



Travelling Notes.

AT HOME AGAIN.

"What most impressed you in all your trip of twenty-four thousand miles?" asked a friend, upon my return home. I replied: The sea, the mountains, and the prairies: The sea in its immensity, its great depths and its wonders; the mountains, with their magnificence; the prairie in its vastness—each with its individual beauty, each with its heaven-born secret, and each with its lesson for us. Passing the three in mental review and considering them as lessons for earth's scholars to learn, I should class the broad, unbroken prairie as the easiest of the three. The veriest tyro in farming could hardly fail to make a living there if, of honest purpose, he set his mind so to do. "Tickle the earth with the hoe" and its response must soon be a golden harvest from the seed sown in the furrows.

Of course, I noted the absence of trees. We who live in the east miss the beautiful trees when we go out to the great Northwest of Canada. Much of the ground is under cultivation, and beautiful it is to see the immense waving fields of grain. At my last stopping place, a few miles from Brandon, my friend's garden consisted of ninety acres of wheat, which we looked upon from the front door, and this is but a small patch in comparison to some of the large wheat fields in Manitoba, where in some places you can see from five hundred to one thousand acres in one continuous stretch.

There is a charm in this kind of farming. The ground is not divided into small fields, consequently there are not nearly so many fences to keep in order, but I am a woman, and am not supposed to understand the art of farming; however, I think if I were a young man I would take Horace Greeley's advice and go west. The life out there has many fascinations for those who take up ranching or farming in earnest. With good management they must succeed; neither do they have to work so hard as our Ontario farmers, nor is the climate so trying. In the winter the air is always clear and dry, and remains cold, not as it is very often with us, freezing cold one day and mild with rain the next. The summers are delightful, the evenings always cool. I left the Northwest with much reluctance. After a day or two's stay in Port Arthur and Fort William, I sailed on the C. P. R. steamer, Athabasca, for Owen Sound. Lake Superior, fortunately for me, behaved itself, and I thoroughly enjoyed the two days' sail on our grand lakes. The passengers, of whom there were several hundred, took great interest in my Australian birds, and the cockatoo and magpie danced, talked and screeched, for no earthly reason except for fun, until I threatened to wing their necks, even though so near home, and after bringing them nearly 11,000 miles. Needless to say, I did not carry out my threat. I have them now in our own garden, at liberty, happy as the day is long, and delighting everybody with their cunning ways, whilst I am by them reminded of my delightful visit to Australia, and the dear relations with whom I had such happy times. My friend, after patiently listening to my rhapsodies, said quietly and somewhat quizzically, "But surely you are glad to be at home again?" "Yea, verily," I replied. "Very, very glad, and perhaps doubly appreciative of the many good things not

only Ontario in general, but our own Forest City, holds for me." After all I have seen and the many places I have visited, nowhere do the trees, the lawns, the fields, orchards and the homes look so pretty as in our own dear Ontario; but we must not become conceited and self-satisfied. We have still many imperfections remaining. For the credit of our country and city let us continue to beautify our places, to plant trees, vines and shrubs, to clear out the stumps, to make good roads outside, and to pick up the scraps of paper and everything which looks untidy upon our thoroughfares within the city limits. When travelling with people going round the world, who compare one place with another, with what jealousy did I try to protect our own dear Canada from sarcasm and criticism, although in many cases I had to own that it was not wholly undeserved. Critics, whether they mean to be so or not, are often our truest friends, and we may profit by their animadversions, even though our self-complacency feels the smart. Where would progress be anywhere if no one recognized room for improvement?

I need not say I got a warm reception upon my return home, after being away for over a year, for it was 96 in the shade. Oh, how hot it was!—in Toronto, in the train, at London—worse, I believe, than was 112 in South Australia. But home is always home, as these following verses tell us, that I read recently in a Scottish paper:

HAME'S AYE HAME.

There's skies that are a better blue, and fields a better green;
There's flowers that are a better hue than ever I have seen;

the cost, but common sense and ordinary intelligence as well. As to details: To take a trip similar to the one I have just taken, it is necessary to have both warm and cool clothing, for on the Pacific for two or three weeks nothing looks prettier, or feels as comfortable as white. Cool winds come up suddenly almost in every country, so one must also have warm clothing in readiness. Take but little luggage, for the more boxes the more expense and discomfort. Above all, be courteous, for we get what we give. If we ask for directions in a kindly manner, nearly every one seems interested in our inquiries and is only too glad to assist. Action and reaction are equal. The world is a whispering gallery, and will return a harsh or a pleasant tone according to that which we give out. The world is a mirror, and will reflect the facts we present to it. If we smile to it, it will smile back at us; if we look at it with a contemptuous expression, we shall get a reflection in kind. But who needs to travel 24,000 miles to learn so simple a lesson—the "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," not only of Holy Writ, but of that everyday moral code which, consciously or unconsciously, affects the lives of every son and daughter of Adam the wide world over.

"How Have the Mighty Fallen."

Our picture, a snap-shot, brought back by "Our Traveller," represents three forlorn relics of an almost extinct race which in countless herds once roamed in fetterless freedom over the vast prairies of the big Northwest.

All the buffalo knew of man was the occasional raid of the wild red Indian tribes, who with an unerring aim, powerful arm, and a knowledge of anatomy, learnt by years of practice, could let fly their arrows with such prompt and telling effect, that whilst the startled herd was wondering what new kind of beast was amongst them, one of its members for every arrow cast was speedily biting the dust in its death throes.

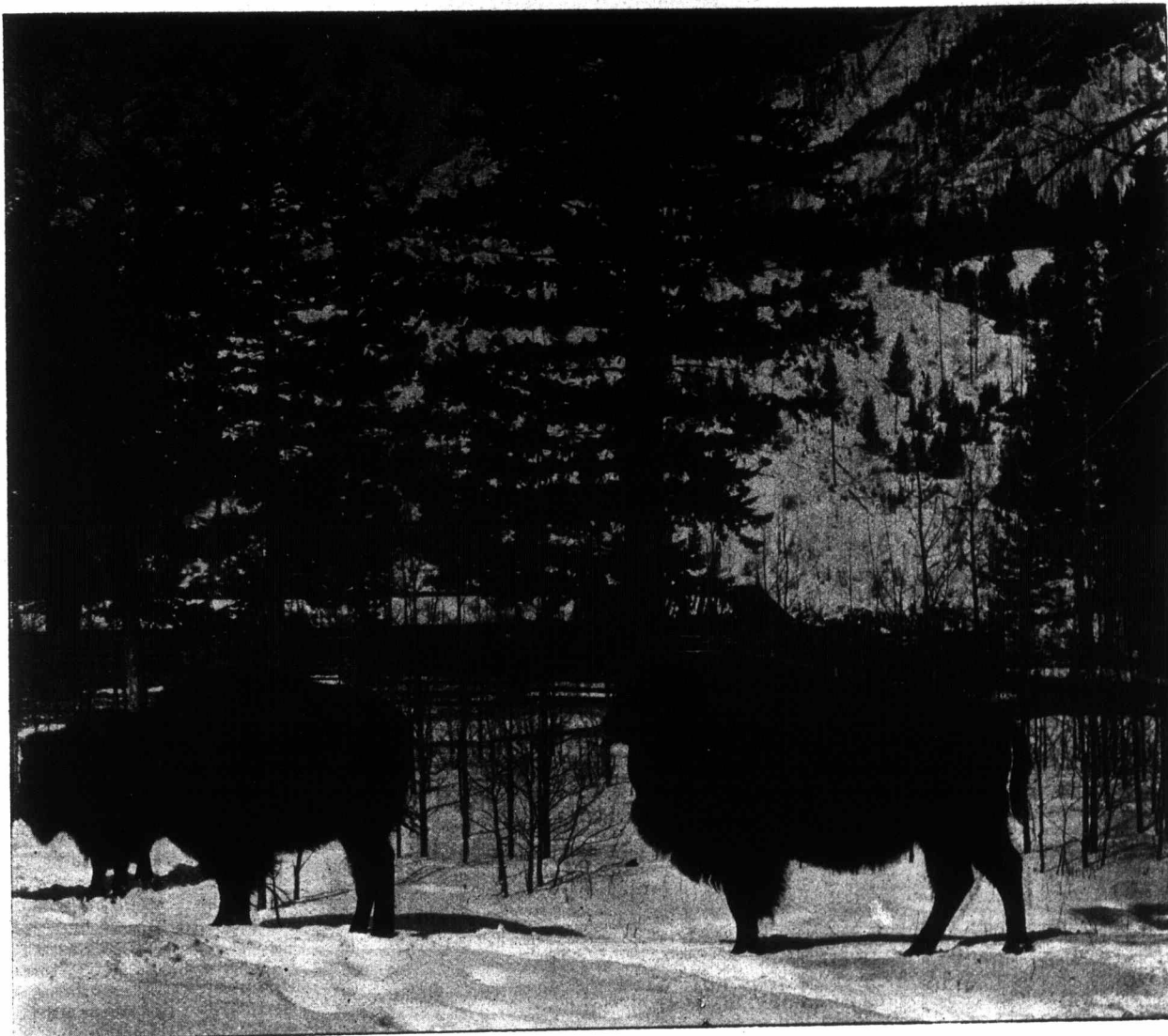
And not the Indian hunters only, but the big bands of half-breeds who yearly started from the Red River settlement, which was the nucleus of the Winnipeg of to-day, could each man count his monster victims by the score, without any perceptible diminishing of the mighty herd, which would gallop back to the free ownership of its prairie world, unconscious of its loss. The old settlers, who now, alas! like their victims, are fast becoming an extinct race, could tell many an interesting and exciting tale of the organized annual buffalo hunts

