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ROUND THE WORLD,

A Run through the OCCIDENT, the ANTIPODES, and the ORIENT.

(Extracts from a series of letters written to the employes of the Massey Manufacturing Co., by W. E. H. Massey, Esq.)

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

First Letter, dated S.S. "Australia," nearing the Sandwich Islands, Nov. 14, 1887.

Our party, consisting of four, arrived on good time at Owen Sound, where we boarded the C.P.R. steamer *Alberta*, which brought us safely to Port Arthur, after a pleasant two days' sail over the lakes. At Port Arthur we had time before the west-bound train departed, to run over and see old, dilapidated, and neglected Fort William, which, at the present rate of decay, will soon only be a reminiscence. The journey onward to Winnipeg over the rocky and barren wastes with but an occasional spot of arable ground, was without special interest.

You have heard so much, and read so many letters on the great North-West, that there will be little new for me to relate. I was agreeably surprised with Winnipeg, notwithstanding all I had heard of the Prairie City. After traversing so many miles of desolate country, the city, as it suddenly comes into view on the distant plains, presents a fine appearance. I did not look for such a pretty city as it is, and its thrift and business aspect went beyond my conception. Mr. McBride, manager of the Western Branch of the Massey Manufacturing Co., gave us a hearty welcome. Everything was running like clock-work in his splendidly-appointed office and warehouse. We were pleased to learn that Toronto machines held supremacy in every quarter, as one could easily believe after a trip over the C.P.R. to the Rockies, and seeing the numbers of them in use as compared to other makers.

The ride from Winnipeg to the coast was most interesting. The prairie views—the mirage, which I was fortunate enough to witness—the abundance of wild game one sees—and, most important, the immense handsome fields of grain, which was then just ripe and being cut all along the line by hundreds of self-binders—the natural prairie meadows—and further on, the grand mountain scenery—and many other wonders, give constant interest to the passenger as he is hurried past, and would each form a theme for a letter in itself. The fertility of the prairie soil and the ease with which everything is cultivated is marvellous. Wild flowers of great variety grow in profusion. This and the size vege-

tables attain, when one considers the excessively cold winter experienced, is indeed wonderful. When expressing surprise at the size of some vegetables I saw, I was informed "they were small in comparison, and that in some districts carrots are pulled with a stump-puller and the holes used as wells." I will hardly vouch for this statement, however. But of all this you have heard before.

The best farms on the main line of the C.P.R. are in the vicinity of Portage la Prairie and Brandon, after leaving which the settlements are sparse.

One will travel for hours in the North-West Territories without seeing a house of any kind, or even an Indian hut, and cannot but be impressed with the intense loneliness of that vast and as yet unsettled country. However, in its loneliest parts an occasional farm gives evidence of the fertility of the soil, and in time, no doubt, the name, "Lone Land," will hardly be applicable.

Approaching Medicine Hat the road goes over a rolling country, and finally through quite a hilly district, which makes a very pleasant variation



MOUNT STEPHEN, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES.