saddle; they almost always throw their weight on the near side and that must affect the horse more or less. Then, too, women who ride constantly find it necessary to use an off saddle every now and then to keep themselves from getting twisted all out of shape. To sum the whole thing up, I don't know a single reason why a woman shouldn't ride astride if she wants to, and there are a dozen good reasons why she should do so."

### NOT QUITE DISINTERESTED.

But the Chance to Get Even Was Too Good to be Missed.

The big man was half drunk, and when he leered at the young woman she tried to pass him on the extreme outer edge of the sidewalk. He stepped in front of her, and she tried to pass to the other side of him. He was in front of her again, and exclaimed:

"Don't hurry, my pretty."

She was about to turn and run when another man emerged from the shadow of a building.

"Hold on here," he said. "What's the matter?"

"None of your business," retorted the first man.

"Well, we'll see," said the second.

"You've been annoying this lady."

"Mebbe she's your wife," sneered the first.

"Well, she isn't."

"Or your sister?"

"No."

"Or your sweetheart?"

"Never saw her before."

"Oh, you're trying to make a mash, too, are you?"

Pugilists would have called the blow a "beautiful" one, but the kick that followed it would certainly have been declared a "foul."

"Oh, sir!" cried the young woman, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, "I—"

"Go on home!" exclaimed her champion.

"But, sir, have—"

"Go on home, I tell you, and don't be chasing around nights again," he interrupted.

"But you noble action," she began again.

"Noble action?" he interrupted again.

"I've been watching for that man for six weeks, and it's the first time I've found him so drunk that I could smash him without getting the worst of it. Go on home! This was business, not romance. He beat me out of \$1.50."

He lit a cigar and sauntered down the street with the air of a man who had settled an outstanding debt.

### Workers and the Fair.

Rochester Herald: A Knight of Labor writes to the New York Advertiser giving the "heartly thanks" of the Order to who ever was instrumental in locating the world's fair in Chicago. "Events," he says, "are rapidly developing the fact that it is going to be a curse to labor in Chicago. Such an event is sure to concentrate an immense supply of unorganized workmen, far exceeding the demand, about its location. This supply of labor stays after the demand has ceased. It is a serious question whether any poor man was permanently benefited by the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia."

### In the Rue de Rivoli.

Brooklyn Life: Salesman—Vood ze madame not like ze bust ze great Napoleon—very fine. Ze madame vill have ze bust certainement.

Mrs. Silverloote (from Denver)—Yes, I would like a stachooette of Napoleon, but I prefer one showing the side face; it is much more striking.

Salesman—Ah, ze madame p—refer ze p—r—ro—feel. Vood ze madame be so kind to stand on ze side ze bust. Ah, zere is ze p—r—ro—feel! Magnifique!

### Running Through His Property.

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."