of that long ago. Let us hope that someone may hear them from their lips before their memory is lost to the young of this generation. Whilst we congratulate the ADVOCATE on securing its own picture of three of the twenty-five poor captives amongst the everlasting hills of Banff, the grand and beautiful, we like to think that they, not being human, and consequently unendowed with powers of mind or memory, "the forlorn trio" are fairly resigned to the daily conditions of their abnormal existence, and do not fret because they are denied the unattainable.

H. A. B.

One day an Irishman went to look for a job, and got one. Instead of starting work, he stood asking a lot of questions of one of the workmen, when the master came along and asked Pat if he was going to work any at all. Pat turned round and asked him if he had nothing else to do but to watch him. "No," was the reply. "Well," said Pat, "you'll be idle to-morrow, for I'm not coming back."

Pat went to buy a pennyworth of candles, and on receiving two, remarked: "How's this? Only two? I got three last waake." Grocer: "Yes, but you see through the war things are risen. They will be dearer when the Russians and Turks go to war." Pat: "But surely you don't mane to tell me they are going to fight in candle light."



"HOW HAVE THE MIGHTY FALLEN."

While others speak and say they're braw, I wish to see the same,
But only they are far awa'—an' hame's aye hame.

Sometimes within my heart I think to go across the sea,
'Tis only when the golden clink is glinting in my e'e;
Yet, though I'm scant of guineas braw, I will not fortune blame,
'Cause I've no heart to gang awa'—for hame's aye hame.

Long since when I was but a lad going toddling to the school,
No poverty wad made me sad, nor sorrow make me dule,
Ambition in my childish play to grow and seek for fame,
Till something in my ear would say—your hame's aye hame.

There's some that have a roving heart, and leave their native glen
To wander in some foreign part and ne'er come back again;
With hardened looks on every face they'll never a longing name,
Yet secret love a certain place—where hame's aye hame.

The waters may have music there, the flowerets may have smell,
The birdies may be singing rare, enchanting every dell,
But nothing of it can have the skill to cheer him near the same,
So let you wander where you will—your hame's aye hame.

While balmy winds blow o'er the sea the sun is shining on,
There's nothing fairer then to me that I can think upon,
So I will love my country dear without the least of shame;
I'll struggle for a living here—and no leave hame.

Before closing my travelling notes for the present, I want to give my readers (if I have any left) a few hints: By personal experience I have learnt that it is quite possible now for a lady to travel unaccompanied to almost any part of the world, provided she has not only the money to pay