

LAND OF PROMISE IN GOLDEN WEST.

Mr. Stewart Lyon, who is writing a series of letters to the "Golden West" from Western Canada, thus describes the new settlers in the Golden West:

Red Deer, Alberta, April 18.—When the train pulled out of Calgary on the Edmonton branch, Mr. Winn, the agent of the immigration department, had just made comfortable the settlers least used to the fact of travel, and wished them all good luck. The effect of the pleasant word and ready helping hand of the government representative at the points of entry can hardly be overestimated. Every man and woman thus treated seems to regard it as a good omen, and they go forward to the unknown with the same courageously. And what life stories are to be learned on these immigrant cars! This morning there were eighty-five settlers on the regular train north. They were from Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma. One young woman had a brood of five children, of the age and state pattern, the eldest being perhaps eleven.

"I am from Nebraska," she said. "My husband went up with our stock and implemented a month ago, leaving me to follow with the children. He was born in Ontario, but I have never been out of Nebraska in my life. Why, I never was at a school, and I took this journey, and we've been on the cars now since Monday, five days. It has been tiring, but pleasant to me, for I have seen some beautiful things. The mountains are grand," added the Nebraska woman, as she turned to the west, where the Rockies rose in enormous bulk, like great white clouds banked against the blue of mid-heaven.

Why did we come? Oh, there's no secret about that. We have had four very poor seasons in our section, and last year it was so dry that we had to spend a lot of money to put up windmills and get water to save the stock from dying. My husband said we had better get out, for if we didn't, we wouldn't be able to make a living, and had another bad season, we shouldn't be able to make a living. This looks like a fine country, and I guess we'll get on all right."

Later, at Olds station, when I landed, the smallest of the Nebraska woman, a big broad-shouldered fellow came forward, kissed his wife, gathered up much of Nebraska's exodus in his arms as he could—one has to draw the line at five—and marched them off to the hotel.

THE MAN FROM OKLAHOMA.

The most interesting of the settlers, however, was the man from Oklahoma, who, with his wife and four children, ranging from 12 to 3, was en route to the latest land of promise. He was in Iowa, living in a small town, and the Oklahoma rush, been farming and fronting all his life. He said: "No use talking; that land of mine down there wasn't good. It is a fine country, and I guess we'll get on all right."

He said "warn't," but the reader can reproduce the mid-western drawl for himself.

If it had been I wouldn't be here. Sold the place for seven hundred; so you can guess. Got some good stock, dairy cows, four fine horses, some pigs and other things, and a court of law, and when I reach Ponoka I'm just going to pitch the tents and let the family stay till I look up some land. It has got to have timber on it. My wife has been on the plains all her life, and she is just bound to have some timber. Don't care if it is back from the railroad and a court of law, and so far from the other road when it strikes across to the Pine River Pass. I reckon it's going through all right. Why did I do that? I don't know. I'm growing up. Real smart boys. Want to give them a chance. I'm anxious about schooling for them, and if we go out far out I guess there may be some trouble."

GUN PLAY AND GOOD MORALS.

The Oklahoma man for the next few minutes pumped me like one of his prairie windmills on the details of government, the organization of schools, the relations with Great Britain, the powers of the territorial and federal authority, and the safety of life and property.

"I got a thing or two," he said, when I told him of the law against the carrying of concealed weapons, "but it ain't for use against man. There's lots of gun play where I come from. I reckon it ain't Christian to put lead in a man when his back is turned. Lots of them settle their rows with their guns, but I don't know, they're getting down on it, and sometimes they put a man in the pen for a good long term for shooting another, sort of unfair."

The Oklahoma man's ideas of our relations to Great Britain were hazy. "They tried to scare me off," he said, "when I told them I was coming to Canada, by saying first thing I knew I'd be packed off to South Africa to fight the Boers, but I don't care a bit. I just said to myself, there ain't no conscription in Canada that I ever heard of, and I'll risk it anyway. Besides that war's a gone one."

The Oklahoma young hopefuls were originals. The 6-year-old boy proudly drew out a knife and exhibited it, a big horn-handled jackknife. My wife gave me that skin the boys up in Canada," he said, confidently. "I'm going to get a pony, too, and I think I'll call it Daisy. We had a bird at home, but we let it fly. I don't know where we left it. I'm sleepy, but you can't tire me. No, sir. We had to sleep on the quilt last night, in the room at the station, and I just couldn't sleep."

These poor little children had been on the train traveling steadily, under great hardships, for eleven days, and yet the mountain peaks, a coat in a meadow, a flock of wild ducks, and the ice on the little lakes interested them keenly. Ice, of course, is rather scarce in Oklahoma.

Other settlers had stories largely of the same sort: Growing families and no room to spread out at home; reports from friends who had settled in Alberta as to the fine opportunities for mixed farming and the crop results of last year. They were bound all up the line, a little knot dropping off at each station. The most intense interest was displayed in the country through which we passed. The judgment was frank and decided. "Too much alkali there for me," "I have had enough of bare prairie; I want trees." "That is fine black earth; bet you that would grow rare crops," were remarks heard at random.

WHERE VILLAGES GROW FAST.

As the train reached Carstairs, forty miles north of Calgary, the plain became dotted as far as one could see with newly built settlers' houses, showing up brown and bare in the morning sunlight. At the siding long lines of cars, full of settlers' effects, were being unloaded, and horses, cattle and implements and household furniture were mixed up in apparently inextricable confusion. The scene was a good deal like that on the get-away day at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. Near the station men were rushing up stores and dwellings, and a prairie town under construction was revealed.

MUNYON'S DYSPEPSIA CURE

When Prof. Munyon says his Dyspepsia Cure will aid digestion and all forms of stomach trouble he simply tells the truth. It will cure a stomach that has been abused by overeating and over-drinking. It will cure a stomach that has been weakened by old-style drugs. It will do much toward making an old stomach act like a sound one. At all druggists, 25 cents. Fifty-six other cures. Munyon, New York and London.

MUNYON'S INSALER CURES CATARRH.

like the California wheat, in sailing vessels. They do not believe that wheat will be a profitable crop if it must always be hauled east to the Atlantic seaboard.

The bulk of the settlers coming in here are Americans, but Englishmen, Icelanders from Manitoba, who are excellent settlers, and Swedes are also noticeable. There are no special colonies, and the newcomers readily mix with one another. The Americans are most energetic and enterprising, and are all pleased with the country. The idea that there may be danger to Canadian nationality as a result of their coming in overwhelming numbers is laughable at the present time.

TROUBLED ABOUT TWO KINGS.

"They seem most concerned," said Mr. Cottingham, of the land department.

MR. AND MRS. HAM'S FIRST BLACK BABY.

It was a warm afternoon, and Aunt Dilly sat in an old arm chair on the porch of the "great house," holding two sleeping babes, one on either knee, and cooing to them a low sweet lullaby.

One of the babes was white, and the other was black. Though only one was hers by blood, they were both hers by love.

Uncle Bonny, sitting lazily leaning against the great column of the porch, looked on with a smile for some time, and then said: "Dat chile o' yo's de blackies' little skalewag I've seen in all my bo'n days. Nigger baby don't look off none of a white baby."

"Now you hush up," said Aunt Dilly. "Dilly had indicated her ignorance and dissembled her interest by measured nods of the head."

"Ham, he wuz de vey 'ginnin' of de blackies' race," said Aunt Dilly. "He was de first white man baby make de black woman baby look jes' scanlon'."

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ment, "about the two kings—Edward and King." Some of them rather expect to find restrictions imposed by the King at every turn, and the King himself at the railway station, with his town on running things. They say to me about the frost: "Now, tell us the truth. We don't mind 30 or 40 below, but we don't want to settle where in Canada. They will make the best of settlers, and we cannot get too many of them."

The homestead entries in the Red Deer district, which is the next north of Calgary, have been 114 in March, and 165 for the first three months of the year. Since July 1, 1901, the total is 600. On these two points it only needs a little experience to show them how absurd are their misapprehensions, and they usually come back with me over them. One told me the other day that he had heard a great deal more about "the King" in the States than he had heard in Canada. They will make the best of settlers, and we cannot get too many of them."

It must not be supposed that there is no leaven of Canadian immigration. Rev. Dr. Gaetz, for example, has been here eighteen years, and has a family of ten children, most of them settled right around here, and all in the west. He came in, as did Mr. J. T. Moore on his first journey some time earlier, by Red River carts, along with his wife and children, to Edmonton, long before the railway came through the valley. When Mr. Moore first came up here, just twenty years ago, he had but a few readers and others scattered along the trail, and no attempt at permanent settlement. The Central Alberta country, therefore, is not a nation in a day, as the history of nations goes.

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